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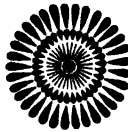
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THE

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CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JANUARY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Casino at Nice.

The Statue of Columbus at Genoa.

Jack Evans.

Rev. W. R. Jones, B. D. of Pasadena, Cal.

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 1.

THE HEIRESS OF BRYNYBLODAU.

A Tale of One Hundred Years Ago.

By R. R., Brooklyn.

Chapter I.

Brynyblodau is an ancient and commodious manor-house, situated in a lovely spot on the banks of the river Wnion, a short distance from the good old town of D——, in North Wales. This beautiful stream winds its way between green fields and fine groves until it reaches the Mawddach, where the two rivers become one, and glide peacefully to the great ocean.

The estate is a large one, and the land highly cultivated. The grounds around the mansion are laid out in the most picturesque and artistic style, with elegant walks, velvety lawns, ornamental, shade, and fruit trees, shrubs and plants and rare flowers of all kinds, and from every clime. The surrounding country is unsurpassed for its magnificent and romantic scenery, with Cader Idris and the Aran towering above the mountains around.

The proprietor of the estate at the time of which I write was Mr. Llew-

elyn Morys, a not very attractive specimen of the Welsh gentleman of the old school. He had received his education at Oxford, and seemed to have left his learning and his manners there, but did not leave his bad temper. He was a proud, haughty, domineering, irascible character, and his talent for imprecation and profanity was something fearful. His word was law, and he would brook no opposition from any one. He considered his tenants as his vassals, and depending on him for the privilege of breathing. He would not associate with the squires of the county, as he did not believe them equal to himself either by birth or education. His favorite companions were his horses and his dogs, which he considered far superior to any human beings around him. On Sundays he tried to look pious, and it was amusing to watch him march pompously up the aisle of the parish church, with head erect and defiance

in his eye, until he reached his pew, where he would bow his head and solemnly pray into his huge beaver hat. He held in his hands the largest sized prayer book, and his responses during the service could be heard above those of all the congregation, for they were like the roaring of a lion. He had requested the rector to give short sermons, lest he might snore. But, like many other disagreeable people, he had a soft place, or something else, in his heart. His tenantry loved him, for when his steward, by his command, would apprise him of any misfortune overtaking them, such as death or sickness in the family, or loss of cattle, or other disaster by fire or flood, he would thrust his hand into his breeches pocket, pull out his purse, draw from it some of his shining sovereigns, and say: "Give this to A. B. D—n him! he is always in some trouble," which, however, might be A. B.'s first ill-luck.

Mrs. Morys was a pretty little lady, of high birth and refined manners. Her life was devoted to the service of her lord and master, and she looked on him as a being of very superior material and make. No doubt he was a natural tyrant, but she did not seem to realize her helpless condition; for the tyranny of husbands was not discussed in those benighted times as it is in these enlightened days. She had the charge of the household disbursements, and of all the details of domestic arrangements, and he trusted her implicitly in everything; in fact, all these matters were beneath his no-

tice. For all his gruffness he was kind and affectionate to his wife, and they journeyed through life happily together, their only object of love and anxiety being their daughter Ellen, whom they idolized.

Ellen Morys was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Morys, and was therefore the heiress of Brynyblodau. She was a beautiful and lovable girl, highly educated, and possessing talents of a superior order. Her parents could not let her go out of their sight; she might, they thought, be contaminated by associating with other girls in any school or academy, or college. So they engaged first-class teachers to educate her at home. She became a good linguist, an expert musician, and the sitting-room walls were adorned with paintings from her brush; and thus she became proficient in all the accomplishments which were considered indispensable to girls of her social position. Her father was a patron of Welsh literature and Welsh music, and he insisted on his daughter learning the Welsh language, and also playing on the Welsh triple harp. She excelled in these as in her other attainments, and even composed ditties in both languages, and sang them with the harp. Ellen was brought up in the old house as ignorant of the outside world as if she had spent her life in a cloister. She was not permitted to walk even around her home without the escort of her parents or her governess. She never tasted the joys of social intercourse with young people of her own age and tastes, and there-

fore was more susceptible to undesirable impressions if by some chance they should present themselves; for she was as innocent and artless as a child in her ways and thoughts.

In the spring of the year —, Mr. Morys thought that his mansion needed some alterations and repairs, and consequently masons, carpenters, painters, &c., were engaged from the town of D—, and the work was begun without delay. One of the carpenters, Herbert Owen, was conspicuous for his tall, manly form, handsome features, and mild and winning manner. He was a good, moral, sensible young man, but, as was the case with mechanics generally in those days, had not had the opportunity to obtain any education. It was noticed in a few days that Ellen took unusual interest in the progress of the work, and that she invariably asked Herbert Owen for all information. It was not long before his fellow-workmen began to smile and wink knowingly at one another, and, finally, as they could not keep such a good thing any longer, they joked him on the subject. It never seemed possible to Herbert that the heiress should have any partiality for him, and he felt embarrassed and frightened at the thought, and when Ellen came again with the usual excuse, he got confused and unintelligible in his replies. Ellen, with true instinct divined the cause, for she herself had experienced some new and strange

emotion, and thereupon discontinued her visits to where Herbert was working, but, like a true daughter of Eve, found other means to see and talk to him. The work on the house came to an end, as even repairs and alterations will end sometime, however tedious the waiting, and no one knew when or where Ellen and Herbert met again, if they met at all.

Soon the gossips of the town spread the rumor that Herbert Owen was trying to “make love” to the heiress. It was generally discredited and ridiculed, but it reached the ears of Mr. Morys. He could not believe that any poor mechanic could sink into such a depth of depravity as to aspire to, even the friendship of his daughter. But one day he questioned her about the rumor, and she answered him evasively, whereat he stormed like a raving maniac, declaring in the end that he should shoot the young man on sight. Now the thought occurred to him to send his daughter to a relative in England, but he abandoned that idea quickly, thinking it would not be safe; then he proposed, indirectly, to bribe Herbert to leave the country, offering him a handsome sum of money, which, of course, was rejected. All this time the father declared that the young man had instilled into the mind of his daughter “some infernal sentimental nonsense,” and that she should soon rid herself of it, or he would know why.

Chapter II.

While Mr. Morys was worrying over the matter, a splendid-looking young man alighted at the best hotel in the town. He was expensively and elegantly dressed, and his luggage, which was fine in quality, and unusual in quantity, denoted that he was some one above common. It turned out that he was the son of a rich London banker, and an M. P. The young man soon became a favorite in the town, and there was a fluttering in the hearts of most of the fair sex thereabouts, like that which is occasioned by the arrival of one of the male sex at a summer resort where there is a man-famine. He spent his money freely; gave liberally to the poor, and headed the subscription lists for all worthy objects. He patronized the county races, and here he became acquainted with Mr. Morys (for Mr. Morys condescended to attend races and county hunts). He made a favorable impression on Mr. M., who invited him to his mansion. He accepted, and went in great style. His name was Mr. Moodam. Whether Mr. Morys thought of his wealth or of his fine appearance and address is not known, but probably he hoped that he might divert his daughter's mind from the mechanic, and destroy her illusion. In this he did not succeed. Ellen was polite to the young man in her father's presence, but he saw at once that his expedition was a failure. But Mr. Moodam was not going to be defeated so easily. He knew that Her-

bert held the fort at the manor house, and he determined to dispossess him by foul tactics. Mr. Moodam was an accomplished scoundrel, and a scoundrel will not hesitate to commit any crime to attain his object. He and a confederate—a weak, sneaking, good-for-nothing perjured fellow, who lodged in the same house as Herbert—concocted a villainous scheme to ruin Herbert, and put it into execution without delay. One night there was heard a loud cry of “Murder” in the street, and a call for the constables (there were no police then), and on arriving at the spot from which the noise proceeded, they found Moodam, who declared excitedly that a highway robber had stolen his watch and money. He gave a minute description of the robber, and it corresponded exactly with the person and the dress of Herbert Owen. The constables went to Herbert's lodgings, and, to his astonishment and terror, arrested him on suspicion, and took him before the magistrates. He was fully identified, of course, by Moodam. But where was the watch? The constables went to Herbert's room, and found the watch in his chest (or trunk), where the confederate had placed it, and for which he was well paid. The towns-people were greatly excited and indignant, for they were convinced that Herbert was innocent, and that a great crime was committed against him. Nevertheless, he was soon tried at the assizes.

and imprisoned. But where was Ellen? No one could find out whether she exerted herself in some way in Herbert's behalf, or whether she was awaiting further developments in the matter. It may be confidently asserted that she had no doubt of his innocence, although she could not comprehend how such complications had arisen.

Another surprise was in store for the towns-people. One night Moodam suddenly left his hotel, accompanied by two strange gentlemen who had just arrived. There was some mystery in the affair, but it was soon explained. A few days after, London newspapers arrived containing the account of the arrest of J. Moodam, Jr., charged with the forgery of some papers in his father's bank, where he was employed. He was subsequently convicted and transported, his stern father refusing to intervene in his behalf, as it was his second offence of the same nature. But even the greatest villains feel a little compunction occasionally for some of their misdeeds. Before Moodam left his country he wrote to one of the magistrates at D—, confessing his crime against Herbert Owen, and detailing the manner in which it was committed, and after much tedious routine the young man was released, and received an ovation from his fellow-townsmen. Then the miserable confederate was arrested and imprisoned for his share in the crime.

Herbert Owen began to work again after a brief interval, but there

seemed to be no rest for him. Some one, out of mischief, or for "fun," started a story that a great fortune had been left him by an unknown relative, who had recently died in some remote country. There was not the least foundation for the rumor, and Herbert himself strenuously denied it; but many believed it, thinking, innocently, that such a story could not be a pure invention. Strange to say, Mr. Morys himself was among the credulous, and thought the young man had his reasons for denying its truth. This story clouded Mr. Morys' understanding, and softened his heart towards Herbert. He knew that Ellen was hopelessly infatuated, and that a good sum of money would go far as an equivalent for birth and culture. Herbert was graciously permitted to visit the mansion, and before many weeks had passed there was a marriage, and great rejoicings for miles around. Things went on smoothly for a time; but it came to pass that the old man began to feel fidgety about the great legacy, for there was no evidence of its existence, and Herbert had declared again that it was a myth. When Mr. Morys realized that he had deceived himself, he became furious with rage; acted, in truth, like a most violent maniac, and worked himself into such a dangerous condition that he fell on the floor in a fit of apoplexy, and died in a few days. The people all around the neighborhood sincerely mourned his death, for, with his many short-

comings he was generally respected, and by many beloved. Multitudes followed his remains to their last resting-place, and there were even some tears shed.

It was a terrible shock to good Mrs. Morys, who was devoted to her husband, and who had been kind and considerate to her during their whole married life. She was inconsolable. In her deep sorrow she lost her health, and pined away for a few weeks. Then she followed her husband. It was said that she died of a broken heart. So Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Owen became the master and mistress of Brynyblodau. After the usual time for mourning had ended, the young couple, or, I should say, Mrs. Owen, revolutionized the mode of living at their home. They frequently entertained a large number of the better class of people around; gave dinner and tea parties; musical and dancing and card parties, and all the social functions in vogue among the wealthy. Mrs. Owen was the presiding genius on all such occasions. Her brilliant talents as a singer, a conversationalist, and a wit, and her ready resources for all the demands and requirements of such gatherings won the admiration and love of her guests, so that she became the most popular lady in the community, and the manor the centre of social entertainments. Herbert, on the other hand felt himself out of his element. He was a cipher among the brilliant figures before him, and could not join nor take an interest in their conversations and pastimes. Every-

thing was above and beyond him. Although physically the handsomest man in the room, he would sit for hours alone in some corner as if trying to escape observation. Some one of the guests would occasionally exchange an ordinary remark with him. He fancied at times that some of the young swells were smiling sarcastically at his loneliness; other times the monster jealousy would try to invade his mind, but was quickly expelled. There were then no facilities for acquiring even a modicum of the education and culture which were denied him in his youth, through the misfortune of birth. Whether he and his wife felt that they had made the great mistake of their life was not known, for their lips were sealed; but their friends would often speak for them, and confidently assert that the sad words, "It might have been," must be ever present in Mrs. Owen's mind. If she had had more of the sympathy and companionship of youthful friends, and more freedom of action in her mode of life, instead of being constantly subjected to the supervision and command of an unsympathetic though well-meaning parent, probably the result would have been different. The disparity in birth and education is ever the cause of embarrassment in married life. But as it was, Mr. and Mrs. Owen led a quiet, uneventful life; but both died at a comparatively early age, and the manor passed into another family, no children having been born to them.

THE NEW YEAR.

By John D. Morgan.

We welcome with gladness the incoming year,
With social rejoicing and jolly good cheer:
We bid to the Old year a friendly adieu,
And look to the future, and welcome the New.

We know not what good or what ill it may bring,
And yet all our parlors with merriment ring;
But then is it not a commendable plan
To grieve when we must, and rejoice when we can?

To look to the future we all are inclined.
Forgetting the sorrows and joys left behind:
Though time bears us onward incessant and fast,
Hope points to the future, and not to the past.

'Tis happiness all men endeavor to find.
But in the right manner so few are inclined;
If aught can make Earth like the regions above,
It must be through goodness, and friendship and love.

Then let us not weary in doing what's right,
And work while it's day, ere cometh the night,
And facing the future without any fear,
We'll welcome with gladness the Happy New Year.



RAMBLES IN EUROPE.

By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D. (Cynonfardd).

The large increase in the number of tourists to the winter resorts of Southern France is evidence of the genial climate and pleasant surroundings. The nobility of Europe and the royal democracy of America crowd the well-equipped hotels of the Riviera every winter. Last year when I was there, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the Princess of

Wales with her two daughters were visiting at Nice. The King of Sweden was stopping at the same hotel as our party at Cannes, when on our trip to Rome. In the next corridor to the King's was a shoe merchant from Cleveland, Ohio, and a school teacher from Illinois. Not far away, under the same roof, was a Welsh preacher from Pennsylvania! Per-

haps we had as many good angels visit us during the night as the King had. We were not introduced to either King or Queen. Nice is a city in the south of France, the chief town of the department of Alps Maritimes, and previous to 1860 was the capital of the township of Nice (Nizza) in the kingdom of Sardinia. It occupies a fine position at the

Mont Albano, for ages deemed impregnable, but was taken and demolished in the reign of Ann, Queen of England, by the Duke of Berwick. This hill is to-day laid out as a public pleasure ground, or a garden planted with aloe, cactus, agave, palm, &c. The town is somewhat in the shape of a triangle, with the base towards the sea.



The Casino.

mouth of the river, or rather stream, Palion, which is almost dry during the summer months, and which after a course of 20 miles enters the northern end of the Baie des Anges. A steep isolated limestone hill 315 feet in height, running back some distance from the shore forms the ancient part of the town, around which the several parts of the town have been formed. Formerly this hill was crowned by a castle or citadel called

The Old Town and the New are built of stones; but the streets of the old are mean, narrow and dirty, while the houses of the latter are far more handsome, modern, and painted in fresco. There are two fine squares, one of them surrounded with porticoes; adjacent to the other is a raised terrace which serves as a defence against the sea. One of the suburbs is called La Croix de Marble (the Marble Cross) known also

by name of the English quarter, where the English visitors generally reside during the proper season. This is divided from the town by the river Palion (or Paglione in Italian). This part is also beautiful, the houses painted in fresco, and surrounded with beautiful gardens, in which lemon and oranges are con-

bergamots, which make a most beautiful appearance. The Old Town stretches along the western base of the hill; the town of the 18th century occupies the ground further west; beyond the stream in a north-east, north and western direction, lie the ever-growing quarters of the modern city. The whole frontage



Statue of Columbus.

spicuous. The town is situated in a small plain of great beauty. Smollett, who was a visitor in the last century, wrote enthusiastically of its beauty and charm. Everything seemed to him enchanting, all the neighborhood one continuous variety of gardens, and the scenery bewitching; nothing to be seen around but gardens full of green trees loaded with oranges, lemons, citron and

of Nice is a fine embankment. The Quai de Ponchettes continues westward, and becomes the Quai de Midi as far as Pont des Anges, which crosses the Palion. On the other side of the stream is the Promenade des Anglais. After crossing the Pont des Anges we arrive at a pier projecting into the sea, containing a crystal palace and a sea-bathing establishment, called also "The Ca-

sino." The Promenade des Anglais extends a mile along the shore from the right bank of the Palion, near the Casino, and is skirted on one side by elegant villas and hotels. The walks and rides of the neighborhood are very agreeable, with white stuccoed houses surrounded with gardens on the slopes of hills, which have a picturesque appearance. The chief public buildings are the Cathedral, Notre Dame Church, National Museum, Art Gallery, Library, Observatory, and the Casino. There are also two synagogues and several Protestant churches. Architecturally the most remarkable church is the Notre Dame, built by the people in 1835 to commemorate its preservation from cholera. There is a large concourse of foreign population here during the winter from all parts of the world. The climate possesses mildness and general beauty, and is considered favorable to all chest complaints, but is dangerous in cases of heart and nervous diseases. The neighborhood of the Alps and the occasional prevalence of the wind, called Vent de Bise, keen and searching, makes the atmosphere cold and frosty during winter and spring. The heat is also excessive in summer. The city is nevertheless much resorted to by invalids from other countries, and this influx greatly augments the population. The city is at its liveliest during the carnival festivities, when great fun prevails, and battles are fought with sweetmeats and flowers.

The city was founded 2000 years ago by the Phoceans of Marseilles.

It was called Nice (Nike, Gr.), which means Victory, in honor of their victory over the Ligurians. The New Town was built after the treaty of Utrecht, 1713. Population in 1881 was about 66,000. The visitors are estimated as numbering 15,000 to 20,000. The modern part of Nice is very fashionable. The Casino is a beautiful modern structure, extending out into the sea. Concerts and operas, and exhibitions of various kinds are carried on every day and evening. The winter gardens are very attractive, with a profusion of palms and tropical plants. The average temperature corresponds with the average of South California. This was the birth place of the great General Garibaldi in 1807. A conspicuous statue of him is erected in the centre of the old town.

The new town is elegant. In the jewelers' windows are displayed the exhibition of pearls, precious stones and diamonds that enchant and bewilder. I saw one marked with the price 2,500,000 francs, equal to five hundred thousand dollars (\$500,000.) I did not buy it.

My first temptation on embarking from the train in Genoa, Italy, was to photograph the imposing statue of Columbus, which confronts the crowd as they enter the town from the R. R. station. This was the birthplace of our celebrated discoverer. Guides delight to show us innumerable mementos of Columbus. In the Cathedral they show us the violin which Paganini played; and the seat which he occupied in

the choir. The bones of John the Baptist are claimed to be stored carefully underneath the tomb in the church. The most remarkable sight in Genoa is the Campo Santo, or the sacred camp of the dead.

which we call cemetery. The streets of Genoa are narrow and crooked; but many costly and large buildings with very elegant churches are there.



AMONG WELSH INDIANS.

By Lewis Leyshon.

This little story illustrates two human traits which furnish society with considerable amusement, and they are qualities which are always human, and there never was an age probably, wherein they did not prevail; i.e., credulity on the part of one side, and its utilization for the pur-



Jack Evans.

pose of fun made by others. One failing calls out another, if we may call the love of amusement a failing. There is an element of humor in every kind of exaggeration, and excessive zeal or attachment to any airy or superficial creed is at all times very amusing, and persons who affect such extremes are re-

garded with ridicule mingled with pity. Davy Davis was an old country Welshman, and was extremely patriotic, and the very opposite of what is designated Richard John Davis. This R. J. Davis represents the Welsh traitor and apostate, who prefers English to Welsh, affects English customs and failings, and likes to put English airs on, even when he is residing among his own countrymen. He prefers English at home, talks English to his children, and prides himself on his inability to enunciate the Welsh "ch" and "ll." He worships at an English altar, subscribes to an English paper, avoids Welsh society, and enjoys his fancied superiority over the native product. The prototype of this class of Welsh renegades was a certain Richard John Davis, who left Wales in the last century, and found himself strolling the streets of London with a few "dimie" in his pocket, and with little or no English. He spent there a year "excepting nine months," as his caricaturists love to express it, and returned home on a

visit, and his mother being unable to understand Dick, summoned the parson, who soon discovered that Dick's elocution was part affectation and part ignorance. This Richard John Davis became the time-honored representative of this class of Kynry, whose only claim to immortality is their perverted patriotism and idiotic foreignism.

However Davy Davis was R. J. Davis' antitype. He was as positive as Richard was negative. Having been born and bred in a little village in Carmarthenshire, and having only seen Aberaeron a few times, and Carmarthen once, he emigrated to America at a time when he actually believed that America was a New Wales full of Welsh and Welsh Indians, the descendants of Prince Madoc. He had never seen an English newspaper or an English book prior to his departure, and entertained very unfavorable opinions of the civilization that existed outside Wales. Like the Greek or the Jew, he thought all other nations were barbarians and gentiles. Next to the Welshman he respected the Jew, and he, in fact, knew more about Jews and Jewish history than he did of his own. His favorite book, like a good many Welsh of fifty years ago, was the Bible, and the next book in his estimation was the History of Wales, and in fact every book which aggrandized and immortalized the heroes of Prydain. He heartily believed all the good stories and superstitions of Welsh literature, and it never came into his mind that historians could lie. The

story of Prince Arthur resting in a cave with thousands of steel-clad Welshmen awaiting the call to arms to expel the Saeson and regain the British crown and throne was to him gospel truth; and this so occupied his mind at times in his life, that he actually expected to hear the news of Arthur having awoken, and was marching on London. In his youth he had talked to old people who had visited the cave, and had seen Arthur and his men fast asleep, armed cap-a-pie, sword in hand, with their horses bridled and saddled, and ready for mounting.

One of Davy's favorite studies was the discovery of America by Madoc, prince of Wales; and he absolutely believed that the Indians were Welsh, and he had read and digested all Welsh literature pertaining to this peculiar tradition and superstition. The whole story to him was as true as Holy Writ, and he could cite authorities and supporting tales by the dozen which proved irrefragably that the Indians were Americanized Welsh; that they talked almost pure Kymraeg, and that Welsh Bibles had been found amongst them, in manuscript and printed. Davy read, studied, digested these tales until they became a part of his life, for belief and credulity is cultivated and developed by feeding exclusively on tales and fables. He became extremely partial to such traditions, and they exercised such immoderate influence over his mind, that he reached a state of historical insanity. He had lost every power of discerning be-

tween history and fables: and it was remarkable how he could read "Drych y Prif Oesau," or "Hanes y Brenin Arthur," without suspecting anything out of place. As a personal belief this would be excusable, but the annoyance was that Davy would preach and evangelize these stories as essential truths, and persisted every opportunity in asserting these ultra-Welsh views on his Cambrian friends and neighbors. In season and out of season, and in all places, Dave would unconsciously revert to Welsh-Indian questions—at work, at home, in Sunday School; and in his bardic address at the local eisteddfod meeting he would introduce this historical nightmare.

On the Fourth of July, after he landed, Coal Valley Sunday School held its picnic in Jenkins' Grove, and there was a great assembling of the tribes. All the Kymbries within a radius of five miles had made extraordinary and successful efforts to be present, and it turned out a great secular Cymanfa. But the Welsh are so instinctively and unfortunately super-religious that they can hardly hold a perfectly secular meeting of any kind since they must needs season even their most wordly assemblings with a little "crefyddoldeb." Even if they hold a meeting to take into consideration the propriety of building a township bridge, they close the proceedings by singing one of their favorite hymns, such as "O fryniau Caersâl-em," &c., or "Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau." So this Fourth of July, al-

ternately with foot-racing, quoit-throwing, jumping and miscellaneous fun-making, they sang Welsh hymns with great fervor and unction.

Reverting to Davy Davis, there was one thing that surprised him. Early in the afternoon he missed some of his best friends from the grove, and their disappearance meant a great deprivation to him, because he had none to broach his favorite subjects to, and inaugurate a discussion. Tom Pugh, Jack Evans, Tom Jones, Bill Eck, and Tom Rees were just a quorum, and were always the soul and spirit of a Welsh gathering. Davy walked around alone, and in a contemplative mood, now conversing with the minister, and again taking a false and forced interest in the games. About six o'clock Tom Pugh emerged from the thicket, and approaching Davy inquired how he enjoyed himself, and where the fellows were, complaining that the whole day had been out of joint and unhinged to him, that an unforeseen and unavoidable mishap had called him away, and that he had hastened back to be in at the death. They conversed with interest for some time until people commenced to gather up and make preliminary movements prior to taking their departure from the field of amusement. The sun appeared sinking through the tall oak trees, casting a pensive glow over the scene, and the breeze seemed to sigh with weariness. On all sides a forest of primitive wildness extended for miles; for around

the little village of Coal Valley west and north there reigned the solitude of untamed nature. Tom and Dave's way homeward lay partly through the woods, so Tom suggested that they "sole" it before utter darkness, because the moon did not show, so they started. Tom knew the thicket like a book, and he could have traversed it blindfolded, but Dave had never gone this way before; so Tom led and Dave followed. Tom rushed through, letting the branches fly back in Dave's face, which occasioned Dave to lecture him on Hywel the Good's forest laws. When they had emerged out of the thicket into a space over-shadowed by tall palm-like trees, Tom started to run, and shouted to Dave, "Indians, hurry for your life!" Tom bounded like a deer, and rushed into the thicket, closely followed by Dave, at a rate of swiftness which broke all his former records. Now could be heard most heart-splitting yells and yawps characteristic of Indian assaults. In spite of desperate efforts to keep up with Tom's pace, Dave unfortunately got entangled in some way, and was the next second sprawling. Before he had time to resume his wild career he was surrounded by a dozen Indians, with uplifted tomahawks and covered with war-paint, and adorned with turkey plumes. Dave was horror-stricken while the sons of the forest jumped and danced and yawped around. After they had pantomimed a while, brandishing their hatchets, our esteemed authority on Welsh Americans was led

away trembling with terror, and white with fright.

The next day was idle, and gossip was busily engaged in talking of Dave Davis' adventure among the Indians, and he was congratulated and lionized for his diplomatic ability in escaping uninjured. Tom Pugh went around the settlement with an old cracked Independence bell to call attention to Dave's heroic conduct and informing likewise that he would relate his horrible experiences in the little schoolhouse that evening. Before the appointed hour the place was over-crowded, and when our hero appeared, escorted by his many admirers, the roof was fairly lifted with explosions of admiration. Jack Evans presided, and after a few fitting remarks he introduced the esteemed authority on Welsh-Indian history. Dave told the story of his thrilling capture and sojournment for six hours among the red skins, and the evidences he had collected corroborative of his Madoc theory. He had seen the Indian at home, he had conversed with him in Kymraeg diledryw, and he had tangible proof to show that the wild foresters were real Kymries. At the close of the meeting the exhibits were exposed for the inspection of the curious and inquisitive, and many were surprised at the Indian gifts. These were an Old Edition of Peter Williams' Bible, the Sleeping Bard, and a Primitive View of the Ages. The memorable night of the capture furnished Tom Pugh, Jack Evans and the other members of the gang with considerable private amusement.

A GREAT LITTLE PEOPLE.

By T. O. Russell.

(From The New York Independent.)

The population of Wales is nearly a million and a half, inhabiting a territory not much larger than the State of Connecticut. Geographically, this territory forms part of the Island of Great Britain, but it is, in almost every other respect, a totally different country. If Wales were divided from England by a natural barrier of mountain or of sea, the striking distinctions that exist between the Welsh and the English might, in some measure, be accounted for; but there are no natural barriers between England and Wales. There are neither mountains nor rivers; the mountains of Wales are in the interior. The valley of the Severn has formed part of England for many centuries. The Welsh once claimed the Severn as their eastern boundary; but it is well known that even in Saxon times the eastern reaches of that river lay far outside of Welsh territory, and that the Welsh language was not, within historic times, spoken by the dwellers on its banks. The place names in the valley of the lower Severn show plainly that a Cymric population never permanently inhabited it, for very few of them are Welsh. The Welsh have kept their language and national peculiarities intact without any assistance from nature. They have

achieved, probably, the most noteworthy feat of national preservation of any people in the world; and the world at large has not by any means sufficiently recognized the extraordinary feat they have performed.

There is a great deal of mystery about the Welsh. It is a mystery how they preserved their language against that most aggressive and conquering language, English. It is a mystery where they came from, for ancient Britons they are not. They are comparatively newcomers in Wales. It has recently been proved that wherever Celtic nomenclature exists in England, it is, in an immense majority of cases, Gaelic and not Cymric. Recent philologic and historic researches have proved that a Gaelic people occupied Wales before the Welsh. Where, then, did the Welsh come from? History may be said to be absolutely silent about this; but it is generally supposed that they came to Wales from some part of the south of Scotland, that the Gaels drove them out of Scotland some time in the early centuries of the Christian era, and that they, in their turn, drove the Gaels out of Wales; but authentic history throws hardly any light on the subject.

The great distinguishing difference between Wales and England is

language. To know how very much alive the Welsh language is in Wales one must leave the track of summer tourists, and go into the country towns. In towns of four or five thousand inhabitants, where English tourists do not go, the English language is hardly any more heard than in Normandy or Lorraine; and even in the watering-places and towns that teem with English-speaking tourists in the summer-time, when winter comes, and when the tourists go, the English language goes with them, and nothing is heard but Welsh. In the large towns, however, like Cardiff and Swansea, English seems to have taken firm root; but outside of these two towns, and places close to the English border, Welsh may be said to be the universal language. Many who are only partially acquainted with Wales, think that Welsh is only the language of the peasantry and poorest classes; but this is a great mistake. Clergymen of almost all denominations speak it. Even clergymen of the Church of England must, in most cases, know Welsh and be able to preach in it; for a Welshman, even if he understands English thoroughly must, as a general rule, have his own language preached from the pulpit. Welsh sermons are preached in many places where every one of the congregation, the very young possibly excepted, understands English. No Welshman, no matter how well he understands English, will, as a rule, read an English Bible when he can get a Welsh one. It is the

Church that has helped to make the Welsh language such a power and so full of vigor. The Welsh are a most religious people. Almost every one, whether Methodist, Baptist, or Church of England Protestant, goes to church twice every Sunday, and hardly hears a sermon but in Welsh. Very different has been the course pursued by the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland from that pursued by the Protestant clergy in Wales with respect to the national languages of both countries; the Welsh Protestant clergy have done their best to keep Welsh alive in Wales, while the Irish Roman Catholic clergy have, with a few noble exceptions, done their best to kill Irish in Ireland; and they have very nearly succeeded.

The Welsh language is quite abreast of any other modern form of speech as regards the quantity of literature it contains; that is, in proportion to the number of people who speak it. There is, probably, no other language in the world, spoken by a little over a million people, in which there is so great a literature as there is in Welsh. There are in Wales about twenty weekly newspapers published entirely in Welsh, as well as fifteen or twenty monthly magazines, two bi-monthly reviews, and one quarterly. These figures are taken from a recent issue of "Chamber's Encyclopaedia." A very large number of English books of general interest have been translated into Welsh; so that a person, knowing no language but Welsh, can be possessed of a good educa-

tion, and be almost as well versed in general literature as if he knew English. A Welsh gentleman wrote recently to the "Gaelic Journal" of Dublin, stating that two hundred thousand pounds, or nearly a million dollars, are annually spent for Welsh books in Wales and England; for there are fully half a million of Welsh in the latter country, and they stick to their native language for at least a generation. A Welsh Methodist clergyman residing in Dublin informs me that there are twelve Welsh churches in Liverpool in every one of which the Welsh language, and generally it only, is used in the pulpit.

It must, however, be confessed that the magnificent patriotism of the Welsh in holding on to their national language has cost them a great deal, and has handicapped them in many ways. A Welsh boy studying to pass an examination for the civil service has generally twice as much work to perform as an English-speaking boy who studies the same branches; for the Welsh boy generally has to learn a strange language in addition to his tasks. The bilingual people of Continental Europe, particularly those in Switzerland and Alsace-Lorraine, generally know French and German, equally well, for they hear both languages spoken from their childhood, and neither of them is much associated with the idea of nationality; but with the Welsh their language is everything; it is the only evidence of nationality they have, and consequently it becomes the language of

the hearth and home, generally to the entire exclusion of English. The Welsh know that their love for their language has cost them a great deal; but they seem determined to stick to it to the bitter end. The English taunt them, laugh at them, and sometimes persecute them in a mild way about their "barbarous language;" but the Welsh go on speaking it, printing papers, periodicals and books in it, and pay no attention whatever to the sneers of their English neighbors. The heroism the Welsh have shown in the preservation of their language, and the sacrifices they have made for it are simply sublime.

The Welsh do not like the English, and the English do not like the Welsh. The Welsh are loyal enough to English rule, because they know how few and weak they are compared with the English. Were the Welsh as numerous as the Irish, and were Wales as large as Ireland, and separated from England by sixty miles of sea as Ireland is, Wales would probably be an independent nation to-day. The Welsh possess so many good qualities that numbers is about the only thing they lack to make them a great people. They are industrious beyond any people of the British Isles. They are clean; they are more sober than either the Irish or the English; they are thrifty, and can live for half what it costs an Englishman to live. They are patient and law-abiding; for they are most unjustly burdened with tithes that they have to pay to support the Church of England, to

which denomination hardly fifteen per cent. of them belong. They try, and have been trying for over a century to get rid of this most unjust and onerous tithe tax; but they rarely employ any means but parliamentary agitation. The Welsh members of Parliament are Liberals; and since Home Rule for Ireland became a parliamentary question Welsh members have, almost to a man, voted for it.

There are probably no people so attached to music as the Welsh, and there are certainly no people who have, in proportion to their number, done so much for it. The Welsh Eisteddfod is beyond any doubt, the

most important annual musical reunion held in the British Isles, or, perhaps, in the world. It is held every summer in some of the larger towns of Wales. People from all parts of the British Isles attend it, as well as from the Continent. Most of the singing is in Welsh; but some is in English. The very best musical artists of Great Britain may be heard at the Welsh Eisteddfod, and the crowd that attends it is enormous. The preservation of their language and the establishing of such a reunion as the Eisteddfod stamps the Welsh as a people of uncommon patriotism, ability, and perseverance.



MATCHES.

By Rev. J. Vinson Stephens.

The Silent Match.

An old adage says, that it takes all sorts of men to make a world. And this time-honored proverb is verified in the fact that we have all kinds of folks amongst us. We have the iron man, who is so stolid, solid, and sad that no impression can be made upon him until treated unto a certain state of temperament. And in complete contrast to him we have again the India-rubber man, who is all elasticity. You may turn and twist him into any shape you choose. He is a man of policy and not of principle; in fact, the latter word is

not even in his vocabulary, for he always spells it, p r i n c i p a l. He is a Democrat if that will secure him an office, but a red-hot Republican if that will bring more customers to his store. Like Jacob, he never hesitates to put the skin of a goat upon his hands, and upon the smooth of his neck, if, thereby, he can dupe his feeble and blind father to give unto him a brother's blessing. The India-rubber man is a toy—a play-thing with a rattle in his head which will make himself heard more or less, according, as

one squeezes his stomach. Besides these queer creatures, there are also match-like men in the world. Men who appear to be very harmless sort of fellows, and indeed, as long as they are let alone, they are perfectly innocent and nice, but if you will begin to handle them roughly, to rub them somewhat against the grain, like matches, they will instantly grate and grunt, emitting such fumes and fury, as if they were born and bred at the foot of Mount Sinai.

"I am like a match," is a very familiar expression. It indicates an impulsive, fiery disposition, implying at the same time that one's anger is of short duration. But these men forget the fact that the effects of a match continue much longer than its own distinct existence. A match burns out in few seconds, but the fire it kindles outlives it. And the men who flare and glare at the least resistance should remember that it is of no use saying, "I am all right now, I am a bit fiery, but my fury soon subsides," when they have set the whole community on fire. It is true that a match is a small thing, but small things do much mischief. One small dog sets his whole canine neighbors a howling. In itself there is not sufficient fire in a match to roast a fly, but an idiot can set a city ablaze with it. Small things are very destructive. One old gossip destroys the peace of a neighborhood. And the smallest and most ignorant man can ruin a church, as the silly, giddy daughter of Herodias by dancing killed the mightiest

of its prophets. Before you will ever again say, "I am like a match," be sure, reader, that you are not like it, because you have kindled the fire of contention and strife in the midst of your neighborhood, which will require a brigade of its choicest men to extinguish it. The expression, "I am like a match," depends upon what kind of a match is meant to determine whether it is to one's credit or dishonor to be like it or otherwise. There are many kinds of matches. A very peculiar one is called "The Silent Match." Its characteristic feature is that it is charged by its manufacturers to do its duty silently, to light a lamp at midnight without disturbing the baby. It was invented by "Bryant & May." That couple made a silent match—a thing which John and Jane never succeeded to do. Light precedes thunder, but the noise of a match always goes before it. A friction match is like a Pharisee who blows his own trumpet before enlightening others, or like a modern lecturer, who is always his own reporter. But the silent match like the wise man lets another praise him, and not his own lips. Sow the seeds, and the gardens and the fields will make it known to the neighbors. Dorcas did the sewing, and her stitches the reaping. One of her coats protected some little orphan child from the biting, pinching frost of the bitter winter, but all the talk of the idle gossipers of Joppa did no one any good. Talk is cheap. Great talkers are little doers. Bear in mind that they ceased building when

they commenced babbling at Babel. Speech is silver and silence is gold, yet there are reasons to believe that women would make their fortunes faster in the silver than in the gold mines. Speech and silence to them are not to the ratio of 16 to 1, but sixteen to nil. It is not speech and sermons the world needs, but noble deeds and actions. The word in every age and country must be made flesh to benefit humanity. The hungry man, every time, prefers the plainest biscuit ever baked to any of Depew's brilliant after dinner

speeches. When you say that you are like a match, do you mean the silent one which does its work quietly, and is known not by the noise it makes, but by the light it gives, and the fire it kindles? Before I lay this silent match aside, I will give an advice fully worth a "Cambrian's" subscription; here it is, "Keep a watch upon your lips, for as physicians find out the diseases of the body by examining the tongues of their patients, so also do philosophers find out the diseases of one's mind by it."



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

By Gwyndaf.

Heavenly emblem, full of wonders,
Sparkling as a brilliant gem—
Star of hope for guilty sinners
Was "the star of Bethlehem"!

Star of love from the beginning,
Shining on the human race;
Star of mercy, ever winning
Sinners to the throne of grace!

Star of righteousness, directing
Through the great eternal span;
Heavenly hosts to earth reflecting
Glory on the Son of Man.

Star to guide the men of wisdom
From the east to Canaan land,
To adore the prince of ransom,
With the glorious, heavenly band.

Shining star the grand orchestra
When they sang "Good will to men,
Glory to the born Messiah,
Peace on earth, Amen! Amen!

Heavenly emblem full of wonders,
Sparkling as a brilliant gem;
Star of hope to guilty sinners
Was the Star of Bethlehem.



HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

II.

Great care and a peculiar kind of intellectual training is needed in order to look at things in the way and in the light the ancient, the early, the savage man looked at them. We very often forget or overlook the simple fact that the eye as well as the mind of man becomes more and more developed and able to see and appreciate the reality of things. Things continually improve and change with our perfected vision and power of understanding. Nature to the early man was nearer and less distinct. He did not possess the ideas of time and space we have.

Mythology helps us to understand and follow the progress of human intellectual advancement. It shows us the fact that mind and matter were originally closely allied, and that the early man's notions were far more material than they are now. Mind was largely material in the quality of its thoughts as well as in its mode of operation. With the ages his mind becomes more and more detached and weaned from the material. His thoughts were the shadows of things, and they filled his heart with strange fears and conceits. To him things seemed nearer and stranger than they do to the civilized and the educated.

To a child's mind all things seem alive, and early man, analogically, observed and contemplated the phenomena of nature with the same childish conceptions. The mythology of all nations is the early man's interpretation of natural phenomena. It shows the way things of nature impressed his mind, and what ideas he entertained of them. Mythology was the early man's Bible, as the Iliad was the Greek Bible; and the history and the doctrines it contained were reasonable and acceptable. Every age adds its own chapter of myths. As the human mind evolves, old beliefs are turned into myths, they cease to interest as vital truths, and are no longer honored and cherished as truths.

In Greek history we can almost point out the age in which the philosophic or scientific spirit was born, because with the spirit was brought into use new methods and new words which show a great change in the intellect of man. The word "philosophy" does not happen in Homer and Hesiod, and in both those books there appears no trace of the inquiring scientific spirit. There we find the unreflecting credulous mind passively observing the phenomena of nature, and delineating

tion in accordance with childish conceptions. They gave the impressions and notions of the child-mind; but there is no attempt to inquire, to philosophize. In the mythic period mind is passive; in the philosophic or scientific it becomes observing, active, striving after meanings, desiring to know the how and the why, comparing things, analogizing and reaching new conclusions. As Cicero says, the philosopher looks into nature inquisitively, diligently questioningly (*naturam studiose intueretur*). Philosophy loves inquiry; superstition and credulity hate science. The mythical period has been fittingly called the age of unreflecting belief, the opposite of the state of mind which the apostle commends, viz. to prove all things. The mythical mind lacks the inquiring, the scientific tendency, and, therefore, it dreams and becomes satisfied with its own illusions and hallucinations; whereas the philosophic tests and proves. Minds as well as religions which fail to adopt philosophic or scientific culture must either stagnate or degenerate, for civilization and progress advance on the vital lines of knowledge and science. As we said before, mind and matter were nearly allied, and the dawn of science was a kind of mental twilight. The philosophy of the earlier Ionic naturalists was Hylozoism, i. e., the doctrine of the immediate unity of matter and life. Life to them was material, and a concomitant of life was life itself. Breath was life. They had no knowledge or concep-

tion of the spiritual. All their terms for spiritual existence or attributes were materialistic. Their "spirit" was mere "breath."

Thales, the first Greek philosopher known to history, and his followers, understood water to be the original source of all things. As plants and animals were moist when alive, dried and withered when dead, observing this fact they naturally held that the principle of life was moisture. This was based on partial observation. This may have also been suggested and fortified by the phenomena of the surrounding ocean, which would intimate that the earth was a mere island itself sprung from water. Greek philosophy began with Thales, because he was the first that attempted to explain the creation of the world, and in him was the scientific tendency first manifested in opposition to the mythical form which had prevailed among the ancient poets. Ancient thinkers were generally poets, who amused themselves with illusions, not with truths.

Anaximander shows wider observation and deeper speculation, and he even anticipated some of the ideas of modern science. His original material substance is "undetermined in quality and infinite in quantity," like the chaos (*rudis indigestaque moles*) of Ovid or "the void and without form" of the Book of Genesis. From it the elementary contraries were separated, and heterogeneous things were created. This was done by an eternal motion which was not distinguishable from life. According to him the earth

was evolved from an originally fluid state. Living beings arose by gradual development out of the elementary moisture under the influence of heat. Land animals in the beginning had the forms of fish. The soul is aeriform.

Anaximenes posits air as the first principle from which fire, wind, clouds, water and earth were produced. This suggests the gaseous origin of things, matter being the condensation of air according to him. His opinion was that the earth is flat and round like a plate, and supported by the air. The original substance became in each succeeding philosophy more spiritual until Heraclitus speculated on fire as the finest of all substances, and as the original matter and cause—the nearest to our spirit. Empedocles became more special in his speculation, and he endeavored to account for the development of animals. Plants, according to him, sprang from the earth spontaneously; after them came animals, whose different parts had been formed independently and then joined together by love.

Subsequently the ordinary method of reproduction took place. At first eyes, arms, &c., existed separately. He taught that the higher forms of life could only have been evolved from the lower. He was considerably Darwinian in his system. According to Anaxagoras, plants and animals owe their origin to the fecundation of the earth, whence they sprang from germs previously contained in the air.

The reader will observe that all these philosophers tried to account for vegetable and animal life by the natural workings of physical laws, because as Mother they believed the earth could produce everything that existed without external interference. They all seemed to be possessed by the notion that everything on earth could be evolved by natural laws from the original matter. Their conceptions were crude, and their reasonings often awkward and imperfect; yet we cannot help perceiving that they were led by some natural instinct to the great laws of modern science—the law of development.



FRIENDSHIP.

(From the French of Xavier De Maistre).

Happy is he who has a friend! I had a friend, but death removed him from me, it seized him at the beginning of his career, at a time when his friendship had become an urgent need to my heart. We mutually helped each other in the painful

duties of war. We drank from the same cup, we smoked from the same pipe, and slept under the same covering, and, in our unhappy condition, the spot where we lived together, was to us a new patria.

I have seen him exposed to the

perils of war, yea a disastrous war. It seemed that death spared us to aid each other. * * * The clash of arms, the enthusiasm that possesses the soul in the presence of danger, would have perhaps, prevented his cries from piercing my heart. Had his death been a gain to his country, and fatal to the enemy, I would have mourned him less, but to lose him from the perfect enjoyments of a "Winter quarter," to see him expiring in my arms at the moment when he appeared to be regaining his wonted health, at the moment when our friendship strengthened itself in rest and tranquility. * * * Nature is indifferent, she cares not who adorns with floral beauty the sacred grave wherein he rests. The trees are decked with verdant leaves, the

birds sing 'neath their vernal foliage, the flies buzz among the flowers, everything breathes joy and life in the sojourn of death, and while the silvery moon shines in the heaven, and while I meditate near the sad place, I hear the cricket joyfully pursuing his untiring song, hidden in the grass, that covers the silent tomb of my friend.

The insensible destruction of life and human misery are counted as nothing in the great whole. The death of a noble man who expires, surrounded by sorrowing friends, and that of a butterfly that perishes on the petal of a flower in the cold, matin air, are parallel incidents in the course of nature. Man is nothing but a phantom, a shadow, or vapor dissolving in the air.

Scranton, Pa.

CADLE.



CIVILIZATION.

By Max Norman.

There is a marvelous truth in the old scriptural saying, "The righteous considereth the cause of the poor; but the wicked regardeth not to know." The truth contained therein accounts for what we call "civilization." The righteous, or the man that considereth, is the civilized, and the uncivilized is he that regardeth not. The considerate man is always a blessing to society; whereas the inconsiderate is a danger, a menace and a disturbing agent, the cause of almost every so-

cial trouble and discomfort. He is the unfailing producer of evil and mischief. Civilization is possible only as far as we have considerateness in society. We tolerate an incredible amount of regardlessness, and even recklessness, among us; and as a people we are so inconsiderate that we actually believe that civilization is attainable in spite of conditions which infallibly perpetuate barbarism. Very often our inconsiderateness amounts to positive cruelty, and our games and sports.

which should be amusements and recreations, have deteriorated into horrors and tortures. Our football games and six-day bicycle races are the climax of inconsiderateness.

As long as we have the mental and moral elements of barbarism we will progress and develop on barbaric lines. To be intellectually enlightened is not enough—public school or college education is of very little use; mathematical or literary ability is altogether vain unless we have the moral qualification which makes us considerate. A mathematician of the highest grade, or a scholar of the first water may yet be thoroughly inconsiderate. The humane man is moral, and it is the humane man alone that may be considered civilized. He is heart and soul with human progress. The uncivilized, the inconsiderate, "he that regardeth not" is as yet animal. A man may be ignorant, from a scholastic point of view, and yet be considerate and far superior to the scholar in serviceableness to society. "The righteous (the spiritually good man) considereth: the wicked regardeth not."

Civilization owes all to this considerate class of men. Read history, and behold what considerate men and women have done for humanity. Mere knowledge and mere reasoning abilities have been used in every age of the world, as in this age of ours, to justify villainy and injustice. Great thinkers have often been on the side of wrong. Even Plato and Aristotle could with ease justify slavery. Enlightened intel-

lects of the 19th century have argued in favor of cruelties of the blackest kind. Intellect has often lived comfortably alongside of the direst social crimes, and the cruelest inhumanity. Roman theology for ages used the intellect as its most obedient slave and lackey. But the considerate of every age have had scruples, have had uneasiness in presence of social wrongs and injustices. They have always protested against wrong and evil. Abraham walked out of the idolatry of the East, and emigrated Westward, because he felt the promptings of progress within him. He was considerate above his contemporaries. The apostles under the tuition of the Master became considerate in an age of stagnation and intense selfishness; they became enlightened, not as regards their own selfish enjoyment, but for the advancement of human life.

Intellect will not save a people from corruption—from moral death; book-education will not rescue it from wrong and barbarism; in fact it will help to ruin it the faster. Moral regeneration only can save a country. Simple social justice, or the spirit of fairness—the spirit of considerateness—is more valuable than all the wisdom of the ancients. Advancing civilization means increased considerateness. Civilization is pre-eminently a matter of thoughtfulness. Many have observed that we are living in an age of intense individualism, when everybody is selfish and unconcerned regarding the fate of his neighbor.

It is an individual struggle for existence; an unscrupulous fight for personal success. As John Fiske says: "It is the epoch at which the predominant intellectual activity is employed in achievements which are mainly of a material character. With greatly increased power and mechanical improvements we are on the edge of poverty. Nearly the whole of this American community toils from youth to old age in mainly procuring the means for satisfying the transient wants of life." "Man is the rapidest motion and self-motion," says Carlyle; "restless with convulsive energy, as if driven by galvanism, as if possessed by the devil, tearing asunder mountains"—what for? For the bare gratification of material wants. Truly the worst form of slavery and drudgery, love of gain, and the excitement of competition as means to accomplish that aim, is absorbing the human mind. Every moral and spiritual principle is endangered in the attainment of this material object. Human beings are in extreme danger of being reduced to mere animals, or worse still, to automata. The moral and the humane are sacrificed on the altar of material progress—"The wicked regardeth not."

The sense of right and wrong has been replaced by the feeling of succeeding and not succeeding. It is not a matter of civilization, but of accumulation. It used to be a common belief that kings and princes were the cause of inequalities and poverty, but modern republics and ancient popular forms of

government have shown that the lower classes can produce the worst kind of tyrants, and that the evil is not of a class, but of man. It is a question of human depravity, and the question of right can only be solved and settled by the evolution of the spiritual nature of man, and the subjugation of the personal and the selfish, viz the development of righteousness. It is righteousness that solves every social and moral difficulty. Wickedness is the embodiment of selfishness and pride, which never considers the rights of others. "The wicked regardeth not."

In France, in the 17th century, the laboring class dared to say that the three states were brothers, viz ecclesiastical, the aristocratic and the laboring; but the aristocratic resented this, and responded, "That there was no manner of brotherhood between them and the working classes. We are in a miserable condition," they said, "if that is so!" Now a class of people that so despised their fellowmen were far from being considerate, and were hastening to their own destruction. In the following century, these workers, these brotherless sons of labor, these shoemakers, cobblers, and hand-workers of all descriptions rose up, and pretty nearly annihilated those proud aristocrats who had disowned them, and disinherited them a century earlier. A writer gives us the following picture of labor in France in the time when the aristocracy denied all relationship with the slaving classes:

which shows the regardlessness, the recklessness, which prevailed among the nobility. "The poor people labor incessantly, neither sparing their bodies or souls; they labor, cultivate and harvest; they sell and bargain; there is neither season, nor month nor week nor day that does not call for their labor. They seem to be the ministers and mediators between God and life; and after all *this slavery* what have they? Sweat, anguish, nakedness, famine, and, at

last, a common ditch for a grave!" They were a class of people producing for an idle body, slaving for the sole purpose of supplying the wants and luxuries of those who utterly ignored and despised them. Their extreme poverty was the direct consequence of the regardlessness of the ruling class. This state of moral recklessness led to a frightful condition of anarchy and destruction.

(To be continued.)



CHRIST IS KING.

By Index.

Music by O. H. Evans, Mus. Doc., Marysville, Ohio.

In ages past the saints of old
In gladness of His coming told;
Through faith they saw the glorious dawn,
And from afar to Him were drawn.
Long, long ago they knew His name,
They sang and glorified His fame:
They saw the happy days appear,
They saw His throne so bright and near!
And angels wondered o'er His birth—
And joyful praises filled the earth!

O! Bethlehem, sweet Bethlehem,
Where Christ to us was born!
What light around those meadows shone!
How beautiful that morn!
The air was glad with harmonies,
And angels whispered nigh,
"Now has appeared among all men
The glory from on high!"

He was despised, rejected, and was slain,
Esteemed we not His sorrow and His grief;
We saw Him dumb in agony of pain,
We thought Him wounded for His unbelief;
We saw Him climb the weary Calvary,
We scoffed and mocked Him all the way He trod;
We saw him hanged and nailed upon a tree,
Afflicted, stricken, smitten as of God!

'Twas on that tree on Calvary
He rescued you and rescued me;
He overcame all sin and shame,
And now there's healing in His name!

Now is raised the Holy Mountain,
Now His Throne is seen on high;
Now the crucified Redeemer
To all wounded hearts is nigh!
Come! ye thirsty ones, ye hungered,
Come and leave your ways of woe;
Come to where the living waters
Through the peaceful pastures flow!

Now the feast of God is ready!
Now the gospel tidings ring!
Over valleys, over mountains,
Christ is Savior! Christ is King!
Now is life for all the dying,
Now is healing for the sore;
There is pardon in abundance,
There is joy forevermore!





FIELD OF LETTERS

December "Cronicl" has several articles discussing live subjects, such as "Future Wales," "Paul in the light of Jesus," &c. besides, we find notes by the editor on topics of the day; events of the month; memoirs and a variety of poems.

"Myfanwy" is a novel by Allen Raine, which, if it were written in "English English," instead of Welsh, and if it had for setting an ordinary landscape, might be considered trite and over-romantic even to mawkishness, with its theatrical situations and absurd climax. But written as it is with a foreign, not to say outlandish, environment, and with a setting picturesque in every detail, the story strong in outline and free from a trace of unpleasantness, it has an agreeable effect, and is not only readable but very interesting.

"Cymru'r Plant" for December is beautiful and bright as usual, and we wish to commend its appearance and contents. Every family in Wales should take in a publication so interesting to children. Its contents for December are as follows: The Palmtrees of Palestine, the Snowdon Railroad. Tales of South America, Uncle William's Stories, &c., &c.

The Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach) was at the time of his death engaged in preparing a book on "Preachers and Preaching," which he intended publishing under the title "Gweinidog Llwyddianus Cymru Fydd" ("The Successful Minister of Future Wales"). He had written seven chapters, under the following headings:—I, "El Ragbarotoad-

au Naturiol," II, "El Gynorthwyon Celfyddydol," III, "El Waiiau Rheol-aidd," IV, "Brasluniau o rai o Brif Bregethwyr y Byd," V, "Nodweddau Hen Bregethwyr Cymru," VI, "Hawliau Gweinidog Cymru rydd ar yr Eglwys," VII, "El Wdylanwad ar Dynged el Wlad," &c.

"Young Wales" for December has several articles which will not fail to interest a native of Wales, viz. "Agricultural Industry of Wales," by J. E. Thomas, C. E. It furnishes considerable information regarding farming, and lays out facts and figures which are new to many. "A Forgotten Welsh Novel" by Owen Royston is another readable paper. The other interesting articles are: "The Development of Picturesque Wales," "Gwilym a Benni Bach," "Pioneers of Nationalities," "Welsh University Notes" by the editor, &c.

The December number brings "Heddyw" to an end, and it is really a loss to see a bright publication like this disappear from among our monthlies. Are we to understand that 'Heddyw' dies not from lack of support, but from the retirement of the editor? Why couldn't it be continued under the care of another editor? This last number has a variety of articles and illustrations of interest, such as Lawrence Lowe, H. Parry's Papers, Beth a Wneir yn Mawddwy, The Defects of Bermo, &c. Insane Literati and Llanfachreth Fair are humorous and entertaining.

The December number also concludes Vol. IV. of "Wales," which will be the

last. The preface to the fourth volume is also the editor's farewell. The original aim of the editor was to make this magazine a means of enlightenment to the English-speaking parts of Wales, but he over-rated his strength and leisure. The duties of his profession calls for all his time, and this consideration compels him to abandon "Wales," as well as "Heddyw." This number contains "The Escape of Richmond," by H. O. Hughes, Newport; "Justice to the Dead Friars," by Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley-Owen; "A Lapse of Memory" by L. A. Hughes, Llanengan; and the conclusion of "The House of the Twisted Sapling."

The November "Cymru" is attractive. The cartoon is the Chapel Proclaimer. He is a character of considerable importance. His work is partly performed now-a-days by the newspaper. He used to be next in dignity to the minister. "Hanes Cymru" is continued in this number, followed by several articles which cannot fail to interest the reader, such as "Many Books," "Judge David Lewis," "Well-known Poets of Wales," "The Wizard of Cwrt y Cadno," "Cornish Literature," and several other minor papers, with an interesting variety of poems. This number is precious.

Contents of the "Drysorfa" for December are as follows: Address of the retiring editor; "Boasting in the Cross," by the late Rev. W. Ellis, Beddgelert; "The Forward Movement" by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, Cardiff; "The Rev. Evan Jones, Llandinam, with a brief history of the Wern Family," by J. Jones, J. P., Llanfyllin; "Dignity of Man" by the Rev. Owen Owen, Pentre-felin; "Tale of Peggy Gib" by Mrs. J. M. Saunders; with work and movements of the denomination, reports of foreign mission, &c. The editor for 1898 will be the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, Cardiff. For the "Drysorfa" for the

coming year articles and papers are promised by Rev. T. Levi, J. Cynddylan Jones, D. D.; Dyfed; Owen Prys, M. A.; Griffith Ellis, and many other well-known writers.

The contents of the "Dysgedydd" for December are as follows: "Paul's Gospel," by the Rev. D. M. Jenkins, Liverpool; "Michael Faraday" (continued), by T. C. Jones; "Reminiscences of Egilwysbach;" "The Duty of the Church Towards the Poor," and "Memoirs of the Rev. T. Jones, Tabor," &c., events of the month, missions, reviews, poetry and reports of associations, &c. In this number also the committee present their prospectus for 1898, wherein they promise articles by the following popular writers: Rev. D. Adams, Liverpool; D. M. Jenkins, O. Evans, D. D., R. Williams (Hwfa Mon), Proff. Anwyl, &c., &c.

The "Geninen" for 1898 promises to be interesting and instructive, and the following well-known literati have been engaged to furnish articles and papers for the January number: Principal T. C. Edwards, D. D.; The Very Rev. Deacon of Bangor; Lewis Probert and J. R. Morgan, D. D. (Lleurwg); Griffith Parry, D. D.; W. Jones, M. P.; Professor J. Rays, M. A.; Principal Morris, D. D.; D. Lloyd Jones, M. A.; Michael D. Jones; Elfed; E. Cynffig Davies; Alavon; Ben Davies; Charles Ashton, &c., &c. The following subjects will be discussed during 1898: "Welsh Literature of the Present Century: Is it Regenerating or Degenerating?" "The Elsteddfod: Is it worth Perpetuating?" "The Welsh Pulpit: Its Influence;" "Welsh Denominations: Their Characteristics." Leading writers of every denomination will express their views, and support their respective religious peculiarities.

Also articles will be continued on the lives of departed Welshmen of national fame, such as the Very Rev. Arch-

deacon Griffith, B. D.; S. R.; O. Thomas, D. D.; Ellis Wyn o Wyrfa; Thomas Aubrey; Dr. Fred Evans (Ednyfed); Monwyson; Richard Lumley; E. Wynne Parry, M. A., B. D.; Ap Vychan; Mathetes; Milo Griffith; Syr Osborne Morgan, M. P.; David Roberts, D. D.; Dean Vaughan; Cynddelw; J. Thomas, D. D.; Glasynys; B. Joseph (Myfyr); John Phillips, Bangor; T. Stephens; Dewi Wyn o Easylt; Nathan Dyfed; John Evans (Eglwysbach), and many others.

It is not every day that book buyers pick up such a bargain as that which fell to the lot of a lucky Welshman at Pontypool the other day. For the munificent sum of 4d. a volume he had knocked down to him at an auction a complete set of the Gwyddoniadur Cymreig, in excellent condition! The Gwyddoniadur consists of nine volumes, and is generally sold at eight guineas a set! This announcement will take the wind out of the sails of a well-known East Glamorgan minister, who for two or three years past has aroused the envy of his ministerial brethren with the tale of how he obtained a copy of this Welsh encyclopaedia for ten shillings.

The papermaking for Oxford Bibles is a specially important and interesting part of the work. At Wolvercote, a mile or two out of Oxford, the university has a large mill for the supply of its own requirements. A good deal of the paper they turn out here is made out of old ships' sails, the materials of which, after battling with storms in all quarters of the world, come here for the purpose of being made into paper, printed in almost every language under heaven, and bound up into volumes to be again scattered far and wide into all the uttermost ends of the earth.

This Wolvercote paper mill has much

to do with the great reputation that Oxford has acquired in the production of Bibles and other devotional books. Twenty years ago and more the management hit on a valuable invention in papermaking, and ever since their "India paper" has been the envy and the puzzle of manufacturers all over the kingdom. There are said to be only three persons living who know the secret of its make, and, though the process has never been legally protected, and all the world is free to imitate the extremely thin but thoroughly opaque and wonderfully strong and durable paper of the best Oxford Bibles if they only knew how, all the world has hitherto quite failed to do so.

It is thin as tissue, but perfectly opaque, and so strong that a strip of it three inches wide has proved to be capable of sustaining a quarter of a hundredweight. Over 160 works and editions are now printed on this paper. This special advantage has very largely helped Oxford to retain the leading position which it originally gained by being nearly the first if not quite the first printer of books in the kingdom, and by the prestige of its name.—Chambers' Journal.

Literary pessimists are very fond of giving hopeless and remote prospects for the future of Welsh novelists. Yet, let the downcast in the ranks of aspirants for prose honors take heart, and remember that many English poets and authors have drawn largely from the springs of Welsh lore. Several of Sir Walter Scott's novels abound with traditions of Wales, and the "Bridal of Triermain" is of purely Welsh extraction. Then there are Southey's "Madoc," Gray's "Bard," Mason's "Druid's War Song," Tennyson's "Idylls," and Bulwer Lytton's "Harold," not to mention later stories, by living authors, which teem with Welsh lore, scenery, and description.

SCIENTIFIC

HOW WORRY AFFECTS THE BRAIN.

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determine, from recent discoveries, just how worry does kill.

It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases, that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone. The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain; and the brain being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues.

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"Ugliness in Fiction" is discussed by Ian Maclaren in the current number of "Literature." He protests against "books which swear on every page, and do the other things on the page between. There are such things as drains," he says, "and sometimes they may have to be opened; but one would not for choice have one opened in his library." And again, "Why should the artist in life (the novelist) forsake the quest of the perfect and the beautiful, wrought out often through poverty and agony, and spend his skill on what is loathsome and disgusting? Is he not also bound to the service of the ideal, and is it not his function to fling out before us that model of high character and living which we all have imagined, after which we all strive, but which we can not express; or is it that the canon of beauty which guides the sculptor and

the painter has no authority over the novelist, and he alone of artists has the liberty of deformity?"

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PLUCKING GEESE ALIVE.

It will be a surprise to a great many people who are getting their appetites ready for the savory Christmas goose to learn that the practice of plucking geese alive still obtains in some parts of the country, especially in Lincolnshire, England.

Divers opinions are entertained with regard to the process. Some persons hold it to be cruel, while others think otherwise. The task is invariably allotted to a man who is known as a goose-puller. His mode of procedure is to say the least, effective. Having caught his goose, he tucks the head of the captured bird under his left arm, and forthwith proceeds to the laying-on of hands. The plucking is performed in an expeditious manner, and in a short time the bird is set free, shorn of feathers on breast, sides, back and top of the wings. The effect is not pleasing to the eye, and detracts from the beauty and symmetry of the bird. Its advantage, however, is said to be that by the time it is ready for the poulterers it has increased two pounds in weight.

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NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Cotton-seed waste, which a generation ago accumulated at the ginn-houses, filled up the streams, rotted in the fields, and became an irritating nuisance, is now worth about thirty million dollars a year. Every bale of cotton leaves a legacy of half a ton of seed, which, it is said, brings the planter nearly as much as his cotton. The

oil is used for finer grades of soap, as a substitute for lard, and is so near olive oil that an expert can hardly detect the difference. The hulls are fed to cattle, make an excellent fuel, are valuable as paper stock, and when burned, the ashes make a fertilizer which is most efficacious. It has recently been discovered that cottonseed oil, with the addition of eighteen per cent. of crude India rubber, makes an imitation which cannot be distinguished from the genuine rubber.

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The whole population of the Hawaiian islands at the last census was 109,020, and their annual appropriation for the care of lepers is about \$150,000, which makes a very heavy burden for such a small country. But they stand well repaid for the liberal and advanced way in which they have dealt with the matter, as results show. For it was a delicate and perplexing problem, one demanding an immediate solution, and one whose solution was to decide largely the future of the nation.

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MONEY FORGED BY A BLACKSMITH.

Tacoma once had a mint that coined all the money in circulation where the City of Destiny now stands, and it did not require the fiat of Uncle Sam, the silver of Idaho, or the gold of California to make the pieces from Tacoma's mint pass current among the Indians, and the few hardy pioneers that were blazing the path of civilization through the forest on the shores of Commencement Bay.

Back in the early seventies the Tacoma Mill Company, not being able to handily secure gold and silver for use in trading with and paying off the Indian laborers and early settlers, hit upon the novel plan of issuing their own currency, and to this end set their

blacksmith at work to fashion for them, out of scraps of iron and brass, pieces of money, or rather tokens, which could be used as a circulating medium. The pieces consisted of 40 and 45 cent iron tokens and brass \$1 pieces. The 40 cent pieces were about an inch in diameter, and the 45 cent pieces were about the size of the present silver half dollar. The \$1 piece were oval in shape, about an inch and a quarter long, an inch wide, and a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. These pieces were stamped with the figures showing their value, and readily passed current all over the country tributary to the mill.

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The economists and the statisticians are beginning to cry out in alarm. They calculate the population of the earth at different epochs, deduce the annual increase, and, going on from this, find by a simple example in proportion the number of persons that the world should contain at a given future date. This done, they estimate the area of ground necessary to support one man, and soon are able to assure us that in four hundred years the population of the globe will be so dense that the earth can no longer nourish its inhabitants, and that hundreds of millions of human beings must die yearly of hunger. They nevertheless find a correction to this sad prophecy in the thought that the successors of M. Berthelot may have discovered by that time a means of manufacturing nutriment chemically. Bread, meat, vegetables will then be only a distant memory, and a dinner menu will be made up somewhat as follows: a small tablet of nitrogenous matter, pastilles of fatty material, a little sugar, and a bottle of seasoning—all pure and free from microbes. And then, when the nourishment of man is no longer a daily problem, when we are no longer forced to ask humbly of God our daily bread, the earth will become a vast garden

watered by subterranean streams raised to the surface, and the human race will live in the legendary abundance of the Golden Age.—Cosmos.

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MANY VERSUS ONE.

Some curious reflections are induced by a consideration of the germ theory or diseases, which the learned author admits. When a brahmin of great holiness was shown the inhabitants of the water, which he had long been accustomed to drink, a powerful microscope being used to reveal them to his appreciative eye, he broke out into loud lamentations at the sin often repeated under which he lay of taking innumerable lives, all equally sacred according to his creed. An American can imagine the colleagues of His Highness Sir Bhagvat Sinh Jee once he has demonstrated to them the various bacilli, micrococci, microbes and other living and automobile things which may be vegetables, and then again may be animals. He falls sick of something which has a lot of wriggling specimens in it, like the comma bacillus which Dr. Koch discovered in Asiatic cholera. "If the attack be permitted to run its course, even to a fatal termination," the native scientist can be imagined as reasoning, "but a single life will have been lost; while, should we dose him, we shall have murdered all those innocent bacilli—and we have no desire to be pariah dogs in our next transmigration." The dilemma seems complete.

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ABOUT SLEEP.

It was at one time supposed that in sleep the brain was richly charged with blood. How that supposition can ever

have arisen we confess we do not understand, but we assume that the theory was that a kind of paralysis overtook those who were wrapped in sleep. This is now confessed to be an error. Sleep ensues when the brain is largely denuded of blood, when cerebral anaemia is established. To partly empty the brain of its blood-supply, to keep the head cool, the body sufficiently warm, and to send the blood rather to the lower extremities—this is the physical problem of the sleepless. It is interesting to note that during sleep a great number of the bodily functions continue quite normally without interfering with sleep itself, and therefore sleep is not so like death as some of the poets have imagined. Man asleep is not so profoundly different from man awake; the two chief points of difference, however, being these, a greater indrawing of oxygen and exhalation of carbonic acid, and a complete vasomotor rest. The bedroom and the state of the occupant (assuming the absence of external noise) are the chief factors in the problem. The sleeping-room should be airy and cool, never, for adult persons, reaching a higher temperature than 60 deg., though young children need greater warmth. The head should never be under the sheets, but exposed and cool. The feet should be kept warm by a little extra clothing at the foot. With a heavy sleeper there should be no thick curtains, but with a light sleeper curtains are essential, as sunlight plays upon the optic nerve, and rouses that attention which it is the one object of the sleeper to keep in suspended animation. The bed should never be between fireplace and door, or it catches the drafts, and it is more dangerous and more easy to contract a chill in bed than in the daytime, the specially chilly period being about 3 A. M.—Spectator.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

There are 46,000 Welsh people in London. It is said that 28,000 of them speak Welsh, that 8,000 of the latter attend Welsh churches and chapels, and 5,000 attend the English causes. Four Welsh missionaries work for the London City Mission, and during 1895-96 they paid 3,584,023 visits and calls.

Several Nonconformist ministers in England and Wales, it is reported, have recently received circulars offering to confer American degrees upon them at the following prices: D. D., 21p.; LL.D., 20p.; Ph. D., 16p.; M. A., 12p.; B. A., 10p.; Mus Bac, 10p.; Mus. Doc., 16p.; B. Sc., 10p.; B. D., 10p.

It is very often the case that teachers forget their own lessons, preachers their own exhortations, and even bishops need to be reminded of the cardinal truths of the gospel. Some time ago Bishop Owen's coachman forgot to light his carriage lamps, and while driving his lordship home was arrested by a policeman. Not only was the coachman inexcusable, but the Bishop should have enforced the old saying at the threshold of Biblical studies, "Let there be light!" Doing evil, we are not under grace, while there is a cop around!

As regards the small holdings in Wales proper, there are 1,095 of one acre, and 12,179 under one acre, a total of one acre and under of 13,274. From one to five acres, there are 35,633, from five acres to 20 acres 211,267, from 20 acres to 50 acres 423,757, and from 50 acres to 100 acres 749,465, from 100 acres

to 300 acres 1,238,569, from 300 acres to 500 acres 142,925, from 500 acres to 1,000 acres 32,188, and above 1,000 acres 3,925. The total number of holdings in Wales is 2,838,359. The largest number by far are those holdings from 100 to 300 acres, which really represent the pastoral farms of Wales.

"It is surprising," says a writer in "Young Wales," "how little fruit-growing is cultivated in the Principality. The orcharding in the twelve counties, according to latest returns, amounts to only 3,677 acres. Anglesey is the least with 12 acres, and Breconshire highest with 1,215 acres. Small fruit is grown upon 1,215 acres. Radnorshire is the least with 6 acres, and Denbighshire highest with 557 acres. And as regards market gardens, there is a total of 1,520 acres, the lowest being Anglesey with 7 acres, and the highest being Denbigh and Glamorgan with 605 and 614 acres, respectively."

In the following picture by the late Rev. Kilsby Jones we have the true philosophy of life and health. Nature is as necessary to our bodies as grace to our souls. "Our progenitors," says he, enjoyed many advantages. They inspired the purest oxygen from morning to night, and from night to morning, for their houses were far enough from being air-tight. Plain and coarse as their fare undoubtedly was, they who lived on it were enviable pictures of rude robust health. The arms of the servant girls which did their share of field work, were always bare except on

Sundays and holidays, and they were stout enough to serve as legs to their puny sisters who dwell in our crowded cities and manufacturing towns, while their white teeth, rosy cheeks, pink lips, and carrot-colored tongues offered few inducements to the apothecary to settle among them. They had plenty of light and air, without which nothing living can thrive."

The clerical fight in St. Asaph is a resuscitation of the old struggle between the "one man" idea, or "boss rule," as we would call it in the States, and the vox populi. If the bishop had consulted the rights and interests of the Welsh people, things would have taken another course. Briefly summarized, the grievances against his lordship are thus stated:—(1) The promotion of monoglot Englishmen to high positions and the most desirable livings in the Church; (2) the element of favoritism or personal considerations that are conspicuous in the appointments; (3) the ignoring of the curates of the diocese, and the promotion of clergymen from other dioceses to coveted positions, such as the vicar-choral of St. Asaph; (4) his autocratic treatment of the clergy, and the evident disposition he manifests to mark his displeasure upon those who incur it.

Bishop Edwards does not believe in the advisability of having clergymen chosen by "popular election." In reply to an inquirer, his lordship said:—"I should be fully prepared to give parishioners a recognized channel through which their voices might be made known to the patron of the living. I am not in favor of giving the selection of the clergyman absolutely to the parishioners, or to the communicant members of the Church. In the few parishes where such a right of selection exists it can hardly be said to have met with such success as would justify its extension."

Darwin's theory of evolution has received new and totally unexpected confirmation. The Welsh denominational press asserts that none but the children of poor parents enter the Welsh Nonconformist ministry. That is the first step. The sons of these ministers, says the same authority, invariably seek pastorates in England, or English pastorates in Wales. That is the second stage of development. The children of these, again, take the final step on the upward ladder by joining the decried Mother Church of England. Thus do Science and Revelation—as exemplified in the Welsh pulpit—go hand in hand.

The number of livings in the patronage of the Bishop of St. David's is 150, while those in the gift of St. Asaph are 114. The Bishop of Bangor has 80, while those in the hands of the Bishop of Llandaff, including the thirteen in St. Asaph, are only 74. Llandaff, in addition, it is true, presents to one living alternately with the Archdeacon of Llandaff, and five more alternately with the Crown. If the law of proportion, so far as population is concerned, were observed, the Bishop of Llandaff ought to have in his gift some 209 livings in order to be placed on a level with the other Welsh bishops.

Judge and jury affairs at Cardiff remind an old Breconian of a peculiar case in Brecon many years ago, when they hanged men for sheep stealing, and did it frequently too. In this case the judge summed up dead against the prisoner, but, to everybody's surprise, the jury promptly returned a verdict of "Not guilty." Talking with the sheriff that night, the judge remarked that it was a singular verdict, and the sheriff replied, "I said as much to the foreman an hour ago, and he exclaimed, 'Why, man, prisoner is the best ball-player we have, and if we lost him Radnorshire would have licked us hollow next match.'"

A Birmingham musical critic writes:—"It was with deep sorrow I learned of the death of the great Welsh conductor, Caradog. I had heard much of the man, for he has a reputation all through the Midlands, but it had never been my pleasure to see him till some two years ago on the occasion of the Dr. Parry Memorial Concert. What a shout went up as he stepped on to the platform, and every singer's face shone with enthusiasm. With what ease and vigor he swept along the combined choir, brass, strings, and voices, in that grand military chorus from 'Faust.' I felt sorry Charles Gounod was dead, and not there to listen to this superb rendering of his music. When it was over, I stumbled out, my bosom aflame with military ardor. Fortunately for me, there was no recruiting sergeant about, or I should most certainly have joined the militia."

The "Tennyson Society of Philadelphia," when in 1869 they sought from the English poet-laureate his consent to use his name, elicited from him the following interesting letter, which appears in the recent volume of Lord Tennyson's life and letters:—"Dear Sir, You have done me honor in associating my name with your institution, and you have my hearty wishes for its success. Will the following Welsh motto be of any service to you? I have it in encaustic tiles on the pavement of my entrance hall! 'Y gwir yn erbyn y byd' (the truth against the world). A very old British apothegm, and I think a noble one, and which may serve your purpose either in Welsh or English. Your letter arrived when I was away from England, or it would have been earlier answered.—Believe me, yours truly, A. Tennyson."

Good Hebrew scholars, it is said, are few and far between in England as well as in Wales. Latin and Greek are common enough, and in some places in Car-

diganshire these languages are spoken by men breaking stones on the roadside. Hebrew, however, so it is stated, is very scarce, and men like the new Dean of Llandaff are a curiosity. It is said of him that he knows his Hebrew Bible as he knows his English, and can quote Moses and the prophets with the ease of a Calvinistic Methodist Sunday School teacher, quoting his Welsh Bible or the *Cyffes Ffydd*.

Quite an unexpected figure has cropped up in Chancellor Davey as the new dean of Llandaff. It is curious that gossip has been quite persistent in insisting that Dean Vaughan's successor would be found among Archdeacon Bruce, Chancellor Lias, and Canon Thompson. If any one characteristic more than another tended to make Dean Vaughan an idol of the public it was his extreme kindness and courtly geniality. Happily, these are the qualities for which Chancellor Davey is renowned at St. David's, and almost worshiped by all Lampeter men.

The "Inglis Cos" in Welsh communities can be easily explained and accounted for. It is founded on weakness, and developed through a spirit of subserviency or obsequiousness. This is its "modus operandi." If an English-speaking man appears among them, a sudden uneasiness springs up among the descendants of Richard John Davis, and there is an immediate movement to have an English sermon just for the dilectation of an exception! An English Sunday School must be started to accommodate half a dozen Anglicized Welsh children. If the minister thinks he can preach English, a part of Sunday must be devoted for the purpose of airing that fact!

Mixing the metaphors is often done in the pulpit as well as on the platform. Said a Swansea preacher in his sermon one Sunday night, "If you do this, dear

friends, you will leave footprints on the sands of time pointing heavenwards." This mixing of metaphors is often met with in our best poets. I suppose the Welshman has more metaphors than he knows what to do with. Some of our best hymns are spoiled with too many of them. D. Charles, viewing his earthly career from the hills of Caersalem, must need describe his position as "sailing on oceans of tranquility!"

It is said that the Roman Catholics have not a single Welsh place of worship in Wales. Now that they have transformed the inside of St. David's, Cardiff, into the likeness of an ancient British sanctuary, it is to be hoped that they will occasionally introduce also the ancient British tongue, so as to wipe away the stigma. The Welsh can never be Anglicized or Romanized as long as the Welsh language is slighted. The language in which Adam and Eve conversed is good enough to pray and preach in. The gospel was foolishness to the Greek, and a stumbling block to the Jew; and it is a rock of offence to the Welsh as long as it is preached in a foreign tongue. Kymraeg is the key to the Welsh heart.

One of the "gentlemen of England" not long ago took up his residence in Wales, and at once set himself to the task of acquiring a knowledge of the language of Paradise. His progress was astonishing. "And you really learnt Welsh? How clever!" exclaimed one of his ardent admirers some time afterwards. "Oh, my dear fellow, 'tis the simplest thing in the world," was the ready response, "for all you have to do is to add the letter 'o' to the English

words, and there you are! For instance—Advertiso, bribo, backo, beto, canto, carvo, counto, drivo, fixo, engago, graduato, haullo, insulto, marko, smoko, shavo, starto, shapo, and walko!"

Preachers are heading an effective revolt against John Jones, Evan Evans and William Williams. They manage it by adopting the name of the locality from which they hail as their own. A late issue of the "Tyst" contained the following additions to the baptismal names of preachers:—Caradog, Picton, Carno, Deiniol, Gwesyn, Penar, Volander, Cattwg, Wnlon, Grawys, Curwen, Taihirion, Pandy, Sillyn, Mydyr, Elvet, Glasnant, Meldrym, Cadfwich, Trefor, Smyrna, Gwenffrwd, Sirhowy, Bryn, Eynon, Elwyn, and Mafonwy! It is not unusual now-a-days to meet such names as the Rev. John December Evans, or John Elsteddfod Jones!

It is gratifying to find that practical teachers in the Welsh secondary schools are beginning to recognize that a systematic knowledge of the Welsh language is a great help to Welsh children in acquiring other languages. It is not the knowledge of Welsh, it is declared, but the ignorance of it, that proves an hindrance to Welsh students. Teachers invariably assert that they find that children who possess a systematic knowledge of Welsh make more rapid progress in French than those who start without such knowledge. Starting from a language which has so many distinctive features, the Welsh pupil is all the more likely to be alive to the peculiar characteristics of other languages. Of the 80 secondary schools in Wales 31 took Welsh as a subject in the recent examination, as many as 980 papers being sent in.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

The Welsh people are certainly moving along the various lines of progress. Attached to our national anthem, "Ben-digedig Gwalla" there is a "smoker."

The Rev. Rice Owen, of Aberdare, has been appointed chairman of the Welsh Wesleyan Methodist district of South Wales, in succession to the late Rev. John Evans, Eglwysbach.

Mr. George Mathias, father of Colonel Mathias, C.B., who led the Gordon Highlanders at Dargai, died at his residence, Victoria Street, Tenby, recently, at the age of 79 years.

The best "hit" made at a Llanelly banquet for a long time past is that of Mr. Gwilym Evans's apostrophe to the tinplate town as the coming "Burningham of Wales."

The Hon. D. T. Phillips, the American Consul at Cardiff, in his recent report to the United States Government, advocates the establishment of an American line to Cardiff, and says that port would rival Southampton or Liverpool as a place for shipments.

The grave of J. Ambrose Lloyd, composer of that immortal anthem "Teyrnasoedd y Ddaear," as well as some sweet hymn-tunes, is wholly neglected. In the course of a century there will be a movement for a monument. Thus do we honor the dead. Most of our great men are immortal but tombless. By regarding their graves we would be acknowledging their mortality!

"We have two political Ishmaels in Wales," says Mr. Tom John, of Llwyn-

pia: "Mr. D. A. Thomas in the South, and Mr. Bryn Roberts in the North. We despair," he added, "of securing unanimity in ideas of Welsh organization, unless they imply unquestioned compliance with the ideas of Mr. D. A. Thomas."

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to purchase a copy of the new and interesting work, entitled "The Day Book of Wonders," written and compiled by Mr. David Morgan Thomas, J. P., barrister-at-law, and son of the late Rev. Dr. David Thomas, formerly proprietor and editor of the "Homilist," and founder of Aberystwyth College.

Principal Rhys of Oxford, has made a discovery which will probably provoke some discussion in learned circles. After years of study, he has succeeded in deciphering and interpreting an ancient Ogam inscription, which forms one of the very few relics extant of the Pictish language. Mr. Rhys's discovery will be the subject of an article from his pen in a Scottish antiquarian magazine.

Sir Lewis Morris is a great purist in language. His own English is faultless, and he rises in wrath if Welsh is assaulted. He was on the bench at Carmarthen recently, and a witness, who was describing in Welsh the effects of a blow on his father, said, "A chwedyn mi ffeintlodd" ('and then he fainted'). "'Ffeintlodd!'" exclaimed Sir Lewis, "surely that is not Welsh, and people do faint in Wales, I believe." "Some say 'pango,'" said a legal gentleman who was present.

The friends and admirers of the late Rev. J. Kilsby Jones will regret to learn that his library, which contained a valuable collection of rare Welsh works, together with his manuscripts, have been sold for a mere trifle, instead of being secured for some public institution.

"That charming singer, Miss Maggie Davies," says Mr. Joseph Bennett in the "Daily Telegraph," "has been laid up for some time through nervous exhaustion consequent upon overwork. I am glad to learn that she has now recovered her health and resumed her labors. We can ill spare a vocalist so full of spirit, and so skillful, as Miss Davies."

Dean Howell says he has no quarrel with brewers and saloon keepers. "My very best wish for them," he said, "is that they may live long, and have nothing to do!" This is better than Sir Wilfrid Lawson's reply to a question whether he was going to the funeral of a well-known saloon keeper. "No," said Sir Wilfrid, "but I approve of it."

A barrister, who has been publishing some reminiscences of the Temple, recalls the reply of Dean Vaughan to the question whether he preferred the designation of "Dean" or Master, namely, "There are many deans; there is only one Master of the Temple." Dr. Vaughan immediately wrote to say that "Dr. Vaughan is equally fond of his two titles, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple. At Llandaff he prefers the former; in the Temple he responds most naturally to the latter."

Mr. Lewis Pughe, the counsel who defended Mr. Tilak on the charge of inciting Indian natives to disaffection by articles in the "Kesari," is a Welshman. He is a native of Cardiganshire, and owns a large estate at Abermaide, near Aberystwyth. He represented Cardiganshire in the House of Commons

for some years, but resigned in order to carry on his practice as a barrister in Calcutta. He was one of the few Welsh M. P.'s who assisted the Rev. Principal Edwards, D. D., in launching the first University College of Wales into life.

An unconsciously humorous Welshman was found in the person of Richard John, collier, who appeared before the Maesteg Council for importing a scarlet fever case into the town. He wouldn't have English at any price, because, he said significantly, "I might insult some of you gentlemen." After some little coaxing, the Chairman got him to try the Saxon tongue, but before venturing to do so, John cautiously exclaimed, "Well, your Honor, don't 'look' at my language." The Chairman laughingly promised not to do so.

The Rev. Dr. Griffith John, the well-known Welsh Chinese missionary, has just sent home a remarkable letter indicating the astonishing change which he has noticed in that empire with regard to Christianity. Since the late war with Japan quite a revolution of feeling has, he says, taken place among the governing powers in reference to the treatment of missionaries, who are now carrying on their work under the aegis of the Government, a change unlooked for ten years ago.

Lieutenant D. E. O. Jones, of the 2nd Battalion Princess of Wales's Yorkshire Regiment, who is returned among the slain at the fight in the Rajgul Valley, was the second son of the late Mr. Edward Jones, of Velindre, Llandovery, the well-known poor law auditor for South Wales. A pathetic circumstance in connection with his death, is that last summer, after spending five years in India, Lieutenant Jones visited home on furlough, and was on the point of being married to a Carmarthenshire lady when he was called back to India.

REV. W. R. JONES, B. D.

The object of the following reminiscence was born on the ninth day of February, 1828, in a place called Esgermwyn, which was a fragment of an old palace the company which owned the lead mine close to it, built a long time ago. It is located within one mile of Ffair Rhos, Cardiganshire, South Wales. That old palace had many things of in-

Jones lived in that old palace till he was twelve years old. Then his father moved to a small farm, which he obtained after his own father, near Ysbyty Ystwyth, in which the family lived till they moved to America.

When he was 18 years old he left his home, and went to Nantyglo, where he staid for one year, working at his trade. Then he united with the Wesleyans. In 1849 he came to America with his pa-



Rev. W. R. Jones, B. D.

terest connected with it, still would not be worth while to mention in this brief reminiscence. It is now in a heap of ruins.

The name of the father of Mr. Jones was Jacob Jones, who was extensively known as "Jacob the carpenter," and also as a singer. The name of his mother was Sarah Jones; she was the daughter of Richard Oliver of Pantgwyn. He was the manager of the Esgermwyn and Glogfach mines. Mr.

They settled in Milwaukee, Wis. He then could talk English well enough to travel and in connection with his work, but never attended any English religious services. The first Sunday after he arrived, he went to the M. E. church, but could understand only a few words of the sermon. He felt very lonesome. He identified himself with that church. Then he attended school in the Lawrence University. There he had a good start in the Eng-

lish language. But he was poor, and the country was new then in Wisconsin, and he knew but little of the possibilities of this country for a young man, and he got discouraged, and gave up the school, still he was a close student all the time.

At this time he was married to Miss Jane James, a sister of the late deacon John James of Milwaukee, in the C. M. church. They had eight children—one of whom died when a very brilliant boy. The others have grown, and are an honor to their parents and the society in which they turn, and some of them excel in art, science and song.

After he left college he traveled in the Wisconsin Conference for several years in the English work. He stayed his full time in all his charges, except when the church remanded him to some other place; and he received a call to several places where he had been for three years. By this time his health began to fail, and he with his family moved to Nebraska. His health recuperated; he worked hard in that new country; he had perfect success in all his ministry. He spent 38 years in the effective work, ten of which were spent in the important office of a Presiding Elder. Five years ago last fall, when he finished his full term on the Hastings District, on account of the health of his wife and some of his children, he took a superannuated relation to his Conference, and moved with his wife, and some of his children, to California, where they live in Pasadena, enjoying a reasonable good health.

Caradoc, one of the most distinguished pioneers of Welsh choral supremacy, has been called to his rest. Though long expected, the end has come as a severe shock to thousands of Welsh men and women, whose hearts have been wrung with grief by the knowledge that one of the most beloved figures in Welsh musical history will no longer aid, with the inspiring influence of his intense enthusiasm, in

developing the musical talent of his loved country. "Caradog is dead" was the sad message which thrilled the entire nation December 4; which later caused the hearts of thousands of our compatriots in America to throb in sympathetic response; which, when it reaches many brave Welshmen engaged in distant lands and upon far-off seas will cause them to weep tears of sincere regret. The veteran conductor breathed his last at his residence, Brynhyfryd, Pontypridd, at about half-past six on Saturday evening, December 4.

In August, 1893, Caradog accompanied by Mrs. Jones, paid a visit to America in order to be present at the Great World's Fair Eisteddfod. His reception at the hands of admiring compatriots in the States was of a most hospitable and enthusiastic description, and it was in after years very interesting to listen to the dear old veteran as he related the experience of that memorable visit. A most interesting souvenir of the voyage is the diary kept by Mr. Jones, especially as it shows his keen powers of observation, and sense of humor. The incidents he relates are full of charm.

The following is Ap Daniel's translation of W. Cadle Jones' lines in memorial of the late John Powell, Dunmore, Pa.;

O! how the thought doth fill the heart with
gloom,
That one friend more is locked within the
tomb:
Oft, led by Grief, we'll visit yonder mound,
Where, calm in sleep, his mortal frame is
found:
We'd love to view that cheerful brow once
more,
Which oft was balm to bosoms sad and
sore,
But ne'er shall we his face see here again,
A fact that, sword-like, cleaves the heart
in twain:
His speech was quickly turned to silence—
pale,
His lips were sealed in Death's tempestuous
vale:
But, "son of peace," although thy tongue
is tied,
Thy virtues will above thy grave abide
He was a father kind, and true of word,
Around his door Want's cry was never
heard:
By watchful care he kept the wolf away,
And heaven with mercies blessed him day
by day.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE DEATH OF DAUDET.

In the death of Alphonse Daudet, French literature loses one of its most glorious sons, and Parisian life loses one of its truest interpreters. Though born in the provinces, Daudet stood for all that was Parisian. His spirit was the spirit of Paris. He knew the every detail of its life, and he had studied the traits and characteristics of its people as Dickens studied the people of London. Indeed, Daudet has often been called the French Dickens.

Daudet had risen through the direst poverty to the forefront of the ranks of literary genius. In his early life he had written poetry. He never reckoned that to his credit. Then he was a journalist, and in the facile, graceful work of the Parisian feuilleton he was excelled by few. He wrote plays which were successful. He wrote novels that were translated into many languages, and sold in enormous editions all over the world. From a poor lad, starving on a crust in the Latin quarter, his skillful pen had brought him to be the possessor of one of the greatest fortunes owned by literary men, and had helped him to the enjoyment of all the material pleasures of existence.

JEWISH COLONY FOR NEVADA.

The attention of the public is being called to a new colonization scheme in our sister state, Nevada. Jews from California have obtained a large tract of land in Smith's Valley, Lyon County,

and thirty-five families have started on a pilgrimage to this new land of promise, to reclaim it and make it the location of happy homes and an altar to the honor of Jehovah. According to reports these Hebrews have great plans for the future. Their intention is said to be to invite Hebrews from other parts of the country to join them. They aim in course of time to make the whole state of Nevada a Mosaic commonwealth, with Israelitish government and schools of their own. They want to have a legislature of Jewish Elders, and establish orthodox Judaism. This is said to be their ultimate aim and ambition.

A CAPTAIN'S CRUELTY.

Secretary Alger has done himself credit and the country a service. Capt. Lovering was guilty of an atrocity which should have been punished by the stripping off of his uniform and his own condemnation to the pillory. He abused his authority as an army officer by inflicting upon a private soldier punishments that were almost inconceivably inhuman. For this a shameless court-martial sentenced him to be reprimanded. His superior officers have tried to suppress this reprimand by placing one copy on file, and sending the other to Capt. Lovering. Secretary Alger does not deem this sufficient, as no man with warm blood in his veins could. So he has honored himself by ordering that Capt. Lovering's punishment shall be made in some degree actual. He orders that the reprimand shall be read in full to

the assembled garrisons at every army post in the United States. This is right so far as it goes. But why should a man who has shown himself such a brute be permitted longer to wear the uniform of a civilized country?

—o:o—

A general treaty of arbitration is being negotiated between Brazil and France. It provides that all boundary disputes between the two governments shall be submitted to a condition for settlement. It has already been approved by the Brazilian Senate, though there was some opposition. There is no doubt that it will be finally confirmed by the Brazilian Congress in February. Thus international arbitration makes a gratifying and encouraging advance.

"Autonomy" sounds well enough, but it is easier said than done. Cuba is perfectly ruined. The larger cities are under martial law, and the country people have been gathered in the concentraciones by Weyler's orders. Thousands are thus cooped up in huts of palm-leaves, and the fever has full sway. All the haciendas are destroyed, the tobacco fields are ruined, the sugar-cane is rotting on the fields or has been burned, since Weyler prohibited harvesting because the hacendados paid a tribute to the rebels for the privilege of gathering their cane. Men and youths have gone in large numbers to join the rebels, if not from patriotism, at least to escape the pangs of hunger. Here the bayonets of the Spaniards—there the fanatical insurgent leaders. How, then, is the populace to vote on autonomy and the new constitution?

TOO MANY MINISTERS.

We often hear the cry of "too many ministers." With equal propriety might the cry be raised that there are too many doctors, too many lawyers, too

many farmers, too many tradesmen, too many manufacturers, too many teachers. For there are in every department of life an immense number who are either without employment or who are working on an insufficient salary. It is estimated that there are to-day more than a million able-bodied men in this country, ready and anxious to work, who can find no employment; and if we include the women also who feel the need and want the work, the probability is that there are from two to three millions of unemployed. Of course in such a condition of things there are necessarily some unemployed ministers.—*Christian Observer*.

—o:o—

TWO TO MAKE A BARGAIN.

The conference at Washington between the representatives of our Government and those of Canada has been fruitless so far as any positive action is concerned. This is not strange when we consider that Canada can make no treaty, as such function appertains to the British Government, and that Canada has little to offer us in the way of reciprocity. One point gained is the practical acknowledgment by the Canadian sealing experts that Canada's pelagic fishing in the Bering Sea is destructive of the seals and threatens their extermination. It takes two to make a bargain, and so skilled a diplomat as Sir Wilfrid Laurier will not have the wool pulled over his eyes. As for the reciprocity which Canada would favor, it is doubtful whether the President and the Senate could accord these privileges without the consent of the House. The reciprocity provision in the Dingley act is an inconclusive and immature affair, without elasticity, and scarcely acceptable to any of our neighbors. The statesmen who planned it seem to have determined to eat the cake and retain the penny, to expedite our exports while keeping down imports, and that policy, however it may

commend itself to Americans, meets with no favor whatever abroad.—The Ledger (Ind. Rep.), Philadelphia.

—o: o—

Count Badeni and his cabinet have resigned to avoid bloodshed, and Baron Gautsch, who is more popular with the Germans, has taken the office of Premier. This, however, is not the only important news from Austria. Europe is congratulating itself that at last a strong man has made his appearance, outside of Russia, who is willing to use all his resources against the Turk. The Sultan undertook to punish, after Turkish methods, the agent of the Austrian Lloyd's at Mersina, for giving to some Armenian refugees cheap passage on the company's ships. Upon this Count Goluchowski, the Austrian foreign minister, interfered. He ordered Baron Calice, the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, to demand full redress for this outrage, and the immediate payment of a railway debt of \$1,250,000. The demand was backed up by war-ships at Mersina, and the Sultan was forced to yield. He saluted the Austrian flag with military ceremonies. He discharged the governors of the provinces and the city, and he ordered the debt to be paid at once. All this has come upon European diplomacy like a fresh and invigorating breeze. After all these months of pusillanimity on the part of the six powers, one man has brought the Sultan to his knees, and has shown, as the "Spectator" says, that the "assassin" is a "sovereign whom Europe endures, but who cannot resist by force any reasonable demand which a first-class power is prepared to support with shot and shell."

The governor of Georgia has sensibly vetoed the anti-football bill passed by the legislature of that state. He was requested to veto it by the mother of the young man whose death in a football game caused the passage of the bill. She told the governor that football was

her son's favorite game, and he would not wish it abolished could he be consulted. Besides, she added, two of her son's schoolmates recently met accidental deaths, one by falling over a precipice, and one by falling down stairs, and she thought it would be as sensible for the legislature to abolish precipices and stairways on account of these deaths as to abolish football.

THE END OF THE SIX DAYS' RACE.

All previous tests of man's ability to cover long distances with the bicycle by almost continuous riding were eclipsed in the six days' race which ended at Madison Square Garden the other day. Never before has the wheel been propelled 2,000 miles in 142 hours. And never before has there been cause for greater admiration of man's physical endurance, with his new engine of locomotion.

Another thing of which America particularly may be proud, is that, in the recent contest, it wasn't necessary to go outside her own borders to find a victor. Charles Miller of Chicago is now the champion long-distance bicycle rider of the world, and next to him is Rice of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Third on the list at the finish was Schinnerer, also of Chicago, while Hale, the former world's champion, from Ireland, occupied the fourth place. Behind Hale were half a dozen other riders, each of whom had over 1,600 miles to his credit.

It is fair to say that Rice was looked upon as the probable winner of first prize. Last year, it will be remembered, his final score was only 28 miles less than Hale's, and his experience and training since that time were relied upon to make him a sure victor in this race. The superiority of his record in that race over that which he made last year proved that the predictions in his favor were well founded. Rice did splendidly, but the flying Chicagoan was too much for him.



WOMEN'S POCKETS.

Ladies fifty years ago, when going on a journey by stage coach, carried their cash in their under-pockets. There were no railways opened in Wales then, and people who had not a close carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chaise. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under-pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one, wherein, if she took me out cow-slip picking, or nutting, or blackberry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of biscuits or a parcel of sandwiches, often a clean pinafore as well. Her pocket on these occasions was like a big bag. I was very proud when she stitched up a wee pocket for me to wear under my frock, out of some stuff like bed-ticking, similar to that of which she made her own big pockets.—Notes and Queries.

MAKING A MAN FROM HARDWARE.

There was once a hardwareman who was determined to set up an image of a human being in his store window. He looked about his stock, and, finding all the needed material, went to work, and his efforts were crowned with unquestioned success.

He took the legs of a stove, the teeth of a rake, the ears of a pall, the elbows of a stovepipe, the tongue of a wagon, the nails from a keg, the fingers of a cradle, the head of a hammer, the nose of a teakettle, the hands of a cyclometer, the hair of a brush, the eyes of a needle, the bottom of a tub, the neck of a bottle, the arms from his gun de-

partment, the joints from a two-foot rule, from which he also stole the feet, the back of a refrigerator, the heel of a scythe and the cheek of his traveling man. He was a little uncertain as to the "skin," but after a moment's thought decided to give that part to the fellow next door.

GREWSOME GOLD.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said, "Some time in the future people would mine gold in graveyards," and this vividly suggests the amount of this precious metal in these ghastly places. Millions of dollars' worth of the yellow metal are annually packed and plugged into people's teeth, and many are peripatetic gold mines. Every graveyard is a Klondike on a small scale, but the difficulty would be to establish a claim. Apropos of this there is a good story, which may be true, where a humane man was rewarded for his good deeds by a kind and ever watchful providence, or by the chance of fortune. He was on his way to Klondike and found the body of a would-be miner on the road, who had died from cold and starvation. He thought to himself, "Perhaps I may fetch up in the same way, and I will give him a decent burial, as I hope for one myself." He began to dig a grave, but had scarcely reached a depth of two feet before he struck gold, solid and rich. He buried the miner in another hole, worked the first one, and was soon a rich man. All of which goes far to show that one good turn will bring another, if it is a strange one.

THE CAT'S SOCIAL STATUS.

There is no denying it but London society is "queer." Here is the National Cat Club of Great Britain giving an exhibition at the Crystal Palace, under the management of Lord Marcus Beresford, the honorable secretary, with his wife Lady Marcus in constant attendance, and the inseparable companion of the young Countess of Dudley and the Duchesses of St. Albans and Bedford, who are as cat crazy as herself. A gossiping correspondent, who knows everything apparently, says that Lady Marcus Beresford is the heroine of two elopements and of three divorce cases! What a bond of social union is the cat. For all the ladies of light and leading in London are flocking to the exhibition, and adoring Lady Marcus and her 200 cats, not to mention many other entrancing felines. It appears that these Beresford cats are kept at the lady's country place near Windsor, and it is one of the sights to see them fed in the afternoon. Three footmen bring trays of saucers and lay them out on the lawn in front of the house in rows, and every cat knows its own special place and keeps it without encroaching on its neighbor. They are all fed together, and make a splendid sight, being from all parts of the world, and of all colors, from terra cotta to Russian blue. When, pray, does our cat show come off. Bless 'em!

—O:O—

THE KAISER'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Many attempts have been made to enumerate the Kaiser's accomplishments, but the undertaking is fruitless, because every day witnesses the addition of some fresh talent, natural or acquired, to the encyclopaedic list. During his recent visit to the Emperor of Austria, William II. is said to have revealed himself in quite a new light. After the state banquet, when the two sovereigns and a few favored guests retired to enjoy a quiet cigar, his Ma-

jesty is said to have produced a couple of packs of cards—from his helmet—and amused the company with conjuring tricks, showing a dexterity which might have made him a dangerous rival to Dobler or Betram. We shall hear of him as a plate-spinner or ventriloquist yet.

—HOUPI

Mr. Andrew Lang makes the philanthropic suggestion of a "Poets' Mutual Aid Society." When he himself, was young and tuneful, he used, he says, dutifully to buy the works of other minor bards; but seeing that our poets are very numerous, and yet very limited editions of their books do not sell out, he is compelled to the distressing conclusion that nowadays the poets do not even read each other. How, then, he asks, should they expect politicians, workmen and bimetallists to read them? His proposal is, therefore, that 10,000 poets subscribe a guinea a year to his Poets' Mutual Aid Society, and that there should be an annual ballot for the first hundred places for publication—the successful hundred to be published and to withdraw from the society, having had their chance. Were it not for the odious extradition laws, Mr. Lang would be happy to act as treasurer.

Mrs. Cameron's house at Freshwater, the rendezvous of many distinguished men and women, was in some sort the refuge of many whose hearts' desire it was to know Tennyson. No one she could help was ever turned away; none willingly would she have left "out of the feast of life." With Tennyson she was on terms of friendly intimacy, being in her relationship with him, as in all other matters, a law unto herself. She could and did say anything to him, though always within the limits set by high bred feeling and a heart that was never at fault. One day some American acquaintances of hers, visitors at Freshwater, went up to Farringford in the

expectation of seeing Tennyson, but soon after they returned to Dimbola with a rueful tale of disappointment. "Oh, he won't see you?" she said. "Come with me!" and thereupon, hastily throwing on her shawl she took them to Farringford, entered into the open hall door and marched them into the drawing-room, where Mr. Tennyson and his wife were seated. "Alfred," she said, "these strangers come from a far country to see the lion of Freshwater, and"—waving her hand—"behold, a bear!"

Tennyson, ever gentle with his friends, caught her direct humor and broke into a hearty laugh, receiving his visitors in the kindest manner.

The following story is said to have been related by Hon. James G. Blaine:

"A few years ago I attended a performance of Faust at a Dublin theatre. In the third act, Faust, the lost, is dragged down into the infernal regions in a glare of fire. On this occasion the actor impersonating Faust was an abnormally large man, and the trapdoor of the stage an unusually small one. At the proper time the door separated and a volume of blue and red flame shot forth. Faust was seen dragged by a hidden power, struggling through the opening. His legs went first, and he proceeded as far as his waist. Here he stuck. Those underneath tried to pull him through, while he endeavored to get out. He could move neither way, his portly body completely filling the aperture. There was an embarrassing pause. The audience was as silent as the tomb. Then an old Irishman back in the gallery arose, and, with his eyes fixed on the scene, raised his hand and fervently exclaimed: I thank God, hell's full."

We take the following details in regard to Sir Edwin Arnold's recent marriage to the Japanese lady, Mrs. Watanaba, from "The Home Journal:" "The poet-journalist first met his pres-

ent wife, his third, in Yokohama, in 1891, when he visited Japan with his daughter Edith. He was already, in a dilettante way, a believer in the mysteries and beauties of Buddhism. One morning Miss Edith Arnold went to the legation in great distress. She said her father had gone crazy. He claimed to have married the pretty widow of Col. Watanaba, of the Japanese Army, but, so far as she could discover, no ceremony had been performed, which shocked her European ideas greatly. Minister John F. Swift called on Arnold, who introduced him to his bride, and explained that they had been married by the Japanese method of drinking a cup of tea together. 'It is the custom of the country, and will be as binding on me as would a pompous ceremony in a cathedral,' said the poet, whereat his daughter and friends had to be satisfied."

—o:o—

HOW THEY SETTLED THE CHURCH QUESTION.

A certain Governor of Rhode Island, who lived in Newport, and was a member of the Congregational Church, married a woman who was a Baptist, without any understanding as to the arrangements of religious matters. The first Sunday morning after the marriage the pair started out at churchtime together. They walked side by side as far as the corner of Church and Spring streets, where their accustomed ways to church diverged, and there they stopped. He stood with a little dogged leaning toward his church, she with the same leaning toward hers. "Well, wife," said the Governor, "which way shall we go?" She made no answer, nor did she make any sign of going his way. The Governor looked up at the beautiful spire and cheery door of Trinity Church, under the shadow of which they stood. "Ha!" said the Governor, "let's throw up both our churches and go in here!" And into Trinity they went, and were devoted Episcopallians ever after.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Entrance to the Arcade at Milan.

The Cathedral at Milan.

Mrs. Browning's Residence.

W. Cadle Jones.

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No. 2.

WHO ARE THE WELSH?—A VOICE FROM WALES.

By Owen Morgan (Morien).

Ashgrove, Treforest, S. W.

Sir: The article on the Welsh nation, from "The Independent," of Oct. 22, which appeared in the "Cambrian" of last month, has much interested us in Wales. You have many of our fellow-countrymen in the United States, and the late the Honorable Wirt Sikes, the eminent U. S. Consul at Cardiff was always lauding their praise as citizens of your glorious great republic.

You state in your article that the Welsh are not descendants of the ancient Britons, and that the Gael inhabited Wales before the Welsh; that the Welsh inhabited Scotland before the Gael, and that the Gael drove them from Scotland into Wales, and that the Welsh in their turn drove the Gaels from Wales. This theory is based on Llwyd's article on the subject in his Archaeologia. He based his theory chiefly on the name of a river called Isca by the Romans, or Usk by the English, in Monmouthshire, South Wales. He supposed Isca and Usk

were names derived from the Erse of the Gaelic *usge* (water), from which the name whiskey is derived. It is a peculiarity of Welsh nomenclature that it is of a descriptive character, and the late Matthew Arnold states very justly that in all parts of ancient Europe the Celts have left behind them local place names, each of which is a poem. It is well known to us in Wales that the names of rivers in Wales are, in every instance, descriptive of the character of the flow. What Llwyd supposed to be a name derived from the Gaelic Irish *Usge* is really *Y Wisgi*, or the Flexible, which is a description of the graceful bends of the flowing current. Thus we find that the Roman *Isca* of the itinerary of the Roman Antoninus commenced in the reign of Augustus Caesar, B. C. 30, is derived from the name *Y Wisgi*, or the Flexible, by which name the river in question was known to the inhabitants of Wales before the Christian era.

In the same article it is stated that

local place names in England are Gaelic and not Welsh. I, with great respect, deny this in toto. All the ancient local place names in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the smaller Britannic isles, are Welsh, and the meanings of those names are easily understood even at the present day by educated Welshmen. It is true the names are garbled or mis-spelt by the English of the present day. But it is a characteristic of English people in dealing with other languages, as illustrated by their rendering *Usge*, *Whiskey*, &c. All so-called English and Scotch place names commencing with *Din*, *Den*, *Dun*, *Edin* (*y Din*), signify in Welsh *Din*, a detached hill or mound. All English place names, such as *Tot*, *Ted*, *Toot*, *Totenham*, &c., are derived from the Welsh *Tad* (father), and whenever in England one of those affixes to a local place name is found, we always find the locality was a centre of Druidism. *Tad* also is the *Thoth* of the Egyptian priests. In Welsh *Llan* signifies a high place in the Old Testament sense. London is in Welsh *Llandin*, or the Mound High Place, and it is still to be seen on the summit of Parliament Hill, several miles to the north of the site of the House of Parliament, on the west bank of the river Thames. London is known to the Welsh generally by also the name *Caer Ludd*, or the fortification of *Lludd*, and the name *Ludgate Hill* on which the cathedral of the great city, called *St. Paul's*, stands. The *Lludd* was the son of King *Cynbel-*

in, or the chief *Belinas*, father also of *Caswyllion*, or the Hater of Devils, the *Cassivellaunus* of Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic wars. The names *Lludd*, &c., land us back to a period in the history of the Welsh 55 B.C. The sacred Mound called "*Tynwald*" in the Isle of Man is the Welsh *Twyn y Wlad*, or the White Mound of the country. The Welsh name of Scotland to this day is *Alban*, or *Sunny Heights*. Our name for Ireland is *y Werdd-don*, or the green wave, which very aptly describes to this day the appearance—the glorious appearance of Ireland when it first breaks on the sight of the traveler coming from America. It is curious that the name of the Irish people in Welsh has no reference to the name of the country, as in other instances. They are called *Gwyddelod*, pronounced *Gwythelod*. *Gwydd* is the Welsh for woods, and the books of the Welsh were all made of four-sided bars of wood revolving in frames. It is hardly necessary to remind you, sir, that the English "*book*" is derived from *boke*, a piece of wood. It seems, therefore, highly probable that the name *Gwyddel* (singular) signifies *Book Man*. It is now certain that the Irish are a mixed race of Britons and Phoenicians, "whose merchants were princes." They built Carthage and their settlements on the shores of the Mediterranean, from Tyre and Sidon, to the Island of Atlantis, the friend of Venus, and to whom Atlantis gave the three mystic golden apples. By Atlantis or Atlanta is

to be understood Britannia, Greek fabrications notwithstanding. She was said to be the daughter of Jasus, who is no other than Taliesun, a title of the sun in Druidism.

It will take too much of your space to trace the connection of Phoenicia during the last 2000 years B. C. with Britain. The Welsh "Bala" is derived from the name Baal, a title of the personified sun in Phoenicia. "Pale," near Bala, North Wales, is the Phoenician Pale Mon, or the sun in December personified Old Man, and afterwards personified as aged Pan El on each December 25; but Tishri (Sept.-Oct.) first civil month among the Jews, the neighbors of the Phoenicians. Readers of Col. Conder's reports on Heth, Moab and Palestine are familiar with the wonderful Druidic remains—hundreds of Maenhirs, circles, cromlechs, &c., on the east of the Dead Sea. Bethel and Gilgals indicate still the presence there in ancient days of the Druids, and no other names than Welsh are used by every nation to describe them. The Shemetic Beth is the Welsh bwth (a small house). Beth Abara is the Bwth y Bru, by which the Druids meant the boat,

symbolizing the Spirit of the mother of the sun, on the waters of the Jordan, &c.

It appears that Palestine was long a colony of Britain, long before the Exodus and the rush of the shepherd kings by way of Sinai from Egypt. Galilea is Galles, by which name Wales is still known to the French. Strabo (A. D. 21) calls the Black Sea the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and the Welsh still call themselves, not Welsh, which is derived from the name Galles, through the Latin, Wallia, but Cimmri pronounced Kimmri. Galliopolis, on the Dardanelles, means the Town of the Gauls, another form of Galles. Macedonia is Welsh, and signifies Maesydon, or the Land by the Sea. Virgil in his *Æneid* calls the shores of the Mediterranean Tyrrhene.

"Now, when the prince his funeral rites
had paid,
He ploughed the Tyrrhene seas with
sails displayed."

In Welsh, old land is spelt Tir hen. My impression is that in the Old Testament the ancient Britons of Palestine are, among other names, called Hittites, or the serpent's people, a name identical with Ophitae Petra People, the Druids!

DAYBREAK.

Thou rosy morn! O! birth of light!
O! welcome visitor so bright!
The first soft glimmer of thy rays
Inspires the earth with joy and praise.
Thou art the harbinger of grace,
Of God who shines through time and space;
Within my heart thy joy begets
Far thoughts of Him who never sets.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Thought First: A Question of one—or two?

By a Crack Thinker.

There is something rude, crude, coarse, and even barbaric in the way the woman question is discussed by members of both sexes. I noticed in the "Cambrian" a while ago a line snugly tucked up between quotation marks which illustrates the above charge—"Woman, once our superior, now our equal." This suggests every difficulty connected with the old time-dishonored question of man versus woman, and vice versa. The idea of introducing mathematics into such a discussion, and wedding man and woman with a sign of equation! I know of no instance where comparison is so odious. The man-woman question is not one of superiority, inferiority or equality, but of identity. God said and intended they should be one. Superiority, inferiority, equality, suggest separation, which divides humanity, and brings it within the jurisdiction of law courts, which God never intended should be the outcome of courting. A law court is the very Gehenna of this question. Man-womanism is a question of addition and multiplication, not of subtraction and division.

There is an old tradition among the Jews that man and woman originally were conjoined inseparably like the Siamese twins, and that the Creator separated them in order to unite them more affectionately.

They were formerly joined physically, now psychically. The eyes are two numerically, one in seeing; the ears are two, the hearing one. It is precisely the same with man and woman. This "problem" is evidently the inevitable consequence of the decomposition of the identity idea—a result of the degeneration of the unanimity of man and woman.

The great step toward the correct and direct solution of this problem is the revivification of the identity idea; or speaking algebraically, the re-arranging of the equation by placing man and woman on the same side, instead of divorcing them cruelly with a sign of equation. For illustration: a man plus woman equal to humanity, instead of a man minus x equal to woman, or woman minus x equal to man. That unknown quantity x is the very devil himself in the discussion of this question, and it needs very little imagination to behold the serpent of old, which has been busily engaged through the ages in disturbing the sexual equation. The philosophy that separates them theoretically is as immoral as the law that divorces them judicially. In fact, temporal separation is the materialization of the spiritual and affectional. The cultivation of sexual independence or individuality is ruinous

to the cause of identity, and is subversive of humanity. Hate separates the egos; love unites them. The problem will be solved by utterly ignoring differences—by simplifying the complex fractions of sexual disagreement, and introducing the identity of one-ness. This truth is graphically illustrated by chemistry. Water is made of oxygen and hydrogen; water puts out fire which both its elements separate, will feed. The man-woman controversy causes innumerable disturbances, which are pacified by true marriage. There can be no competition between the two sexes—separation and rivalry mean ruin and extinction. One eye cannot compete with its fellow without annihilating sight! One ear could not enter into controversy with its fellow, or “strike” against it! Competition in these cases would be subversive of co-operation.

Further, there can be no sexual peace based on offensive disparities, but on affectionate grounds, which is a mutual acknowledgment of each other's incompleteness. They should mutually compliment each other as complements. Women should never say with superciliousness “we-men;” nor should the men say with intent to damage “woe-men!” and “whoa-men!” as if women had been made to ruin and rule the lords of creation. Philology suggests a solution of this question because it appears that man and woman were both considered men until of late. It is said that the Welsh word “dynes” (woman) was not used until the 17th

century; previous to that time man and woman, or man and wife, were called “deuddyn” (two men) without a hyphen, far less a sign of equation. Woman was never more or less than “man” among the Welsh. They were not “equals” but “chums.” When the papacy prevailed in Wales the church tried so many times to have the Welsh priests separate from their wives, teaching that man was complete single; but they always adhered to their women, holding to the old Edenic orthodoxy that singleness was neither completeness nor blessedness. In some parts of North Wales, even to-day, they call young men and women hogiau (lads), and to discriminate them they say boy-lads and girl-lads.

History also supports this idea of parity rather than equality, superiority or inferiority. Adam confessed the identity of woman with man—a bone of his bone—himself over again in another ego or echo! a reproduction of his own personality, so he could love himself without the charge of selfishness or amour-propre. Polygamy is the natural outcome of the belief in woman's inferiority, because it reduces her to a fraction. Solomon had a thousand wives of all denominations, and so woman was a thousandth part of man; and so we find that he speaks of woman extremely disparagingly. He had not seen one among a thousand, for the evident reason that one was the thousandth part of one. The equation was—Solomon equal to one thousand women. Polyandry

on the other hand teaches the superiority of woman, because she is equal to several men, which reduces man to a fraction in value, Woman in such a position naturally entertains the same disparaging view of man. The one-hood of man and woman alone settles this question. Polygamy is based on woman's inferiority, and polyandry on her superiority, and divorce

is a result of her equality. Love leads to and accomplishes identity; self-love emphasizes itself in equality, which breeds separation and divorce. A man or a woman that stands for equality becomes armed with his or her own perverted individuality, and commences fighting for conceited rights and serpentine prerogatives which are the diseased symptoms of matrimonial death.



RAMBLES IN EUROPE.

By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D. (Cynonfardd).

Milan—The Arcade and the Cathedral.

The city of Milan is very modern, as may be imagined from the illustrations—the Arcade and the Cathedral. This is only the entrance to the Arcade. The interior is spacious, convenient and grand. It is a happy combination of a market, department stores, refreshment rooms, and public comfort. The Cathedral is considered to be one of the three finest in the world. M. Taine, the French writer, describes it as follows:

"The Cathedral at first sight is bewildering. Gothic art transported entire into Italy at the close of the middle ages, attains at once its triumph and extravagance. Never had it been seen so pointed, so highly embroidered, so complex, so overcharged, so strongly resembling a piece of jewelry; and as, instead of coarse, and lifeless stone, it here takes for its material, the beau-

tiful, lustrous, Italian marble, it becomes a pure chased gem, as precious through its substance, as through the labor bestowed on it. The whole church seems to be a colossal and magnificent crystallization; so splendid do its forest of spires, its intersections of mouldings, its population of statues, its fringes of fretted, hollowed, embroidered and open marble work, ascend in multiple and interminable bright forms against the pure blue sky. Truly is it the mystic candelabra of visions and legends, with a hundred thousand branches bristling and overflowing with sorrowing thorns and ecstatic roses, with angels, virgins and martyrs upon every flower and on every thorn, with infinite myriads of the triumphant church springing from the ground pyramidically, even into the azure with its millions of blended and

vibrating voices mounting upward in a single shout, Hosannah!

One exclaims to himself, this is the true Christian temple! Four rows of enormous eight-sided pillars, close together, seem like a serried hedge of gigantic oaks, their strange capitals, bristling with a fantastic vegetation of pinacles, canopies, foliated niches and statues,

of Irmensul. Light pours in, transformed by green, yellow, and purple panes, as if through the red and orange tints of autumnal leaves. This, certainly, is a complete architecture like that of Greece, having like that of Greece, its roots in vegetable forms. The Greek takes the trunk of the tree, dressed, for his type; the German, the entire tree



Entrance to the Arcade at Milan.
Photographed by Cynonfardd.

are like venerable trunks crowned with delicate and pendant mosses. They spread out in great branches, meeting in the vault overhead, the intervals of the arches being filled with an inextricable network of foliage, thorny sprigs and light branches twining and intertwining and figuring the aerial dome of a mighty forest! Here, truly, is the ancient Germanic forest, as if a reminiscence of the religious groves

with all its leaves and branches. In any event, I have never seen a church in which the aspect of northern forests was more striking, or where one more involuntarily imagines long alleys of trunks terminating in glimpses of daylight, curved branches meeting in acute angles, domes of irregular and commingling foliage, universal shade scattered with lights through colored and diaphanous leaves. A vast

rosace behind the choir, a window with tortuous branchings above the entrance, shimmer with the tints of amethyst, ruby, emerald and topaz. leafy labyrinths, on which lights from above break in and diffuse themselves in shifting radiance. A day might be passed here as in a forest, the mind as calm and as oc-

each of the 4,000 spires is the figure of a saint or martyr, or eminent apostle. Visitors are permitted, by paying a small fee, to climb up to the roof, and from roof to roof, until they are nearly on an equality with these "saints and martyrs;" and thus obtain an expansive view of the country. Many glittering



The Cathedral at Milan.

Photographed by Cynonfardd.

cupied in the presence of grandeurs as solemn as those of nature, before caprices as fascinating, amidst the same intermingling of sublime monotony, and inexhaustible fecundity, before contrast and metamorphoses of light as rich and as unexpected. A mystic reverie, combined with a fresh sentiment of northern nature, such is the source of Gothic architecture."

It is a marvel. On the apex of

Italian lakes, and the snow-capped Alpine peaks are in sight. During our visit into the old chapel where hangs the original painting of "The Lord's Supper," by Leonardo Da Vinci, Grimaski, the greatest living painter in Milan, was at his easel, in the act of painting a copy of the original, which is now in a dilapidated state. A wonderful piece of art in Milan is a marble statue of "a man without his skin." Argrates, the

sculptor, carved in marble a man without his skin, and threw the whole skin over the man's shoulders. The sinews of the body are to be seen; the face and form, and hair, &c., are perfectly natural; though the whole figure is quite an unnatural sight. It may leave a different impression upon artists.

Around Milan one realizes that he

time, says that the city is the land of good nature and pleasure. The people regard labor as a load to be reduced as much as possible, by enjoying themselves: to laugh, to go into the country-picnics, to get life in the easiest way. Such is the view they take of life.

The Brownings spent most of their time in Florence; but a part of



On Grand Canal, Venice—Home of Mrs. Browning.

Photographed by Cynonfardd.

is in a rich and fertile country. The city is magnificent, with fine broad streets lined with palaces and mansions, full of vehicles, movement and bustle without being feverish, as the writer says, like Paris or London. It is situated on a plain, with lakes, canals and river supplying it with provisions in abundance, the surrounding country being well cultivated and fertile. Stendhal, who lived here a long

time in Venice, and this house, situated on the Grand Canal, is called the home of Mrs. Browning. It was snapped just as our gondola was passing it on a misty morning. It frequently rains in Venice. Their streets are canals, and their busses and coaches are gondolas. On what appears to us to be very frail foundations are built exceedingly fine palaces of marble. But we were assured that the foundations are

solid and secure. The city of Venice is composed of a combination of small islands, 70 or 80 of them, connected by several hundred bridges. The whole city has a circumference of about 43 miles. The poet Byron thought it was a city of 100 isles.

In his *Childe Harold* he sings:
 I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the wave her structure rise,
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:

A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
 "Where Venice sate in state, throned
 on her hundred isles."

Not far from Mrs. Browning's house is shown the house of Shylock, the Jew, made immortal by Shakespeare's "*Merchant of Venice*." I saw the reputed house; but Shylock himself was not in.



MY ALL IN ALL.

To thee I write these wooings sweet,
 My fair, my pretty grain of wheat;
 Not for a day, a month, a year,
 I would enjoy thy presence dear;
 My love is to some purpose set,
 Of deeper birth than etiquette;
 My lasting love will never rhyme
 With the chronology of time.

Think not of wealth, of worldly place—
 A good man's love's the sweetest grace;
 There's naught that beats that perfect peace
 Which is the fruit of love's increase,
 Then why shouldst thou, my pretty sheaf,
 Disturb thy soul with unbelief;
 And see but style or silly show,
 Which early withers, as we know!

Now come and choose to marry me,
 My sweetly pretty lilac tree;
 I love thee more than tongue can tell—
 My love's an overflowing well!
 Be thou my Sun, and I a star—
 But as the Sun not "quite" so far;
 All day my sunshine, and at night
 My lovely incandescent light!

THE COUNTRY COUSIN AND HER CITY RELATIVES.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones.

Part I.

Pillowed in an easy chair, sat the invalid mother. Near her stood her Alice, a lovely maiden of twenty summers.

"My darling," said the mother, "I shall soon pass away. As for myself, my mind is calm; but in the thought of leaving my only child, there is a degree of bitterness."

"Mamma dear," said the tearful daughter, "let us hope that we shall live together for many happy years."

"It is otherwise ordained my child," was the reply, "I am about to follow your father to the better land. The Lord will be your guardian. In Marvindale you have many friends, and in your uncle Thomas you will find a kind protector."

Alice fondly kissed her mother, and the conversation ended.

John Dayton had been a successful merchant in the village, and Alice had received superior educational advantages. Her father, in kindness to friends, had endorsed their papers for heavy sums. This caused his financial ruin, and as many thought, hastened his death.

* * * * *

It was evening. In his parlor in New York sat Thomas Foster, the eminent lawyer, with his wife and two eldest daughters, Victoria and Maud. He had just returned from

Marvindale, where he had attended the funeral of his only sister.

"Our stupid governess fortunately has left us," he remarked. "Alice Dayton impressed me favorably. She would be a blessing to our younger children, and prove worthy of our high esteem."

"We could respect her as governess," said the wife, "but we could not consistently introduce a poor inexperienced country girl to our best society."

"Certainly not," said Victoria in a sneering tone.

"Victoria," said the father, "had you possessed the amiability and refinement of your cousin, you would not have uttered those cold hearted words. I will write to her, and I believe she will accept."

"I hope she will!" cried Maud, in the fullness of her glad heart.

"Papa," asked Victoria, hiding her real feeling, "Is Alice Dayton fair and beautiful?"

"As to that," said the father, "I will only say that you will not be frightened by her ugliness."

In moral excellence Victoria was sadly deficient. In scholarship also she was far behind. This was not owing to a lack in mental powers, but rather to idleness and love of ease. She was an acknowledged beauty, and thought that this would make up for all that was lacking

She had many flatterers, but hitherto her beauty had failed to captivate the one she mostly admired; but Mr. DeForest would soon surrender—he must be won. She was not really vicious; at times, she would be quite agreeable; but she was impulsive and passionate, and under these spells would do things wholly against her moral convictions.

William DeForest was a warm friend of Mr. Foster. His parents were dead, and he, their only child, was now filling an important position in a bank, where his father for many years had been the heaviest stockholder.

One evening, this young man was found at the Foster mansion. The mother and daughters were present, but the father was not in.

"Mr. Foster informs me that his niece from the country is soon to be one in your family," said Mr. DeForest.

"It is Mr. Foster's doing," said the mother coldly. "The girl has received a good country education. She may do as a teacher of our young children. Of course it cannot be expected that we shall introduce a poor inexperienced country girl to our best society."

"My dear Mrs. Foster, I fear that you underestimate the education and accomplishments of country young ladies," said Mr. DeForest. "Some time ago, I was in a small village in this State, and witnessed the closing exercises of their seminary, where a large class of young ladies and gentlemen of the village

and its farming surroundings graduated. The scholarship they manifested was thorough. On the evening following, I met a number of these young ladies at a party, and was charmed with their intelligence and culture—of one among them in particular."

"After all," said Victoria, "they have not mingled in the best society, and of course among us they would appear awkward."

"They do mingle in what I consider the best society," was the answer, "and at that evening party, if there was any awkwardness visible, it was on the part of a young man by the name of William DeForest."

Mr. Foster now came in with a very pleasant countenance, and remarked, "I have just received a letter from my niece. It is very short, and as there is nothing in it of a private nature I will read it."

"My very dear uncle Thomas: Your kind letter received. I will arrange matters with all possible haste, so as to reach New York at the time you mention. I am not without a degree of embarrassment in view of what is before me. With the help of God I hope to give the parents satisfaction, and to be of some benefit to the dear children. At present this is my highest ambition. Your kindness to your orphan relative affects her deeply, and will never be forgotten.

Your affectionate niece."

And the father broke into a laugh.

"My dear," said Mrs. Foster, "what is there in that bit of a letter to cause laughter? Perhaps you will explain?"

I laugh at its extreme modesty,"

said the lawyer. "Here we find one of the most refined and scholarly young ladies in Marvindale embarrassed in view of teaching three young children! O, Alice Dayton!"

"What! Alice Dayton?" asked Mr. DeForest in astonishment. "Before you came in I spoke to the ladies of certain graduating exercises I attended in a small village over a year ago; and of one of the lady graduates in particular, to whom I was afterward introduced. That village was Marvindale, and that accomplished young lady's name was Alice Dayton!"

"And let me assure you William," said Mr. Foster, "that your opinion of Alice Dayton does honor to your judgment."

After some further conversation Mr. DeForest left and reached his apartments under peculiar impressions. He had often thought of the charms of that village maiden, thinking that perhaps he would never see her again. Had she ever thought of him after that meeting? And in this meditative mood the young banker retired to his bed chamber.

As soon as Mr. DeForest had left, Victoria hastened to her room and gave vent to her feelings in passionate words. "I know it is wrong, but O, I almost hate her! She has already won his affection! He is thinking of her this very moment! Shall I tamely yield her this prize? No! There will be a fight. He will call again to-morrow evening, and fortunately I will have him to myself. DeForest is a Christian. Shall

I do it? I know it will be a wicked thing, and my better self is ashamed of it! It is a desperate game, and I will run the risk."

The next evening Victoria sat alone in the parlor. She had taken particular pains to appear at her best. The door bell rang, and presently DeForest stood before her.

"Good evening" she said in her sweetest accents. "Unfortunately you find me alone. Papa had some professional friends to meet. Maud has gone to a party, and mamma has a bad headache."

"I find no cause for sorrow except your mother's indisposition," said the young man, "It gives us the pleasurable opportunity for a more full and free conversation."

Victoria slightly blushed, and replied: "I am glad to know that to you this is a pleasurable opportunity, and on that account it must be so to myself. Since you left us last evening I have had some very serious reflections in regard to my spiritual condition. I have lived to no good moral purpose, and I have paid but very little attention to religious things. I desire to lead a new life, and O, Mr. DeForest I want your help!"

"Miss Foster" he replied with much astonishment, "I am deeply thankful to hear from you that humble confession. Perhaps I can give you some little assistance. This wonderful change I am sure must have produced in your mind more friendly and respectful feelings toward your talented cousin Alice, who is soon to be with you. Your

father told me that she is an earnest Christian. Confide in her, and her help will prove much more efficient than anything I can do for you."

On hearing this, the impulsive beauty was not quite able to govern herself. For a moment or two the expression of her countenance was not that of an humble penitent. DeForest noticed it, and attributed it to the depth of her sorrow. She replied—

"Nay, Mr. DeForest, the human help I need must come from you alone. This interview you must consider as strictly confidential. While I have always looked upon you as a perfect specimen of a gentleman and Christian, in me you have looked in vain for those moral traits you so much admire. In this emergency I crave your assistance. Under your direction and good advice I might gradually become more worthy of your good opinion and friendship, which I would value as priceless treasures."

"Miss Foster," was the reply, "my friendship you have always had, and your honest declarations this evening merit my admiration. I would have been better pleased if your language in regard to myself, had been far less complimentary. I am very far from being a perfect Christian. I can be but a feeble guide to those who are seeking the right way. It was under a sense of my own weakness in this line that I suggested to you the name of Miss Dayton. I am sure that her abilities in that direction, as well as in many others, are far superior to mine."

Here again the young lady experienced a shock which she could not hide. Mr. DeForest noticed it, and to his astonishment he thought that for a moment he saw on her countenance a flash of anger.

"Miss Foster," he continued, "it is quite possible that your deep feeling has affected your nervous system. You need rest. Then go to your Saviour, and be as honest with him as you have been with me. I will now leave. But by the way, when is Miss Dayton expected to arrive?"

"I cannot tell you," was the answer. "My father will give you the day, the hour, and the train."

Again Victoria was alone. "And thus endeth the first act!" she cried. "My wicked scheme has proved a failure, and I find myself bound in chains of my own forging! No less than three times was I compelled to hear from his own lips the name and praise of that country cousin! Did he notice my agitation? I think he did, and believe it was on account of my sorrow for sin! O dear! I have a good mind to indulge in a good hearty laugh. But no, this is no laughing matter! What the future will prove I cannot tell, but Alice Dayton will never be my confessor."

The mother now came in, and was made acquainted with what is already known to the reader.

"Victoria," said she, "you entered into that scheme contrary to my wishes. Should Mr. DeForest find the truth he would utterly despise you. I have too long humored you in your vain notions. You must have no more deceitful projects or

you will disgrace the whole family. Try and exchange your sham seriousness for a genuine one. Our future movements must be governed by circumstances; but there must be no more lying."

This was a new departure for Mrs. Foster. Victoria stood before her in speechless astonishment, and for once was brought under a degree of conviction.

As the result of the next interview between the mother and Victoria, an invitation beautifully worded was sent, requesting the presence of Mr. DeForest at their family dinner on the evening of a day appointed. The invitation was of course accepted.

After the repast, the family with their evening guest returned to the parlor, where they freely indulged in easy conversation. Presently a servant came in and politely handed to Mr. Foster a number of letters. Quickly glancing over the directions he said—

"Ah, this is from Marvindale! and from my niece. You will excuse me for a few minutes while I retire to the library to look it over."

He soon returned with a countenance denoting a mixture of humor, seriousness and gratification. "The contents of this envelope is exceedingly interesting," said he. It contains a brief letter from Alice to myself, asking advice, and a certain communication of importance sent to Alice—O no, my dear William; you need not be alarmed, it is not an offer of marriage."

This produced a degree of laughter. On the part of the mother and

Victoria it was forced, but from Maud and DeForest it was full and hearty.

"Now listen," said the father, "I will first give you the communication sent to Alice.

"Dear Miss Dayton:

Miss Benedict, who for a number of years has had the charge of the musical department in our seminary, owing to impaired health, has sent to the Trustees her resignation, to take effect at the end of the spring term. Last evening, after a free consultation with the Principal and all the teachers, the Trustees with perfect unanimity made a choice of you to fill the responsible position. Your salary will be \$1,200 a year. In Marvindale you are well known as an accomplished lady, a superior vocalist, and a fine pianist. At your convenience let us hear from you.

John Budlong, Chairman.

Joseph Delong, Secretary."

Now for Alice's letter:

"Dear Uncle Thomas: The action of the Trustees has greatly astonished me. But let me assure you that I am ready to abide by your calm judgment. I have agreed to be a teacher of your young children, and I am ready to fill that agreement if you should deem it best. Write soon. In case you should advise me to accept this Marvindale position, I shall be most happy to pay my New York relatives a visit before the commencement of the fall term. Affectionately, your niece, Alice Dayton."

"There you have it all," said Mr. Foster. "William, will you be so kind as to give me your candid opinion in regard to the answer I should give her. I ask of you as a favor."

"Only at your urgent request. I comply," said the young man; "I advise you by all means to tell Miss Dayton to accept at once the honorable position offered her by the Trustees."

"Just as I expected," said the uncle, "your opinion harmonizes with my own, and with that of my whole family. I will in the morning send her my reply."

"O papa!" cried Maud, "I am proud of such a cousin! I am sure she is perfectly lovely!"

(Concluded in our next number.)



THE FALL OF CARADOG.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips.

Chapter I.

On the first day of May in the fifty-second year of the Christian era, when the fires had been extinguished throughout the island, and had just been rekindled from the sacred altars, you might have seen at the royal palace, in West Gwalia, a distinguished party convened from all parts of the country. Among them you might have noticed the Archdruid, whose position on the right of the king, and whose long hair and long beard, white with the frost of age, made him conspicuous, and with him the priests, prophets and bards. On the left of the king you might have noticed the king's brothers, Arthur, Osgar, Iago, and Gomer, whose strong frames and family resemblance were striking;

The mother and Victoria were silent. The letter from Marvindale with its revelation greatly astonished them, and their countenances denoted a degree of reflection void of hatred. In a brief interview before retiring for the night they freely admitted to each other that Alice had accomplishments and perfections that were not to be despised; and they concluded to give her on her expected visit an honest and hearty welcome.

and with them were princes from North Gwalia and Cornwallia. Across the hall you might have noticed the ladies of the court and their royal guests, and conspicuous among them the dignified form of the queen, the beautiful figure of princess Clodia, and the charming graces of her royal cousins. And you might have noticed that the central person, on whom all gazed, and to whom all listened, was Caradog, whose wars were all victories, and whose fame was in all the world. His keen, dark, deep-set eyes; his broad, solid, manly head, covered with curly, black hair, sprinkled with white; and his symmetrical, compact, muscular body, with determined, athletic movement,

made him a genuine Silurian, and accounted for his fame and victories.

"It was rumored in Rome, when our merchants left the city, some time since," observed the king, addressing the Archdruid, while the company listened with breathless attention, "that the emperor had decreed to remove Aulus Plautius, and appoint in his stead Ostorius Sca-pula."

"I do not wonder," remarked the Archdruid, "for Plautius has been here now nine years, and all he has converted into a Roman province, even with the legions back of him, is Lloegria, while Cambria, Scotia, and Cornwallia retain their independence."

"But how could he have added these," asked Lieutenant General Owen, "when our noble king has met and defeated him on every battle field these nine years?"

"Because he has not added these, and because Caradog has been more than a match to him," replied the Archdruid, "the emperor decreed, forthwith, to remove him, and pit Ostorius against Caradog."

"Aulus," said the king, "may not have been aggressive enough to suit the Romans, but he is an experienced and skillful general, and has done well for the empire."

"He has not done well for the island," quoth the queen. "Before Claudius invaded Lloegria and appointed Plautius governor, all Britain was free and independent. And what right has Rome to rob the nations of their inheritance?"

"No right," replied the Archdruid, "save the right of war."

"Then might is right," she rejoined, "and the right of war is wrong, theft, murder; and do you sanction that?"

"By no means," answered the spiritual father, "but we must take the world as it is, and do our best to correct the wrong—fire with fire war with war, if necessary."

"It is necessary," interrupted Arthur, "to defend our rights, our homes, and our country, even with blood."

"I should like to have a chance at the Roman Eagle, and watch the effect of my poisoned arrow," articulated Gomer.

"It would be a feather in your cap," spoke Princess Clodia, "for it has pounced on all the nations, and nearly devoured them."

"But the Roman Eagle soars so high," joined Iago, "that you would stand a poor chance to hit him."

"The Roman legions," remarked Prince Edgar of Cornwallia, "have become the glory of the empire, and the terror of the earth."

"Were all the nations united against them," uttered Prince Griffith of North Gwalia, "they would soon become its shame and ruin."

"The empire has already reached the summit of its power," observed the king, "and will ere long fall by its own weight."

"The sooner the better," said Iago, "and I, for one, would be glad to hasten its fall."

"You might take a brick from the

superstructure, Lloegria, for instance," rejoined Arthur.

"You might take a stone from the foundation, while about it, and cause the fall," said Gomer.

"That is easier said than done," remarked Lieut. General Owen, "but we can do much to accomplish it."

"It was just one hundred years ago," advanced one of the prophets, who were the scribes of the Druidic priesthood, "since Julius Caesar landed on our coast, and the reasons why Julius, and after him Octavius, Tiberius, and Caius did not occupy the island are obvious."

"Obvious enough," interjected the king, "for Julius Caesar never conquered the island, and the other Caesars were too much occupied with civil wars to make the attempt. Our grandfathers, and our fathers too, who were then in the freshness of their youth, witnessed the first and second landing of Caesar, and I often heard my father state with pride and emphasis, that if the British nations had only united their forces, and armed themselves with suitable weapons, the Romans would never have landed on our shores. As it was, Caesar dared not approach the island the second time without increasing his men and means many fold, and thought it prudent to leave the island both the first and second landing under the cover of night. While father graphically described, with fire and sword in his words, some of the most tragic scenes, the blood ran hot in my veins, and I then pro-

mised myself, and afterward vowed, like Hannibal, at the altars of the immortal gods, that I would avenge, if I could, the wrongs of my country."

"You have done it already," ventured the Archdruid, "you have conquered and nearly annihilated the Roman army. Had Cassivellaunus been as brave, and done as well, Caesar would never have landed."

"Cassivellaunus," remarked the king, "had not the experience of the last hundred years, and the united forces of the country back of him."

"Shall we now listen to the bards and minstrels?" asked the queen.

"With the greatest pleasure," answered the king.

"We shall be only too happy to listen," joined the Archdruid.

"We are all fond of poetry and music," added one of the prophets. "Our nation is proverbial for both."

The master of ceremony suggested "The Glory of Britain;" and the royal bard sang with pride of the beauty and wealth of the country, of the intelligence and prowess of the people, and of the antiquity and superiority of the language, when all most heartily applauded.

Then was suggested, "Caradog in war and in peace." But on the objection of the king to any allusion to himself and family, "The Fall of Troy" was sung by the chief bard of Cornwallia. "The Fall of Babylon" followed by the Chief Bard of North Gwalia. Then "The Fall of Rome," "The Fall of Rome," came from

every part of the hall. "It must, shall, and will fall," came in rapid succession, and the Chief Bard of Gwallia sang with such prophetic instinct, comprehensiveness, and unction, that the men unconsciously drew their swords, and the women

waved their handkerchiefs. Then all instinctively and heartily sang "The Fall of Rome and the Rise of Britain," the harps joining and leading the song till the ballad was sung through, and the company shouted for joy.

Chapter II.

Meanwhile light peered through the windows, and all left the hall to behold the sight. Directly east, on the distant horizon, the sky was painted red, with lurid flames kissing the heavens.

"Forest fire," exclaimed Princess Clodia.

"Bonfire," suggested Princess Cara.

"Who would indulge in bonfires on the first of May," interrogated Princess Gwen.

"It may have been accidental," remarked Prince Edgar.

"It is more likely to be a signal-fire," observed Prince Griffith.

"It must be signal fire," said Prince Iago, "for the light radiates from one glowing centre."

"It is the danger-signal," interrupted the Archdruid. "and I am afraid that we are on the eve of a bloody war, for the sky is unusually red."

"I have the same fears, and even the presentiment," remarked the king.

"As they were speaking fires appeared on the right and on the left to the extreme north and south, till the whole sky was illumined. Mean-

while by order of the king and the Archdruid, Lieut. General Owen, Prince Arthur, Captain Morris, and three Druidic priests were on their way to the lofty eminence back of the palace, and soon fire blazed from the altar of Mars, warning those further west of the danger.

"Since the landing of Claudius," said the chief prophet, "the signal-fire has neither been so general nor so bright."

"It is wonderfully brilliant," observed Prince Osgar.

"And wonderfully ominous," added the queen.

While the signal fires were still burning and their light painting the heavens crimson, the H-o-o-b-o-o-b, thrice repeated, came from the east, north, and south, and was sent thence, thrice repeated, toward the west till the whole island resounded with the signal-word.

"This is indeed a hooboob," remarked the queen, "it makes one actually deaf."

"I like to hear it," said Gomer, and see the light when all is still and dark."

"And what does it all mean?" asked Clodia, "are we to have an-

other war, and is father to lead the hosts again against the Romans?"

"I hope so," replied Gomer, "for I want to try my skill and test my sword."

"If any one can lead the hosts to victory and drive the Romans to the sea," uttered Iago, "it is Caradog."

"I fully agree with you," said the Archdruid, "but the king will never assume the command of the army except by the unanimous choice of all the nations, which, I am sure, will be readily given, for no one has their confidence like Caradog, who has always led them to victory."

"Whenever he assumes the command," joined the chief bard, "the people cannot be kept at home, but must follow him at their own expense, even to the teeth of danger."

"Shall we summon the chiefs, and appoint the time and place of the council," inquired the king.

"By all means," answered the Archdruid, "the sooner the better."

"Send us a kid without blemish," commanded the king to one of his servants.

"Slay it on the altar," said the Archdruid to the chief priest, "and dip the wooden sword to the middle in the blood; on the other half write with blood on the one side, Marsfield, May 2nd, and on the other side Caradog-Archdruid."

When this was done the king took the mandate sword and commanded his servant Jehu to run and deliver it to the first man he met, and that man to the next, and so on, till all the tribes within his kingdom were summoned, and their chiefs assembled for consultation. At this coun-

cil it was voted unanimously to follow their king and join the confederacy to fight their common foe; and, to pledge their fidelity and honor, all rose to their feet and drew their swords.

On the third day the king and chiefs of North Gwallia, of East Gwallia, and of Cornwallia, joined Caradog king of Gwallia, and his chiefs in council.

"I most heartily welcome you within my kingdom," began Caradog, "but I deprecate exceedingly the necessity of the council."

"I also deprecate the necessity," said the king of North Gwallia, "but rejoice to meet again the kings and chiefs in council."

"We should defend ourselves and our kingdoms," quoth the king of Cornwallia, "and I, for one, delight to measure my sword once in a while, to keep myself in practice."

"We shall soon have all the practice we could wish," joined King of East Gwallia, "and happy the one whose practice shall make him master. It seems that Aulus Plautius was not aggressive enough to suit the Romans, and the Emperor has removed him, and appointed in his stead Ostorius Scapula, who has already vanquished the Icenii, Brigantes, and Cangi, and is determined, and now on the way to conquer the Silures, Cymry, Gwallians, and we are here to decide whether we shall bend our necks to the Roman yoke and the Roman axe, or defend ourselves, our homes, and our country, and, if need be, die like men on the battle field."

"I should rather die a thousand deaths than to bend my neck to the Roman yoke or the Roman axe," said the king of the South.

"So should I," said the king of the North.

"And so should I," said the king of the East.

"On that point we all agree," added Caradog, "but we must count the cost and consult the immortal gods."

"I have already commanded the priests to prepare the altar and the sacrifice," observed the Archdruid, "and by the time we shall have chosen our commander-in-chief they will be ready."

"Caradog," said one, "Caradog," said another. "Caradog" said all. "He has always led us to victory. He can unite our forces. None will desert or stay at home if he will lead." And Caradog was unanimously chosen.

The priests had led to the altar a Roman captive, taken in the last war with Plautius, while in the act of sending an arrow through the

heart of Caradog. The man was brave, strong, and in the prime of life, with keen eyes and muscular energy. He was divested of his garments, and only clothed with the sacred vestment around his waist. By his side stood one of the priests, sword in hand, ready to strike the blow at the bidding of the Archdruid, who thus addressed both kings and subjects. "Be it known unto you all that the immortal gods demand human sacrifice on all important occasions like this, and only reveal their will, and grant their assistance through the blood of atonement. As we strike the victim on the breast with the sacred sword we ascertain their will from the manner of his fall, the quiver of his limbs, and the flow of his blood, with sometimes an examination of the entrails. "And now," continued the spiritual father, "we are ready for the sacrifice," and with his eyes fixed on the victim the priest raised his hand to strike, when Caradog caught his arm and arrested the blow.

(To be continued.)



REWARD.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

Brave is the man who strongly wields
A sword upon the battle-fields;
He wears a shining wreath of fame,
And history repeats his name.

Greater reward than fame or pelf,
He finds who triumphs o'er himself;
God only knows the battles fought
Within the realm of heart and thought.

POETICAL ALLITERATION.

By J. Lombard Edwards.

At one time, the English poets thought much of alliteration; they even made a regular practice of it in their poetical exercises. Disraeli once said that alliteration is a characteristic of barbarism, somewhat in the fashion of beads, brass ornaments, feathers, showy tinsel, &c., among the uncivilized and uncultivated; and we may well believe it. Superficial minds are always interested in artificial adornment. Excess of ornament generally betokens want of thought; and culture always means neatness, and the opposite of demonstration. The celebrated author of the "Man of Genius" says that among primitive peoples all thinkers and sages were poets, and that the poetical mind with a stray tendency to alliteration, rhyme, assonance, and such superficial embellishments is the undeveloped mind. The poet is subject to a psychic excitement, or a peculiar emotion which is better relieved by such literary amusements than by prose. There is a class of poets who are never satisfied with reason, but with a poetical systematic arrangement of incoherent thoughts and unnatural ideas. It is evident also that they are not interested in the rationality of thought, as in the peculiar effects of the literary adjuncts. They are not amused or affected by the ideas at all, but by the recurrence of rhymes, and the

repetition of literary trifles, which have certain inane qualities to tickle and gratify. The exaggerated importance and value given to such literary puerilities prove that the mind is yet in an undeveloped state, and cannot be reckoned rational in the true sense of the word. We also notice that these minds are unable to appreciate healthy and useful literary work; they have no taste for true learning and practical information—they don't even enjoy the ideal productions of rational poets.

Ages ago some English poets used to be adepts at alliteration, and there was hardly a line that did not betray attempts at playing with consonants. With those uncultured ages the practice almost disappeared which seems to demonstrate, in the English mind that the practice was associated with ignorance and literary crudeness. With the cultivation of the art of poetry, playing with consonants vanished, so that in subsequent English poetical literature it is rarely met with; and now it is never used except accidentally, or for the sake of amusement.

However true Disraeli's remark may be, the Welsh poets have evolved a regular system of alliteration, which is truly peculiar, and in a sense remarkable. It took ages to grow and develop into its present form and state of perfection, and there is nothing

similar and equal to it in any known language, and it is doubtful whether there is any language so adapted to it. The Welsh ear long habituated to the peculiarity of the sound produced by the recurrence of consonants appears to enjoy it, and poetical lines seems dull and insipid without it. There is as much difference between prose and alliterative poetry to the ordinary Welshman as there is between a funeral and a military parade; and consequently to the old school of poets words like those of Shakespeare, Milton, Virgil and Homer are mere prose. To them alliteration is as essential to poetry as a uniform to a member of the police force. The policeman is not a man, but a being wearing buttons and carrying a staff; so poetry is not ideas or thoughts, but uniformed or liveried expressions. A prosaic expression seems to be flabby, limber, invertebrate; and an alliterative passage among others is at once noticeable, and the Welsh ear at once recognizes its superiority in strength and vigor.

But the objection is that the Welsh ear has been viciously and mischievously trained to appreciate a clinking of consonants, which is absolutely senseless and worthless, and serve no purpose whatever except as a meaningless indulgence. Language has a higher mission and purpose than mere production of sound. As Schopenhauer well expresses it, "Words are used in order to make us interested in thoughts." Musical sound suggest and remind, but alliterations pure

and simple, are meaningless and missionless; unmusical, unspiritual sound—having no intellectual aims or expressive qualities. In the language of scripture, it is "a sounding brass or a tinkling sýmbal." It is evident to every thinking mind that the mere repetition of consonants cannot serve any intellectual purpose, and it cannot satisfy any intellectual want except the very lowest and crudest, viz, a barbaric love of mere tinkling. It is a psychological fact that the uneducated and uncultured do love mere meaningless sounds. This love of mere sound decreases with the advancement of mental culture, as the love of toys and playthings gradually vanishes with the child's growth. Poetry is the cultivation of imagination, and any one may easily perceive that alliteration forms no part of that art. Literal charm or attractions materialize the mind as mere outward show draws the intellect away from the spiritual. Mental abstraction is impossible in the presence of superficial display. The language of poetry becomes less tinsel and more and more transparent and obtrusive with advanced culture, and becomes less expressive and more suggestive.

The strongest objection to alliteration rises from the consideration of the fact that it hinders and stands in the way of the natural and intellectual use of language. It is often noticeable in Welsh poetry that lines or passages of rare alliterative merit are intellectually or imaginatively barren, meagre and inaccurate in

thought and idea—in fact, the alliterative is very often opposed to the artistic expression of thought. The one appeals to a vitiated or pampered ear, the other to the ideal-loving mind. Materialism destroys poetry, as ritualism ruins religion. Alliteration makes form more than spirit, and very often sacrifices thought on the altar of the literal.

Expert englyn-makers may pro-

duce a few couplets to amuse and please, but the fact is that our awdlau and cywyddau are monotonous and tiresome to the ordinary reader; and it is no misrepresentation or exaggeration to state that our long alliterative poems are never read now-a-days, except by the few initiated into the mysteries of this literary abracadabra.



ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Seventh Paper.

I have in the previous papers dwelt on the subject of the character of the Welsh race—that is, the possession of those native powers of body and mind to enable them to enter the walks of life, and to do and perform those functionary undertakings needful for a race to rise to the highest degree of human excellence. I have dwelt on this subject with special emphasis, because without a feeling of confidence on the part of a people no high excellence can be expected to be obtained. Confidence and will power are indispensable adjuncts to the success of great undertakings; and without a knowledge of our innate powers we cannot expect to reach a very high plane in the strife for human achievements.

In furtherance of this end, I have

endeavored to lay a foundation or standpoint from which to draw conclusions. In addition to what has already been said on this subject, I beg leave to add one or two extracts from John Richard Green's history of "The Conquest of England," as follows:

"Between the eastern coast and a line which we may draw along the Selkirk and Yorkshire moorlands to the Cotswolds and Selwood, lay a people of wholly English blood. Westward again of the Tamar, of the western hills of Herefordshire, and of Offa's Dyke, lay a people whose blood was wholly Celtic. Between them, from the Lune to the coast of Dorset and Devon, ran the lands of the Wealheyn—of folks, that is, in whose veins British and English blood were already blend-

ing together and presaging in their mingling a wider blending of these elements in the nation as a whole.

"The winning of Western Britain opened, in fact, a way to that addition of outer elements to the pure English stock which has gone on from that day to this without a break. Celt and Gael, Welshman and Irishman, Trisian and Flamand, French Huguenot and German Palatine, have come successively in, with a hundred smaller streams of foreign blood. The intermingling of races has nowhere been less hindered by national antipathy, and even the hindrances interposed by law, such as Offa's prohibition of marriage between English and Welsh, or Edward III.'s prohibition of marriage between English and Irish, have met with the same disregard. The result is, that, so far as blood goes, few nations are of an origin more mixed than the present English nation; for there is no living Englishman who can say with certainty that the blood of any of the races we have named does not mingle in his veins. As regards the political or social structure of the people, indeed, this intermingling of blood has had little or no result. They remain purely English and Teutonic. The firm English groundwork which had been laid by the character of the early conquest has never been disturbed. Gathered gradually in, tribe by tribe, fugitive by fugitive, these outer elements were quietly absorbed into a people whose social and political form was already fixed. But though it would

be hard to distinguish the changes wrought by the mixture of race from the changes wrought by the lapse of time and the different circumstances which surround each generation, there can be no doubt that it has brought with it moral results in modifying the character of the nation. It is not without significance that the highest type of the race, the one Englishman who has combined in their largest measure the nobility and fancy of the Celt with the depth and energy of the Teutonic temper, was born on the old Welsh and English borderland."

I have already given an account of the starting of the society, and of its banquets in commemoration of the anniversary of St. David's Day. I propose now to define the objects of those banquets and other succeeding ones.

We have no clear idea of what they really signified unless we explain their specific object. I may say therefore that that object was to make the Society take its rank among other similar institutions engaged in the same laudable purpose as its own. In this undertaking, in the selection of its first president, the Society was particularly fortunate. Had it been specially ordained that General Morgan Lewis should have been selected to have filled that position, no more appropriate selection could possibly have been made. He was eminently fitted and qualified for it. He had been a co-operator in the Revolutionary War, which culminated in the establish-

ment of the American government, and had distinguished himself by his military services and patriotism; he therefore brought with him a prestige which placed the Society in a high position at its beginning.

These societies are not governed by any fixed laws or formal regulations among themselves other than those which are observed in private life wherein the amenities and courtesies which gentlemen show to each other, were duly observed. But when a trust is coupled therewith involving the standing and reputation of others, the obligation becomes more sacred.

The general conception in regard to these banquets was perhaps, at one time, and by many persons is now, that the chief attraction in them rested upon the promise of having a good time. Well! I think that is pretty nearly the truth, but not in the sense which those who have never attended them might conceive; there are attractions besides eating and drinking and jollification.

In reading over the Charter of the Society I find the following among its objects, which I quote for general information, to wit:

"To promote social intercourse among the members of the Society, and those connected with them by the ties of kindred and country."

The Society being fully established and in working order gave its especial attention to the annual festivals, that is, the celebration of St. David's Day; extending its courtesies to other societies by inviting

to its banquets on the above day, their presidents or representatives, thus placing the St. David's in friendly communication with them, who in return reciprocated the compliment. It was soon made apparent that this part of its duty, although more or less onerous, yet were grateful and pleasant. They tended to bring the members of the different societies into closer communication, and to produce a feeling of mutual respect and regard for one another.

In arranging the programme for the annual festivities of the Society, due attention was paid to the standing toasts, which usually takes precedence in the intellectual part of the dinner, the toasts being so arranged as to call forth responses from the invited guests, among whom some were specially invited to reply to particular subjects assigned to them, and for which they were eminently qualified. This has resulted in enabling the Society to invite speakers of high celebrity and standing, both in public and private life. But the good effects of these banquets were particularly manifested in the fact that many new faces were seen at them, including quite a number from the wealthier class of the Welsh residents of the city, thus giving full effect and prominence to that object of the Society which relates to the promotion of social intercourse.

These banquets when analyzed in all their bearings and accomplishments present a grand subject for study and contemplation. We be-

hold in them a picture of men of all classes and callings assembled together as a band of brothers vieing with each other in the noble effort as to who shall contribute most to the harmony and happiness of all present.

What grander spectacle can be presented to the human mind for meditation? Here we behold the rich and the poor; the literate and the illiterate mingling together on a parity, throwing aside all prejudices, hates, and distinctions affecting their social standing.

Viewed as a whole, such banquets when conducive to good ends in the main, are public benefactors. They may have their drawbacks, but there is nothing infallible save Deity; therefore when good is the ruling motive, charitable allowances should always be liberally made for human frailty. There can be no doubt about one thing, and that is that the banquets of the St. David's Society have been greatly beneficial in their moral, social, and educational influence, by bringing the Welsh people into closer and more friendly relationship with each other.

In 1837 the Society gave its regular banquet on St. David's Day, but I can only make a brief allusion to it in this paper for want of space. I will, however, print a few remarks by Gen. Lewis, quoted from the New York "Times:—"

"Gen. Lewis addressed the meeting in the most eloquent manner. He stated that he was born in New York nearly 85 years ago, the city containing at that time but 10,000

inhabitants, and in the course of his single life he has seen it advance to 300,000. He spoke of the beneficent tenor of our government, and the great motive there was for every citizen, whether native or adopted, to rally in its support and defence. He alluded in glowing and deeply gratifying terms, to Wales, the country in which his parents were born. 'It is a source of pride to me,' said the General, 'that I can trace back my origin among that brave and virtuous people on both sides of my parentage, and without a cross, for perhaps a thousand years.' The General made some other remarks, all of which were received with the most rapturous applause. He appeared to be in excellent health, and with as firm a voice, and as proud a glance, as if he had passed but half his number of days.

"The German Benevolent Society held a festival the same evening at Washington Hall, Broadway, and honored the St. David's Society with a deputation offering the congratulations and friendly courtesies so peculiarly adapted to the object of their societies, when both had met to rejoice in patriotic and holy emotion. The deputation consisted of Messrs. P. W. Engs, John Leonard, and John Reineicke, Esqs., who, through their chairman, Mr. Engs, made an eloquent address, which was replied to on the part of the Society, and a deputation, reciprocating the grateful attention, was appointed to wait on the German Society. After exchanging salutations, and their healths being drank with a heartfelt three times three, the deputation from the German Society retired."



FIELD OF LETTERS

"Cwrs y Byd" for January is as strong as usual. It is strictly undenominational, and "goes" for the evils of society. Its contents are as follows: "John Locke, his influence on the Politics of Europe;" "Hush, boy;" "A Biography of Thomas Rees, Llandyssul;" "Winter" (a poem); "Books of the Month;" "How things are run;" Correspondences, poems, &c., &c.

In the January number of "Cymru" there is an interesting collection of articles: Cartoon—"The man who takes up the collection;" "The Sailor's Prayer," by the Bishop of Bangor; "History of the Monasteries of Wales;" "The Little England beyond Wales," by the Rev. D. Ambrose Jones, M. A.; "A Day in Leicester," by Ellen Hughes; "A Sunday of Peace;" "Bits about Ieuan Glan Geirionydd," by J. Thomas; "Seashore" by the Rev. J. Owen, M. A.; the "Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach)" (with portrait) by the Rev. Walter Daniel; "Through the Forest" by R. Morgan; Poems and Book Notices, &c.

A leading feature of the February Harper's Magazine is the first part of an article by George du Maurier, entitled "Social Pictorial Satire," which deals with the great satirists of "Punch." The illustrations are from drawings by John Leech, one of which, "Mr. and Mrs. Caudle," is reproduced in color as the frontispiece.

The "Drysorfa" for January appears with no change in its character. The frontispiece is a portrait of the retiring editor, the Rev. N. Cynhafal Jones, D. D., Colwyn Bay, with sketch of his life, by the Rev. Wm. Jones, Portdinor-

wig; "The Church" by the Rev. Evan Phillips; "The Doctrine of Perfection and the Book of Psalms" by the Rev. D. Roberts, Rhiw; "The Work of the New Year" by the Rev. W. Evans, M. A., Pembroke Dock; "Groeswen and the Calvinistic Methodists;" "The Llandudno Association;" Monthly Notes, Sunday School Lessons; Obituaries, &c., &c.

"The Living Age" is a weekly magazine, is issued every Saturday, and contains articles of standard and popular interest. It reproduces the ablest articles from the leading British reviews, also translations from French, German, Russian, Spanish, &c. The Living Age Co., Boston, Mass.

Contents of "Dysgedydd" for January as follows: "The late Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin," by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; "The Function of Death," by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A.; "Michael Faraday" (Article III.) by Mr. T. Carno Jones; "Paul in the light of Jesus," by the Rev. W. Williams, Maentwrog; Sunday School Lessons, &c., &c.

The appearance of such an article as "Function of Death" in the "Dysgedydd" is decidedly a novelty, and will be read with interest.

The "Traethodydd" for January contains a number of interesting articles: "Society and the Individual" by Professor Henry Jones, M. A.; "Tom Pedrog, a poet of the Old Regime;" "The Pagan" (a poem); "History of the Liverpool Privateers and an account of the Liverpool Slave Trade" by Eleazer Roberts; "Paul in the light of Christ" by the Rev. E. Keri Evans, M. A., and the Rev. Evan Jones; "A Chapter of

Welsh Beatitudes" by the Rev. Rhys J. Huws. "Welsh Beatitudes" prove the superficiality of our national ideals. Our hero is either a singer, a bard or a preacher. Our ideal man is not a worker, but a dreamer. This interesting paper deserves especial notice.

"Seren Gomer" is a Baptist monthly, editor Professor Silas Morris, M. A., Bangor, and is published by Evans & Short, printers, Tonypandy, South Wales. The January number contains several interesting articles, among which are the following: "David Owen (Brutus)" by the Rev. T. Lewis, Newport; "Pastoral Visiting" by the Rev. C. Davis, Cardiff; "God's Grace and its Natural Channels," by the Rev. David Evans, Blaencenlin; "Morgan John Rhys" by J. T. Griffith, Lansford, Pa.; "The Court of Conscience" by the Rev. W. Roderick, Rhyl, North Wales; "Immanuel Kant" by the Rev. Isaac Lloyd, Swansea; with Literary Notes, &c.

"Harper's Round Table" for February contains, besides liberal installments of the two serials, "Four for a Fortune" by Albert Lee, and "The Adventurers," by H. B. Marriott Watson; the following short stories: "The Carrier-Pigeon's Message," a detective story by Lamar Beaumont; "The House of the Prodigal Sons," by Harold Martin; "Max, the Night City Boy," by Thomas W. Lamonte, and "A Warm Corner in Sooloo," by Owen Hall. There are also papers on "Baits, and Where to Find Them," by Samuel Sidney Hale; "Book-making in the Middle Ages," by G. T. Ferris; and a fully illustrated description, by Dudley D. F. Parker, of how a boy can build a "Knockabout" for cruising in shoal water.

"Young Wales" for January is truly interesting, and cannot fail to please Welsh readers. We cannot too highly recommend this number to the readers of the "Cambrian." "The Cymric Ele-

ment in the English People" by T. Darlington, M. A., H. M. P., is an excellent paper, entertaining and instructive; "Wales in 1897," a recapitulation of the events of the year, is full of interest to Welshmen; "Dan's Wedding Day," by S. M. S. is pretty, and truly enjoyable; "The History and growth of Welsh Fiction" by M. H. Jones, which deals with the spirit of romance among the Welsh; "Parliamentary Impressions and a Moral" by Artemas Jones; "Elementary Schools" by Walter Brockington, B. A.; and "Our Sunday Note Book" by William George, wherein he discusses the introduction of skepticism into Welsh theology. This number also contains portraits of the literary staff of "Young Wales."

"Harper's Weekly" of January 29th contains the first of a very important series of articles by Franklin Matthews, who on behalf of that paper has been making a tour through the States of the Middle West. His investigation has been sincere and thorough. As he says in his first paper on Kansas: "One can form a correct opinion of Kansas and its people better by going to the State, and by speaking with its farmers, its storekeepers, its business men, its officials, and its professional men, than in any other way. It was for this purpose that in December last I visited the State, and in this and other articles to follow, the exact truth about Kansas and other Western States is to be told, as it was learned after diligent investigation." The title of this first article is "Bright Skies in the West. Kansas Debts and Debt-payers."

"Cymru'r Plant" is beautiful and tasty as usual, with interesting short pieces, and several illustrations. It contains "Tales of Rome;" "The Rocks of Holyhead;" "Brides of the Colony;" &c., &c.

The January number of the "Llenor" contains selections from the poetical

works of the celebrated Glasynys, and the task will be completed in another number. This also contains a brief sketch of his life. It is intended to devote the profits to the erection of a tomb over his grave.

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A NEW WELSH GRAMMAR.

Professor Anwyl's Welsh grammar completes that admirable series of parallel grammars issued by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., under the general editorship of Professor Sonnenschein. The work will be published in two parts. Part I., which has just appeared, contains the accidence, and Part II., which will shortly appear, will contain the syntax. The renewed and enlarged interest taken in the Welsh language in the university colleges, and the recently established intermediate schools has created a demand for a text book that will meet the requirements of both teacher and pupil. Professor Anwyl's grammar is the only book extant that will satisfy the want of both alike. It will not, of course, supersede larger and more exhaustive works like that of Rowlands, but it will supply a want long felt, and will prove an invaluable boon for class work in school and college, inasmuch as it is at once simple and sufficient. There is no padding, and nothing essential is sacrificed. The book is carefully planned, and its print and arrangement are excellent. Considerable attention is given to Welsh phonology and pronunciations. Professor Anwyl's wide and intimate knowledge of the Celtic language has enabled him to produce a work that will bear the tests of the ripest scholarship of the present day.

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A correspondent in the "Oswestry Advertiser" says:—"In looking over some old numbers of 'Y Drysorfa,' I

came across a letter signed 'Iorwerth Glan Aled, Abergelle,' in which the writer states that he had then (1838) in his possession a tolerably complete 'Greek Grammar in Welsh,' which only required some revision to prepare it for the press. It would be interesting to know what became of it. Was 'Dic o Aberdaron,' the eccentric Cambrian linguist, the author?"

The Year Book now for the first time published by the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists is a distinctly new departure in Wales, and it requires no gift of prophecy to predict that the excellent example thus set will soon be followed by the other denominations. The new Year Book is an elaborate and comprehensive production, consisting of close upon 150 pages of interesting matter, and it will long remain a marvel how a work of this character can be sold, as it is, for the modest threepence. The publication of the Year Book relieves the Connexional Diary of many of its customary features, and enables the leaders of the denomination to place within reach of the churches a mass of instructive and interesting matter, which previously was obtainable only by the privileged few. The Rev. Joseph Evans, of Denbigh, who was entrusted with the editorship, has done his work carefully and judiciously, and has attained a high standard which it will be difficult to surpass. The period covered in the present Year Book is from June, 1896, to June, 1897. In future it will, it is to be hoped, be possible to improve upon this, either by publishing the Year Book early in autumn, or if the publication is to be delayed till Christmas, by letting the period dealt with be altered so as to end in September. This, of course, cannot apply to the statistics, for the tables here given relate not merely to the associations or counties, but to the individual churches, of each of which full and separate details are given.

SCIENTIFIC

An Englishman has just completed a journey of 1,600 miles on a motor car through England and Scotland. He was five weeks traveling, and used 114 gallons of oil, which made his traveling cost him three farthings (a cent and a half) a mile.

It has been noticed that in times of epidemics tanners are surprisingly free from attacks of the illness. This is due to disinfectant action of tannic acid. The cholera periods of 1850 and 1880, and later still the Hamburg epidemic in 1892, have clearly shown the comparative security of tanners. They are, however, attacked by two diseases peculiar to their trade, and caused by the manipulation of the skins. One particularly occurs frequently, attacking the finger tips, and making the person afflicted unfit for the work.—*La Science en Famille*.

The Japanese have a curious way of cleaning railroad tunnels of smoke and gases. Each end of the tunnel is provided with a canvas curtain, hung at the top so that when it is dropped it covers the entire mouth of the tunnel. When a train enters the tunnel the curtain at that end is dropped, and it is kept down until the train leaves the other end of the tunnel. The result is that all the smoke and gases are carried along with the train, and forced into the open air at the further end of the tunnel. It is asserted that this plunger action is so perfect that smoke from an engine seldom reaches as far back as the middle of the train. Scientific men are puzzled to account for the success of the system.—*Boston Budget*.

Nowhere in the country has there been such a persistent warfare against the microbe as in Indiana. The State

Board of Health has been incessant in devising methods to defeat the microbe wherever it seeks to fight against human life. Just now the board is considering a public drinking device, which goes the individual communion cup idea one better in disposing of cups altogether in drinking. It is a drinking fountain placed on a pedestal, so as to be in the reach of the average human mouth. From the midst of the basin projects a little nozzle, shooting up a jet of water not very large, nor violent. To drink, a person simply lets the little water jet play into his mouth, and takes his fill. The jet may be turned on or off. As there are no cups, and the same water never touches two pairs of lips, there is no chance for microbes which seeks to travel from one mouth to another. The argument is that, as long as the water itself is pure, this is an absolutely safe method of public drinking.

After a long experience with typhoid patients, Dr. Ussery, of St. Louis, maintains that the best food for them is the banana. He explains by stating that in this disease the lining membrane of the small intestines becomes intensely inflamed and engorged, eventually beginning to slough away in spots, leaving well-defined ulcers, at which places the intestinal walls become dangerously thin. Now, a solid food, if taken into the stomach, is likely to produce perforation of the intestines, dire results naturally following; and this being the case, solid foods, or those containing a large amount of innutritious substances, are to be avoided as dangerous. But the banana, though it may be classed as a solid food, containing as it does some 95 per cent nutrition, does not possess sufficient waste to irritate the sore spots; nearly the whole amount

taken into the stomach is absorbed, giving the patient more strength than can be obtained from other food.

UNMUSICAL MUSIC.

Who shall define Arab music? It has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between A sharp and A flat, but does not stop even there, and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time. John Oliver Hobbes says there is a great law of infidelity in the human race—a man must be faithless to something, either to a woman, or his deity, or his most cherished belief. The Arab musician is always unfaithful—to his stave and his keynote. But faith unfaithfully makes him falsely true to the ears of his hearers, and they enjoy and applaud his wrangles with harmony. Their singing reminds one of the walls of a bereaved Thomas suffering from an acute attack of gastritis, complicated with neuralgia.

ECONOMY IN DETAILS.

There is a good story told in a Philadelphia paper of a French officer of engineers who, during a visit to one of the large machine shops in that city, regarded with comparative indifference the massive tools and "show" features of the establishment, but paid close attention to a little tool-sharpening machine—a type of those numerous ingenious labor-saving appliances with which an American shop abounds. At the close of his inspection he stated that he had visited all the most notable engineering undertakings and establishments in America, and that he should report to his government that the biggest things in America are the little things. He was struck with the fact that in some establishments which

he had visited the profits were mainly realized in the saving of materials and labor by close attention to details which in Europe are unconsidered trifles, and as an instance of this he quoted the little grindstone which he had noticed in the shops.

Microbes are entitled to their sad notoriety. They are everywhere, in the air that we breathe, in the water that we drink, in the food which we swallow for nourishment; dust contains innumerable quantities of them, our garments are covered with them, our hair affords an asylum for legions of these tiny creatures. It is idle to say that among the countless variety of microbes there are some good ones which are not harmful, and do not engender maladies, for the most recent researches have demonstrated that there are some inoffensive microbes which can become very dangerous if they can manage to traverse several times in succession the animal organism. That is the truth. What is true, moreover, is that it has been proved beyond contradiction that microbes cause the most terrible maladies, those which decimate populations, like phthisis, the plague, cholera, typhoid fever, typhus, yellow fever, scarlatina, to mention only the best-known and most murderous diseases.—Dr. Beauregard.

WHERE THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE POINTS EAST.

Observations were taken over a strip of country between Moscow and Khar-koff, or extreme points, north and south, distant from one another as the crow flies about eight hundred and fifty miles. The greatest aberrations are found in the province of Kursk, the capital town of which is some six hundred miles almost due south of Moscow. In the northern part of the province, near Tim, the needle deflects twenty degrees; further south, in the district of

Starol Oskol, up to thirty degrees, while in the southeast of the province, about one hundred and fifty miles south of Tim, the deflection is over ninety-six degrees, the needle standing almost perpendicular, and pointing east and west instead of north and south.

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CAN WE SEE WITHOUT EYES?

Eyes are usually considered to be quite necessary to sight, but a well-known German physician has been experimenting with a view to show the fallacy of this. Many creatures without eyes, can, he says, see—at least, they can distinguish between light and darkness, and even between different degrees of light. They do this by means of their skins. All skins, according to the doctor, are potential eyes—that is, they are sensitive to light. In many eyeless creatures the lack of eyes is in part made up by increased sensitiveness of the whole skin surface to light, and earthworms, although they have no eyes, will suddenly withdraw into their holes at the approach of a lighted candle. Oysters, if open, will shut up at once if a dark object comes between them and the light. It is anticipated among scientists that valuable and startling results will attend the experiments.

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ERRORS IN INSTINCT.

The opinion is still generally entertained that with animals, especially those of the lower order, instinct is the determining guide that incites to the proper performance of action or function, and that as such it is far less liable to err than the reasoning of intelligence. Few scientific prejudices have been more difficult to overcome than that which removes from animals the reasoning faculty, and probably many years will yet elapse before it will be recognized that all animals which come under ordinary observation are

endowed with the same kind of faculty, although developed in various degrees of a descending scale, which distinguishes man and the so-called higher organisms. The bee and the ant have been frequently held up as the best exponents of the instinct class, and more recently of the "exceptional" animals which developed reasoning powers, and it was a rude shock, not only to the layman, but as well to the scientist, when Sir John Lubbock, as the result of an endless series of experiments, announced a few years ago that these animals were "sadly wanting" both in their instinctive and intellectual traits. In other words, there were many times when both instinct and intelligence erred for them.

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MORALITY IN ANIMALS.

As soon as we study animals—not in laboratories and museums only, but in the forest and the prairie, in the steppe and the mountains—we at once perceive that though there is an immense amount of warfare and extermination going on amidst various species, and especially amidst various classes of animals, there is, at the same time, as much, or perhaps more, of mutual support, mutual aid, and mutual defense, amidst animals belonging to the same species or, at least, to the same society. Sociability is as much a law of nature as mutual struggle. *

* * If the numberless facts which can be brought forward to support this view are taken into account, we may safely say that mutual aid is as much a law of animal life as mutual struggle; but that, as a factor of evolution, it most probably has a far greater importance, inasmuch as it favors the development of such habits and character as insure the maintenance and further development of the species, together with the greatest amount of welfare and enjoyment of life for the individual, with the least waste of energy.—Kropotkin.



Dr. Pan Jones, our Welsh Henry George, editor of the little bantam "Cwrs y Byd," is responsible for the following:

The following is a free translation:

But the Cymric working classes
Of to-day with thorns are crowned,
Many a mother's heart is bleeding
As if from a spear's deep wound;
And this age its Cross has also,
Which we all so mutely bear;
Slaying truth was e'er the custom
Of all Pilates everywhere!

It has already been noted how, in many of the churches of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, the "Amen" introduced after each hymn in the new hymnals has given rise to keen opposition, the innovation being regarded as an effort to ape the Established Church. In one of the Welsh churches of Liverpool, a bard has composed a satirical song on the subject, and the chorus runs:—

Let's join our scattered forces—
Our efforts consecrate—
To get this old Amen of ours
Out of the Christian state!

The seven wonders of North Wales are said to be St. Winifred's Well, Overton Churchyard, Gresford bells, Llangollen Bridge, Pistyll Rhafadr, Snowdon, and Wrexham Steeple. Glamorgan boasts of Caerphilly Castle, Newton Nottage Well, the Taff Whirlpool, the one-arched bridge of Pontypridd, the Logan or Rocking Stone, the Dew-

less Hillock on Margam Mountain, and the Worm's Head in Gower.

"The Welsh triads," declares the "Ymofynydd" (Unitarian), "have recently received a significant addition. The following triad explains the ambition of the younger preachers in the ranks of the three great Welsh denominations:—Methodists, University degrees; Congregational, the chair of the Eisteddfod; Baptist, the front place at the 10 o'clock meeting at a Cymanfa."

Clergy and ministers in this country who have reason to deplore thin congregations and thinner collections may very well borrow an idea from a Free Baptist minister in Philadelphia. He has introduced girl ushers into his church, and chairs had to be set in the aisles to accommodate the crowd. When the girls started with plates for the money they got it to the tune of three hundred dollars. Even the colossal church debts in Wales ought to melt in the presence of such charming handmaids of religion.

The St. Asaph scandal seems to intimate that Bishop Edwards is hunting men for posts, while the memorialists are trying to find posts for men. There seems to be more foxes than holes, and more birds than nests. The Lord had nowhere to lay his head.

In "Cwrs y Byd" for January the system of electing ministers among the Congregationalists in Wales is condemned. The usual way of doing it is

as follows: No. 1 runs a Sabbath; No. 2 the next Sabbath; No. 3 the next; and the canvassing takes place among the members, everything carried on on political lines, and according to political methods. The ignorant members have the same chances as the intelligent, and very often the worst is chosen, as in politics!

A Welsh paper states that while the Bishop of St. Asaph is fighting tooth and nail with his insurgent clergy, the Bishop of Bangor is peacefully dabbling in poetry and music.

Periodically the old charge is made that the Welsh are liars—that sometimes they will swear to an untruth. An Aberystwyth curate lately resuscitated the old slander. A Welsh contemporary suggested that the good man had just been reading the celebrated letter controversy among the St. Asaph clergy. We may, with great propriety, reply to the curate with "You are another."

Everybody has heard of the needle hid in a hay-stack. The hay-stack is Welsh society, and the needle is the notorious John Jones. A man went to Rhondda Valley months ago to look for his cousin John Jones; and although he has seen a few hundred John Joneses, he is beginning to feel desperate!

The Rev. D. Grimaldi Davies, when Bishop Edwards offered him the Rectory of Bala, excused himself on the ground that he could not afford to incur the expense of moving from Welshpool to Bala. Locomotions are not always promotions.

December 7th the Bishop of St. Asaph sent a courteous invitation to all his clergy to meet him at Wrexham, for the discussion of the subject of patronage. On December 13th about eighteen of the memorialists met at Chester to

decide what course they were to take in view of the Bishop's invitation. At the beginning of this meeting Canon Roberts showed a letter from the Very Rev. D. Howell, Dean of St. David's. In this letter, the Dean expressed the Bishop's invitation was a "clear proof of the Bishop's unfitness for his office."

Canon Hugh Roberts denied all this. He did not pass round a letter from Dean Howell. The Dean sent no communication to him, or to the meeting. The Archdeacon of Wrexham in reply to this denial, said that the Canon was only quibbling. The Rev. John Morris, Rector of Llanellidan, made the statement that he saw the letter with his own eyes, saw the dean's signature. The Dean of St. David's denied that he ever had any correspondence with Canon Roberts. Next, the Rev. J. S. Jones, Vicar of Llantysilio, corroborates Mr. Morris' testimony, stating also that Canon Roberts read the letter in his hearing!

The Rev. Morgan Hughes then states that he was at the meeting, and sat next to Canon Roberts, who was in the chair. He testified that Canon Roberts used words to the effect, that he held in his hand a letter from the Dean of St. David's, and then the Canon quoted from the letter the sentence which referred to the unfitness of Bishop Edwards. Subsequently in the "Liverpool Courier" Canon Roberts makes a statement acknowledging that the letter was from the Dean, that he didn't say it was from the Dean, but from "a high dignitary," and that the letter didn't mention "office" but "post." So it seems after all that the Canon was quibbling a good deal.

An analysis of the Welsh denominational statistics for 1897 shows that the Congregationalists are the strongest in Cardiganshire, Carmarthenshire and Glamorganshire; the Baptists in Pem-

brokeshire and Monmouthshire; and the Calvinistic Methodists in all the counties of North Wales, in Radnorshire and Breconshire in the south, and in the English towns. The Welsh Wesleyan Methodists are about three times as strong in North Wales as they are in the South.

The American line of steamships running between Southampton and New York is making a bold bid for the patronage of Welsh emigrants. One of their latest innovations is the appointment among their stewards of a large number of Welsh-speaking officials to minister to the wants of Welsh passengers.

Everybody knows that the new hymn-book of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists is not altogether a perfect production. The objections have been various, but one of the latest, and by no means the least pertinent, is taken by Manchester folk, who see in the appendage of "Amen" to the hymns a distinct tendency towards aping the Established Church. Amen!

A Welsh preacher was trying the other day to impress upon a hardened old man the fact that he was a sinner. The old fellow couldn't see it, and so the preacher began again, "Well, but you must be a sinner, you know; you must in the course of your long life have committed many sins, and, even if you hadn't, there's original sin." "What's that?" asked the hoary impenitent. "Well, original sin is the sin of Adam. Our first father sinned, and his guilt has fallen upon all of us." "Oh well," replied the ancient, "that's not very much between all of us." And the preacher went away to ponder over a new view of an old theological question.

A committee of learned Welshmen was recently engaged in a room in Chancery Lane in drawing up a list of Welsh classics to be reprinted or edited

for the first time. The gravity of the proceedings visibly diminished as a paper was handed round bearing the suggestion of a distinguished member "*Casgillad o Lwon Cymreig*." And yet "*Morien*" says there are no swear-words in Welsh!

It now appears that the substitution of the English "v" for the Welsh "f" has been discarded even by the Welsh Colonists in Patagonia. The innovation, we are assured, was never popular with the Colonists, and when the "*Drafod*," the Welsh organ, was taken over by a company, the very first resolution passed by the shareholders was that the "new orthography" should be discontinued, and the Welsh "f" and "ff" therefore at once reinstated.

In this age, when education is a favor, when board schools, higher grade and intermediate schools are open to the poorest workmen's sons, it is well to know that book learning is not everything, and that there are industries all around us which deserve and repay attention. A correspondent says that some time ago a persevering young collier, after several years of home study, went in with great effort for the Civil Service examination, and by severe application was successful, and obtained a position in one of the Government departments. But the life! From bed to desk, from desk to bed, with only a strip of London sky a few inches wide visible to the eye, was too much. He is back now, weighing on a tip, and is happy!

Apropos of the monkey which was recently shot by a Welshman on the west coast of Borneo while it was in the act of "reading" a Welsh newspaper, a correspondent remarks that "in the face of the incidents of the story one hardly knows which to consider the more remarkable—the literary qualities of the monkey or the universality of the Welsh language, or the scope of the writer's imagination."

May a barrister, and he a temperance man, consistently with the profession and principle, appear in Court on behalf of the publicans? The Rev. Evan Jones of Carnarvon, whose zeal for the temperance cause no one will question, is strongly of opinion that he may. A barrister, he argues very fairly, who appears in court for a thief or a murderer, is not necessarily himself in sympathy with crime; nor is a barrister, when appearing for a publican, necessarily opposed to temperance. It is difficult, thinks the "Cymro," to know where exactly to draw the line between temperance and the trade. "Is the farmer who grows the barley," asks the "Cymro," "or the builder who erects a tavern, or the painter who beautifies it, or the cooper who constructs the barrels, or the artisan who manufactures the glasses, a participator in the trade?" It is, of course, much easier to put such a query than to answer it satisfactorily.

Cardiff Elisteddfodwyr are already compiling the list of subjects for the 1899 National Elisteddfod. Judging from the interest manifested in it by French and German savants, it will be a Pan-Celtic gathering. The Celtic savants of France, of which M. Gaidoz, Directeur a l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes, is prime mover, propose to offer several handsome prizes for essays dealing with certain periods in Welsh history. The essays may be written in Welsh, English, French, or German.

The national Welsh anthem, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," was composed and written by father and son; but the French "Marseillaise" (words and music) were composed by a man named Rouet de Lisle. We are glad to congratulate J. H. Powell of Scranton, Pa., on having performed a similar feat. We wish his "Hen Walla Fendigedig" all the success it deserves.

A friend of the great leader recently

referred to the remarkable feat of Caradog in beating time, and added that the adjudicators were so taken up with his method of conducting the chorus that all attempted to do likewise, but without exception failed. In commemoration of that competition, West, the eminent London organist who died lately, forwarded to Caradog a large framed photo of himself to mark his appreciation of his performance. The London "Daily News" referring to the singing in July, 1872, at the Crystal Palace, said: "The most important incident of the competitions was the splendid singing of the South Wales Choir," whilst "The Times," usually so sparing in its praise, said, "The singing of the South Wales Choir was decidedly a feature of the National Music meetings, and alone sufficient to render them memorable."

A correspondent states that the Prince Llywelyn National Memorial Fund is to be closed. The movement, which has been before the country for over two years, has not met with the support which its promoters anticipated. What form the memorial is to take will be made known when the committee meets early in the new year. The general voice of the subscribers will determine the form. Some donors have already expressed a wish that the first effort should be to rear a fitting tomb over the Prince's burial-place among the ruins of Abbey Cwm-Hir; others as strongly desire a monument to be erected as near as possible to the place where Llywelyn was killed; whilst a third section wishes to see the memory of "Ein Llyw Olaf" honored in his native Gwynedd (North Wales). It was decided at a general meeting held when the movement was started that the memorial should take the form of a Celtic cross or other monument at Cefn-y-Bedd, near Llandrinod, but the appeals for subscriptions issued later invited subscriptions towards one or more of the schemes above suggested.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

It is not generally known in Wales that Father Ignatius is a clever and successful novelist. He is the author of a series of novels called "The Llanthony Tales," which are intended to convey to the outer world some idea of the course and character of the monastic life led at Llanthony. It is said that Father Ignatius could get nearly as many monks as there are sheep in Brecknockshire. Scores have tried to lead that life, but a week or so has sufficed to convince them what poor stuff they are of which to make living martyrs.

A Glyn-Neath boy has accomplished a good thing. Master Cecil Harries, the only son of Henry Harries, manager of Abernant Works, has passed the examination for entrance into the Westminster Abbey Choir. There were forty-two competitors for two vacancies, one of which was secured by Master Harries, who, it appears, is the first Welsh boy who has ever entered the Westminster Choir. He is about ten years of age, and has been trained by Mr. Tom J. Williams, A. C., of Glyn-Neath.

The Welsh boom still continues. The latest echo comes from Pwllheli, where the literary town clerk, Mr. E. R. Davies, is issuing a popular collection of Welsh ballads and selections of poetry for school use. Mr. Davies is one of those who believe that if you get hold of children you get hold of the nation, and that one effective way to get hold of the children is through their school songs and recitations. He has therefore made a collection of two dozen suitable pieces, and a first edition of 10,000 copies at the popular penny will be issued almost immediately.

When a defendant in the Swansea

County Court was explaining his position, he was interrupted by Judge Williams, who said that he had not heard in the man's explanation a word which he very much liked to hear. It was the monosyllable "sir." Witness: "I did say 'sir.'"—The Judge: "Well, I did not hear you; I must be getting deaf." Witness: "What more do you want me to say?" His Honor: "Simply to say 'sir' at the end of your sentences. It's a little vanity—foolishness, I dare say, of an old man."

The most ardent Welsh *Eisteddfodwr* in Cardiff is Professor Barbier. The genial French scholar has undertaken to act on behalf of the Cardiff committee at the *Eisteddfod* foreign correspondent, and in that capacity he feels sanguine of his ability to interest many of the principal savants of Europe in the great Cardiff *Eisteddfod* of 1899. Said the Professor on one occasion: "If French be the language of men, German of soldiers, Spanish of God's saints, Italian of women, English of birds, surely Welsh is that of angels!"

The death of Mr. Edward Davies, of Plas Dinam, Montgomeryshire, took place January 1, the immediate cause of death being paralysis. Mr. Edward Davies was the only son of the late Mr. David Davies, of Llandinam, who, by his great industry and ability, raised himself from comparatively poor circumstances to the position of one of the largest employers of labor in the country. Mr. Davies was born in June, 1852, and was, therefore, in his 46th year. After matriculating at London University, Mr. Davies entered the collieries on the eve of the great strike of 1871. He assisted his father in most of his large undertakings, and was the

inventor, in conjunction with Mr. Metcalf, of Aberystwyth, of the exhaust steam injector, a valuable contrivance for the utilization of waste steam, which is now generally applied to stationary steam boilers. Mr. Davies, who inherited his vast wealth from his father, the late Mr. David Davies, one time M. P. for Cardiganshire, and founder of the Barry Docks and railways, held many public offices. He was chairman and principal proprietor of the Ocean Coal Company, South Wales, director of the Barry Docks and Railways, the Cambrian Railways, the London middle-class Dwellings Company, and other companies. He was a deputy-lieutenant and J. P. for Montgomeryshire, member of the Montgomery County Council, and County Governing Body, and of the Council of Aberystwyth University College. Through a Liberal Unionist, he took no active part in politics since the cleavage of the Liberal party on the Home Rule question. A member of the Calvinistic Methodist denomination, he was well known for his support to their many aims and objects. Mr. Davies was of a charitable disposition, and in recent years he subscribed 1,000*p.* to Trevecca College, and a like sum to Bala College. Not only was he a liberal donor to the University Colleges of Cardiff and Aberystwyth, but was quite recently considering a draft scheme of scholarships in the Welsh Intermediate Schools, in memory of his father, for the County of Montgomery, and also for the employees to the Barry Railway Company.

AMERICAN "SANTA CLAUS" AT CARDIFF.

A children's treat, unique for Wales, was arranged for some hundreds of the little ones at the Welsh Tabernacle Chapel, Cardiff, recently. Mr. R. G. Pierce, of the Carbon State Company, Slatington, Pa., had ordered from America several hundreds of boxes con-

taining things to gladden the hearts of the young, and, with the assistance of the Hon. D. T. Phillips, the American Consul, he carried the scheme through. During the intervals of singing and reciting, telegrams were arriving for the consul from Father Christmas, who wired, first from the North Pole, then Klondyke, then New York, and so on, till at last a wire showed that he was at Llanishen. A boy carried these telegrams in, and each time he made his appearance the excitement of the children grew. When at length a telegram said that "Santa Claus" was in The Hayes, the little ones became wild with enthusiasm, and in the midst of it "Santa Claus," clad in fur, and laden with a huge sack of presents entered, and distributed the good things, together with boxes of oranges, which Mr. Pierce had also provided. This kind of entertainment is very general in America.

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One of the most popular business men in Lima, O., is Thomas H. Jones, of the W. K. Boone Co., dealers in hardware. A generation has grown up since Mr. Jones came to Lima and began clerking for Ashton & Co., who, a third of a century ago, were conducting a hardware store in the room now occupied by the Ohio National Bank. When W. K. Boone afterward acquired the business Mr. Jones was retained, and now, with possibly an exception or two, has the distinction of having been connected with one store for a longer time than any other man in the city.

Mr. Jones was born in Wales, and came to this country with his parents in 1850, settling at Gomer. He worked on the farm for a few years, then for W. W. Williams in the store at Gomer, and afterwards at Pandora and Columbus Grove. In 1862 he enlisted in the Union army, and served three years, after which, in 1865, he came to Lima, and, as stated above, has been in the same store ever since. For seventeen

years he served as bookkeeper and salesman, and in 1882 was admitted as member of the firm.

The London Welsh Nonconformists are taking steps to organize a representative gathering of Welshmen on St. David's Day. The festival will take place in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

A Welshman, the Rev. A. J. Griffith, M. A., will occupy the chair of the Australian Congregational Union during the coming year.

Mr. Baring Gould, who has just been elected a member of the Cymmrodorion Society, is engaged in studying and investigating hut circles and hill castles in South Wales, with the view of comparing them with those in Devon and Cornwall. When his work is completed he has promised to read a paper before the Cymmrodorion, giving the results of his researches.

Caradog was keen as a business man, as his position in life during his last years indicated. He also had an excellent idea of practical mechanics, and a large store of general knowledge. He was very sociable, good-natured, amiable, and kind, but when he heard imperfect intonations, his countenance would quickly indicate his displeasure.

A sketch of Caradog's musical feats would be incomplete without reference to his ability as a violinist. His operetta of the farm-yard was very interesting and entertaining. With one end of a door-key in his mouth, and the other pressed on the bridge of his violin, he was used to reproduce all the varied sound of a farm-yard from the cackling of a hen to the bellowing of a bull.

Rev. R. Trogwy Evans, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, intends visiting the Principality early in the New Year. Before emigrating to America Mr. Evans was pastor of the Welsh Church at Green-

field, Flint. He has just completed a voluminous work on the Book of Revelation, which bears the title, "The Revelations of the Revelation."

Mr. Owen Edwards has just celebrated his 36th birthday. He first saw light on Christmas Day, 1859, at Llanuwchllyn, a charming village nestling among the glorious mountains of Merionethshire. Mr. Edwards was the recipient of many messages of congratulation from his friends and admirers throughout the Principality.

Bonwr Lewis Jones, one of the founders of the Welsh colony at Patagonia, is about to return to the colony, after spending four months in the land of his fathers. The efforts of Bonwr Jones to form a company for the purchase of lands in the Andes, for the extension of the Welsh settlement, have not met with much success in the Principality. Miss Eluned Morgan, Mr. Jones's daughter, who has been in Wales for some time, will return with her father to Patagonia.

Following the example of her husband, Mrs. Reichel, the wife of the Principal of the Bangor University College, is resolved that having come to Wales to live she will acquire a knowledge of the language of the country. Mrs. Reichel has entered upon her course of tuition with enthusiasm, and, according to the statement of her tutor, Mr. L. D. Jones, Bangor, she is making more rapid progress with yr hen iaith than was made even by the Principal himself, who is now an accomplished Welsh speaker.

Madame Kate Morgan has a warm place in her big Welsh heart for North Wales. And so she ought to have. Gwynedd cannot do without her. Bangor National Elisteddod gave her two big musical successes; Ffestiniog had to seek her services for the 1898 proclamation; the largest Musical Festival

Wales has yet witnessed—that held by the Calvinistic Methodists at Carnarvon—had her name as one of its chief attractions; and now she is booked for a number of engagements in Merionethshire, Carnarvonshire, and Anglesea in March next.

was fortunate in having parents of robust health and intellectual strength, which left him an inheritance of natural ability. Mr. and Mrs. John Jones were respected by friends and neighbors, and our subject honors their memory with affection.



W. Cadle Jones.

W. C. JONES. SCRANTON, PA.

The subject of this brief sketch saw the light of day in a small village called Brynnonen in the County of Carmarthen, S. W., July 8, 1860; so he is now in his 38th year. From his village home he could just catch a glimpse of the sea, and this might have awakened in his youthful mind the spirit of poetry, to which when disengaged from his duties as commercial traveler for Cassidy & Co., tea merchants, of New York, he devotes his leisure time. He received all his education at the common schools, and studied poetical composition with some of the local bards. He

Since leaving school when a mere boy, he has continued to cultivate his mind and woo the muse; and he has attained such a proficiency in alliterative poetry—a literary pastime among the Welsh—that he is considerable of an expert in producing felicitous epigrams; and it is no empty flattery when we state that he is a really smart englynwr. This kind of poetry is unique and singular in construction—a kind of a Chinese puzzle to other nations. It is a kind of small verse which automatically bursts with wit. It is a kind of a bee with a sting. When Mr. Jones is not selling tea, &c., he is concocting little alliterative gibes and jokes which

he playfully fires off at his friends or explodes for general amusement at Eisteddfods.

He received his bardic degree at the Swansea National Eisteddfod; so he is a regular and duly licensed poet, not a rhyming moonshiner, or an irresponsible poetaster. In addition to the instinct of a poet, he possesses a geniality which makes him popular among his friends. He is always hunting for pleasant spots, and likes to bask where the sun shines.

Besides his native language he is fairly proficient in English and French. He is well read in literature, and enjoys roaming over the fields of knowledge. He is known among his friends and acquaintances, and in the press, by the bardic name of "Cadle," which rescues him from being hopelessly swamped in the Jones' family. This "Cadle" gives him a habitation and a name of his own. He is the only "Cadle," but not the only "Jones."

Some years after he landed in Lansford, Pa., he married Miss Harriet Edwards, daughter of J. C. and Jane Edwards, and they have a family of bright and promising children.

And in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains a Cambrian!

—O:O—

Mr. Humphrey Jones, principal tenor at Exeter Cathedral, formerly of Bangor Cathedral, seems to be achieving considerable success in the South of England. With reference to a performance of "Elijah" recently, the "Western Morning News" says: "The Exeter Oratorio Society, which claims to be the oldest musical society of the kind in the kingdom, and which has started well on the way towards its diamond jubilee, held its annual festival last evening. The principals were Madame Squire, Miss Lillian Hovey, Mr. Humphrey Jones and Mr. Watkin Mills. Those who attended were well rewarded, as the performance was one of the finest that has been heard in Exeter from

whichever point of view it is judged. The soloists are to be congratulated upon the freshness which they maintained to the end. Mr. Humphrey Jones thoroughly justified his selection. He sang his numbers clearly and with exquisite taste."

In a thoughtful tribute to "Caradog" in the new number of the Musical Herald the writer says: "What an interesting picture of Welsh life the career of 'Caradog' affords! There were those at the funeral who remembered him a blacksmith in a moleskin apron, who played the violin, and was felt to be a coming man, owing to his masterful ways in Eisteddfod work. At 18 he led a small choir to victory at the Aberavon Eisteddfod. Later on the proprietors of the colliery for whom he worked offered him a public house at Treorky, and it was while he was landlord of this that he trained and twice brought to London the South Wales choral union, the headquarters of which were at his native town of Aberdare. The visit to London in 1873, with the expense of training, cost £4,500: all of which was raised in Wales, the members themselves, all working people, subscribing £2,000. What patriotism, what pursuit of an ideal this shows! The second competition over, a national testimonial was raised, 'Caradog's' former employers heading the list with 200 guineas, and he retired into private life. Soon after, he and a few friends put together a little money to found a brewery, and the success of this has been phenomenal, so that 'Caradog' had long been living in great comfort, and died director of a brewery company, and a rich man. Whether 'Caradog' did as much good by encouraging his neighbors to pour beer down their throats as he did by encouraging them to pour music from them is a question; at any rate, he was always personally a favorite. Welsh to the core, he inspired the Welsh spirit and made music an outlet for natural feeling.

CURRENT EVENTS.

JAPAN AND RUSSIA.

Japan has just cause for indignation with Russia, the Russian control of Korea being a clear violation of a treaty by which Russia bound herself to unite with Japan in maintaining the independence of Korea. This treaty was by way of partial reparation to Japan for the injury done that nation by Russia, Germany and France in concert in depriving her of the most important fruits of her victory over China. The Russian control of Korea is a serious violation of treaty obligations. It imperils Japan, as well as wrongs her.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A remarkable indication of the progress of sentiment favorable to woman suffrage in Great Britain is indicated by the fact that the general committee of the National Liberal Federation, at its recent meeting at Derby, adopted a resolution in favor of granting the parliamentary franchise to women. This action seems to commit the Liberal party to the cause of woman suffrage. A resolution was also adopted in favor of adult man suffrage, doing away with all property restrictions. The issue of electoral reform will now be pushed and settled before further attacks upon the House of Lords are made.

THE KAISER AND CHINA.

If the German dream of a mighty world power is really a widely held national ideal, and if the German people

are prepared to make sacrifices for the attainment of such an ideal, which would be as heroic as they would be insane, they will support proposals even more far-reaching than these. But this dream can not, of course, be realized without a tremendous collision with other powers—a collision in which the German Empire would run the risk of being smashed and pulverized. * * * Germany must be content with expansion through other territorial powers, or she must, if possessed by this idea of a world-empire, run the risk of annihilation. * * *

If there is to be a race of economic ruin, Germany will arrive at the goal long before we do, and on her head will be the main disaster. We write in the conditional mood, for it remains to be seen whether the Kaiser's megalomania is shared by a majority of the German people. There is much good sense and a vigorous logical judgment in Germany, to which one may confidently appeal.—Spectator.

ENGLAND IN THE EAST.

The event that seems to have most acutely offended Great Britain is the dismissal by Korea of the Englishman who has been superintendent of Korean finances and customs, and the substitution of a Russian, an agreement having been entered into by Russia and Korea, which virtually gives Russia complete and perpetual control of the Korean custom finances. By the terms of this agreement "no other than a Korean or Russian subject shall be appointed to the office of financial adviser." The

duration of the agreement is unlimited. It is evident that this contract did not originate with Korea, but with Russia. It amounts to a Russian seizure of the finances and customs of Korea, and points to unlimited political and territorial control. Russia some time ago acquired control over Chinese Manchuria, and its contract with Korea has been followed by its occupation of Port Arthur. No wonder England is considerably excited.

—:o:—

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The total eclipse of the sun January 22, was very successfully observed in India by two Americans, a German, a French, and half a dozen English expeditions. As was anticipated would be the case, at this season of the year, the sky was clear. Moreover, as the eclipse occurred early in the afternoon, it was observed to the very best advantage.

One of the American expeditions was in charge of Professor Campbell of Lick observatory. It used a 40-foot telescope, several smaller tubes, and five spectroscopes. The party was provided with over 100 pounds of photographic plates. The second expedition was in charge of Professor Charles Burckhalter of the Chabot observatory, San Francisco. He had with him an apparatus of his own invention, which he took with him to Japan to observe the eclipse of 1896, but rain prevented a test. The instrument is designed to secure with a single exposure a complete photograph of the corona, showing in equal perfection its fainter and brighter portions in a single picture, a thing exceedingly desirable, but never yet accomplished. Hitherto it has been necessary to make a considerable number of negatives with very different exposures, and then to combine the data furnished by them into a single representation of the whole phenomena. Both American expeditions are reported to have made very successful observations.

A NEW METAL.

The New York "Herald" says that Edison has accidentally discovered what he believes to be a new metal, which will do away with the slow and costly process of making malleable iron. Exhaustive experiments will be made, and if they are successful it is promised that full details will be given to the public.

It is claimed that after a lot of iron had been run through a magnetic separating mill, the "pigs" were taken from the blast furnace as usual to be cooled and broken up. The lot in question proved refractory, for the "pigs" resisted all efforts of the men with heavy sledges to break them. The fact was submitted to chemists, and the theory was formed that there was some hitherto unknown substance in the iron used, and this is believed to be a new metal.

—:o:—

HANNA.

The success of Hanna in Ohio ends one great struggle, but has paved the way for a great many others. The country has been watching the contest very closely, because of the prominence of the principal candidate and the circumstances under which his defeat was sought to be accomplished by his party associates. No doubt the Ohio voters at the last election expected the legislature would re-elect Hanna. It was understood throughout the campaign that a Republican legislature meant his selection. The legislature was Republican, but the opposition in the Republican party to Hanna caused the turmoil of the past few days. Various reasons have been given for this opposition, and various charges and demonstrations of bitterness have followed. The campaign has been remarkable for its bitterness and intensity.

—:o:—

The death in England of "Louis Carroll," the author of *Alice in Wonderland*,

land, will cause sorrow throughout the English-speaking world. "Lewis Carroll" was only a pen name adopted by the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who was born in England in 1832; was graduated at Oxford in 1854, first in mathematics; and who established his fame as a writer of several mathematical treatises before he astonished us all with his *Alice in Wonderland*, which is the best series of modern verses for children ever written. It is wonderful that a writer could turn from *A Treatise on Plain Algebraical Geometry* and produce the delicious nonsense contained in the *Hunting of the Shark*. It is not perhaps so strange that this many-sided man should have been a layman of the Church of England, for who can forget that Jonathan Swift and Laurence Sterne were both English laymen?

It is announced from Tacoma that the Rothchilds have definitely decided to build a railroad into the Yukon country over the Dalton trail, starting at Pyramid Harbor on Chilkat inlet. Engineers are at work on the right of way, and construction will commence very early in spring. It is hoped to complete the road next summer, and in all events by a year from now. It is not expected that it will be possible to operate the road during the winter on account of the intense cold weather, but the investment will be profitable without winter traffic. From Fort Selkirk or its vicinity connecting steamers will be operated to Dawson, two hundred miles beyond. The building and equipment of the line to Fort Selkirk is estimated to cost seven or eight million dollars.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly is about to contribute another argument against his own theory that Bacon is the author of Shakespeare's works by crediting him with "Don Quixote" also. All these Baconians in "trying to fill a wineglass spill a gallon." According

to them he is the creator of the principal literature that appeared during his lifetime.

Mr. Donnelly has, however, a successful rival in a Detroit doctor, whose cipher is more extraordinary than his. The Detroit man has a machine turned by a crank, whereby anyone can reel off stories about Bacon by the yard. According to this "crank," Bacon wrote all of the dramas of his time, Spenser's "Faery Queen," "The Anatomy of Melancholy," and several other famous works. Bacon was, too, the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, a fact well known at the time, but accidentally overlooked by everybody but Bacon, who wrote the Shakespearean dramas and the other works, in order to advise posterity of an event which is interesting if true. But this "cipher," like an ordinary one, "signifies nothing."

—o:o—

THE CUBAN SITUATION.

Events in Cuba seem drifting to a crisis. Our government is advised that the scheme of autonomy will prove a failure. It depended for success upon its acceptance by the Cubans. As to those in arms, they shoot any Spaniard who suggests it to them, and we do not learn of any class of the natives co-operating effectually in the government's plan; while a large element of the Spanish population is so disgusted with conciliation that it is on the verge of a rebellion of its own, as shown by the rioting at Havana lately. The Spaniards of this "conservative" wing are said to regard the island as lost, and to be contemplating a union with the insurgents on condition of indemnity for their losses by the war. In a military or a political view Spain seems to have gained nothing by the new policy, yet must stand or fall by it, for a return to Weyler's barbarous program would only breed fresh difficulties at home and abroad.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

CONSOLATION

To my uncle, Rev. Richard Hughes, on
the death of his beloved wife, Sarah
Hughes, who died Sept. 7th, 1897.

Companion of my youth and life,
Ideal woman, faithful wife,
Has vanished like a star;
The angel voice that cheered my way,
And brought me comfort every day,
Found heaven's gates ajar.

We lived together side by side,
As on the day she was my bride,
Just fifty years last May;
It seems but yesterday we met,
The sun of life for me has set,
Until I cross the way.

A sadness echoes through the hall,
A silence lingers over all,
When evening prayers are said,
Then in the twilight comes a thought,
A broken dream and love is not,
Within the garden bed.

At times I feel my strength grow weak,
A pallor settles on my cheek,
And tears unceasing flow;
Then in the gloom an angel hand,
Takes me on to the spirit land,
And leads me to the throne.

How beautiful in garments white,
Celestial vision of delight,
Beyond the touch of care;
Then unawares her presence brings,
A holy thought of wiser things,
My soul some day will share.

These separations how they smart,
They send an arrow through the heart,
And chill the pulse and vein,
But these afflictions wisely tell,
The Father doeth all things well,
His goodness will explain.

Although to-day the way seems long,
Without a mother's tender song,

Without a mother's voice;
But at the cross I still will cling,
Until the Father bids me sing,
The Savior is my choice.

Sallie A. Lewis.

—o:—

A JAPANESE ROOSTER.

The National museum at Washington has just received an example of the powers of the Japs in this mode of stock breeding which cannot be found anywhere else in this country. The fowl in question is a rooster. This rooster probably would not impress one as different from the ordinary barnyard chanticleer were it not for the enormous length of the tail. The tail is exactly 10 feet, 6 inches in length and remarkable for its great beauty. From the back of the rooster extend a dozen long filament feathers, any one of which would be long in the ordinary fowl, but three of the feathers reach the great length stated. They are of a bright peacock blue and present a beautiful coloring, especially in the sunlight.

—o:—

A DREYFUS LETTER.

If one can only suppose Captain Dreyfus to have been innocent of the odious offense imputed to him, a letter of his to his little boy, which is published in the Paris papers, is full of pathos. It runs thus:

Dear Little Pierre—Papa sends you plenty of kisses, and to little Jeanne also. Papa often thinks of you both. You will teach little Jeanne to make pretty towers with wooden bricks, very

high, like those I used to make for you and which tumbled over so delightfully. Be very good. Give plenty of nice caresses to your mother when she is sad. Be very nice, too, with grandfather and grandmother; have some good "larks" with your aunts. (In the original the word is "niches," which means harmless little practical jokes.) When papa comes back from his journey, you will come and meet him at the station with little Jeanne, with mamma, with everybody. Once more, many kisses for you and little Jeanne.

Your Papa.

Dr. Temple, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, has come up from the ranks. At thirteen he lost his father. At seventeen he earned his own living. He ate coarse fare, wore patched clothes, and toiled on a farm in barn and field. As the London Chronicle says, few men have better earned the right to address the English laborers as "fellow workmen." And probably he never before worked so hard as now.

—o:o—

WHISKERS.

The teacher of the Sunday-school class was telling the little boys about temptation, and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive form. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yesem," from the class.

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yesem."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is nevertheless concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger, but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," said a boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers!" said a boy on the back seat.

—o:o—

Much interest has been awakened in England by the discovery of a prehistoric lake village near Glastonbury. The dwellings were placed on mounds of clay raised above the level of the water. The frame work of a primitive loom was found under one mound, and the number of broken bone needles and bone splinters discovered in another mound led the explorers to think that it may have been the site of an ancient needle factory. Very few human bones have been discovered, but among the interesting finds is a blue glass bead, with a waving dark line running around it. One of the mounds contains three hundred tons of clay, all of which must have been dug from the surrounding hills and carried to the spot in boats.

—o:o—

STATURE OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Havelock Ellis has been tabulating the measurements of height of 280 men of genius of all lands and ages. His idea is to find out whether the facts bear out the theory often stoutly urged that great men are apt to be short men. His conclusion is that they are apt to be either above or below the medium height. In the list that he has compiled (Nineteenth Century, July), 113 of the men included fall into the list of tall men, 110 into the list of short men, and but 57 into the list of men of medium height. This medium height he places at from 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 9 inches. He does not claim accurate knowledge of the height of more than a small proportion of those whose names are included in the lists, classifying many by the mere description of tall or short as furnished by their contemporaries, precise figures not being

obtainable. The results tally, however, with those derived from other sources, and furnish, Mr. Ellis thinks, a fairly safe basis for general conclusions.

—:o:—

The newest way to spend a honeymoon is to go and ruralize in the top of a tree. This is solitary, and has the merit of novelty. A bridal couple in California have tried it quite recently. In that State the famous redwood tree grows to a height of two hundred feet. It is bare of branches for more than half its height. The top, however, is crowned by beautiful foliage, and on the highest branches of one of these forest monsters the romantic couple are spending their honeymoon. The only means of reaching "The Cuckoo's Nest," as they call their retreat, is by a rope ladder, which is drawn up when they are at home, so that no prying visitor can disturb their sweet solitude. "Our home is a dream," says the romantic bride. "What could be more peaceful and romantic than to recline fifty feet above earth on a thin couch, piled high with innumerable cushions filled with all sorts of fragrant herbs, pine needles, balsams, and new-mown hay? We have plenty of reading matter, and hour after hour is spent in that most delightful spot. Our moonlight nights are grand."

W. H. Preece, the well-known electrician, tells an amusing story about the early days of the telephone. That the Queen might test the new invention, he put Osborne, Portsmouth and London in communication, and arranged that a band should play while her Majesty was at the other end of the instrument. The Queen was detained, and before she arrived the band had been sent away. But a happy thought struck Mr. Preece. Why not himself act as the band? He stepped to the instrument and hummed into it "God, Save the Queen," and asked if Her Majesty recognized the tune.

"Yes," she said, "it was the national anthem—but very badly played."—*Youth's Companion.*

—o:o—

HOW EDISON PROPOSED.

The idea of the great electrician Edison marrying, was first suggested by an intimate friend, of whom Edison timidly inquired whom he should marry.

The friend somewhat testily replied, "Anyone." But Edison was not without sentiment when the time came. One day as he stood behind the chair of a Miss Stillwell, a telegraph operator in his employ, he was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said:

"Mr. Edison. I can always tell when you are behind me or near me." Edison fronted the young lady, and, looking at her fixedly, said:

"I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me I would like to marry you."

The young lady said she would talk the matter over with her mother. The result was their marriage, and a very happy one it proved to be.

—o:o—

HUXLEY.

Professor St. George Mivart, the eminent English scientist, who is a Roman Catholic, pays this tribute to the late Professor Huxley in *The Nineteenth Century*: "Though I attended his lectures for years, never once did I hear him make use of his position as a teacher to inculcate or even hint at his own theological views or to depreciate or assail what might be supposed to be the religion of his hearers. No one could have behaved more loyally in that respect, and a proof that I thought so is that I subsequently sent my son to be his pupil at South Kensington, where his experience confirmed what had previously been my own. As to science, I learned more from him in two years than I had acquired in any previous decade of biological study."

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Old and New Bridges at
Pontypridd.

Druidic Remains at Pontypridd.

Griffith Jones (Caradog).

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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No. 3.

THE RECTOR'S STORY.

By Lewis Leyshon.

In den Bluthen tritt das vegetabilische Gesetz in seine höchste Erscheinung, &c.—Goethe.

I never think of those lines above without being reminded of my childhood days. Childhood is life's bloom; manhood and womanhood is fruitbearing time, leading on to harvest. Childhood is the morn, when everything is bright and cheerful; manhood and womanhood is the afternoon and eve, when our lives decline, and our comforts and consolations fall like leaves off the autumnal trees. It is very much the same law that governs human as well as vegetable life. This little story I am going to tell shows how in childhood we are charmed by the ideal, and how in after years we are grieved and shocked by the real in life.

Our childhood is our paradise, and there is a time when we are in the bloom of life, and have only the faculty of happiness—we are surrounded with material for every

variety of human woe and misery, but we are safe within the Eden of innocence, fenced within the walls of inexperience, and everything is impressed with the idea of goodness.

The dividing line between ideal-ity and reality is what corresponds to the fall of man; for when emerging out of childhood he becomes conscious of the reality of life. Prior to that we are perfect and sinless; and we are free from the prejudices and hypocrisies of life. During childhood we are beautifully wrapped up in imagination, and our life is a dream, and our passions and propensities are undeveloped, and we have not yet conversed with the serpent, nor has the tree of the knowledge of good and evil more than blossomed. But the day comes when the fruit dislodges the blossom, and we eat thereof, and the misfortune of knowledge opens our eyes, and we are rudely and roughly aroused into the consciousness of

reality; and next we find ourselves expelled and exiled forever from the paradise of youth. In the bloom of childhood, while the tree of knowledge and the tree of life are yet only in blossom, the serpent is helpless and harmless, for temptation is impossible. It is when the blossom of life falls off our hearts that we are first exposed to the wiles and the guiles of the serpent. It is then falling from grace becomes possible. There is an Eden in each man's and woman's life, a tree of knowledge, a serpent, a fall from a state of ideality into a condition of reality; we are so anxious to partake of the fruit of life's experience, so eager to become men and women! But alas, expelled and exiled, how we turn and long for the paradise of childhood, but the gates are closed, and angels with the gleaming swords of our own aspirations exclude us!

When I was a child about six, the first thing I remember is that a beautiful little girl of my age was my constant companion, my little Eve! She had brown eyes, flaxen hair, sweet temper, and was in the truest sense of the word, a bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; as if during my sleep of babyhood the good Lord had taken her out of my side. For a couple of years, spring, summer, autumn, winter, we were almost inseparable—parting at eve was such pain, and meeting in the morning such delight! It is a mystery how we became so inseparately attached, and the genesis of our simple love will remain as mystical

as origins generally are. During spring and summer, we would roam through fields and meadows, amble through high grass, and sit half-hidden alongside the chattering stream, making chains of dandelion stalks; bird-cages or fool's caps out of rushes; whips and whistles of willows, etc.; or we would chase butterflies, or make necklaces out of the spoils of little birds' nests. And when the beautiful sun-glow would appear in the mystic west, we would hurry home and separate with sweet good-byes and little programs for the morrow. We would hardly talk, seldom look into each other's faces, but our mutual presence was sufficient—the all-sufficient consciousness of being together was our happiness.

During the winter months how well I remember the comfortable room in our house, where my Eve and I used to spend happy hours amusing ourselves with toys, trifles and playthings; building castles on the hearth; roaming through ponderous picture-books; doing amateur pen and ink sketches of mythological, grotesque and hideous-looking human beings; and being oft absorbed in far-away and long-agone tales told by our seniors.

But this happy age passed away, never to return. Industrial depression set in, and Mary's father—a respectable laborer—moved away to another county, which to me, at that age was a foreign land. I remember the family's departure as if it were yesterday. Mary—poor child! seemed to be glad that she

was going away, thinking it was only for her delight! After her departure, I felt lost for days and weeks and months, and my life was a longing. Weeks passed, months passed, but no Mary came! Our beautiful love had turned into a dream, and her voice seemed a sweet echo!

Thirty years later I became rector of the parish of H——, when one day I received a letter. I broke the seal hastily and nervously, and commenced reading its contents. It was partly a narrative of poverty and a cry for assistance, and the sender signed herself Mary ——. It aroused my curiosity, and it struck me at once that it was my little friend of 30 years ago! I visited the house without delay. It was in a dirty little alley; and I found the home poorly furnished, but clean, although devoid of all comfort. On a bed in a back room lay a woman, thin, pale, miserable, death-stricken, and in the last stage of consumption. Misery was written in deep characters across her once beautiful face; her beauty and charm were in ruins, but her eyes seemed still lit up with the memories of the past; her voice was stronger, but its quality, its music, the same. Beside her stood a child of about six, a perfect reproduction of her mother; her mother blossomed again!

As soon as I approached her she with some effort asked me, "You have forgotten Mary, Mr. ——?" I could hardly reply through emotion; and my heart seemed to swell

and my voice to choke.

"Mary!" I said burstingly; "tell me your story. You are sick! You are in need!" "Not much, sir!—I am sick, and I am well. In need? I have been, truly; but now I am passed needing. This is the eve of my life; my sun is set, and I feel around me the shadows deepening, and very soon I shall sleep and rest."

We may talk of the music of the masters; of the great passages of poets; of the perorations of inspired orators, but Mary's beautiful, pathetic, angelic resignation moved my soul more than the combined charms of poetry, music and oratory; and in the silence which followed I could fancy hearing the far away voices of angel-choirs singing a refrain to her words, "Very soon I shall sleep and rest!"

"Tell me your story Mary," I said softly. "Tell it briefly," I implored.

"Why should I tell a tale of misery and misfortune? The relation of my wrongs would but be the re-opening of old wounds. I have lived the life of a drunkard's wife. I have shared the burdens of another's sin. Let bygones be bygones. Let the horrors of my life rest. O! the mysteries of judgment and mercy!" Then after a suspense during which she coughed violently, she said, oblivious to all, seemingly, "Mr. ——, I should have been resting days or weeks ago, but care, anxiety for this child's welfare, keeps me awake. I lost three boys, and she alone is left—

the Lord save her from my fate! She is Mary, too!"

"What can I do, Mary, to show you my love?" I asked tearfully.

"Rescue this child, for our childhood's sake, watch over her little life."

"Mary, it shall be done—little Mary is safe," I answered. "I give you my word; I shall be as a father to her."

Her eyes filled with tears; and she was strangely moved with a feeling of violent joy. She stretched her hands—how emaciated and almost transparent!—and took hold of

mine and pressed affectionately; closed her eyes, and a smile played on her face for a few seconds! Then her features relaxed, and she fell to sleep as one beautifully reposing! To a neighbor woman who entered at the time, little Mary innocently said: "Mam is better now, she is sleeping!"

Mary was respectably buried, and little Mary has lived in my house ever since. She is now a fine young woman, and she calls me "Uncle!" We had no children, so my wife loves her as much as myself.



GETTING MARRIED UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

By Tressilian.

I will never forget my wedding-day; and after I have given you the reasons why it has so firm a place in my memory, you will not wonder at it.

I was born and brought up in the thriving village of A——, where I also received a fair education, and where I also became enamored of a beautiful and amiable young lady, with whom I became engaged to be married. About six months before the time agreed for our marriage, I accepted a position as bookkeeper with the firm of Day & Knight, a publishing house, in a city about 30 miles from the home of my boyhood. I gave good satisfaction to my employers, and was busily engaged with my avocation, until at

length, the long-looked-for day for my union with the loveliest of young ladies arrived. Having obtained leave of absence for fifteen days, I spent the fore part of the day in making such preparations as I deemed necessary for the interesting occasion. At 10 o'clock I received a letter from my intended, in which she informed me that she had had an unpleasant dream, which although she felt ashamed to acknowledge it, had created gloomy forebodings in her mind; and she urged me in the most earnest manner not to allow anything to hinder me from being at her home, where the wedding was to take place, by the appointed hour. The darling girl!—how needless all this

anxiety on her part. I would not disappoint her for anything short of sickness or death.

I had procured a wedding suit of the finest quality, and as I surveyed myself from head to foot in the mirror, I felt a good degree of satisfaction with my personal appearance, and I felt that Edna (for that is her name) need not be ashamed of my outward appearance, whatever about my other qualities.

The train I intended to take was to leave at 3:30, and which also was the last one for the day, in the direction I was going. At 3 o'clock I set out for the station, half a mile distant, and walked leisurely along, as I had ample time, until I was within one block of the station, when I stepped on a banana peel, my foot slipped, and it struck the foot of a painter who was passing, carrying a pot of paint in each hand; we both fell, he and his paint pots uppermost. We both quickly arose, and the painter commenced abusing me in the most profane manner, and told me I must pay him three dollars for the loss of his paint. I told him I would pay him when he paid me for the suit of clothes he had ruined. He then struck me a violent blow on my face, which blackened one of my eyes. Thinking it not best to become involved in a street fight, and run the risk of being arrested, I hastened away. I had only five minutes to board the train, and I was completely at a loss as to what to do, covered as I was with red and green paint, and a splendid suit of

clothes completely ruined. A thousand things passed through my mind in a moment—then I came to a decision. I determined to brave it through; so I boarded the train, which was unusually crowded. As I stood near the door of the car, the conductor came along, to whom I explained my condition in a few words. He laughed, and told me I could sit down on the cross-seat by the door, back of where I stood, along-side a coal-scuttle, which I did, without looking, but it caused a crash, and I soon discovered that I had sat down on some eggs, which were in a paper bag on that seat. Instantly an old woman came to me, and indignantly cried out:

"Now you have done it; you've got to pay for them eggs. There's two dozen there. You must give me 50 cents."

Instantly all eyes were turned towards my corner, and the old woman and myself became the observed of all observers. Partly from a sense of justice, as well as to avoid drawing more attention than could be avoided, I calmly said:

"Keep cool, madam; you shall lose nothing by me;" and I handed her half a dollar, which immediately pacified her, and she returned to her seat.

Soon after this the sky suddenly darkened, and a violent storm burst upon us; the rain came down in torrents; vivid flashes of lightning shot through the air, and the booming thunder reverberated through the aerial vaults. This storm continued with unabated violence until

I was within two miles of my destination, when it ceased suddenly, the sun came out, and a beautiful rainbow adorned the landscape.

The village of A—— is situated about half a mile back from the station, between which and the station runs the beautiful river B——, which I had to cross on my way. When I reached it I found that the bridge had been carried away by the freshet. The river was greatly swollen, and the current rapid. I could not reach the next bridge without wading half a mile through a swamp, so that was out of the question. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I discovered a boat half hidden by bushes not far away, but no oars. However I found a long pole which I thought might serve for the emergency. So I launched forth into the stream, but when midway across, the pole broke, and I was entirely at the mercy of the current.

I was borne rapidly down the stream for half a mile, when the boat ran violently against a large rock, which arose above the water; and it immediately went to pieces, and left me floundering in the river. But being a good swimmer, I soon gained the opposite bank, but had hardly given myself a shaking, as dogs do when they come out of water, when the owner of the boat came to me, and in an angry tone exclaimed,

"Young man, you have destroyed my boat, and it will cost you fifty dollars."

"No, I guess not." I replied.

"Yes, it will, every cent of it, and if you do not pay that sum to me I will send a constable after you with a warrant for your arrest."

I was rapidly losing my temper, and there is no telling what I might not have done had I not constantly borne in mind the one great object I had in view, and which had placed me in the predicament in which I found myself; so I pacified him by assuring him I would make it all right with him.

After walking half a mile through newly plowed ground thoroughly soaked by the rain, into which I sank half way to my knees, I gained the road, and soon reached the end of my journey, fatigued and worried.

Edna and several of her companions were on the veranda anxiously looking for my arrival, and when I reached them, and they saw the plight I was in, no artist could portray the varied expressions of their countenances, and I thought I heard the words, "must be intoxicated" from one of them. Edna ran down the steps to meet me, and exclaimed,

"Oh, my dear Edward, what is the matter? where have you been? But come in, and tell me all about it."

I was conducted into a back room, and was soon surrounded by a large company of those who were assembled, and after resting a few minutes and quieting my excited nerves, I related to them the account of the journey, with which the reader is already acquainted.

Loud were the acclamations of

praise awarded to me when I had finished my story. I was pronounced a hero, and worthy of the beautiful Edna; and she was congratulated on having secured a man who was a man, and could overcome obstacles.

I was soon furnished with dry, clean and comfortable garments, which, although not so elegant and well-fitting as the suit that was ruined by the paint-pots, still answered very well under the circumstances.

The marriage ceremony took place at the appointed hour—8 o'clock—after which I was requested to re-relate the experiences

of the day, which I did to the great amusement of the company. An hour was then pleasantly passed in friendly congratulations, after which we all sat down to a richly-provided banquet, and the happiness of the evening more than compensated for the annoyances of the day.

It is now two years since our wedding day, and it is at Edna's request that I write this account. She is sitting at my elbow as I am writing, and we often enjoy a hearty laugh at my experiences on my wedding day, I have never regretted going through those difficulties to gain so great a prize; and Edna assures me she is satisfied.

PAGAN REMAINS.

By Antiquarian.

Those pagan remains, called "Cromlechau" in Welsh, are wrapped up in mystery; and probably no light will be ever shed on their age and religious value. A cromlech is a kind of table—a structure of two or more unhewn stones placed erect in the earth, and supporting a larger flat stone, also unhewn. This cromlech is also called dolmen (daul, a table, and maen, a stone). These cromlechs are found in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Islands, France, Spain, Germany, Denmark, and some other countries of Europe; and are even found in parts of Asia and America. They are generally uninclosed, and often found within a circle of unhewn stones. Dr. Pugh in his Dic-

tionary describes a cromlech as a "flat stone somewhat concave, and inclining." By the bard it is called "Throne Stone," "Settled Stone," "The Stone of Covenant," and the "Altar of the Bards." These structures are numerous in Wales, especially in the isle of Anglesea. As far as anything is known, they are very ancient remains, probably many thousand years old. There are in Anglesea about 35 of these stones. There is a large one in Pembrokeshire, and several in Glamorganshire. Some of them are found covered in mounds and barrows, and the fact of human remains having been discovered underneath such, has led many to believe that they were sepulchral

monuments. Investigations into the history, names and surroundings of those remains, have induced archaeologists to believe that they were used as monuments, altars, platforms and sepulchres. Some have maintained that they were mere altars, upon which milk, honey, &c., were offered; and animals, and even human beings were sacrificed. Tacitus describes the Druid as sacrificing slaves and prisoners of war, as

been made by the bards to prove that these stones were not altars where human offerings were made, since it is the principal article in their creed that the Druids were highly civilized and incapable of such pagan practices. It is supposed also that these cromlechs were "thrones," or rather "platforms," whereon the Archdruid or a representative of the whole nation would take his position to teach the



The Old and New Bridges at Pontypridd.

means of propitiation. Some deny that they were either altars or sepulchres, but maintain that they were enclosures where certain candidates for Druidic offices were incarcerated and subjected to some unknown trials or discipline. Some try to explain their original purpose by interpreting the names by which they have lately been known by the Welsh bards; but it seems very probable that these are mere modern names based on conjectures as to their ancient use. Attempts have

been made by the bards to prove that these stones were not altars where human offerings were made, since it is the principal article in their creed that the Druids were highly civilized and incapable of such pagan practices. It is supposed also that these cromlechs were "thrones," or rather "platforms," whereon the Archdruid or a representative of the whole nation would take his position to teach the

people, or administer justice. These structures in themselves, whatever use they were put to, prove that civilization was low, and in a state to justify the belief that they were pagan enough to sacrifice human lives. This rude architecture betokens a rude state of civilization.

It seems very probable that these were connected with religious services of some kind, and that there was one or more in each locality, and others of national size and importance, such as those at Avebury

and Stonehenge, where the whole people congregated at stated periods. These were built on a large scale, and hundreds of thousands could witness the ceremonies. Bryn Gwyddon, at Avebury, is situated on a beautiful plain, and is surrounded by circles, one of them containing 200 stones; within is another smaller, and a smaller yet immediately enclosing the cromlech. Stonehenge also has a wonderful

places notable for these wonderful remains. Angharad Llwyd in his "History of Anglesea," and the Encyclopedia Cambrensis say that there are more of these remains in Llanwyndeg than in all Anglesea. Glamorgan is full of Druidic remains, among which are "Maen Ceti" or "Coeten Arthur" referred to in the Welsh Triad. This is located in West Glamorgan, Gower, and is supposed to have been one



Druidic Remains at Pontypridd.

number of stones, but this seems to be of later origin, since the work shows marks of tools used upon them. At Carnac we find another great Druidic temple with the upright stones arranged in lines instead of circles. This contains 11 lines of great stones, ranging from nine to fifteen feet in height. Each line contains about 300 stones, and is about half a mile long; all the lines containing about 4,000 stones.

Llanwyndeg in West Wales, and Pontypridd, Glamorganshire, are

of the largest in existence. This cromlech in ancient times was of enormous size, but in later days it has been cut and used for making mill-stones. It now rests on four pillars; but formerly it was supported by nine. The Vale of Morgannwg appears to have been the centre of Druidic attraction. In St. Nicholas is the largest cromlech in all Britain, even larger than Cromlech Pentref Ifan in Pembrokeshire. This is called "Cromlech y Dyffryn." It measures 24 feet in length,

17 in width, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. thick, and has a superficies of 324 square feet. It rests on five upright stones, with an opening towards the south. It forms a room 16 feet long, 15 wide and 6 high.

The "Maen Chwyf" or the Rocking stone located a little outside the town of Pontypridd in the Taff Valley, is the centre of attraction. It has a surface of 200 sq. ft., and is placed on a kind of pivot. This has been the "maen gorsedd" of the Glamorgan bards, and is unique in the present yearly use made of it in Druidical gatherings. Here bardic orders are given with considerable pagan ceremony. On this "maen" the late celebrated modern druid Dr. Price baptized his daughter, by sprinkling her with a birch-spray dipped in dew, and naming her the "Countess of Glamorgan!" Although this stone was of great weight, it was so located that it could be shaken with ease; but out of pure malice some modern iconoclast hitched a team to it with the purpose of upsetting its equilibrium, and thereby gratifying a foolish form of jealous protestantism.

Pontypridd holds the unique position of being the only locality where the old Druidic religion is to some extent practiced; and there are many druids in the neighborhood who profess the old religion of the Britons, and adhere to its tenets and teachings. Mr. Owen Morgan (known as "Morien") is the present Archdruid, or the "Pontifex Maximus," of these antiquated religionists, who still love to bask in the "light of the sun" of the ancient religion of Wales.

The Old Bridge which gives its name to the town was built in 1755, and is one of the most wonderful of its kind in the world. It consists of one arch stretching over 140 ft., 35 ft. high, and 11 ft. wide. It was built by William Edwards of the parish of Eglwys Elian. It has fallen into disuse, since the other bridge was erected in 1857. At the centennial of the Old Bridge in 1855, Dewi Wyn of Essyllt sang the following englyn to celebrate its century of service:

Adellad uwch dy ll—Taf,
Pont hardd llawn mawrhydi;
Cant oed yn awr cawn wyt ti—
Cant arall cal cyn torl.



ASPIRATION.

By J. Twyson Jones.

Who has not human limitation wailed?
And sighed in grief when often he has failed
To climb the peak of purpose grand and good
And yielding to despair, in wonder stood?
Oh cruel fate! that we should have the will
To reach the glorious summit of the hill,
And yet be forced by circumscribed power
To see our wishes wither like a flower!

THE COUNTRY COUSIN AND HER CITY RELATIVES.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones.

Part II.

On the appointed day the country cousin arrived in the great metropolis, and was received with a cordiality that fully satisfied Thomas Foster. Her ease and graceful bearing, together with her great beauty in form and features, astonished the mother and daughters.

"We bid you a hearty welcome, my dear niece," said the uncle; "while you remain with us it will be our pleasure to make you happy."

"Thanks, my dear uncle," was the answer. "Except what I have gathered from books, I know nothing of city life or city manners. In view of this visit, I have not been quite free from embarrassment. Your loving smiles and warm welcome have banished all my fears, and I am very happy! Whatever may be found in me that will need correcting, my dear aunt and cousins will always find me both teachable and thankful."

These words produced a visible effect, and the mother was about to make a suitable reply, when a maid brought in the younger children. They were warmly embraced by their cousin Alice, and addressed in language and tone so loving as at once to win their young hearts' affection.

The conversation went on pleasantly. On the part of the cousin it

was easy, natural and brilliant. Her words "fitly spoken" were "as apples of gold in pictures of silver." The mother and Victoria were astonished and felt some twingeings of conscience.

"We expect a call this evening from a young gentleman, a special friend of ours," said Mr. Foster. "He will be very glad to be introduced to our Marvindale young lady, and form an acquaintance."

"O, cousin Alice," said Maud, "he is perfectly splendid!"

"Dear uncle Thomas," said Miss Dayton, "I am afraid that this highly cultured city gentleman will find me greatly embarrassed."

"Ho, ho!" cried the uncle, "if there is to be any embarrassment, it will be on his part. Have you never been introduced to a New York gentleman?"

"Only once," was the answer, "it was at an evening party in Marvindale, over a year ago, and he won the esteem and admiration of all present."

"It is quite possible that the young man we expect this evening may be of the same stamp," said the uncle. "Do you remember the name of the gentleman you met at Marvindale?"

"I certainly do," was the reply. "His surname was DeForest, and

we thought it had a charming sound."

"So it has indeed," said the uncle, "Have you heard from him since?"

"O, no!" was the answer, "and in all probability I never shall."

The door bell rang, and Mr. DeForest was ushered into the parlor, when he was instantly known by the astonished Alice.

"Mr. DeForest," said the barrister, "I have the pleasure of introducing you to my niece, Miss Alice Dayton of Marvindale."

The blushing maiden gave the young man her hand and said, "Mr. DeForest, if at this moment I lack in the ease and self possession becoming a young lady, I know you will forgive me. I was given to understand that a young gentleman of this city was to be introduced to me, but in order to surprise me his name was not mentioned. The surprise is a success. Mr. DeForest I am very glad to meet you again."

The reply on the part of the young man was in the very best of taste, and the conversation soon became more general and natural. Alice was modest, and the part she took was chiefly in replies to questions and remarks particularly directed to her by her uncle and Mr. DeForest. Mr. Foster had looked forward to this visit with strong hopes that it would prove a moral and intellectual blessing to his household.

Before a late hour, Mr. DeForest left, having spent an evening of thorough enjoyment. With Miss Dayton's whole bearing he was perfectly charmed. Her mental

strength and ripe scholarship, as shown in her ready replies, in a voice of peculiar sweetness and striking intonation, produced in his mind an emotion of deeper meaning than that of admiration.

After the departure of Mr. DeForest, Alice remarked, "Uncle Thomas, I have a couple of letters which must be written to-night. It will take but a short time."

"All right my dear," said the uncle, "I will show you to the library, where you will find every convenience," and together they left. At the same time the mother and Victoria retired to an adjoining room. The mother was the first to speak.

"My child, at last our blind eyes have been fully opened. The dear one, whom in our pride, vanity and ignorance we despised, has proved herself immeasurably superior to her despisers. Your father was all right, and we all wrong. I am ashamed of myself. The words, behavior, intelligence, and loving spirit of your country cousin have produced in me a thorough change; and God helping me from henceforth, I will be a better wife and a better mother."

"Mamma dear," cried the daughter, "we both feel exactly alike, and I have been looking for an opportunity to tell you all."

"This night," said the mother, "I will make my humble confession to your father, and he will rejoice to know that you are of the same mind. Maud, the dear girl, has no confession to make. Victoria, I think

that Alice should know it all. I shall be more at ease knowing that she understands the situation. But let us return to the parlor before Alice leaves the library."

After the letter-writing was concluded, Victoria conducted her cousin to her bed chamber. When the room was reached, Miss Foster sat down and said—

"You will not object to my staying with you for a short time, will you, cousin Alice?"

"Far from that," was the reply, "the interview will give me much pleasure."

"Instead of that," said Victoria, "it will give you much pain. You are startled, and no wonder. With the advice of my mother I shall reveal to you the situation as it really exists. My father as you well know is a grand good man, kind, amiable and scholarly. Maud is affectionate, intelligent and pious. As to myself, I have led a vain, worthless frivolous life, a life of moral and intellectual idleness; priding myself on outward personal beauty, while my soul was permitted to become deformed and haggard. I conceitedly looked down upon all who did not move in the upper circles. In all this I was encouraged by my mother. When we thought that you were to be governess, we sneeringly said that you could not be introduced to our best society. Of late through your letters, and tonight by what we have seen and heard, our blind eyes have been opened to see our wickedness and folly, and we have bowed in deep

penitence before our Father in heaven. While I am here confessing to you, my mother is making humble confession to my father. O! my dear cousin, we love you dearly. Under God you will be our savior. I will lead a new life. I have already begun. I will be a daughter worthy of her father, a sister worthy of Maud, and a cousin worthy of Alice Dayton. O, can you forgive and love your erring but deeply penitent cousin Victoria, and her equally penitent mother?"

The answer to this was a warm embrace and words of love. "My dear cousin there is nothing to forgive. In your confession you have shown moral courage. You will yet be a woman of whom the world and the church will be proud, and your mother will now encourage you in every worthy enterprise. Before we part let us kneel in prayer." Together they bowed, and in sweet sympathetic sentences the country cousin implored the compassionate Lord to pour the balm of consolation into the penitent hearts. They parted with the happy conviction that their prayers had been answered. The next day gladness shone in every countenance, and all seemed to breathe an atmosphere of love.

The hour was somewhat late, Alice had gone to her room, and a reception party in honor of their guest was proposed by the mother, and all present were delighted with the idea. The party in all its features was agreed upon, and by the special request of Victoria, Mr. De-

Forest the next day was asked to assist in the preparation. To this, with a pleasure he did not fully express, he consented.

The reception fully met the expectation of the Foster family. Alice never appeared more charming and lovely. In the course of the evening music was called for, and Victoria with a pleasant smile led Miss Giggles, a young lady noted for her conceit, to the instrument. She played a simple piece, which was slightly cheered. She next sang a solo with a defective voice. There was present an eminent German professor of music, who had been introduced to Miss Dayton, and had understood that she was a musician. He stood up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have been kindly favored with music by one of our city ladies, for which we are thankful. We shall now, I trust, be favored with more by a young lady from the country, Miss Alice Dayton of Marvindale, the accomplished niece of our worthy host," and he led the blushing maiden to the piano. After striking a few chords, she played a lengthy difficult piece in a faultless style. At the close the applause was loud and protracted. The professor was in ecstasy, crying at the top of his voice, "Grand! grand!" He then said, "Our Marvindale wonder will now give us a vocal piece with accompaniment." And in a voice that thrilled the company she sang the noted solo, "For I Know that my Redeemer Liveth." This brought tears to many eyes,

and was of too sacred a nature to admit of common applause. The professor refused to play, and in the name of the well-pleased company he thanked Miss Dayton for the treat she had kindly given them, and soon the company dispersed. The vain and conceited ones who attended the party went home with wiser heads and better hearts.

The wonderful and somewhat mysterious influence of Alice in her uncle's family was daily becoming stronger. One evening, they sat together, the parents and children listening with deep interest to every sentence uttered by their visitor. Her uncle looking at her with loving astonishment said—

"Alice, you seem to have free access to some hidden fountain of perpetual happiness. If it should not diminish your own enjoyment, you might reveal the secret to us who are often gloomy."

"I have no secret to reveal, uncle Thomas," was the smiling reply. "I am naturally of a merry temperament, for which I am very thankful. But the chief source of my happiness, is the religion I embraced when but a child. It has enabled me to rejoice in the midst of adversity. I have followed the remains of a father and a mother to the city of the dead, and in the sad bereavement my cup of spiritual consolation was full. From this fountain, dear uncle, we may all draw and be happy."

To this there was no direct response, but tearful eyes gave evidence of deep emotions. Through

Alice's influence, under the divine blessing, that house became a house of prayer and devotion—the parents and children active members of the church of Christ.

Alice Dayton's visit was about to terminate. On the morrow she was to leave for her quiet native village; and when the hour arrived the family lavished upon her their affectionate embraces, and by her uncle's side she was conveyed to the station.

O no, gentle reader, Mr. DeForest is not forgotten. I have no passionate love scenes to relate. During Alice's four weeks visit, the young banker had found repeated opportunities for private interviews with the girl that he now ardently loved. Her uncle had spoken to her of the young man in terms of the highest praise. And Victoria had once told her in all sincerity that she, her cousin Alice, was the only woman she ever saw that was good enough to be the wife of William DeForest. Suffice it to say that Alice gave DeForest as loving a heart as he gave her. Before God they were betrothed.

* * * * *

A year and more had passed away. The country cousin at the seminary had given perfect satisfaction, and the trustees with all others

connected with the school were astonished when she handed in her resignation. She gave as a reason that she had been offered, and had accepted a responsible and lucrative position in New York City. With this they were satisfied, and asked no questions. One day, as she expected, her uncle Thomas was seen at Marvindale, and the next morning, after exchanging good-byes with a large number, she started again for the great city in charge of the eminent solicitor.

Not many weeks after this, at an early hour in the evening, the Foster mansion was brilliantly illuminated, from basement to attic. It was evident from the line of elegant carriages seen in that part of the fashionable thoroughfare, that the occasion was one of importance. That fine residence was thronged with happy smiling guests. Under the circumstances the service of a clergyman was necessary, and the Rev. Dr. Clinton of Marvindale was the one chosen. The ceremony was brief and impressive. William DeForest and Alice Dayton were pronounced husband and wife, in the name of the Holy Trinity. The scene was brilliant throughout, and no one wore a more cheerful countenance than Victoria Foster.

TWILIGHT.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

All is quietness and rest,
And the lingering day is done;
In the vermeil-tinted west
Glows the far declining sun.

And the twinkling evening star
Comforts us in heaven above,
Like hope coming from afar
Yet to feed the fires of love.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

III.

Lucretius' great philosophical poem, "*De Rerum Natura*" (On the Nature of Things) is certainly one of the most remarkable and interesting productions of ancient times. The scientific tendency was extremely strong in him, and although his theories are often fantastic, and his exposition of things erroneous, perusal of his entertaining pages proves that his mind was sublime and his genius daring; and although surrounded by, or rather enveloped in darkness and superstition, he struggled bravely, and to some extent, successfully, to free his mind from the scientific ignorance of his age. As the Hebrew prophet in religion, this great Roman was in the realm of science, and the philosophy of nature.

He was well versed in ancient philosophy, and had independence enough to doubt and reject opinions and views that did not satisfy his mind. The physical part of his philosophy was largely taken from the works of Epicurus and Democritus, who were both believers in the all-sufficiency of Nature to produce all her things. Lucretius in some passages seems to recognize the existence of gods, but teaches that they never created this world, nor could rule it, since they could not protect their own temples from lightning, fires, &c. He strives to show that Nature is able to account for itself;

and proceeds with great boldness and even audacity, to expound his views. He was the inveterate foe of every form of superstition and credulity, and his great aim was to free philosophy from every interference on the part of ignorant authority. When we contemplate how the ancient mind was filled with supernatural fears in an age when belief in the multiplicity of gods and demons was common orthodoxy, every occurrence or event was explained or accounted for by the intervention of supernatural agency, since ignorance of natural laws was universal. When superstition held such sway over the intellects of the children of men, and when terrible credulity "displayed its frightful aspect from the regions of the sky," was not this Roman thinker a philosophical hero to defy the bigotry of his time? This brushing away of superstition from the philosophy of nature he calls "reason and contemplation of truth;" for he is always anxious to show, that however things were created, the gods of mythology, the contemptible beings which the popular mind and the vulgar religion of the time accepted, were utterly unfit to produce. The fabled gods were not possessed of sufficient majesty to account for the universe; not one of the gods of Homer and Hesiod was worthy of the glory of having created the

world, and their station and power were so insignificant in his estimation that he believed Nature not only the producer of animals and everything green, but even the mother of the gods themselves! Nature of her own energy and physical wealth had produced all, and questioning this conclusion seemed to him the misfortune of ignorance. Although Lucretius appeared to be an atheist, he was not an atheist in the modern sense of the word, because the superstitious views of gods in his time were widely different to the modern rational idea of God. The gods of Lucretius' time were ignorant, brutal, and possessed of all the weaknesses and failings of human beings, and, in fact, they were merely magnified human beings; so that the idea of their having created this boundless universe was to a thinker of Lucretius' intellectual acumen the extremity of folly.

He commences by stating "that nothing is ever divinely generated from nothing," and he goes on to argue that when we shall see clearly that nothing can be produced from nothing, the inevitable conclusion will be that everything has been developed gradually by improving lower forms. He was averse to believe that Nature was acting in a fitful, spasmodic, and disconnected manner. "If things once," says he, "came from nothing, they would spring from nothing now, because they could be more readily and directly produced in that expeditious way than by grad-

ual processes." His objection to the irregular mode of creation has a good deal of solemn humor in it. "If things," says he, "came forth from nothing, every kind of things might be produced from all things; nothing would require seed. In the first place, men might spring from the sea; herds and other cattle might burst from the sky; nor would the same fruits be constant to the same trees, but would be changed, and all trees might bear all kinds of fruit." He believed in the constancy and continuity of the laws of nature. Then he proceeds: "Vacant space would suffice to produce abundance, and varieties of beings. If things could be produced so easily and suddenly out of nothing, why could not nature create men of such size that they might ford the ocean on foot, or tear mountains with their hands? On the contrary, since everything comes from something previous, a growth from a seed, a seed from a growth, he was led to conclude that creation was eternal. He could not conceive of a time wherein there was no thing and no physical energy or life, nor could he perceive the practicability of beginning in nothing! He, therefore, maintains that matter is eternal; and that it is made of small atoms, solid and imperishable, or they would have been used up and reduced by wear and friction long ago! This solidity has preserved these little world elements from wasting through the infinite space and time. These atoms are eternal; but the bodies they constitute are

finite and within time. Things come and go, but the atoms themselves last forever unchanged and unworn. These atoms by infinite arrangement have and do produce all varieties of things, as a few letters constitute an endless variety of words. These atoms also by varied combination produce substances different to the individual nature of the elements, as letters, meaningless in themselves, constitute words that have a great variety of expressions.

Mark as my easy verse spontaneous flows.

How common letters nervous words compose,

Tho' verse from verse, and word from word be found

To differ widely both in sense and sound:

And hence convicted, let thy reason own
What wondrous change position forms alone.

Thus common seeds, more numerous far, unite

In all the different forms that greet the light.

The daring manner in which he speculates on the way atoms were influenced to form things without the operation of a directing Mind, is truly astonishing, and again, amusing. "For certainly," says he, "neither the primary elements of things disposed themselves severally in their own order, by their own counsel or sagacious understanding; nor, assuredly, did they agree among themselves which motion each should produce; but because, being many and changed in many ways, they are for an infinite space of time agitated, being acted upon by forces throughout the whole, they thus by

experiencing movements and combinations of every kind, at length settle into such positions, by which means this sum of things are produced." Summing up the whole argument and reviewing all his statements he urges his reader "to keep in mind these things, and this system of nature will immediately appear as a free agent, released from tyrant masters, to do everything itself spontaneously, without the help of the gods."

Reviewing the gods of his time he apostrophizes: "Who is able to rule the whole of this immense universe? Who can hold in his hand with power to guide them the strong reins of this vast combination of things? What god can at the same time, turn around all the heavens, and warm all the earth with ethereal fire? Or what god can be, at the same moment, present in all places?" Studying the theology of paganism, and canvassing the nature and character of the gods, as he found them in the creeds and poetry of his time, he discarded with contempt and impatience the idea that Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, Mercury, Vulcan, and such superstitious vulgar fictions could perform the immense task of creating and sustaining this vast universe. The Greeks and Romans did not possess the idea Paul had of a "Lord of heaven and earth who giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Who can read the above passage without the consciousness of his feeling after Him, and was not far from grasping the Eternal. It is hardly surprising, when we

think of the character of pagan gods, that the Greek and Roman philosophers were sceptics, that they denied their almightiness; and preferred the more rational conception of investing nature with the glorious office and glory of Creator. In fact, it was more rational to ascribe life to Nature than to Jupiter, &c. Even Ovid when describing creation can hardly see one of the gods worthy of the honor and glory, for he says *quisquis deorum* (whichever of the gods) it was who performed the work!

Since the heavens were the habitation of pagan deities, and since he was loth to accredit to them the work of creation, he perseveres in applying his mind to prove that Nature is Originator, Mother and Nurse of all. Although he seems to believe in the existence of gods, he pictures them as being far removed from this world, and enjoying a state of tranquillity and unconcern. *Omnis enim per se divum natura necesse est Semota ab nostris rebus sejunctaque longe.*



ODE TO HEALTH.

By J. D. Morgan.

Oh, rosy Health! of thee I sing,
And to thy praise my tribute bring,
Though not a bard who treads the earth
Can ever duly sing thy worth.

With thee we hail the morn with joy,
And all the hours of day employ;
E'en daily labor yields delight,
And then we sweetly rest at night.

The eye, thou makest clear and bright,
The muscle strong, the footstep light;
Thou givest courage, strength of nerve
That even danger cannot swerve.

'Tis thou that givest life its zest,
Thy smile makes man supremely blest;
But when thou frownest, all is gloom,
We only see the yawning tomb.

Deprived of thee, all else is drear,
The world can neither charm nor cheer;
All earthly comforts fly away,
In pain we languish and decay.

Some, in the hot pursuit of wealth,
Lose hold on thee, Oh precious health,
Then spend their riches, but in vain,
In seeking thy return again.

When thou art lost, 'tis then alone
Thy real worth to us is known;
How trivial then is earthly gain,
When life itself is only pain.

Thou hast thy laws, minute and strong,
And those who trespass do a wrong
Unto themselves, and they must pay
The penalty some coming day.

THE FALL OF CARADOG.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips.

"The man shall live. Bring forth a bullock. Divine from that," quoth the king.

They released the man and sacrificed the beast, from which they divined war and also victory—with the tongue and not with the sword.

"Had any one else opposed the priests and interfered with the sacrifice," spoke several under their breath, "the Druids would have excommunicated and ostracized him at once, but Caradog is too powerful and important."

"Victory with the tongue and not with the sword," repeated the kings

and priests among themselves. "What can it mean? Are the gods beside themselves? Or are the priests unable to understand them?"

"The gods are offended," ventured one. "Rather the priests are offended," ventured another.

"Offended or not," ventured a third, "I admire Caradog, who had the grace to forgive his enemy, and the courage to defy the Archdruid. He is every inch a man, a leader, a hero, worthy the command of the Britons. The gods save Caradog."

"The gods save Caradog," repeated the others with emphasis.

Chapter III.

Within a week Caradog led his forces into the country of East Gwallia, and encamped on an elevated ground, at the junction of two rivers, where he fortified himself, and arranged his army. On the right were the Cornwallians, on the left the North Gwallians, and in the centre the East and West Gwallians—all in the order of their tribes, and under their own commander, with Caradog in command of the whole. Back of the army, at the foot of the mountain, which commanded a view of the camp and the valley below, were the women, the baggage, and the carriages drawn up in the form of a crescent, to encourage the soldiers, nurse the wounded, and in emergency check the enemy.

"We are to have the most terrific battle I have ever fought," remarked Caradog to his wife, their second evening in camp. "The enemy are two to our one. The valley and the hills beyond are covered with them. Tertius, the Roman captive, whom the priests would have sacrificed, estimates them at sixty thousand. Besides, they are well armed, well disciplined, and flushed with victory."

"But if our men will fight as usual, with the position we have taken, and with you to command them, we ought to conquer," said the queen.

"Is there any doubt of the issue?" asked Clodia, "you have always conquered."

"There is hardly an even chance

for us," answered her father. "But we shall fight like heroes, and leave the result with the gods."

"Do you think the gods are displeased with us because Tertius was not sacrificed?" inquired Prince Edgar.

"The priests may be displeased with us, but not the gods," replied the king, "for they are not so cruel as to take the life of the innocent."

By early dawn both camps were in motion, and Caradog, having instructed his lieutenants, dashed from division to division, from nation to nation, and from company to company, encouraging each and all to be courageous, and do their best. By the hour of ten the whole army was drawn up in line of battle and ready for the signal. On the outskirts of each division were the charioteers, then the cavalry, and in the centre the foot soldiers.

When Caradog had reminded them of their ancestors who repulsed Julius Caesar, of their own victories

on other battlefields, and of their duty to their wives and their children, to their country and their gods, he gave the signal, when all at once rushed into the conflict. The chariots frightened the horses, and mowed down the Romans by the hundreds. The cavalry followed the chariots with great havoc. And the footmen gleaned after the cavalry. Till late in the day the conflict raged, and victory hung in the balance, when the military shell and shield of the Romans surpassed the strength and valor of the Britons. Thousands fell on both sides, and among them famous generals. But Caradog, whose life was twice saved in the hottest fight, once by Lieut. General Owen, who dispatched the assailant, and once by Tertius, who fell in the conflict, escaped, at the most earnest entreaties of his Lieutenants, to raise another army, and came by night to the queen of the Brigantes.

Chapter IV.

Cartismandua, who was conversant with Caradog's fame, and charmed with his person, received him graciously, and significantly remarked at length, "I shall now have the first commander in the country to lead my forces and defend myself against Ostorius."

"A poor commander and protector, a defeated general," quoth he, with courteous dignity.

"I would have sooner believed that Alexander, Hannibal, or Cae-

sar had been defeated than Caradog, the invincible Briton."

"Caradog the Briton, but not Caradog the invincible, for I am here to seek your protection, till I shall rally the army to protect my home, my kingdom, and my country."

"Why not make this your home, your kingdom, and your country?"

"Because it would be wrong, mean, infamous. Better far the Roman yoke and the Roman axe. By the loss of a battle by accident, treachery, or otherwise, I lost not

my manhood. That I shall always preserve, whether in Britain or at Rome, whether in life or in death."

"You know that you are in my power."

"I know that I am at your mercy."

"You have counted the cost, then?"

"I have counted the cost, and nothing can purchase my manhood."

"So mote it be," she muttered, and left the hall with disappointed hope and revengeful purpose, and soon returned with thirty soldiers, whom she commanded to bind the fugitive, and deliver him to his master.

On his return to the scenes of conflict, where Ostorius still encamped, he found that Osgar had escaped with Lieut. General Owen, that Iago had fallen in battle, and that Arthur and Gomer, together with the queen and Clodia, had fallen into the hands of the conqueror.

As the royal captives were led into the Roman camp all were charmed and awed at the dignity of the queen and the beauty of the princess, and the manly bearing of the princes. But when the king was led in chains into the presence of Ostorius, the astonishment was intensified into excitement at his courteous manner and royal manliness.

The report of his defeat and capture had gone before him, and all the way from Britain to Italy was thronged with people to catch a glimpse of the man who had kept Rome at bay nine years, and whose fame was in all the world. But when the royal captives entered Rome the whole city was thrown into excite-

ment to see the sight and behold the man, who for so many years had defied the Roman arms. Nay, the people were summoned to see him, as a rare spectacle; and the praetorian bands stood under arms in the field before their camp. Then the servants and followers of the British king moved in procession, and the trappings and collars, and all he had taken in wars with his neighbors, were borne along; then came his brothers, his wife, and daughter, and last himself, attracting the gaze of all. All the rest descended to humiliating supplication under the impulse of fear; but "Caractacus"—the Roman name for Caradog—who seemed not to solicit compassion either by dejected looks or pitiful expressions, as soon as he was placed before the imperial tribunal, thus spoke: "If my moderation in prosperity had been as great as my lineage was noble and my success brilliant, I should have entered this city as a friend, rather than as a captive; nor would you then have disdained to receive a prince descended from illustrious ancestors, and the ruler of many nations, into terms of alliance. My present lot, as it is to me ignominious and degrading, so is it a matter of glory and triumph to you. I had men and arms, horses and riches; where is the wonder if I was unwilling to part with them? If you Romans aim at extending your dominion over all mankind, it does not follow that all men should take the yoke upon them. Had I at once been delivered into your hands

a prisoner at discretion, neither had my fall nor your glory been thus signal. If you inflict punishment upon me, the affair will sink into oblivion; but if you preserve my life, I shall form an imperishable record of your clemency." Claudius upon this pardoned him, with his wife and his brothers. The prisoners released from their chains did homage to Agrippina also, who at a short distance occupied another throne, in full view of the assembly, with the same expressions of praise and gratitude as they had employed to the emperor.*

While meditating on the past, some years afterwards, Caradog remarked, "On our departure from Britain Osgar was made king in my stead. As we stood before Claudius, he was leading his army into the province; and before the end of

the year he had nearly exterminated the Romans, which worried the life and caused the death of Ostorius."

"I knew he would avenge the wrong," said Arthur.

"Am glad of it," joined Gomer.

"And do you blame him, father?" asked Clodia.

"By no means," he answered. "I would have done the same if I were there."

"Victory by the tongue and not by the sword," remarked his wife, "I understand to mean, by your words before Claudius, and by the gospel from the mouth of Paul, by which we have a better kingdom, and Clodia has become the wife of Pudens. Your fall and rise shall be the fall and rise of Britain, and through Britain, the fall and rise of many nations to the ends of the earth, till the kingdom of Christ shall be supreme.

*Tactius Annals, Vol. I, B. R. XII 36-7.

AFTER THE STORM.

By E. M. Jones.

How fair the calm that follows after storm
When is disclosed again the radiant sun
And earth and sky suffused with golden light;
Yet fairest skies are dark to those whose souls
Are foul with sin, and racked by guilty fears.
Yet Christ, who calmed the storm on Galilee,
He calms the raging storms of doubts and fears
In every soul, that prays to Him for help.
He brings sweet peace where erstwhile torments were,
And in this earthly life of strife, there comes
Unto the souls that simply trust in Him,
Often bright gleams of light celestial,
Of light that beameth from the throne of love.
In holy writ is pardon offered free:—
Calm after storm, through power of God and Christ;
Peace after strife, through love of Christ and God.

SITTING UNDER THE SHADOW OF CHRIST.

By the Rev. Robert W. Pritchard, Utica, N. Y.

"As the apple tree among the trees of the wood so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."—Song of Solomon, 2: 3.

This is the language of the spouse, or the church, concerning her beloved. The glorious excellence of His person and character, the condescension and love of his undertaking on behalf of mankind, the suitability and preciousness of his righteousness, atonement and mediation, &c., of all the offices which he sustains for our benefit, are set forth in this song of songs, in very striking but highly figurative language. He is here compared to an apple, or rather to a citron tree, for it is generally admitted that it is the latter that the word in the original signifies. This tree, though not so stately as the cedar or the palm, grows to a fine large size, its fruit is peculiarly valuable, and it affords a pleasant shade, as the text intimates. It is green all the year, and in due season the snow-white blossoms and golden-colored fruit may be observed at the same time upon the same tree. A delightful and powerful fragrance breathes from every part of it. The eastern traveler, scorched by the noonday sun, gladly shelters himself beneath the branches of such a tree, and as he wipes his moistened brow, and stretches out his dusty feet on the

soft green carpet spread all around him, and refreshes himself with the fruit, his weariness begins to depart, his looks regain their former cheerfulness, and he is soon refreshed and strengthened for the remainder of the journey. And many a footsore traveler along the narrow turnings, and across the sultry plains of this troublesome world, remembers seasons when remorse of conscience and fear of deserved wrath, with the temptations of Satan and the injuries of the world dismayed or distressed him, and left him without any conceivable refuge but that found under the tree of life. To this he fled with earnest desires, and under it he sat down and sheltered himself. How sweet was the rest which he enjoyed beneath the pleasant canopy of its luxuriant branches! His drooping spirits revived, and refreshed and strengthened he arose up to pursue his journey, feeling ready for any emergency, and prepared to brave every difficulty. There was neither despondency in his looks, nor complaint in his tone as he hastened forward, but with a beaming countenance and a joyful voice he gave vent to his emotions in some such words as these, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my

spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." "As the citron tree among the trees of the woods, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet unto my taste." Oh, how delightful is it amidst the glare and the turmoil, the discomforts and the weariness which so often disturb and distract our spirits, to turn aside from the world for a season, and to sit down under Christ's shadow! He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength; and invigorated by our association with him, we are enabled to run without being weary, and to walk without being faint.

"I sat down under his shadow with great delight." There is something soothing and attractive in the very words—words suggestive of peace, and rest and joy. We read in them the grateful acknowledgment of a satisfied and rejoicing heart. Let us look at them a little more closely. What are the ideas which they express and illustrate? Let us consider:—

I. What is implied in being under Christ's shadow?

There are at least three purposes which a shadow may be said to serve. It affords a shelter from the storm; a defence from the heat, and rest and refreshment for the weary.

1. Under Christ's shadow we find a shelter from the storm. There is no refuge from the tempest of the wrath of God but Christ. "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and

unrighteousness of men." The anger of God against sin is most terrible. How often like a storm has it carried away the disobedient and rebellious. "The angels who kept not their first estate were cast out of heaven and are reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the last day." When our first parents sinned against God they were driven forth from Paradise, and their descendants continue to reap the bitter consequences of their fall. When the guilty race were sunk in all but universal corruption, and God looked down from heaven and saw that the wickedness of man was great upon the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, the foundations of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened upon the polluted world. When the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah was great and their sin had become very grievous, he swept the plain of its guilty cities for ever. When Egypt rebelled, the judgments of God descended in ten dreadful plagues upon the land. When Canaan had filled the measure of her guilt, he led forth his people by the way of the Red Sea and the wilderness to drive out its inhabitants before them. But what need is there to multiply examples; all history teaches us the impressive lesson that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against the sins of men. Upon Nineveh and Babylon, upon Tyre, Jerusalem and Rome. He opened the vials of his wrath, pouring out upon each its

appropriate doom. How fearful was the storm that descended upon Him who now affords, under his shadow a shelter from the tempest. When our great Redeemer reached the spot where he was to take the place of sinful men, to be numbered with the transgressors, and to give his back to the smiters, standing in the stead of the guilty, then the anger of the Lord appeared. The earth quaked, the sun hid his face, as deserted by the Father, the atoning Son of God uttered that piercing cry, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and he bowed his head in death. But let us remember that in all the manifestations of his wrath, the anger of the Lord is righteous. No malice, no cruelty, no passion is mingled with it. The beauty of holiness shines in the anger of the Lord. It is because he is a holy God that he cannot but hate sin, and must punish the evil-doer. He may have borne long with our sins, but he is not

slack concerning his threatenings. The tempest of the wrath of God is coming rapidly against every evil-doer. It will soon be here, and then all resistance will be vain. Entreaties, tears or groans will not avail to ward it off or mitigate its horrors. No language can utter the terrors of the coming tempest. The wrath of God is an everlasting wrath. He who cannot lie has said, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment; the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever; their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." *The gospel points to Jesus as the refuge which infinite love has provided. He is the only effectual shelter from the storm. Have you, dear friends, sought refuge under his shadow? There is no other place of safety. But there you are safe, for the tempest cannot reach you there. Confiding in him death will be robbed of its sting, and eternity of its terrors.

(To be continued.)





FIELD OF LETTERS

There is a good collection of interesting papers in the "Geninen" for January. The following list will show the nature of the contents: Welsh Mythology" by Prof. John Rhys, M. A., LL. D.; "The Poet and his Relationship," by the Rev. Lewis Probert; "The Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach)" by the Rev. Hugh Jones; "A Translation of parts of Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," by the Rev. Emrys Ap Iwan; "Universal Brotherhood" (an ode) by Berw; "S. R." by the Rev. Ifan Jones; "Rolant the Carpenter" by Tafolog; "The Land Question in Wales" by Richard Jones, J. P.; "Alliterative Gems" by Alafon; "Heinrich Heine," by Philomel; "The Late Rev. David Roberts, D. D.," by the Rev. M. O. Evans, F. L. S.; "The New God" by "Truth Against the World;" "On Listening to Sermons" by Prof. D. Rowlands, B. A.; "Slate Manufacturing" by D. Peris Jones; Literary Remains, Correspondences and Poetical Selections.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for February has a variety of interesting things for the young, among which are the following: "The Rev. Griffith Parry, D. D.," with fine portrait; "The Brave Little Seaman;" "Water Carriers in Egypt;" "Paul in Lystra;" "Oliver Goldsmith," with portrait; "Satan and Jesus Christ;" "The History of Jesus for Children;" "The Rev. John Williams of Aberystwyth;" "Madame Patti and the Old Woman;" Books, Queries, Puzzles, &c.

"Cymru" for January contains several excellent papers, among which are the following: "Chapters in Welsh History;" "Reminiscences of Pen Bryn" by Dr. D. A. Hughes; "The Beginning of

Teetotalism in Meirion," by Ellis Jones; "Muse and Art," by Prof. Roberts, M. A., Aberystwyth; "The Shield of Achilles," by R. Morris Lewis, Swansea; "Gleanings from old Welsh Fields," by Carneddog and Myrddin Fardd; "The Intermediate Schools of Bethesda; Books, &c., &c. Dr. Hughes' Reminiscences are very readable, especially the reference to the doings of Rebecca. More Rebecca information is promised in coming numbers.

Mr. T. C. Evans (Cadrawd) has now placed his "Hwian Gerddi," a collection of Welsh nursery and children's rhymes, in the hands of the chairman of the Cardiff Cymmrodorion Society, Principal Edwards, for publication.

The February number of the "Drysorfa" contains some excellent articles: "The Present Reward of Keeping God's Commandments," by the Rev. T. Levi; "Reminiscences of the Rev. Owen Thomas, D. D.," by the Rev. Benjamin Hughes, St. Asaph; "The Late Edward Davies of Fflas Dinam," by the Editor; "The Calvinistic Fathers," by the Rev. Daniel Davies, Ton; "The Story of Peggy Gib," by S. M. Saunders, Penarth; Monthly Notes by the Editor, News, Obituaries, &c., &c.

The "Tyst Dirwestol" is a monthly devoted to the cause of temperance. Its motto is "In Morals, Temperance; in Politics, Prohibition, for the sake of Christ, Home and Neighbor," under the editorship of R. Prys Jones, Denbigh. The February number contains the following articles: "The Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach) as a Temperance Man," by the Rev. E. Berwyn Roberts, Pontypridd; "The Beginnings of the Temper-

ance Cause in Wales," by the Rev. Benjamin Hughes, St. Asaph; "Welsh Temperance Physicians," by the Rev. Joseph Evans, Denbigh; "Temperance and Labor," by Charles Wakely; "Why are we Total Abstiners?" by several leading ministers; Monthly Notes, &c., &c.

"Cymru'r Plant" for February is bright and attractive, and is a beautiful little monthly for the young. It contains several articles of interest to children.

The "Croniel" compares favorably with the best publications in Wales. In the February number there is a good collection of interesting papers on questions of the day, among which the following are deserving of especial mention: "Sectarian Notes," by Keinion; "Inspiration and Higher Criticism," by T. Jones, Llanrwst; "Paul in the Light of Jesus," by the Rev. T. Griffith, Bethesda; "Gleanings from Saxon Fields," by T. Rhys; "Unmailed Letters," by Gwylfa; "A Watchnight in 1817," by the Rev. Ellis Jones, Bangor; Religious, Political and General Remarks; Events of the Month; Poems, &c., &c.

In the "Dysgedydd" for February we find several good articles, among which we name the following: The Late Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin, by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; "Paul in the Light of Jesus," by the Rev. D. Williams, Maentwrog; "Is Conscience Reliable as a Leader?" by the Rev. J. C. Jones; "Conventions; their Place and Functions," by the Rev. R. Talfor Phillips, Ffestiniog; Notes, Reviews, &c., &c.

Among the latest compositions by Prof. T. J. Davies, Mus. Bac., of Scranton, Pa., is a beautiful part song for male voices entitled "All Thro' the Night." The composition is published in octavo form, and contains Welsh and English words, and is issued by D. O. Evans, of Youngstown, O. Mr. Davies'

compositions are becoming more popular each season, and are in demand at nearly all of the musical conventions. On March 17, at Hazleton, the male chorus entitled "Cambria's Song of Freedom," by Prof. Davies, will be one of the works used in the competition for a prize of \$200, and at Wilkes-barre, May 30, "The Radiant Morn," by the same author, will be sung by parties competing for the prize of \$16.

"It is not that Mr. Caine is devoid of talent. In the first place he has the talent of choosing for each of his books the style and tone most in fashion. . . . Mr. Hall Caine does not know how to compose a romance, but he does know how to give to different scenes of his novels a relief and movement which makes them peculiarly exciting. It is an art which, without doubt, he learned in the school of Dickens, for he has written nothing some part of which one can not help feeling, has not been adapted from something else. But it has been well adapted. . . . And then he knows how to write, which is not common among authors of his kind; and this disguises the vulgarity or improbability of his romantic inventions. Finally, he knows the Isle of Man. . . .

"But all these qualities are not sufficient to excuse this mixture in a Christian romance. I know very well that the Isle of Man is not like other islands, for there the cats are born without tails; but I can not believe that it is injurious to it to suppose it incapable of producing so false a specimen of Christian as John Storm, bad priest and bad lover, profaning the truth he pretends to serve."

The Literary Section of the Guild of Graduates of the Welsh University will proceed immediately to issue the first of the reprints of Welsh texts which were announced some time ago. The committee appointed to negotiate with publishers has just come to terms with Messrs. Jarvis & Foster, of Bangor.

a firm that has already made a reputation for its beautiful printing of Welsh books. The first issue under the auspices of the Guild will be "Llyfr y Tri Aderyn," or "The Book of the Three Birds," by Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd, and it will be edited by Mr. Thomas Ellis, M. P., who has latterly been hard at work on the book, which is likely to be a publication of great interest.

Where, then, as Dr. Johnson remarked on a memorable occasion, is the merri-ment? The inquiry would be a singular one, and certainly nobody would have been more delighted than Mr. Dodgson if a chain commencing with "Alice" had been shown to extend, not merely into logic and mathematics, but into the farther wonderland of metaphysics and psychology. And yet it seems probable that we relish "Lewis Carroll's" nonsense, because in it we see mirrored certain dark and mysterious portions of our nature. In the eighteenth century philosophy had come to the conclusion that man was a purely rational animal, and from this standpoint Johnson judged "Lycidas" to be rubbish, or something very near it. But it seems probable that man is not only born rational, but also irrational, that deep in the heart there is a dungeon, where two-sided triangles abound, where Achilles chases the tortoise in vain, eternally, where parallel straight lines are continually meeting. It is the world of contradictions, of the impossible realized, the world of which we dream at nights, and, above all, it is the world which is the home of children, far more true and real to them than all the assemblage of rational sublunary things. "Lewis Carroll" had perhaps learnt from his friend Mr. Dodgson, the mathematical tutor, that such a sphere existed, and he journeyed into that dim and mysterious land, and has succeeded in telling us the story of his "Voyage and Travaile." This, surely, is the secret of "Alice," this is the secret of its charm for children, whose thoughts are

ineffable, and those of us who read the tale in later years feel, unconsciously, that we, too, have passed through the Looking-Glass, and have been in the realm of contradiction. Maundeville described the incredible wonders of the material world; "Lewis Carroll" shows us the marvels of the microcosm, that little world of the soul, in which there be many simulacres and monstrous creatures.—"Literature."

The new Welsh hymn-book compiled by the Bishop of Bangor has just been issued by the publishers, Messrs. Jarvis & Foster, of Bangor. Its full Welsh title is "Emyniadur yr Eglwys yng Nghymru: o dan olygiaeth y Gwŵr Barchedig Daniel Lewis Lloyd, D. D., Esgob Bangor." It is a conveniently arranged, well printed and well bound book of some 250 pages, and contains 730 hymns. The Bishop, in his introduction commends the book to the notice of Welsh Churchmen, in the hope that it will prove a help to many, and a means of improving ecclesiastical music in Wales. His endeavor has been to make the collection as catholic, in the true sense of the word, as possible; and although the majority of the hymns are original hymns by Welsh writers, he has added to them translations of the hymns of other nations. He hopes it will be accepted as not only a national collection of hymns, but as a truly catholic collection also.

"Emynau Catholig" is a small book of hymns published by St. Tello's branch of the Catholic Truth Society. They are stated to have been translated from the Latin (17) and English (5) "by various learned Welshmen, and collated by Mr. Hywel W. Lloyd, M. A.," and edited by "J. H. M.," of this society. Howel Lloyd was, says the "Western Mail," of gentle lineage, born at the family seat of Rhagatt, in Merionethshire, on the 27th of August, 1816. Having received the care of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, he became a member of Balliol and a scholar of Jesus, Oxford. He became curate of St. Asaph, and subsequently vicar of Voelas. His investigations into Catholic truth unsettled his conceived ideas, he resigned his cure, and on the 6th of April, 1846, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

SCIENTIFIC

Baptism, as sometimes administered, is, in the opinion of "The Lancet," by no means devoid of danger. It says: "We would impress upon the clergy the necessity of having the water warmed. Baptism, it is true, is seldom or never administered by immersion, but even when affusion is used the contact of cold water with a child's head might injuriously affect one with an already sufficiently low power of resistance."

Recent experiments to demonstrate the effect of alcohol on animals, in which spirits were given regularly to one pair of dogs, and withheld from another, "show," says "Science," "that of the progeny of the alcoholic pair, twenty pups, born in three litters, eight were malformed, and six born dead. The normal pair produced sixteen whelps in three litters, and not one of these was born dead, and only one was malformed. During an epidemic of distemper one of the alcoholized dogs died, and all save one were seriously affected; none of the other dogs exhibited any serious symptoms of disease."

UNITY OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

A noteworthy contribution to the study of the unity of the human species is made by the Marquis de Nadailac in a recent article in the "Revue des Questions Scientifiques." "He points out," says "Science," "the unending similarities in implements, arts, funeral rites, and religious symbols in tribes of like stages of culture in all times and places. That these are proofs of psychic identity there can be no doubt. But it is not quite clear how the author interprets them. In some passages he speaks of such customs and inventions being 'handed down from unknown ancestors by generation to generation;'

while elsewhere he says the solution lies 'in the identity of the mind of man in all periods and in all regions.' The latter is the position which is most acceptable to the trained ethnologist."

TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

"Not long ago," says "The Medical Record," December 18, "attention was called in London to the popularity among tippiers of certain so-called temperance beverages, an analysis of which showed that they contained more alcohol than many straight-out goods in black bottles. The Massachusetts board of health has recently made a similar discovery concerning tonics and bitters, particularly those recommended as 'temperance' drinks, in which the percentage of alcohol was found to vary from 13.2 to 14.6."

MARRIAGE AS A PREVENTIVE TO INSANITY.

"The first report issued by the Commissioners in Lunacy," says "The Mail," London, "calls attention to the alarming increase of madness in this country [Great Britain]. One part of the facts, however, has a bright side; it can be used quite fairly as an argument in favor of marriage, an old-fashioned and honorable institution that has of late years been foolishly attacked from many quarters. Married life has its trials—as the spider said when his wife gobbled him for her breakfast—but a man who may be now asking himself, 'Shall I marry?' ought to take into the account his chance of going mad if he did not marry. At every age, from twenty to sixty-five and upward, the chance of a single man going mad is much greater than the chance of a married man going mad. At ages twenty to twenty-four the 'odds' against the

single man, as compared with the married man, are 55 to 10—that is, $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 1—and these odds against the single man, although they become smaller as his age increases, are so much in favor of the married man that, in sober earnest, the facts now dug out and shown ought to be carefully thought over by all unmarried men. As regards women, the married women show a marked superiority over unmarried women as regards not going mad, but their superiority over single women is not so great as that of married men over single men."

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FAKE SCIENCE.

I wish to protest against the many articles appearing in the sensational papers of New York from time to time purporting to be interviews with me about wonderful inventions and discoveries made or to be made by myself. Scarcely a single one is authentic, and the statements purporting to be made by me are the inventions of the reporter—the public are led from these articles to draw conclusions just the opposite of the facts. I have never made it a practice to work on any line not purely practical and useful, and I especially desire it to be known, if you will permit me, that I have nothing to do with an article advertised to appear in one of the papers about Mars.—Thomas A. Edison.

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A PROSPECTIVE SHORTAGE OF
OXYGEN.

Persons who happen to be inconvenienced by dearth of anxieties are invited to agitate their spirits by contemplation of the prospect of a shortage of oxygen in the atmosphere. It seems that there are well-informed persons, Lord Kelvin among them, who find reason to believe that this calamity is impending. The figures (estimated) in the case are that the world uses annually six and a half billion tons of

oxygen for breathing purposes, and nearly half as much for fires. This is a big consumption. To repair it we rely on vegetation, which we are pretty constantly restricting. So we use more and more oxygen all the time, and make less and less. No wonder Lord Kelvin says the earth is undergoing "a steady loss of oxygen." As yet, though, the atmosphere does not show it, and it may be a few thousand years yet before the difference will be measurable. To the short-sighted the prospect may not seem distressing, but folks who need anxieties should not neglect this one, since, after all, in anxieties and ancestry, and such things, a little remoteness does no harm.—Harper's Weekly.

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"Go to an American plowman," says Vivekananda, "and ask him his religion. He will tell you he goes to church, but doesn't know anything about religion. Ask him about politics, and he will talk with you for hours about Democracy and Republicanism and silver. Go to an Indian plowman, ask him for his politics, and he will tell you he does not know anything about it; he pays his taxes. But you mention religion to him, and his countenance will light up, and his being will become vibrant with the expression of the most profound philosophical and religious ideas."

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BRAIN WORK.

Brain-work succeeds best while the activity of the animal organism is reduced to an indispensable minimum. The mind is never clearer than early in the morning, when the work of digestion is finished; and for similar reasons digestion proceeds most prosperously while the brain is at rest. Mental distress almost paralyzes the bowels of sensitive individuals, and a business man of my acquaintance denies himself to all comers for the first three hours after dinner to lessen the risk of his dyspepsia being aggravated by unwell-

come news. * * * The healing and soothing faculty of nature can work to best advantage while the meddlesome mind not only forbears interference, but ignores her proceedings altogether, and consents to undergo the temporary eclipse of slumber or of a deep fainting fit. "We owe that victory to the snow-storms of the last week," said General Traun, of the Austrian army; "there was a messenger on the way with the usual budget of crazy instructions from the Kriegs-Hofrath (the chief war-office), but the snow stopped him, and being once left to ourselves we rushed in and routed the enemy."—*Health Culture.*

AUTOMATIC WINDOW SHADES.

"What is probably the latest development in automatics," says "Electricity," "is a sunblind recently introduced by a Berlin firm. As soon as the sun shines on the room or window to be protected the blind lets itself down, and when the sun 'goes in' the blind draws itself up again. Two glass bulbs are connected by a U-tube partially filled with mercury. A platinum wire melted into the glass makes contact with the mercury at the bend of the tube, and there are also platinum contact wires brought in to the sides of the tube, one of which is in contact with the mercury only when it stands level on the two sides, and the other only when the mercury in one side of the tube rises. One of the bulbs contain only air, the other is filled with black wool. When no sun is out the air in the two bulbs occupies the same volume, and the mercury stands at equal heights in both legs of the tube; but when the sun is shining, the bulb with the black wool absorbs the sun's rays, and causes the mercury to rise in the opposite side of the tube. This closes the circuit of a motor which lets down the blind, an automatic switch switching off the current as soon as the blind gets to the end of its range, and reversing the connections of the motor

so that it is ready to wind up the blind as soon as the other contact in the tube is made. When the blind reaches the top the current is again switched off, and the connections are reversed at the switch."

BABY INCUBATORS.

In France a great many babies are born so weak and puny that they can not be raised even with the most tender care their parents can give them. They are so frail that the slightest change in the amount of heat or cold to which they are exposed, or the slightest impurity in the air they breathe, brings a quick end to their poor little lives. The population of France, instead of increasing or staying at the same number, as in the case in most other countries, began to grow rapidly smaller. It became a serious matter, and it became important to save the lives of the little babies of which so great a number were dying, because they were too weak to live through the early days of their lives. So the doctors turned their attention to the matter, and one of them, Dr. Lion, invented an incubator which does for the baby what "the artificial mother" does for the little chicken who has just pecked his way through the egg-shell. He made many experiments before he was at last able to provide the pure air and the even warmth which is needed to keep the weak baby alive.—*N. Y. Humanitarian.*

Does our coughing, not to say coughing, depend on the sunspots? Apparently it does, as may be seen from an article in the "Lancet" on 'Mortality from a Cosmical Point of View,' by Mr. A. B. MacDowall, M. A., the eminent investigator of meteorological phenomena. Our winter cold varies with the sunspot cycle of eleven years, or thereabouts, the greatest cold occurring near the time of least sunspots. Mortality from diseases and old age (which is sensitive to cold) is shown by Mr. MacDowall to vary in accordance with the prevalence of sunspots. It tends to rise when the sunspots diminish, and fall when they increase.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

The chairman at an entertainment recently held at Neath, declared that he had no objection to the audience giving applause, but he begged of them not "to clap with their feet."

Welsh is getting hard hit in the house of its friends. A Standard VII. girl in a Cardiganshire school described in "Welsh" a fountain-pen to a friend thus:—"Invention splendd yw e at writo love letters heb i mami spectro bech i 'neyd."

They have long grappling irons, so to speak, at the Porthcawl Congregational Chapel. The last pastor came from Africa, the present one from America, and the minister who "gave the charge" to the church started preaching in New South Wales forty years ago.

Probably the deepest coal mine in Wales is Harris's Deep Navigation. It is eight hundred yards deep, and the winding-rope weighs six tons.

That favorite Welsh air of "Y Deryn Pur" has been selected as one of the test pieces for vocal competition at the next Irish Feis Ceoll, or the Eisteddfod of the Green Isle.

It is said that in many Welsh villages the yew tree and the church are of the same age, the one being planted when the other was built.

"Can dogs be said to hold any theological views?" asks a Carmarthenshire man, who we shall allow to speak for himself. "Two years ago," says he, "I

was given a dog—a cross between a setter and a retriever—by a friend, who is a Baptist deacon, living four miles away from my home. I am a Congregationalist, and in my immediate neighborhood there is a Baptist chapel. Of a Sunday morning Carlo (the dog) accompanies me to chapel, but invariably stops at the Baptist conventicle, where he awaits my return. I am not one of those who believe that irrational animals have souls, but Carlo's conduct nearly persuades me that theological dogmas are not unknown among the canines."

"Ystorm Tiberias," the musical portion of which was composed by the late Rev. Edward Stephen (Tanymarian) to words by the late Rev. Richard Parry (Gwalchmai), is to be performed at one of the concerts of the Blaenau Ffestiniog National Eisteddfod. This is most appropriate, for the late Tanymarian was a native of Ffestiniog, and Gwalchmai was for several years minister of Bethany—the mother church of Congregationalism in the neighborhood.

It was a dull and heavy morning and the congregation in a large Congregational chapel in Carmarthenshire failed utterly to keep awake. The preacher plodded on, discouraged, and was all the more chagrined because the sermon, though long, had cost him much labor and thought. "Friends," he said, suddenly raising his voice, and everybody sat up—"friends, I fear you haven't heard much of the sermon. I took much pains in its preparation, and I am sure you will like it, so if you will keep

awake I will go over it again from the beginning." And he did.

The Welsh Nonconformist statistics for 1897 show a considerable increase all round. The Calvinistic Methodist Year Book shows 1,330 churches, 1,536 places of worship, and 150,442 members (an increase of 3,145), or, including children and probationers, 220,733, an increase of 3,392. Their chapel debt amount to £332,878, an increase of upwards of £19,623. Their Sunday schools have a membership of 199,059, including 25,139 teachers.

We wonder some of the old Welsh saints of the last generation don't turn in their graves! At the prize distribution at Carnarvon County School lately, Principal Reichel emphasized the importance of games as an essential part of the school curriculum. He spoke with such convincing force that the vicar (the Rev. J. Wynne Jones) got up and announced that he would next prize-day give a guinea prize to the best all-around athlete in the school, and, not to be beaten, a Methodist minister followed suit by saying he would give a prize of half-a-guinea to the second best.

A lively discussion concerning the relative merits of the Church and Nonconformist Press in Wales is carried on in the columns of the "Llan," the Welsh organ of the Church in Wales. A writer in this week's number complains bitterly of the lack of support given to the Welsh Church Press by Welsh Church dignitaries, and he adds, "While the Nonconformists have published scores of commentaries on the Bible, and portions of the Bible, theological dictionaries, memoirs and sermons, the bishops, deans, and canons of the Church in Wales have not published even one complete commentary on the Old and New Testaments during the whole of the century which is now closing. * * Wales would have famished, in a liter-

ary sense, had not someone outside these dignitaries undertaken to supply her wants."

March 1st, the St. David Society of Philadelphia, Pa., will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the foundation of the Society by a grand banquet at the Bellevue Hotel at 7 o'clock. President, David T. Davies; Vice President, David Jones; Treasurer and Secretary, William Lloyd and W. H. James. "Oes y Byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg."

It seems, although considerable poverty and consequent suffering prevail in South Wales, yet the poor classes in spite of all, manage to spend or rather to waste a portion of what they need, on intoxicating drinks. It looks as if drink is the chief necessary of life in some parts of Wales, and it really appears strange that society has not adopted effectual means to rid itself of such a social curse.

A writer in "Young Wales" for February says: "The late Edward Davies of Llandinam, was one of the most remarkable Welshmen of the century. He was one of the richest in Wales. He employed directly or indirectly an army of 20,000 or 30,000 workmen. His income in many years probably exceeded the whole of the clerical tithes of Wales. Yet he remained a strict teetotaler, a sparing and plain eater, a hater of show and despiser and shunner of society, a model husband and father, and an orthodox and devoted Calvinistic Methodist."

In Joseph Arch's biography we find why he left the Church of England and joined the Wesleyan community. Although a mere boy, he had the eye to see and the heart to resent what he considered an outrage on Christianity. One communion Sunday he looked through the keyhole of the Church door and beheld the religion of Christ mocked. He saw a spirit of pride and

inequality, upheld in front of the altar, sinners classified, the squire's family, then the well-to-do farmers, then the poor farm laborers in their smocks, and among them his own father, successively partaking of the bread of life! His little soul was so fired with indignation that he has never got over it. He has taken up the cause of the farm-laborers ever since, and has worked well for justice and fair treatment for the smocked classes.

It is difficult to conceive that the North Walian and the Hwntw are of the same race; the Northman with his strong, if narrow, nature; the Southern with his easy and facile temperament. The Northman is pertinacious, the Southern is impressionable. No Southern has written an epic; no Northman with the exception of Ann Griffiths, who was a woman—has written a "revival hymn." The North Wales genius is seen at its best in Iolo Goch and Geronwy; the South Wales genius in Dafydd Ap Gwilym and Pantycelyn.—Darlington in "Young Wales."

Last year bitter complaints were made that the St. David's Day festival at St. Paul's was being utilized by Churchmen for sectarian and political ends, and in the result the Welsh Nonconformist leaders in the Metropolis resolved to organize a Nonconformist festival as a protest. The arrangements for this festival have now been completed. It will assume the form of a Cymanfa (preaching meeting), and will be held on St. David's Eve in the City Temple. The four Welsh denominations will be represented by the Revs. Ossian Davies (C.) and Cadvan Davies (W.), who will introduce the service, and the Revs. E. T. Jones (B.), Llwynpia, and J. Williams (C. M.), Liverpool, (late of Bryn-siencyn), who will preach. An unsectarian choir of a thousand voices, conducted by Mr. Maengwyn Davies, will take part in the musical programme, and solos will be rendered by Miss Gertrude

Hughes, who, by the way, is the daughter of the Rev. Hugh Hughes (W.), Carnarvon, and not the daughter of the Rev. H. Price Hughes, as has been published in some of the religious papers.

Gayety is the recognized note of the Irish character; a certain wistful melancholy dominates the Welsh. What has the Irishman in common with the excessive sensitiveness of the Welshman? You may extinguish a Welshman with a sneer; suppress an Irishman in one place, he presently emerges smilingly in another. Lack of self-confidence handicaps the Welshman in every walk of life; the Irishman's splendid audacity carries him triumphantly through every difficulty.

The committee of the Irish Fels Ceoll (an organization founded on the lines of the Welsh Elsteddfod) are now taking steps to further follow the example of the Welsh National Festival by establishing an Irish Gorsedd. With this object in view the committee are seeking the aid of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, and it has been arranged that a special meeting of the Council of the latter body shall be held at Dublin on the 1st prox. to consider the proposal. At this meeting the method adopted at the Welsh Elsteddfod will be considered, and the necessary initial steps for the formation of an Irish Gorsedd on similar lines will be taken, so that the Fels Ceoll of the future will resemble more closely the Elsteddfod of Wales.

The Queen has not forgotten her liking for musical Wales. The Rhondda Male Voice Party, under the conductorship of Mr. Tom Stephens, has been commanded to sing before the Queen at Windsor on February 22. The audience will consist of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness Princess Henry, and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Louise of Battenberg, amongst other members of the Royal

Family, and a number of august visitors. Her Majesty has repeatedly expressed her great liking for Welsh music, and has an especial desire to hear more of the male voice singing, the fame of which has spread, perhaps, further than any other. The Rhondda Male Voice Party and their conductor thoroughly deserve the honor conferred upon them, and there is no doubt that their Royal audience will find all anticipations more than realized. The Queen has upon more than one occasion expatiated on the beauties of Welsh male voice singing to her foreign guests, and it is understood that the present command is given in relation to a wish expressed by members of the Royal Houses upon hearing Her Majesty's kind expressions of opinion.

Calan Hen, or Old New Year's Day, is still observed in some parts. On these occasions at Llandyssil there was an ancient custom which had come down from time immemorial of kicking football "cicio'r bel ddu" as it was termed, in the parish on this day. It was a contest between the inhabitants of Llanwenog and Llandyssil. The goals were the Rivers Cerdin and Clettwr. Drinking booths were erected in different parts of the parish, and a good deal of drunkenness, fighting, and other allied evils were indulged in on the day, and it is said that loss of life was not unknown. The Rev. Enoch James, then vicar of the parish, determined to combat this evil, and in 1833, with the assistance of the neighboring clergy, started a Sunday School festival. He met with great opposition from the promoters of the game, and on one occasion the ball was kicked into the church through one door and out through the other. But, notwithstanding, the festival survived. The Rev. Enoch James was the father of the Rev. Rhys James, rector of Marchwieli, of "pastwn onen" fame.

It was at Bethania Chapel, in a little Welsh village, and the preacher was

carried away by his "hwyl" as he described the religious indifference of the present generation. "Where, oh, where," he pleaded, "is the fervent old Amen? Oh, that it would but return once more into the churches." Whereupon Peter Jones, who sat in the "set fawr," let loose four of them in rapid succession. "Amen, amen, amen, amen," exclaimed he, and his voice resounded throughout the building. The preacher paused in astonishment, then bending over the pulpit he fixed his eye on the unctuous deacon, and remarked in an icy tone. "One at a time, brother, one at a time—that is a disgraceful waste of the precious Amenau."

The suggestion which Father Ignatius, O. S. B., the "monk of the Welsh Church," has sent to the secretary of the Blaenau Ffestiniog Eisteddfod, that the Sunday preceding this year's Eisteddfod should be an "Eisteddfod Sunday," is not new, for the old Eisteddfod Council had an "Eisteddfod Sunday" on the Sabbath following the Llandudno National Festival of 1864. The members of the congregations of the four denominations and the Established Church assembled at the Eisteddfod Pavillion, at the foot of the Great Orme to hear the late Ven. Archdeacon Griffiths preach, and that "Eisteddfod Sunday" service was a memorable one.

Mr. T. Darlington, her Majesty's inspector, tells in "Young Wales" that in some districts of the North of England certain fragments of the old Cymric tongue have continued to be used down to our own time. Mr. Darlington refers to certain numerals used by the shepherds of the Northern dales in counting their sheep. The numerals from ten to twenty, as heard in the typically English county of York, are as follows:—Dik (10), yan-dik (11), tyau-dik (12), eddero-dik (13), peddero-dik (14), bumfit (15), yan-o-bumfit (16), tyau-o-bumfit (17), eddero-bumfit (18), peddero-bumfit (19), jiggit (20).

CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL PRIMARIES.

A convention of delegates from about twenty States met in New York last month to consider the subject of primary reform. The meeting resulted in the formation of the National Primary Election League, of which Oscar S. Straus, ex-Minister to Turkey, was made president, and R. M. Easley, of Chicago, secretary. The objects of the organization are declared to be:

"The encouragement of legislation in the several States which shall compel integrity in and properly regulate the conduct of enrolments, registrations, primaries, caucuses, conventions, nominations, and elections, assuring and securing to voters and delegates their rights as such, and forbidding, and providing adequate penalties for violation of such statutes, and for the improper use of money and other corrupt practices in connection with nominations and elections."

The discussion of various plans by the convention, and the fact that legislation regarding the primary is up before the legislatures of New York, Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, and several other States, induce a mass of editorial comment.

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DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE.

The announcement that the United States cruiser Maine had been destroyed by an explosion while at anchor in the harbor at Havana came like an electric shock to the American people. The meagre details that accompanied the first report of the disaster threw no light on the cause of the Maine's destruction, and left the people to draw

their own inferences. Very generally, as might naturally be expected, it was that the vessel had been blown up by the Spaniards, but as yet no information has been obtained to confirm such a suspicion. The Spanish authorities assert that it was an accident, and the mystery that enshrouds the cause of the fearful catastrophe precludes any positive contradiction of the Spanish theory, although nothing can remove the suspicion that there was treachery, until investigation has revealed the cause of the explosion. No desire is apparent to accuse the Spaniards unjustly, but the circumstances are such that it is impossible to shut out the feeling that the explosion was caused by foul means. However, the Spaniards are entitled to the benefit of the doubt, and until it is known that the destruction of the Maine was not due to an accident, it would not be fair to accuse them of having intentionally blown up the ship. It is therefore best to withhold judgment until such time as sufficient particulars on which to base an opinion are received, but the gravity of the situation, in case it turns out that the explosion was not due to accident, must be admitted.

The Maine was a battleship of the second class, and was regarded as one of the best ships in the new navy. She was built at the Brooklyn navy yard, and is 318 feet long, 57 feet broad, 21.6 feet mean draught, and 6,682 tons displacement. She has two ten inch vertical turrets, and two military masts, and her motive power is furnished by twin screw vertical triple expansion engines, having a maximum horse power of 9,293, capable of making a speed of 17.45 knots. She carries four

ten inch and six six inch breech loading guns in her main battery, and seven six pounders and eight one pound rapid fire guns and four Gatlings in her secondary battery, and four Whitehead torpedoes. The Maine cost \$2,588,000. She had a steel hull and a complement of 874 men.

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THE DE LOME INCIDENT.

The publication of a personal letter written by the Spanish Minister at Washington, Senor Enrique Dupuy de Lome, which contained reflections upon President McKinley, at once made the writer persona non grata to this Government. De Lome admitted his authorship of the letter, and promptly asked the Spanish Government to accept his resignation. Spain promptly accepted it, and Premier Sagasta declared through the press that friendly relations between the two governments should not be affected by the incident. The offending letter was addressed to Senor Don Jose Canalejas y Mendez, proprietor of the Madrid Herald, said to have been sent to the United States by Spain for the purpose of finding out the status of Cuban affairs here. Canalejas went from this country to Cuba, and thence to Spain; the letter from de Lome by hook or crook reached the Cuban Junta in New York, and was thereupon given out for publication. The letter, written on paper of the Spanish legation, but undated, refers to President McKinley's message to Congress last December which dealt so largely with Cuban relations.—Literary Digest.

The offensive portion of the letter:

"The message has undeceived the insurgents, who expected something else, and has paralyzed the action of Congress, but I consider it bad.

"Besides the natural and inevitable coarseness [groseria] with which he repeats all that the press and public opinion of Spain has said of Weyler, it shows once more what McKinley is;

weak and catering to the rabble, and, besides, a low politician, who desires to leave a door open to me and to stand well with the jingoes of his party.

"Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, it will only depend on ourselves whether he will prove bad and adverse to us. I agree entirely with you; without a military success nothing will be accomplished there, and without military and political success there is here always danger that the insurgents will be encouraged, if not by the Government, at least by part of the public opinion."

"It is self-evident that a Minister who has put down in black and white his belief that the President of the United States is 'a low politician' and 'weak and catering to the rabble,' is no longer eligible to conduct important negotiations with that executive. It may be remarked that there might be reasons more clearly based on national duty than this letter for presenting the Spanish Minister with his passports. But the present case is entirely apart from the international questions with Spain. It goes on all-fours with the Sackville-West case, in which the dismissal of the Minister for his personal indiscretions did not at all effect the pacific relations between the two governments."—The Dispatch (Rep.), Pittsburgh, Pa.

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THE ZOLA-DREYFUS AGITATION.

The trial of Zola in France is important mainly for what may result from it. In essence the struggle is between a few Frenchmen, with Zola at their head, who believe that individual rights ought to be respected, and the old system which so often makes the pretended republican form of government of France seem a hollow sham—the system which protects officialism against the accusations of private citizens, just or unjust. The whole energy of the French government is now directed to the protection of the secrecy of the trial

of Dreyfus. Whatever the military officers determined in that trial must remain inviolate, and no one is to be permitted to question either the secrecy of the proceedings or their consequences, no matter what new evidence may have come to light. In order to protect officialism, the heads of the French government are endangering the safety of the republic; for though the Paris crowd is apparently with the government and the army, the agitation for the right of the individual against the wrong-doing of an official must eventually greatly increase the numbers of the socialists. Jaures is already triumphing. As to the fear professed by the government that the revelation of the evidence on which Dreyfus was convicted would endanger the national safety, we are inclined to think with M. Laborie, Zola's counsel, that "the allegation that the matter under discussion is connected with state secrets and the national defence is a mere jest." Apparently, at the most, a Russian would be revealed as the foreign trader in French secrets; but from such a revelation the essential unnaturalness of the recent treaty is likely to occur to the people who have as yet gained nothing from it.—Harpers's Weekly.

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A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

One of the greatest undertakings of the century will be the great canal which Russia is to build to connect the Black Sea with the Baltic. It will be 1,000 miles long, and will have an average depth of twenty-eight feet. It will be navigable for large battleships. The cost will be about \$97,000,000. The Baltic entrance of the canal will be at Riga, and the Black Sea terminus at Kherson. Portions of the Dniester and Riga rivers will be utilized. It is to be finished in 1902. This great work is to be executed for military and strategical reasons. Russia now has a fine Black sea fleet, but with Constantinople in the

hands of the Turks and Gibraltar as well as the Mediterranean in the hands of the English, that fleet is practically land-locked. It can be effective only in the event of some combined movement either between the Russians and the Turks, or between Russia and some other power against the Turks. An outlet to the Baltic, however, would give Russia an opening to the world's great oceans for her Black sea fleet, and at the same time enable her to concentrate her entire navy, if she should so desire, at the gates of Constantinople.

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COMMERCIAL INTERESTS IN CHINA

From an interesting and timely editorial in the New York Tribune, we condense the following facts: Great Britain has vast interests in China. Her commerce with that empire amounts to \$172,000,000 a year, in a total of \$258,000,000, or just two-thirds of the whole foreign trade of China. Of the 37,132 ships entered and cleared at treaty ports in 1895, 19,579 were British, and only 2,684 were German. The tonnage of the former was 20,525,798, and of the latter only 2,442,185. Japan stands second to Great Britain in magnitude of trade with China, having \$25,000,000 a year—far more than Russia or all the rest of Europe put together. Our own country has great interests in China, our trade with that country being now over \$16,000,000 a year, ranking next after that of Japan.

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Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who will be visiting Bangor on the 8th of next month, has taken Berlin by storm. He made his first appearance there of late, and an indication of his reception may be gleaned from the fact that he was re-called fifteen times, and gave three encores. The press and public in Berlin are enthusiastic over the appearance there of the famous baritone.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

On Monday, January 17th, David Charles of St. John, Tooele County, Utah, departed this life. Mr Charles was a native of South Wales. He was born at Llanelly, South Wales, January 1819. Brother and Sister Charles crossed the plains in 1854, and settled in Tooele and resided there for seven years. They then moved to St. John, and took up a small home there, and have resided up to the present, a quiet unassuming, and industrious man; a consistent member of the Mormon Church.

They raised a family of twelve children, five sons and seven daughters, of which two sons and five daughters survive. There are also forty-eight grand children, and twenty-one great grand children. Funeral services were held at the St. John Meeting House; addresses were made by Bishop Caldwell, Bishop St. Jeor, and N. Draper. The remains were interred in the St. John cemetery. A large number of relatives and friends followed the remains to their last resting place. The widow and family have the sympathy of many friends in Tooele County.—W. C. P.

At about 9:30 o'clock on the evening of January 25, 1898, Mr. John R. Thomas, President, and practically the owner of the Thomas Furnace Co., the Niles Fire Brick Co., and the Aetna Iron Co., passed peacefully away at his home in Niles, O. Bronchial pneumonia caused his death.

Although Mr. Thomas had been seriously ill for three weeks, and it was known that his condition was critical, the news of his death came as a terrible shock to the legion of friends of the family. All had hoped that the undaunted spirit of the man would rescue

him from the ravages of disease. But it was not to be, and Monday the attending physicians felt that the end was near. He however seemed to rally Tuesday morning, and appeared stronger. But at about 8 P. M. a change for the worse was noted, and he gradually grew weaker until at last the spirit departed. The members of the family were present when the soul of a most devoted husband, and loving father, left its earthly habitation.

It is worth noting that Dr. Gomer Lewis has delivered his World's Fair lecture almost as often as poor Ellen Sweeney was convicted for drunkenness. The doctor's number is 289.

The ever-growing success of Miss Hannah Jones, the Madame Patey of Wales, is a theme on which English and Welsh musicians dilate with much pleasure. "Hannah," as her friends love to call her, has just been engaged for Mr. Ben Davies's operatic tour, and she is to sing also with Mr. Edward Lloyd at the Ffestiniog National Eisteddfod as chief contralto in "Elijah" and "Traeth y Lafan."

Welsh pilgrims may like to know that at Jerusalem there lives a Welsh dragoman named Hughes.

The Rev. J. Morgan Jones, of Cardiff, the moderator of the General Assembly of the Calvinistic Methodists, will be the editor of the "Drysorfa" for the next five years in succession to the Rev. Dr. N. Cynhafal Jones of Colwyn Bay, who retired from the editorship at the end of 1897.

A Welsh centenarian has just passed away in the person of Mr. Thomas Jones

of Llandyrnog, Vale of Clwyd, at the advanced age of 103. The deceased was a native of Gyffylliog. He remembered the funeral of the late Rev. Thomas Charles, of Eula, and had often listened to the late Revs. John Elias, W. Williams of Wern, and Christmas Evans preach.

We are indebted to Mr. David Matthews, Sierra Valley, Cal., for photographs of the Old Bridge and druidic stones at Pontypridd, S. W. The reader will find Mr. Matthews standing on the rocking stone. He visited Wales

apprenticed to the trade of blacksmith, which he followed for many years. His father was son of the Rev. John Jones, Vicar of Llanishen, Llysfaen and Llanedon, near Cardiff; and his mother was a daughter of David Hughes, a North-walian, and a Baptist preacher in Pontneddfechar. When Griff was young he showed a musical instinct which soon developed into something unusual among his contemporaries. Although a poor working young man, he was possessed of a rare musical talent, which in after years proved him to be one of the leading choral leaders of his time. Un-



(Griffith Jones (Caradog).)

last August, after 46 years in the States, and spent some enjoyable time around Mynyddisiwyn, Bedwas, Caerphilly. &c., and paid a visit to Pontypridd, where he had the photographs taken.

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CARADOG.

Griffith Jones, or as he was more widely known, "Griff o'r Crown" and "Caradog," was born in the "Rose and Crown," Trecynon, Aberdare, S. W., December 21, 1834. He was the son of a millwright employed at the Llwyd-coed Iron Works, where Griff also was

der his rough garb and unpolished manners was a wonderful taste for music, and an executive ability which was really phenomenal.

In 1858 he was appointed musical director of a united choir, and at the head of this body of vocalists he gained his first laurels. He evinced a decidedly superior ability to interpret the masters, and spurred his contemporaries toward higher musical achievements. He inspired choral singing with a new love and life, and was instrumental in inaugurating a revolution in singing. His fame was then merely local, extending

through the County of Glamorgan. In 1870 he moved to Treorki, Rhondda, where he established a choir of men. In 1872 came the great call which put his ability to the test. A few musical friends met in Aberdare, and broached the plan of competing at the Crystal Palace for the celebrated cup, and a committee was formed to make the initiative. Many able leaders were available, but Griff was named by Robert Rees, and appointed to the leadership.

The victory which followed proved the wisdom of the selection, for Caradog had not only talent, but was possessed of a wealth of power which this undertaking served to call out into execution. The man's nature was like a mine which under an outward rough aspect contained a depth of musical treasure, which astonished even his intimate friends. This was shown in the masterly manner he led the orchestral and choral parts in the great contest in the Crystal Palace. There his friends and admirers might have expected the amateur; they found the master.

This contest took place July 10th, 1872, when the Welsh choir was awarded the Cup. The choir numbered 456; and that was the best, most spirited, and most inspiring choral singing ever heard in London. After the contest, they had a special invitation to appear and sing before H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, at Marlborough, when Caradog was introduced to the Prince and family.

Caradog moved from Treherbert to Llanybydder, Carmarthen, whence he returned to Cardiff, finally settling down in Pontypridd, where he died December 9th, 1897.

His character was impressed on his face. He was plain, honest, genial, determined, and impatient of all pretences and hypocrisies. From acquaintance with him socially no one would dream that he had such an exquisite musical sense, and that he was such a strict

disciplinarian. He was extremely popular in Wales.

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A Welshman is nothing if not emotional, and this trait in his character, says Mr. M. H. Jones, of Aberystwyth College, comes out in accosting a friend. An Englishman asks, "How do you do?" while a Welshman puts it, "How do you feel?"

Some men have honor thrust upon them. This was the case with Rev. Elvet Lewis the other day, when he was lecturing in a Lincolnshire town. A few hours before the lecture commenced "Elfed" heard from his host's house, the town crier announcing in his official voice that the lecturer of the evening was "the Poet Laureate of Wales."

A capital story about the late David Davies, Llandinam, is resuscitated by the "Saturday Review" in a note on the late Mr. Edward Davies. Mr. David Davies sat in the House of Commons for Cardiganshire, and was ever dwelling on the fact that he was "a self-made man." Disraeli (the "Saturday" reminds us), after one of his speeches, remarked, "The hon. and genial member for Cardiganshire is never tired of repeating the information that he is a self-made man. I think the House will agree that, whatever the value of the hon. member's opinion, there is no doubt that he worships his maker."

In the obituary notices of the late Signor Nicolini two interesting characteristics of the great tenor have failed to find a place. As a host the late tenor was second to none. The "Westminster Gazette" says that not only did he greet his guests at his wife's castle, Craig-y-Noz, on their entrance into the palatial hall, but his fund of anecdote related with a pleasing, unaffected foreign accent, made a dinner at the castle a never-to-be-forgotten delight. After his retirement from the operatic

stage, Signor Nicolini invariably dressed in fancy costume when his wife was entertaining company at Craig-y-Nos, and many amusing stories are told of mistakes made by the diva's guests in taking her husband, thus gaudily attired, for one of the many liveried footmen of the castle.

The North Wales papers teem with praises of an infant prodigy in the person of a seven-year-old reciter, who has taken Carnarvon by storm. Most announcements of public entertainments in the town have his name in bold type as though Ben Davies were announced to take part, and his recitations invariably elicit a big encore. He is a Cardiff born Welshman, Master Myrddin Evans, the youngest son of Mr. Beriah Evans.

There are few Welshmen whose services are more eagerly sought for to address non-political meetings of their fellow-countrymen on both sides of Offa's Dyke than Sir Lewis Morris. In England he has addressed Welsh societies in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Nottingham and Middlesbrough, while there is hardly a town in Wales which can boast its Welsh National or Cymmrodorion Society but that he has been invited to address a meeting of his appreciative fellow-countrymen.

The new editor of the "Journal," Carmarthen (Mr. Tobit Evans, J. P. of Cardiganshire), is a staunch adherent of the Society of Friends. Unlike most Quakers, he is lively and brimful of fun; but, like them in kind deeds, he is ever ready to do a good turn for his fellow-mortals, being a fearless champion of the oppressed. He ought to be a Radical; unluckily, he is the Welsh literary advocate of the modern Unionist, his pet hobby being the Brython, which is capitalized by one of the wealthiest newspaper companies in Britain.

Daniel L. Jones who died at Brooklyn, N. Y., February 11, was one of the most distinguished and remarkable of Cambro-Americans in the United States. He was 91 years of age, and was active in business until within a few weeks of his death. He settled in Brooklyn early in the thirties, and bought the home in which he has resided for over 45 years. He has been prominent in Welsh circles from the time of his arrival in this country. It was in his home that Williams, Frost and Jones, the noted Welsh Chartist exiles, found a home; and it was through his influence, that the English government granted them a pardon. Deceased visited Wales in 1840 and in 1891, when 84 years of age, he made a tour of England and Wales.

In his home at Brooklyn he had an office filled with valuable curios. One is an oil painting of Oliver Cromwell, painted during his life time. He was a personal friend of Gen. Lewis, who over half a century ago presented him with an oil painting of himself and with his sword which he wore during the revolutionary war.

In 1834 a dinner was held by the Welsh residents of New York, presided over by E. W. Davis, and aided by T. Ingram Jones and the late Daniel L. Jones. The success of the dinner suggested the idea of organizing a Welsh national society, and a draft of the constitution and by-laws for such a society was made. Out of this initiative grew the present St. David Society, which has helped hundreds of distressed Welshmen who have stranded on their arrival in the United States. Daniel L. Jones was president in 1863. Among its presidents have been Gen. Thomas L. James, Hon. Noah Davis, Ellis H. Roberts, the present United States Treasurer, and a score of other prominent Americans. It was through Mr. Jones that the government permitted a stone to be placed in the Washington monument to represent the little principality. This stone was imported from a quarry near Swansea. It bears the following inscription:

Fy Ialith, Fy Ngwlad, Fy Nghenedl,
Wales.

Cymru am Byth!

Mr. Daniel L. Jones was a faithful, consistent and patriotic Welshman.



THE HILLS OF GOD.

Who shall ascend the hills of God?
'Tis they who walk as Jesus trod,
With humble hearts and willing hands
To do whatever God commands.

They shall ascend the hills of God,
The souls made pure through Jesus'
blood;
Led in the way of sin no more,
But born to worship and adore.

They shall ascend the hills of God,
And from their summit grand and broad,
Through mists of tears by love im-
pearled,
Look with a God-faith o'er the world.

A man with a specialty is never at a loss for a subject for conversation. When the late Gen. Neal Dow was in Libby Prison during the civil war he would stir up his fellow prisoners with patriotic addresses.

In the midst of his eloquence, if any of the guards appeared, he would quickly take up temperance as his theme, much to the delight of his hearers, and the guards would only hear the familiar remark:

"Yes, gentlemen, we must put down the grog-shops with a strong hand."—
Youth's Companion.

—The Academy says that when Rudyard Kipling was a lad he went on a sea voyage with his father, Lockwood Kipling, the artist. Soon after the vessel got under way Lockport Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers ruhsed down and banged at Mr. Kip-

ling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

PREPARING FOR THE FEAST.

In the north of England a cold ham is considered the only respectable piece de resistance of a "funeral" tea. Friends and relatives are always "put away" with ham.

A dying Yorkshireman was visited by the doctor, who informed the weeping spouse that her husband's hours on earth were numbered, and that she could give him anything in the way of food he fancied or craved for.

"Is there aught you fancy, loove?" she asked him.

"Nay, women," he said, freely. "Ah cannot bite aught."

Suddenly his dim eyes caught sight of a freshly cooked ham reposing on "t' best dish," embellished with pink and white paper.

"Ee. Ah could like a slice o' you 'am," he whispered eagerly.

"Nay, mon. Ah cannot coot into thot!" she cried; "It's for t' funeral. lad."

Oecil Rhodes, whose connection with the Jameson raid against the Transvaal republic brought him into such unenviable notoriety, has had a remarkable career, and is, or rather was, possessed of wonderful powers of endurance. A writer in Sketch says of him:

"I have seen him when hard at work, dictate for ten or twelve hours at a stretch, absolutely wearing down the

endurance of three typewriters, one after the other. All the time he has been pacing to and fro, up and down the room, turning all his immense faculties upon the matter in hand. Of course, his brain requires constant artificial stimulant, and the alcohol which is necessary merely to sustain him in time of pressure would send any weak man under. Yes, all this must affect his constitution in the end, and he is not now the man he was some few years ago; but, at the same time, not one man in a hundred could stand what he has faced and conquered."

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STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

An unusual sight was witnessed at Cranbrook, in Kent, England, the other day. A swarm of bees settled on a post letter box, and soon afterward a second swarm located themselves inside the box, the whole colony following the queen through the aperture provided for letters. Every preparation was made for the capture of the swarm upon the arrival of the rural postman to clear the letters; but, owing to the awkward position of the winged visitors, it was found impossible to hive the bees until night, when they were smoked and safely housed. Owing to this unusual incident, the letters posted before the bees took possession of the pillar box were delayed for several hours.

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Lady Millais, widow of the well known painter, is suffering from cancer of the throat, the same disease from which her husband died. She was at one time the wife of John Ruskin. That was when Ruskin and Millais were young, and the future president of the academy and England's greatest art critic were firm friends. Ruskin's wife was a beautiful woman. Millais painted her picture, fell in love with her, and she with him. With rare self-effacement, Ruskin permitted his wife to obtain a divorce. When she married Mil-

lais, Ruskin attended the wedding, and was often afterward a guest at the house. The circumstances of the marriage militated considerably against Millais in one way, as Queen Victoria long opposed his election to the presidency of the Royal Academy on account of it.

The following beats even the proverbial "Yankee smartness." A fellow in Paris made it his business to visit department stores to watch for shoplifters. He would follow them home, represent himself as the store detective, and make the women disgorge their plunder; sometimes, if his victim was wealthy, even more! His ingenious method of "making a living" was discovered when a woman interviewed the owner of a large dry-goods house, begging for mercy. She said she had pilfered a small article, only whilst the "detective" was robbing her of all she had.

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DR. EVANS'S FAULTLESS SET OF TEETH.

Mme. K., a once noted Russian beauty, was famous for the length and sumptuosity of her trains. She was also lavish of her smiles. One evening, at some grand reception, I was gazing at her as Comte Horace de Choiseul led her through a suite of salons. Dr. Evans came up to me. We talked about the sumptuous train. He then asked, "What do you think of her teeth?" "They light up her face like sunbeams; they eclipse even the pearls of Mme. de Rothschild's necklace." "It was I who provided them," said the doctor; "no, I'm not joking." "But surely they are too transparent to be of composition?" "They are not of artificial stuff. I chose teeth from the mouths of twelve Brittany girls to make the set." "Why from twelve?" "Because the twelve had the proper number of faultless teeth. Besides, Mme. K. is superstitiously orthodox. She wanted her teeth

to be a reminder of the twelve apostles. To please her I inserted a bit of the true cross in the gold setting."

—:o:—

PRETTY SMALL THIEF.

The newspaper thief who was fined \$25 by Justice Kersten got off easily. He should have been sent to the penitentiary for life. The newspaper thief is the smallest, most contemptible, most exasperating of all thieves. He steals an article valued at a penny, and causes \$100 worth of annoyance. He throws the domestic economy of a household into disorder for a beggarly red cent. Sneaking along in the gray of the morning, he fitches a newspaper from a doorstep, and by that miserable theft upsets the harmony of an entire family. The master of the house feels lost without the market reports, the housewife misses the "slaughter sale" advertisements, and the rising hope of the family languishes in ignorance of the indoor baseball scores and the latest oration of Mr. James J. Corbett. Everyone begins in a bad humor, and keeps it up all day. For this the wretched, picayunish newspaper thief is responsible, and he gets off with \$25 fine. He ought to be boiled in oil.—Chicago Chronicle.

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CONFLICTING LEGAL STYLES.

A good anecdote is told of the two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine. Balfour's style was generously verbose. Erskine's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. Coming into court one day Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine.

Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in his usual roundabout manner:

"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came into contact with the first bar and

grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasation of the blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."

—:o:—

A PARALLEL TO THE DREYFUS CASE.

A parallel to the Dreyfus-Esterhazy case is to be found in "Alice in Wonderland." Here is the extract from chapter 12:

The king turned pale, and shut his note book hastily. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your majesty," said the white rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; "this paper has just been picked up."

"What is it?" said the queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the white rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter written by the prisoner to—somebody."

"It must have been that," said the king, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the white rabbit. "In fact, there's nothing written on the outside."

He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added, "It isn't a letter, after all; it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the white rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the king. (The jury all brightened up again).

"Please, your majesty," said the knave. "I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did; there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the king, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this; it was the first really clever thing the king had said that day.

"That proves his guilt," said the queen.

—:O:—

SHAKESPEARE vs. BURNS.

At the close of a lecture to the members of a certain literary society, the following dialogue between a Scotchman and the lecturer was overheard:

"Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, doctor?"

"I do, sir," was the emphatic reply.

"An' ye think he was mair clever than Robbie Burns?"

"Why, there's no comparison between them!"

"Maybe no; but ye tell us the nicht it was Shakespeare who wrote 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Now, Robbie would never ha'e written sic nonsense as that."

"Nonsense, sir!" thundered the indignant doctor.

"Ah, just nonsense. Robbie would ha'e kent fine that a king, or a queen, either, disna gang to bed wi' the crown on his head. They hang it ower the back of a chair."

The doctor's face dropped, for he realized that his lecture had been given in vain.

—:O:—

WHISKERS FOR PILLOWS.

That history repeats itself has just received another proof. Some years ago the men of a Bavarian regiment, of which Prince Maximilian was chief, in order that they might show their devotion to him, cut off their mustaches and sent them to the princess who had just become a mother, that she might use them as a pillow. Something like a rep-

etition of this has just taken place at Rappoltsweiler, in Alsatia. The chief of the fire brigade was a few days ago presented with the first child, a boy. The firemen thereupon called a meeting at which it was decided to make the baby boy an honorary member of the corps, and the men subsequently cut off their mustaches and beards to form the stuffing of a red velvet pillow for the baby's use.

—:O:—

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

A curious marriage custom obtains in the island of Himla, just opposite the island of Rhodes. The Greeks, by whom it is peopled, earn their living by the sponge fishery. No girl in this island is allowed to marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges, which must be taken from a certain depth. In some of the other Greek islands this demonstration of ability is required of the men, and if there are several suitors for the hand of a maiden her father bestows her on the man who can dive best and bring up the largest number of sponges.

Walter Savage Landor always insisted that green eyes were the most "wonderful." In support of his argument he was wont to tell the following story: "It so happened that when I was a young man at Venice I was standing in the doorway of the Cafe Florian one day, watching the pigeons on the Piazza San Marco, when an old gentleman rushed up to me and said: 'Pardon me, sir, but will you allow me to look into your eyes? Ah, I thought so! Sir, you have green eyes! I never saw but one pair before, and they belonged to the late Empress Catherine of Russia; they were the most wonderfully beautiful eyes in the world.' I have reason," continued Mr. Landor, "to remember this, for while the old gentleman was examining my eyes I had my pocket picked."

MY OLD STOVE-PIPE.

My old stove pipe, my good stove pipe,
 Thou art my comforter;
 When wind is cold and weather foul
 From thee I hardly stir;
 Although thou never talk'st to me,
 Thou never smok'st, I know;
 Thou art a good old chum to draw—
 And never known to blow!

Although thou hast no heart in thee,
 Yet thou art good indeed;
 O, thou can'st make the coal burn bright,
 The brightest I have "seed;"
 I fill the stove with good small bits,
 And thou wilt do the rest;
 I care not for those smoky pipes,
 The smokeless are the best!

I care not for those smoky pipes,
 Which fools with poison cram;
 My stove pipe is a useful pipe,
 And not a mere sham.

Now get your coals and twist the lid,
 And pour the crystals down—
 Now work the lever at the side
 And let Old Winter frown.—H. C.

—o:—

THE FRENCH PRESS.

Three or four journals excepted, the decadence of our press is manifest. It is vulgar, corrupt, given to dirty thoughts. It is continually in financial difficulties, forced to pander to the masses, who are neither very intellectual nor of over-nice morals, and who can not afford to be truthful. But laws can not reform it. The people have the press that is fit for them, and if we would change it for the better, we must first raise the present low moral level of the country. And that, again, can only be accomplished by the men of the press, that is to say, the honorable among them. They must absolutely refuse to prostitute their pens in the service of the average newspaper. Unless that is done, society will topple over. Nobody knows that better than the So-

cialists, who, with logical cynicism, regard the press as their allies.—*Revue Bleue.*

—o:—

PROHIBITION AND CORK SCREWS.

When, at the Princeton banquet in New York City last week, some of the alumni cheered Dr. Shields, only what might be expected occurred. Without doubt many fully approve of the drinking facilities that had been furnished at Princeton Inn. But if the reports are not misleading, President Patton could not well have spoken to worse effect than he did. He indorsed the graduates and condemned prohibition. He had only disapproval for those who have opposed all connection of the university with a drinking-place. But the climax of presidential folly was reached when he declared: "Prohibition will not stop drinking in Princeton. It will only increase the sale of corkscrews." If this does not mean that because there will be drinking there should be a university saloon, and that as the saloon there is closed, drinking in the rooms will not be greatly opposed, the reason for saying it does not appear. Opposition to an evil always calls out its full strength in increased activity. If on this account the evil is to be unopposed and even fostered, then penitentiaries are a social mistake, and the bottomless pit a blunder in the divine administration of the universe.—The North West Presbyterian.

—o:—

FALSE EXPEDIENCY.

Sensationalism in the pulpit is as distasteful to well trained and intellectual men and women as is the so-called "realism" of some of our trashy modern fiction. It is disgusting, and is only a vehicle for the exploitation of self on the part of its practitioners. It is demoralizing in the church and injurious to the home.

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Robert Richards (R. R.)

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No. 4.

A FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF A WELSH PREACHER.

By Ioan Ieuan.

In a volume of sermons and essays by the late Rev. John Thomas, D. D., Liverpool, the readers of the "Cambrian" may find a very instructive treatise on "The Welsh Pulpit." At the close of that able paper he gives a description of two of the most eminent preachers of the principality in the first half of the present century—the Rev. Mr. Williams, Llandilo, and Rev. John Jones, Llanllyfni, or Talsarn. The one was a Congregationalist, and the other was a Calvinistic Methodist. It may not be wholly unacceptable to the readers of the "Cambrian" to have a full translation of Dr. Thomas' pen pictures of these eminent men, as he saw them, the one at the "Gymanfa" of the Congregationalists in Breconshire, South Wales, and the other at the "Sassiwn" of the Methodists at Carmarthen.

Dr. Thomas heard Mr. Williams for the first time at Bwlch Newydd

in 1841. To him had been accorded the unusual honor of preaching at a meeting of the "Gymanfa" within the bounds of his own shire. That distinction was reserved by a rule almost as invariable as a law of the Medes and Persians for the members of the association living outside of the shire where its meetings choosed to be held, and for such distinguished men as had been specially invited.

Many ministers outside of the circuit had been invited, and were expected, but some failed to arrive on time, so it was announced that Mr. Williams and a "stranger" would preach on the afternoon of the first day.

The meeting was held in the open air, on the slope of a little hill just outside of the village. The crowd was immense, and space and time fail us to describe the scene—the great crowd of people in their pic-

turesque costumes, the fervor of the devotions, the splendid singing, the swelling surging tide of religious emotion induced by the sermon, the prayers, and other exercises that led up to the supreme moment when the great preacher of the day rose to speak.

There he stands, a strongly built man of 32 years of age, possibly a little more, of moderate height, not corpulent, yet inclined to stoutness; a fine face with moderately high cheek-bones. He is cleanly and neatly dressed—nothing foppish on the one hand, nor mean on the other, so as to attract attention. He stands erect, turning over rapidly the leaves of the big Bible resting on the extemporized pulpit in front of him. It is evident that he is laboring under some excitement—there is a shade of sternness in his eye, his face is not in its natural hue, his lips are slightly livid. His soul is aroused, and evidently he feels like a man who has an important message to deliver. The multitude is also in an expectant, almost anxious mood. You can see in those eager faces that one from whom much is expected is about to open his lips.

The singing ceases, and hardly has the great crowd settled itself to listen than the preacher reads in rather a high key, his text—Revelation iii. 12, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God," &c. There was nothing particularly striking in the reading of the text—it was a trifle hurried,

with no regard to emphasis or accent, and the nervous energy with which the speaker began indicated a little "stage fright," which a casual observer might easily mistake for boldness and self-assertion.

The introduction to the sermon was a comment on the epistle to the angel of the church at Philadelphia, and the remarks were clear, leading up appropriately and naturally to the theme. Something, however, is lacking. The attention of the people is not enlisted; the ministers sitting behind the preacher on the platform are listless; the preacher himself seemingly feels fettered, and the fetters must be broken before he and his auditors can come together. But how can this be done? One word may do it, but the trick is to get hold of it. After laboring for some time, yet not so tediously long, neither so hard as to weary his audience, he announces and "divides" his subject. "I will consider the character and rewards of the godly." His "heads" are simple and commonplace enough, but immediately after stating them, in a pleasant familiar way, he tells the people that he had not the slightest thought of preaching when he came to the "Gymania," as he was in his own shire. "but inasmuch as you have called me to work," said he, "I am going to call you to war." This little pleasantry was greeted with a smile by those in front of him, which broadened over the whole assembly, and lightened up the faces of the ministers on the platform. In an in-

stant all restraint is gone. The fetters are broken, the sternness in the preacher's eye changes into beaming friendliness, the whiteness on the lips and the pallor of the face have vanished, and the whole countenance is radiant with the joy of the spirit.

But the preacher would strengthen and deepen his hold on his audience, and increase his own spiritual power, and he asks his brethren and sisters to pray that his efforts to make them all conquerors may be blessed of God. A thousand amens in response bear witness that at last the preacher and his hearers are in close touch with each other. The multitude is moved as a grove of pines is swayed by a strong yet gentle gust of wind. The preacher notes this, and girds himself anew as one who realizes that he too has a battle to fight and a victory to win.

"The Christian—one who overcomes—a conquering hero. Note here three things—first, his foes; second, the conflict; then, his victory. The Christian," the preacher said, "has four foes; they are the world, the flesh, the devil, and himself." Then with marvelous skill he described the myriad protean forms which these enemies assume—their stratagems, the fierceness of their hold, their subtlety, and craftiness, and their persistency—making all luminous and realistic to the last degree by the use of simple illustrations, apt metaphors, graphic and lively description and apposite re-

mark, until the whole audience hung breathless on his lips.

After this vivid description of the enemy, the preacher moves vigorously and grandly forward to attack him, and his hearers move with him. He summons the Christian to the fray, and proceeds to arm him with the "whole armor." He impresses on his mind that he must prepare himself for a hard, heavy, hot, tremendously fateful struggle. The aspect of the listening multitude changes. While with lively fancy the orator depicted the cunning and craft, aye, even the malice and hate of the foes, the auditors could smile; but now that he summons them to the field, and brings home to the conscience and heart of every one his own personal responsibility for defeat or victory, and assures each of them that this conflict is a "hand to hand fight, in which blood is given for blood, and life for life," a deep and awful seriousness settles down on the attentive throng—this seriousness deepens into anxiety, for the preacher speaks not about the people, but to them. What he says is not something to be known, but to be done; not to be understood only, but to be lived. He follows his hearers to every corner. He will tolerate no shirking. Each one must master every appetite, bring into subjection every impulse, crucify every lust, mortify every inordinate desire, and bring every tendency of a corrupt nature under control. He looks the eager listen-

ing throng in the eye, to catch if possible any sign of yielding, and as he is not fully assured that he has reached his aim, he rallies once more all his forces, and reattacks with such tremendous physical, mental and spiritual force the fast crumbling defences of unbelief that may still remain in the audience, that at last the whole multitude is swept into the swirl and cyclone of the mighty strife—the groans and cries everywhere resounding, attesting that it is a day of “battle and strife” with their souls; and as the preacher dismisses this side of the subject with the ejaculatory prayer, “Oh God bless this meeting and the preaching of thy word to the winning of many recruits for the Lord’s army,” uttered with great unction and earnestness, his words are caught by the excited multitude, and are echoed and re-echoed in a shout of amens whose volume and magnificent roll resembles the “sound of many waters;” the ministers sitting behind the preacher rise to their feet, and press up close to him at the very edge of the platform, drawn and held by his overpowering eloquence, while he sweeps grandly forward in a magnificent and masterly description of the Christian’s triumph over all his foes.

“He that overcometh.” He shouts it over that vast audience with such tremendous emphasis that every follower of Jesus feels as if he were under oath not to indulge the shadow of a ghost of a desire to turn back or beat retreat, no matter how hot

and desperate the fight may be. He notes briefly the conditions of success, but in a moment he is back again with redoubled earnestness enforcing the duty of whole heartedness in the service. He deals with the individual soldier, presses home on his conscience that he must remain in the field until every foe is under foot. He shouts once more, “He that overcometh” with such a piercing look into the faces of the people, and such an energy of earnestness that no one, for a moment, can doubt that the preacher will be satisfied with nothing less than an unconditional surrender of the enemy, and a complete victory over him by every one of his hearers.

For forty minutes he holds every hearer so completely under his control that not one feels as he could dare look at his fellow. The moment is too serious, the stake too momentous, the conflict too urgent to risk anything by inattention, the foes are so numerous, so vigilant, so crafty, that the slightest relaxation on the part of the hearer may expose him, although in the full tide of a victorious struggle, to irretrievable defeat. The effect of this tremendous oratory however is not the rending, or crushing, nor even the melting of the audience into tears, it is rather to overcome it, so that it feels vanquished, subjugated by the splendid movement of the mighty soul panoplied with all the noblest weapons of its richly endowed mental arsenal. A suppressed murmur as of admiration at the

masterful attack on the embattled hosts of sin and Satan, and the splendid triumph over them, runs through the host, and needs but the earnest ejaculatory petition of the preacher, "Lord give success to thy truth," to swell and burst forth in a loud shout of amens that reverberates in every corner of the field.

But the end is not yet. This "master of assemblies" must strike a still higher note, and carry his hearers to higher levels. He has fought his way gloriously to a splendid triumph. He has carried his hearers with him. The fruits of the victory are now to be gathered; the spoils are to be divided. His whole aspect changes, as he utters the words, "The war is over, and the victory is won." All this is said in a voice so sweet, so musical, and yet so strong that it sounds like the notes of a silver trumpet floating over and far beyond the enraptured auditors, "The prize is to be awarded," he continues, and then he repeats his text, "I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will write on him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, and I will write on him my new name." "The Christian is to be made a pillar in the temple of his God, to commemorate the grace that saves him; to support and maintain the cause of his Redeemer; and

to abide forever in the very presence of the king who has ennobled him." All this was said with such beauty of language, striking freshness, and originality of illustration, and such exquisite modulation of voice and manner that the whole audience was as if beside itself with rapturous enjoyment. He stops a moment after a glowing description of the pillar, and then proceeds—"Let us read the inscriptions—the name of my God, the name of the city of my God, and my new name. They are the names of his Father, of his Mother, and of his Elder Brother." Then raising his voice a note or two and with a peculiar intonation he repeats, "My new name." The audience is electrified. It sways to and fro in perfect time and sympathy with the rhythmic movement and cadences of the singularly beautiful voice expressing in equally beautiful phrase the exquisite thoughts of the preacher. Men forget where they stand. The whole audience has been swept and borne on the strong wings of the preacher's eloquence to the very gates of heaven. A sense of disappointment or regret comes over it when the preacher's voice ceased, such as we sometimes feel on awakening from dreams in which we have heard the angels sing.



ST. DAVID.

 By David Davies.

The greatest name among the Welsh is St. David; and we may add that he is the only national name among us that is especially honored, celebrated and banqueted. Ages ago, Prince Arthur, the mirror of chivalry, used to be the hero par excellence; but the Christian reformation has contributed more and more of late towards removing him and his mighty deeds out of the Welsh mind. As the Welsh are pre-eminently religious, Arthur as representative of the State has been gradually thrust into the background, while St. David, the religious character, has become more and more prominent among Welsh patriots. There is something foreign in Arthur's name—he may have been Roman, Greek, &c., but, certainly, he never was Welsh. We have no Arthurs, but we have Dewi in abundance. Arthur also represented secularism; Dewi represents the spirit of the Welshman which is instinctively religious. The Welsh town-hall is the chapel, and his political speeches are sermons. His *Marseillaise* is a hymn; and his political platform is the Ten Commandments. This consideration shows how David superseded Arthur.

Although St. David is so popular among the Welsh, there is hardly one in a hundred that knows where

he lived or how he fared. All they know of him is that he was a saint, and was a good man. A saint is far more popular among the Welsh than a statesman. But although so little of him is known, the fact that he was Welsh, and was a follower of Christ, is enough to introduce him into the hearts of Welshmen and Welshwomen in every country. An essential element in a Welshman's life is his religiousness; and his obituary is very unsatisfactory if it cannot be stated that he belonged to a chapel or church. Now, David was a religious man, a typical Welshman, and modern Welsh do not wish to be reminded that he was Catholic. If it could be proved that David was slightly tinged with Romanism, his popularity would be in jeopardy. Although he is known to have been Catholic, he has never been proved to be anything but "*Cymro i'r carn.*" He loved Christ (who was not Roman), but he certainly loved Wales more than Rome. He was Catholic, but not of the extreme type that becomes obnoxious. He was Welsh first, last and all the time. He did not take either his politics or his religion from Rome, but direct from the "fount of blessing."

Dewi flourished in the small hours of the morning of the Christian era,

and this accounts for the paucity of the incidents of his life. He lived when the dim rush-light of history created more shadow than truth; when everything seemed strange, indistinct and mythical, and when it was much easier to work a miracle than do common chores. He lived in an age when history was largely made up of stories, tales, legends, myths and such; when miracles were commoner than natural events. David's history is one series of wonderful stories. From his birth to his death he is the performer of incredible feats. There was certainly, a set purpose in writing his biographies; a strong effort was made to give him a position of awe and influence over his people; but among his practical, matter-of-fact countrymen, David could not hold that fort very long. From his elevated seat in excelsis he was affectionately pulled down to an elevation a little above his friends. Instead of being prayed to for intercession, he has been invited to dine at banquets and preside at social gatherings!

The church and churchmen in Wales for ages endeavored to magnify the little Welshman too much; they tried to make him Archbishop of Wales, and so establish the independence of the Welsh church; and some extremists went the whole length of asserting that David was Archbishop of all Britain! But that was forcing the little saint too much; because he is not metropolitan or cosmopolitan; David is merely Welsh. Those were his enemies, not

his friends; and the Welsh nation have succeeded long ago in restoring him to his own proper sphere, viz. a Welsh saint, sociable and unpretentious. All the Welsh saints when stripped of the foolish pomp and vanities of "Bucheddau'r Seintiau," were poor, useful, serviceable, ordinary Welsh churchmen; but in the 11th and 12th centuries a spirit of exaggeration and lying prevailed to such an extent that everything was misrepresented and inordinately described.

David's mother was a nun, named Nona, and his father, Sandde, of royal descent. The manner of his birth is not very creditable to the sense and taste of old Catholic writers. He was a kinsman of King Arthur. The old chroniclers in order to magnify the saint, recorded the most ridiculous fibs and stories about him, which show that they had no sense of propriety. David commenced to work miracles, and performed wonders before he was born! Saint Gildas was in the act of preaching in church one day when Non, then enceinte, entered; he immediately became dumb because he found himself in the presence of one possessed of the greatest grace and dignity. When he had recovered his speech, he prophesied the unborn David would rule all the Welsh saints, not only in this world, but also after the day of doom! The day he was born, all nature shook and trembled. The elements raged, and frightful rains fell amid thunder and lightning; and everything was

drenched except the place where the saint was born, which happened to be as dry as a lime-kiln! The sun shone on that very spot alone! The incidents attending his baptism were also truly miraculous; because a well burst forth near the mother and child in order to meet the occasion. A blind old man who held the child in his arms had his sight. This was done by sprinkling his face three times with the water in which David had been immersed. A similar legend is told of St. Teilo, who, when a new-born babe jumped out of his mother's arms into the water and baptized himself!

The manner of David's education is also truly wonderful. He began to study at a place called Henllwyn (Old Bush), where he had for his tutor a dove with a golden beak, which taught him to read, write, and sing hymns. Subsequently, he went to Paulinus, a celebrated monk and scholar, to be taught the scripture and theology, of which, probably, the golden-beaked dove had no knowledge. He was ten years under his care and tuition, and before finally leaving his school he cured him of his blindness, for which Paulinus bestowed on David every blessing found in the Old and New Testaments, which account for his being such a good man, and so popular among the Welsh. He was called to his work by an angel expressly delegated to instruct him. He built twelve monasteries, besides performing a great number of miracles and wonders. Everybody and every-

thing connected with Saint David had miraculous powers; even his horse could swim from Pembroke-shire to Ireland with Saint Barry astraddle. Like tales are also related of Catog the Wise, another Welsh saint, who could carry fire in his mantle, set fire to a barn at will, turn animals into stone, and make unfailing nostrums by mixing waters, &c., &c. Catholic writers seemingly kept a kind of a ready-made store of ecclesiastical legends, with which they could dress up their saints to strike the sentiment of the credulous crowd; and this alone can account for the uniform lives of some saints.

One of the characteristics of ancient and mediæval history is the writers' utter disregard of fact. Their chief aim is to evade the highway of truth, and wander into the wilderness of fables and myths of the Jack the Giant Killer stamp. They had no taste for accuracy, and believed lying piously a religious duty. The biggest story-teller seemed to the times the best historian. They had a set purpose when narrating a saint's life, and that was to teach and inculcate some pet creed or doctrine. Those chroniclers who wrote on David had the pet scheme of proving that he was an Archbishop, independent not only of the English Church, but also even of the Roman Church, because they invented and concocted the story that he went all the way to Jerusalem, accompanied by Sts. Teilo and Padarn, and was invested by the

Patriarch, who gave to him presents of great value and power, viz., an altar, a bell, a mantle and a staff.

It was after his return from this journey that he entered into that great conflict with the arch-sceptic of that time, Pelagius, or in modern Welsh, Morgan. This Morgan was considerable of a rationalist, as he was reasoning a good deal about the doctrines of the church. He entertained peculiar views regarding ori-

weapons. Reason was met by ecclesiastical rage.

St. David's task after his return from Jerusalem with his staff and bell was to crush this Morgan. This was a conflict between religion and science—between authority and reason. Such was the significance of this struggle that the chronicle says that all the Welsh were there at Llanddewi Brefi—118 bishops, a great number of princes, elders, ab-



St David's Cathedral.

ginal sin, paedo-baptism, total depravity and eternal damnation, &c., which gave great offense to the high dignitaries of the Church. It is worthy of notice that in the primitive ages of Christianity the orthodox way of opposing and convincing a disbeliever was by authority rather than by arguments and reasons. An opponent was often disposed of with threats and carnal

bots, laymen and women. In those days bishops were extremely multitudinous, and princes were as numerous as sparrows. It is not known whether all these 118 bishops were Welsh; so we better drop that matter. There was such a vast multitude present at that convention that no one there could talk loud enough and be heard by all, "not even," says one writer, "if he spoke

through a bugle." St. David had not yet arrived, and it appears as if he were little known in Pembroke. Many had made attempts to address the vast concourse, but to no purpose. One half the audience could only behold the gesticulations of the speaker. Finally Paulinus rose and said that St. David was the only man that could supply the demand. Two saints, Deiniol and Dyfrig, were sent to bring David to the meeting. On the journey thither he raised from the dead a man of the name of Magnus.

After he had arrived he was asked to preach, and they piled their mantles and cloaks high for a pulpit, but the saint would not ascend. He told the man he raised from the dead to spread a handkerchief on a low spot, and stepping on it he commenced a great harangue against Pelagianism. When speaking, a white dove descended from heaven and lighted on his shoulder, and at once, the low "pant" became a high hill until he was visible to all, and his voice was so changed and strengthened until he was heard miles around! The Jericho of Morgan's theories fell into ruins, and the faith of Wales was re-established!

There is one little story told which shows how envy and malice follow the footsteps of success. Some became jealous of his greatness, and a base attempt was made to poison this greatest idol of his countrymen. A piece of bread was poisoned, and was given David by a religious

brother; but an angel interfered, and the saint was miraculously saved. He took the piece of bread and broke it into three parts; he gave one to a greyhound close to him, which after eating fell dead; he threw the other to a crow perched on a branch over-hanging a stream, which after eating suddenly dropped into the water, and was drowned; and he ate the last himself, and it did not hurt him!

The story of his sickness and death is truly poetic. The voice of God came to him one day, and told him that he would be removed out of this wicked world, and that all that was beautiful in heaven and earth would visit him that day. When his sickness became known the whole land mourned; scholars asked Who will teach after he will have gone? Who will help? said the ecclesiastics; Who will pray and intercede for us? said the princes. All lamented and wept, from the old man to the suckling babe!

The story of his death is creditable to the chronicler who wrote it. It is a beautiful picture. At cock-crowing the little town of Tyddewi was crowded with the hosts of heaven, and when the sun gazed over the eastern hills it shone on bright legions of the sons of God who had accompanied Christ to take the old saint home. After his fasting and thirsting, after his labor and weariness, after his austerities and pilgrimages, after his sufferings and temptations, David left for the land of endless light, the land of eternal

rest, the land of unmixed joy, a land of brightness, fairness and victory over all, a land of health without pain, of youth unfading, of peace without malice, to sing the praises of the Redeemer with saints and angels! This took place on the first of March.

David, Teilo and Padarn were named "The Three Blessed Guests of Britain." This signifies that they were received with honor in all places, and they visited high and low, rich and poor, in order to teach

the simple truths of Christianity, and they performed this beautiful task "heb dda na diolch." They visited the poor and needy to teach, instruct, feed and clothe. They did not live for personal enjoyment and ostentation. This fact will suggest to us the best and most honorable way of celebrating the old Saint's Day, namely by charitable deeds, by true patriotism, and certainly not by expensive banquets and rhetorical effervescences.

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ENCOURAGEMENT.

By Llywelyn.

Aim high, young man, the world expects from thee
A page of record in the Book of Time,
With marks of duty wrought in loyalty,
And truth embossed devoid of taint and crime.

Employ thine years to cultivate the mind
In studies that will beautify the soul;
Lay worldly joys as vanities behind,
Set honor high as the sublimest goal.

A cloud of witnesses with eager hearts,
Will hail thy efforts in this glorious strife;
Thy moves and progress in the useful arts
Will help the rise and reign of higher life.

Launch out, well trimmed, and never be afraid
Of storms and depths—sail on, sail on in peace;
Thy strivings soon will turn the flow of tide
To ports of rich success and tranquil ease.

Be staunch with thine own self—play well thy part!
And then around with thoughts of kindness scan;
At every point leave, with a noble heart,
Impressions of the Brotherhood of man.

ST. DAVID AND HIS DAY.

A RESPONSE TO THE TOAST "THE DAY WE CELEBRATE," AT THE
GORONWY LODGE BANQUET, UTICA N. Y., MARCH 1, 1898,
BY G. H. HUMPHREY.

We celebrate the day of St. David, the recognized patron saint of the Welsh nation. I use the word nation advisedly, for the reason that there has been an inclination in some quarters to deny that the Welsh people have a distinct nationality. As a matter of historical fact, their nationality is older, purer and better preserved than that of any race under the British flag. Welshmen in all parts of the earth will remember that this is a day set apart by common consent to pay annual tribute to the memory of St. David. That there was such a man can not be doubted. Great movements that are traceable to his times could not have originated with a nonentity, nor even with an ordinary person; for causes are necessarily commensurate with their effects. We recognize in David one of the great and good men who rendered a splendid and lasting service to our father-land. The memories of such men, like wine, become better as they become older. For that reason there has been during the closing half century a revival of veneration for the name of David, so that his countrymen to-day are very willing to second the act of the good pope who in the eleventh century canonized him. We would all do well to

study the life of this devoted and mighty man, as well as of other men who have left their impress upon the world's condition. History is a fabric made up of many biographies; biographies are the web and the woof of history; consequently he that is familiar with the careers of the world's greatest men is familiar with the world's history. St. David like St. Patrick, lived at a period that was like the month in which their anniversaries have been fixed, at the turning point between a previous winter of ignorance and degradation, and a following spring of blooming vitality, winged songsters, and circumambient fragrance.

But in addition to that, we are here to rally around St. David's name as the representative of the Welsh national feeling or sentiment. We claim that the cultivation and continuation of that feeling is beneficial to the English people abroad, and to the American people at home, on the ground that the Welshman has some traits peculiar to himself, that will be a valuable contribution to the composite manhood of the future citizens of the British isles and of the American continent. In one respect the Irishman and the Welshman together make such a Yorick as Shakespeare has described in

Hamlet, the Irishman being the "fellow of infinite jest," and the Welshman being the "fellow of most excellent fancy." These Celtic ingredients constitute the salt and pepper that the unmixed Anglo-Saxon and Teuton character lacks. Besides, the sons of Cambria excel in the sentiment and taste that leads to the cultivation of poesy and song. In America the practical spirit is so intense and vulgar that it tramples the nobler sentiments under foot. The Palisades must be removed to make room for warehouses; cherished heir-looms are auctioned off to the highest bidder by the too practical descendants of the more sentimental ancestor. There is something in the Cymro that prompts him to cry Halt! to the axman about to cut down a historic tree; and to stay the hand of the rude intruder that would destroy the former residence of a man of genius. We claim that man can not live by bread alone, or by machinery alone, or by money alone, or by politics alone—that he needs the words that proceed from the poet's rosy lips, the colors that come combined from the painter's magic brush, the forms that appear under the sculptor's charmed chisel, the exquisite terraces that diffuse ambrosia under the gardener's skilled care.

On these annual occasions, moreover, we meet to compare notes, take an inventory, so to speak, mark our continuing defects, and observe our points of improvement, and at the same time to give and take sug-

gestions with reference to our future advancement. The last fifty years have been marked by great development and enlargement in the Welsh character. Prior to the year 1850 few Welshmen in Wales ventured outside of and above subordinate capacities, and an uneducated ministry. To-day Welshmen are found in goodly number in all commercial pursuits, and in all the leading professions, in each sphere acquitting themselves like men, and appreciating that the whole world is before them; that in these latter times the race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong; and that this age grants survival only to the fittest. We have ceased to be satisfied with and gratified by comparison of ourselves with ourselves; we are now begging no favors, but simply demanding that we be judged as men among men, and that we be compared with the best of men of whatever descent in every department of human activity. We are met to-night to quicken friendship, to become the more strongly attached to each other, that at the same time Welsh manhood may be still more energized, expanded and ennobled. We unite in desiring the continued promotion of the good work started by St. David, so that everywhere the people who especially honor his name shall be an honor to themselves. In these United States we may not be ambitious to maintain our distinct national existence to the end of time; but we do most devoutly hope that the influence of the Welsh blood

transmitted to the American body politic, may continue forever to be a latent and potent element. As the names of Welshmen will never be erased from the Declaration of Independence; as the name of George H. Thomas will always remain among the names of the foremost generals of the late civil war; as the Welsh stone placed there by the late Daniel L. Jones of Brooklyn will

forever remain an essential part of the Washington monument in the city of Washington, so will the aesthetic taste, the sparkling enthusiasm, the tireless perseverance, the sterling integrity, and the vigorous loyalty of the children of Wales forever remain a part and parcel of the history, character and complexion of the American republic.

A RESPONSE.

By Cambrensis.

In the February number of the "Cambrian" there appeared an article by Morien, in which he endeavors to controvert a statement in the N. Y. "Independent" that the Welsh are not descendants of the ancient Britons. I do not believe that that is very vital to the modern Welsh, and either belief will not hurt our interests materially as a people. But apart from every consideration of material interest, I believe that the inquiry is altogether hopeless since the past history of the Welsh people, as well as of the Celts, generally is so unreliable. I do not wish to force my personal convictions on the reader, but my belief is that the Welsh people are largely a mixture of Saxon, French, Irish, &c., with a certain proportion of Welsh blood. It would be hard to put one's hand on the shoulder of a man in Wales and swear "Here is the true Briton!"

But, apart from that, Morien's argument for his thesis that the Welsh are descendants of the ancient Britons is certainly weak and unreliable. Its unreliability lies in its having no philosophical, philological or historical basis. It may be pleasing to Welsh vanity, but to the philosophical or the scientific mind it appears very unsatisfactory.

Morien's method is not only unscientific, but it is fantastic, and is a product not of a practical mind, but of an untrained imagination. It is really surprising that a writer of Morien's extensive reading should have so ignored the fact that similarity of sound or appearance in words have very little to do with the truth of their relation or identity. The Welsh language is remarkable in alliterative elements; it mimics and mocks all the languages known; it has the quality of philological pretention which is sufficient to con-

stitute a strong claim to possession in the minds of such thinkers as Morien. Heretofore Welsh poets have made use of this quality for purposes of alliteration; Welsh wits have utilized it for humorous ends; and Morien has seen fit to lay on it a superstructure of whimsical archaeology and fantastic philology. Take for illustration the name "Abel," the second son of Adam and Eve. Some writers have told us that this Abel is the Welsh "Abail," which means the "second son." There is no legerdemain about this. It is good Welsh, and it is an example of the power of mimicry which the Welsh language has. Take another illustration. "Nebuchadnezzar" is producible in good intelligible Welsh, viz. "Neb uwch o dan y ser," which means "No one higher under the stars," which was also appropriate to an Eastern potentate. Now this is the nonsensical use Morien makes of the Welsh language in inculcating and substantiating his burlesque theories.

There is certainly a similarity between the Gaelic "usge" and the Welsh "gwisgi;" but the Welsh use "gwisgi" in the sense of "lively" or "brisk," and not as "flexible." Also, Morien outsteps the bounds of fact when he deliberately asserts that the names of rivers in Wales are, in every instance, descriptive of the character of the flow. Let us see. Take the rivers of South Wales. Tâi, Tawe, Towy, Teifi, &c., are all derived from a word which meant "water." The name Tafwys, the

Thames, is a derivation of the same root. Now, this name is not descriptive of the flow; it simply means water. The word "afon" in England signifies the same. The river Usk seems to be an exception, and is a relic of another race. From analogy we must conclude that "Usk" (usge) means simply water, and has no relation whatever with "gwisgi" (lively, &c). A wide-awake archaeologist will find in South Wales the remnant of several races in its brooks, streams and rivers; and in entire Wales he will discover three or four distinct names for "sea" and "flowing water." These tongues have disappeared from modern Welsh, but they linger in old stream and river names. There are certainly Gaelic names in Wales.

It is really amusing to see the way in which Morien can tumble and metamorphose words to support his old-fashioned theory. He is a kind of philological mountebank, and an archaeological conjurer, for out of a single consonant he can draw a whole book of generations, "All English place names, such as Tot, Ted, Toot, Toten, &c., as well as the Egyptian Thoth, are derived from the Welsh Tad (father)." Now, there is not a particle of foundation to all that. It is pure conjecture and guess-work. His inconsistency appears in the double statement he makes regarding London. In the first place it is "Llandin," which it never was, meaning a High Mound or Place, Llan signifying "High,"

which was never known before in the history of Welsh. Then he turns to "Lud-din," the city of Ludd, which is certainly a more intelligible and historical name.

The way also he interprets "Tynwald" in the Isle of Man is in harmony with his favorite habit of pouncing on the mimicry of language.

His way of explaining the word Werddon (Ireland) is a humorous demonstration of his all-prevailing anxiety to prove that all creation is Welsh. Says he: "Our name for Ireland is y Werdd-don, or the green wave, which very aptly describes to this day the appearance—the glorious appearance of Ireland when it first breaks on the sight of the traveler coming from America." Now, that is a remarkably rich piece of folly; because in the first place, Ireland or y Werdd-don means the green land; no one would think of calling Ireland "a green wave;" and, lastly, what has the name Werdd-don or the "Green Isle" to do with the return voyage of the traveler from America? It was not named by a traveler returning from America, but was named because its sod is green.

Now we come to another error which shows remarkable lack of comprehension. Writing of the Irish (Gwyddelod) he states: "'Gwydd' is the Welsh for wood, and the books of the Welsh were all made of four-sided bars of wood revolving in frames. It seems, therefore, highly probable that the name 'Gwyddel'

(singular) signifies 'Book-man.'"
It is rather risky and venturesome to jump at conclusions so unrestrainedly, but intellectual inexperience will do such foolish acts. Common sense and a superficial acquaintance with the history of the Irish, as well as the Welsh, would suggest that the name "Gwyddel" has nothing to do with "books." Very probably they were called "Gwyddelod" by the Welsh before there ever existed a book even of wood in the world. Is it not more probable that this word "Gwyddelod" signifies "wood men," that is, "foresters;" and the Celts generally were so named to distinguish them from town and city people, civilized nations? To suppose that the Irish or the Welsh in ancient times were book-men or literary prodigies, contains too much fun for anything! Such explanations are perfect comedies.

Towards the end he goes on showing the connection between the Isle of Britain and the ancient Phoenicia with astounding facility. The Welsh name "Bala" and the Phoenician "Baal" amount to a proof positive Pale near Bala, is the "Pale mon," or the sun in December, &c., &c. Very probably, the Welsh word "pal" (spade) is a relic of Phoenician sun-worship; and any word with a "p" and an "l" is evidently related to the old pagan god "Baal." We do not hesitate to venture the statement that Morien has not the slightest conception of the philological relations of words, for similarity of sound ap-

pearance, or construction has nothing whatever to do with genealogy of words. To assert that the Shemitic "Beth" is the Welsh *bwth* is certainly daring; and when he ventures to state so recklessly and unscrupulously that the Hebrew "Bethabara" is the "*Bwth y Bru*," by which the Druids meant a boat as symbolizing the spirit of the mother of the sun on the waters of the Jordan, we may easily discover that all his theories as regards ar-

chaeology are based on a foundation of alliteration. What nation would think of naming a village or town after a boat symbolizing the spirit of the mother of the sun? All these fantastic interpretations are entirely devoid of historical and philological authority; and we may add that this latter-day Druidic philosophy and learning is the product of irresponsible fiction, and has no foundation whatever.



CARNARVON CASTLE.

By Antiquarian.

The Castle which is to-day in ruins was at one time a massive building, and is situated on the western side of the town. It is one of the noblest

ruins in the kingdom, the walls being still well-preserved, and about 8 feet thick, and comprising a space of 3 acres. There is a covered gallery or

private passage within its walls, with loop-holes for arrows. There are 13 embattled towers with five, six or eight sides, and surrounded by turrets. The covered passage communicated with all these towers, and was protected from an outside enemy, and lit by small narrow windows, through which arrows and other missiles might be hurled at attacking parties.

This castle is famous and interesting to the Welsh reader as being the place where the first Prince of Wales was born, and the room is shown within the tower where this national event took place. The tower is called the Eagle Tower; but some doubt the accuracy of history in this matter, and some even argue that it is a mere tradition almost wholly unfounded. It is stated in authentic records that this tower was built subsequent to that event, and was not finished until the 30th year of the age of Edward II. The castle commenced building in the reign of Edward I., in 1283; the north eastern portion was proceeded with first, and the work carried on westward until the whole fortress was completed. It was 40 years building, and finished in the year 1322, although some historians have stated that it was erected and completed in one year. Therefore, as the Prince of Wales was born April 25, 1284, and within a year after the castle commenced building, it is hardly probable that he was born in the room pointed out as the spot where the interesting event took

place. But although history goes against the old tradition which is so popular among the Welsh, yet the story is clung to with affection that the first Prince was born at Carnarvon Castle, and it will survive in the popular mind as quite proper and natural.

We may, however, imagine it quite possible that the birth of the Prince took place in Carnarvon, since there was an old Welsh royal house there which it is believed had not yet been destroyed at the time. It is also quite probable that the story is well founded, only that the name of the place has been changed. The Prince may have been born in a Carnarvon castle, but not the present one, which is in ruins. It is rather hard and difficult to disestablish an old belief, which accounts for the tradition which connects inseparably the royal event with Carnarvon.

Connected with the history of this castle is also another event, viz., the imprisonment of William Prynne, Esq., a famous lawyer, in the days of Charles I. After attending on Dr. Preston, a celebrated Puritan's lectures, he was converted and became an extremely zealous Puritan himself, and commenced to inveigh against the corruptions and sins of the times with great bitterness, attacking all manner of customs and religious creeds from the social cup to Romanism and Arminianism, condemning all and everything except his own peculiar views regarding society and religion. In 1632 he published a book, entitled "His-

trio-Mastix" of 1000 pages, against play-houses and plays, and as he was supposed to secretly and maliciously attack the good name of the Queen he was taken before the Star Chamber, accused, condemned and sentenced to pay £3,000, involving his degradation from the bar, expulsion from Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, the loss of both his ears in the pillory, and seeing his book burned publicly by the hangmen, condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and incarcerated in the Tower. But all these severities did not prevent or discourage him from writing with equal bitterness against Church and State, for in 1637 he found means to publish from his prison another offensive book, in which he abused Archbishop Laud and other members of the hierarchy. He was again condemned to pay a fine of £5,000, was once more placed in the pillory, losing the stumps of his ears, which had been spared to him; and was branded on both cheeks with the letters S. L. (Seditious Libeler). He was also sentenced to be immured in some remote fortress, and Carnarvon Castle was selected as such a place; and for a time he was there imprisoned, but was subsequently removed to the Isle of Jersey. He remained a prisoner until, in 1641—the Long Parliament then sitting—he was released by a warrant of the House of Commons. Shortly afterward he was elected member of Parliament for Newport, Cornwall.

In 1821 a National Eisteddfod was

held within the walls of the castle, under the presidency of the Marquis of Anglesea, when Richard Jones (Gwyndaf Eryri), Llanwnda, took the chair prize for the best ode on "Music." Another Eisteddfod was held here in 1862, which lasted four days. The chair subject this time was "The Year," which was won by Hwfa Mon, the present archdruid of Wales. In 1832 Her Majesty the Queen, then a young princess, accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, visited the ruins, and also the Prince Consort with his son Alfred in 1861. Many illustrious personages from the continent have also visited this famous castle, among them the Archduke Constantine of Russia, King of Saxony, Prince of Orange, &c., &c.

In 1851, the Semi-centennial Convention of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held also within its walls, where thousands of the friends of the Bible, and some of the most famous men of England and Wales met to discuss the affairs and business of the Society, and help the grand cause so near to the heart of old Charles of Bala, viz. "Beibl i bawb o bobl y byd."

Carnarvon is a bathing place, and a seaport town, and is much frequented by tourists on account of its vicinity to the grandest sceneries in North Wales. Many families of the upper ranks live in and around the town. Half a mile from Carnarvon are the remains of Segontium or *Caer Seiont*, a Roman city or station.

HUXLEY IN THE LIGHT OF PAUL.

 By Apollos.

Welsh theologians and divines are now busily engaged in attacking and defending the authority and the inerrancy of Paul's teaching. The Rev. D. Adams' book, "Paul in the Light of Jesus" is causing considerable excitement and attracting the attention of all who take more than a passing interest in religious questions.

Paul has had absolute sway among the Welsh until of late; so much so that no man, far less any theologian of any standing would have thought of disputing his authority, or of doubting the absolute truthfulness of his doctrines. Consequently, when Mr. Adams' book was published, the Welsh divines were astounded. Although a few accept his rational views, the great majority hold him as a reckless innovator and a religious Don Quixote.

The course of the river of theology in Wales has been, hitherto, extremely smooth and placid, with ripples now and again caused by theological gales and breezes of denominational rather than fundamental differences. As regards the authority, authenticity and inerrancy of the Bible, the several sects in Wales are agreed, although they do dispute minor points of doctrine. They are all one and unanimous as regards the authority of the Bible, although they differ as to what the

Bible means. But Adams' book has been like a rock thrown into the water of life, which has caused a great commotion in the formerly placid current, because it undertakes to undermine one of the great pillars of divine truth, the great Apostle of the Gentiles. This book asserts that Paul has committed errors and mistakes in very many ways; and since he is proved so fallible, he is no longer trustworthy. Once the foundation is shown to be defective, the whole superstructure becomes tremulous.

The author's way of convicting Paul is to lead him back and hold him in the light of Jesus. The great apostle was a close follower of his Lord, and was personally inspired of his master to go among the Gentiles as his fully authorized representative and spiritually equipped teacher. He states himself that he neither received his doctrine of man, nor was taught it of man; but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. So, dragging the apostle into the light and presence of his Master can not in the least offend him, or injure his reputation or authority or the integrity of his teaching. The great apostle would in his time have courted such a trial; because he was conscientiously endeavoring always to keep his Lord in the foreground of all his thoughts and actions. Per-

sonally, he was honest, and always proved himself a painstaking, faithful and conscientious servant of the great name he so loved and honored.

Several writers of weight have noticed that in this Canaanitish book, Paul is not so much held in the light of Jesus as in a certain manufactured light illumined by Mr. Adams for premeditated purposes; nor is he judged and condemned on principles, and according to standards laid down by Jesus so much as on a platform expressly built for undermining his credit. The influence of Paulinism over western thought has been so tremendous that it would be sheer folly to doubt Paul's intellectual and spiritual gifts, and his wonderful conception of the great current of human civilization. He has been in religion what Moses was in government, a great leader, and his reflected light will continue to shine for ages to come.

What we wish, however, to discuss in this article is not Mr. Adams' book, but Huxley's ethical views in the light of Paul. In criticizing Paul's teachings, we should not condemn him hastily on the ground that his manner of expression is different to the scientist's, or that his doctrine is otherwise colored or shaded. Light and shade change and vary according to the position we take, and although two expressions may differ, the experienced truth is identical. A great and weighty fact has too often been

overlooked when theologians have neglected the idea of spiritual growth and development. Truth is spiritual, and, consequently, reducing it to material shapes and figures is liable to mis-shape and distort it. Our conception of truth is not truth itself, nor should it be absolutely settled and determined according to our conditioned views. In fact, our truths are mere metaphors or apparitions of truths; and as the day moves onward and upwards, the shadows shift and change, although the things themselves remain the same. Unfortunately it is the shadows of truth we see; and so we become easily and needlessly alarmed and anxious, thinking that when the shadows move, the truth we love, crumble! Truth is immovable; it is only our views that change. Our best position is to be on a line with truth, not to look across the line of evolution, but to face the current of God's purposes; then changes do not stagger us.

Huxley in his Romanes' lecture, "Evolution and Ethics," expressed views which attracted considerable attention at the time it was delivered, and seemed a repetition or a re-echo of Paul's experience as depicted in Romans VII.-VIII. The outstanding feature of the lecture is the sharp contrast between nature and the ethical man. This point of contrast has drawn the attention of thinkers for ages; and even the old-fashioned Welsh Druids called this state of moral evolution as the "state of liberty in manhood," where

it seems as if human nature were partially released from the underlying nature, and partially in bondage to the cosmic order. It is this complete freedom that Paul was yearning for, the liberation of the intellect and spirit of man from the domination and the corruption of the cosmic nature. Paul calls this "vanity," "the bondage of corruption" and "sin," whereas Huxley names it "the cosmic nature." Paul's expressions, to the spiritual-minded is the more appropriate; because "cosmic nature" is a vague generality which conceals the truth so well and strikingly expressed by Paul. To a soul that has experienced this bondage, the dominion of sin, of the flesh, and has fought with the forces of evil, the apostle's doctrine is wonderfully accurate and realistic; Huxley's vague scholastic statement is colorless and vapid. It appears that Huxley felt the same experience as Paul's, the difficulty, the struggle between conscience and evil, the war between the cosmic and the ethical, but his scientific training deprived him of the spiritual conception which Paul possessed. Paul was supersensitive. In his lecture, Huxley recognizes the partial truth, but is somewhat puzzled by the conflict between the cosmic and the ethical. He is conscious of the dread problem, the moral indifference of nature, the unfathomable injustice of the cosmic order, the want of moral elements in the lower nature, and he stands astounded and confounded. In the lower nature—the

cosmic process—he sees no sanction to moral sentiment; in fact, in it, he sees the headquarters of the enemy of the ethical nature; and virtue and morality can only be established and nurtured by the subjugation and the obliteration of the lower or the cosmic nature. To him law and moral training are directed to curbing of the cosmic process. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic, and a substitution of the ethical process. The ethical does not depend on the imitating of the cosmic process, but in combating it. Morality is the result of the ethical.

Paul was conscious of the same fact, and experienced the same difficulty, only he felt it spiritually, while Huxley only scientifically. What to Huxley was a cosmic process, was to Paul a corruption and a sin. What Huxley calls a cosmic process, Paul calls the flesh, wherein dwelleth no (moral) good, and the law of sin; and Huxley's "ethical process" is to Paul "the law of God." Therefore, Huxley and Paul are in complete accord, only they differ in their view as a result of their varying positions and methods. Paul observes the "ethical process" in a higher light, and in relation to heavenly truths. Huxley's cosmos is physical, Paul's spiritual; Paul's light is more brilliant, and his shades deeper and darker. Both draw very much the same lines, but Paul's are weightier and more impressive.

Let us use this simple illustration: Cosmic process seems only to sug-

gest to Huxley a physical difficulty, while to Paul the trouble is something more damaging to the soul than a simple failure—it is a spiritual taint or leprosy, which ruins and damns. While to Huxley sin is a mere transgression of natural laws, or a physical imperfection or

defection, and its confession a mere “I have sinned before nature,” Paul adds another meaning to it, “and before heaven,” which introduces an element of spirituality, which gives a better account of the difficulty. This lack of spirituality is the supreme defects of science.

SITTING UNDER THE SHADOW OF CHRIST.

By the Rev. Robert W. Pritchard, Utica, N. Y.

[Continued from last month.]

2. Under Christ's shadow we find a defence from the burning heat of temptation and trial. Little repose can the Christian expect while sojourning in this world. He who is the prince and lord of it will not cease to molest him with his fiery darts. He is a pilgrim and a stranger here. His journey is a dangerous and weary one. He is an exile from his Father's house. Originally a voluntary wanderer from it, he is on his way back thither. His fondest hopes, his warmest sympathies are centered there; and he looks forward to the time when his journeyings shall cease, when his conflicts shall be over, and he shall enter into rest. But here he is exposed to the scorching heat of temptation and trial. Where shall he look for protection but under Christ's shadow. How fitted is this provision for the believer's wants. Is he fainting under the terrors of God's fiery law? In Jesus is shelter, for he has become its curse, as well as fulfilled its requirements. Is the believer hard beset by the great

enemy of souls? Christ is a secure retreat; “for this cause was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.” Do persecutions, bereavements, cares, worldly losses, pain or sorrow distress him? In all, Jesus is a very present help. Under his shadow the believer may be assured that temptation and trial can do him no injury. Better is any condition, however necessitous, weak and afflictive it may be, where Christ's sympathy and love is felt than any or every exemption from trial where his love is not experienced. Again:

3. Under Christ's shadow is rest and refreshment for the weary. What the hot sandy desert is to the weary and thirsty traveler, such is the world to the truly spiritually-minded child of God. To him it is dry without refreshment, and barren without beauty. “My soul thirsteth for thee,” said the Psalmist, “my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.” “As the hart desireth after the water brooks, so longeth my soul after

thee, O God." There is nothing of mere human growth that can refresh the renewed spirit. Such refreshment must come from above. "All my springs are in thee." The eye that hath seen the real excellence of Christ can see nothing of real beauty but in that which partakes of his image. Being under his shadow implies a nearness to Christ, so close to him that his shadow stretches over and surrounds us. And this is where the Christian loves to be. Not following his Saviour, as St. Peter did, afar off, but leaning with St. John upon his bosom. Rest not contented with anything short of nearness to Christ. For what is heaven itself, but nearness to Christ. "To be with thee where thou art," said a departing saint to the Saviour, "that is heaven." Then to sit under Christ's shadow now is the preparation for heaven, or rather the commencement of it, for glory is but grace perfected. But we must notice:—

II.—The state of mind pictured to our view in the language of the text, "I sat down under his shadow."

Not a hasty passing under it, nor a momentary standing, but a quiet sitting; the position is one of calm and settled rest. We want, as Christians, to realize more of this waiting spirit in our approaches to the Saviour. Many persons, when wearied and depressed, come to Christ for relief, but they do not stay long enough with him to get it. They pass with a hurried step through the shadow of his loving presence, or it may be they pause

for a minute beneath it, but that is all; they have not time to sit down, or else they have not the inclination to remain, and they return to the dusty and heated thoroughfare of life, marveling that their pace is not quickened, nor their wearied frame refreshed, and murmuring because the peace which he promised to the weary and heavy-laden, he has not given to them. But we must sit down under Christ's shadow, if we would become the inheritors of his peace and the recipients of his choicest blessings.

Now what does sitting down under Christ's shadow imply? It implies:—

1. A readiness to listen to what he has to say. Our minds must be turned towards the Saviour. When he speaks to us, all other voices must be hushed, and all other subjects banished from our consideration. He must have our fixed and reverent attention. And this is one reason, the chief reason, why so many are ignorant of the great salvation, and uninterested in it. They are too busy about worldly matters, so thoroughly engrossed in the pursuits in which they are engaged, that they have not time to sit down under Christ's shadow; they are too much occupied to listen to him. Oh, let not the tumult of the world around you, not the restlessness of the world within you deafen your ears to the voice of Christ. "Hear," he says, "and your soul shall live." But perhaps you are ready to say, "Must I believe as well as hear?" Certainly, the hearing Christ implies

that you believe what he says. "But faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Therefore, don't perplex yourself about faith, but simply sit down under Christ's shadow, and listen to the gracious and loving words that he shall speak to you, and his words shall drop as the rain, and his speech shall fall as the dew upon your heart, and the glad tidings of his gospel shall be eagerly and thankfully received by you. Are you disposed to question this? You imagine perhaps that salvation is not to be had so easily; you think you must do some great thing, you must make some laborious preparation before it can be yours. But when you sit down under his shadow, what do you hear him say? Nothing about what you must do to obtain salvation, but all about what he has done to obtain it for us. This is the grand subject of his discourse, his own ability, willingness and right to save unto the uttermost all who flee unto him for refuge. What he speaks of is a full, free and everlasting salvation, purchased by his own blood, and offered, yea pressed on your acceptance, without money and without price. He gives eternal life, not sells it. You have quite mistaken the Savior hitherto, if you have imagined that you require anything to introduce or recommend you to him. He says, "If any man will, let him come unto me and drink! Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely!" Again,

2. Sitting under Christ's shadow implies a child-like spirit. The late

Dr. Gordon of Hull, during his last illness, touchingly confessed, "I have been seeking religion for years by reason, and I could not get it, and I have found it by becoming a little child. That is the secret. I reasoned and debated, and investigated, but I found not peace till I came to the gospel as a little child, till I received it as a babe. Then such a light was shed abroad in my heart that I saw the whole scheme at once, and I found pleasure the most indescribable." He sat down under his shadow with great delight. These are the Savior's own words, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And this is his unfailing direction to all who are disappointed, harassed and disquieted in their search for truth and peace. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." And if you come to him, he expects you to manifest in some degree that meekness and lowliness which are so beautifully portrayed in his own character. It is the meek whom he will guide in judgment, and whom he will teach his way. Once more:

3. Sitting under Christ's shadow is a preparation for serving him. We sit under his shadow not merely for our own spiritual rest and refreshment, but that we may learn what he has done for us, and what he expects us to do for him. If faith comes by hearing, obedience is no less the result of believing. As we listen to the wondrous story of his grace, and believe in the reality and

the freeness of the love which it unfolds to us, our glad and grateful response will be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" We shall desire to live not unto ourselves, but unto him that died for us, and rose again.

III.—Notice briefly, the rich enjoyment that is found in sitting under his shadow. "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

We are not surprised at this, for where should happiness be found if not with him who is its full and inexhaustible source? All who sit under Christ's shadow share in the hallowed and satisfying pleasures which he has to impart. Pardon, peace, hope, joy, assurance, strength, purity; these are some of the precious fruits which we gather from the tree of life. Have you, dear friends, sat down under his shadow and tasted of these fruits? Oh, rest

not contented with anything short of nearness to Christ. Choose your resting place beneath his shadow, and it will never fail you, never disappoint your expectations. Alike through the sunshine and the storms of time it will afford you a safe and happy retreat. And when you have crossed the dark river, which runs between this world and the next, you will find the Savior there waiting to receive you to his presence, and to bid you stay with him for ever. You will then sit down, not under his shadow, for in heaven there are no shadows; the perfected spirit can bear the full sunlight of God's countenance, and wants no shelter from the heat of trial and temptation, but beneath his smile. You will see him as he is, and you will then realize what you believe now, that in his presence there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for ever more.



MEMORY.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

Would you fair love's most beautiful daughter see?
 With slow step, yonder she goes—sweet memory;
 A pensive Ruth, wrapped in misty robes of gray,
 Gathering dreams in the fields of yesterday.



FIELD OF LETTERS

"Ceninen Gwyl Dewi" contains a great variety of papers on interesting subjects. Among them are the following: "The Rev. Richard Lumley" by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A.; The Rev. David Roberts, D. D. (Dewi Ogwen), by Elfed, and the Rev. David Evans (Clwydfardd), by Meiriadog; "Robyn Ddu Eryri," by Ap Valant; "The Rev. Herber Evans, D. D.," by the Rev. David Griffith; "The Rev. J. Evans (Eglwysbach)," "The Three Giants, John Elias, Christmas Evans and Williams o'r Wern;" "The Very Rev. Archdeacon Griffith, B. D." "Mathetes," James Milo Griffith, the Sculptor, "Caradog" and several other biographical sketches. "Dewi Sant" by Bryfdir, O. Caerwyn Roberts and Gwyndaf, with a collection of englynion, &c.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" for March are as follows: "Prophecy," by Principal J. A. Morris, D. D.; "The Licensing Commission," by J. Jones-Griffiths; "Liverpool and the Slave Trade," by Eleazar Roberts; "A Poem," by the Rev. W. M. Jones; "Paul in the Light of Jesus," by the Rev. Evan Jones; "Logia," by the Rev. Thomas Levi; "Questions worth knowing pertaining to the Licensing Law," by Alfred T. Davies; Literary and Book Notes. "Liverpool and the Slave Trade" is a strong and well-written article. and the tone and contents of the number are excellent.

"Cymru" for February has several excellent papers. The Frontispiece is the Church Choir. "Welsh History," by

the editor is continued. A page of poems; "The Devil in the Chapel," by H. J. Davies, Llanarmon; "Ellis Jones, the old-style Chorister," by Asledydd. "An Old Irish Air" (music and Welsh words); "Childish Beliefs," by Ap Llwyd, Cumberland; "Temperance Talk in Verse;" "Temperance in Ffestiniog," by Mr. Ellis Jones, Llanberis. A Paper on Tennyson's "In Memorium," by Ellen Hughes, Bedford. "Peter Williams as a Poet," by Carneddog, and other minor articles and poems. This number also gives a facsimile of one of Rebecca's letters dated Penyrherber, June 16, 1843.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for March has a good collection of readings for children. The number opens with a portrait of the late Edward Davies, Llandinam, accompanied by a brief sketch of his useful life. Joseph Addison (with portrait); The Battle of Crecy and the Siege of Calais; Paul and Silas in Prison; Chips from the Block; Child's History of Christ; Women in China; Notices, Questions, &c.

"Cymru'r Plant," March number, has a variety of interesting reading. Among its contents are the following selections: "St. David's Day;" "Our Four Saints;" "Who cares for us?" "Wycliff's Chair" with illustration; "Seals at Home;" "A Short Story 'Lost;'" "The Children of Wales;" "The Wonders of Natures," and minor pieces.

Some other day: Song and Chorus, by J. L. Bevan, Carnegie, Pa. Published

by H. R. Basler, Pittsburg, Pa., Price 25c. This song is based on an incident in the life of Gladys Pughe, and the words and music remind us of the celebrated "After the Ball is Over." The song is smooth and flowing, and the words are taking. This song and chorus may strike the popular taste. May be had of the composer.

Christ is King: By O. H. Evans, Mus. Bac., Marysville, O. This is a magnificent solo with accompaniment, which cannot fail to please the music-loving people. It has already been sung with great success.

"David Davies" will soon be published by Hughes & Son, Wrexham. It is adjudged by the press to be a most humorous, entertaining, and instructive book, by the well-known Welsh literate, B. Gwynfe Evans. It will appear in six-penny parts, and may be had of the Publishers or from R. E. Roberts, £9 Howard ave., Utica, N. Y.

There is a number of able papers on Welsh subjects of interest in "Young Wales" for March, among which are a discussion on Conventions by Owen Rhoscomyl; "Classics of Welsh Literature," by Professor Anwyl, M. A.; entertaining talks on "Persons and Politics" by Y Gwyn o Ddyfed, etc., etc.

Harper's Round Table for April will contain "The Taking of Malaxa," an incident of the late Greco-Turkish war, by John F. Bass, war correspondent of an English paper; an article on "The Way to Build a Punt," by A. J. Kenaley; "A Ballad of Apla Bay," by Rowan Stevens; a further instalment of "The Adventurers," by H. B. Marriott Watson; a railroad story, "Lever No. 13," by W. S. Harwood; a Japanese incident, "How Tomi Wiped Out a Score," by Ida Mansfield Wilson; "Training Animals for Circus Tricks," by J. Parmely Paret; "Roberto's Rebels," by Harold

Martin; "Mapa's Diamond," by Owen Hall; "The Game-Warden's Story," by Frank L. Pollock, and "The Making of a Golf Course," by W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen.

The "Dysgedydd" for March has some able articles. "A Memoir of the late Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin," by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; "The Spiritual Principle of the Atonement," by the Rev. James Charles, Denbigh; "The Church and the Spirit of the Times," by the Rev. J. M. Rees, London; "On the Shores of the Mediterranean," by Proff. Anwyl, M. A., Aberystwyth; "Church Partisanship," by the Rev. T. Roberts, Mold. We believe a little infusion of secularism would improve our monthly religious periodicals.

The leading paper in the "Drysorfa" for March is "Higher Criticism," by the Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones, D. D., which is followed by other articles on theological and religious subjects. It seems that the Welsh in the Old Country are taken up wholly with intricate theological subjects. In the same number we find an article on the abstruse question "Ymwaghad," by the Rev. D. D. Jones, Upper Bangor. More practical studies would be of more service to ordinary readers.

"The Laborer and the Capitalist," by Freeman Otis Wilby: Equitable Publishing Co., 143 Chambers St., New York. This book deals with the relations of the two great forces of labor and capital; and it takes a concise and comprehensive view of the whole question. Its aim is to get at the truth in the clearest and the directest way; and it certainly contains a great amount of information regarding the subject it treats. Price \$1.25.

"The Living Age" has published during March an excellent number of articles on political and literary sub

jects of the day. "The Italian Crisis and the New Ministry;" "The Reigning Hollenzollern;" "The Works of Rudyard Kipling;" "The Recent Movement of Germany in the East;" "Real Life in the Klondike;" "The Spanish Crisis;" "Alphonse Daudet;" "Captain Mahan's Counsel to the United States," &c., &c. It reproduces the leading articles from the best reviews, periodicals, &c. The Living Age Co., Boston, Mass.

The exclusive attention paid to religious and theological questions among the Welsh is certainly injurious to their complete culture. The Welsh nation cannot live and prosper politically and nationally on religious literature alone. Our periodicals should devote some of their space to practical discussions of secular subjects. It is possible that an excess of religion may hurt us; for salvation itself is not exempt from the evil consequences of excess. A nation is made of many parts, and each part has to be nurtured and cared for.

One of the essential principles of the Protestant Reformation is the right of independent judgment, the right to criticize within the province of theology as well as that of other knowledges. No Protestant theologian objects or opposes the most thorough investigation into the composition of the books of the Bible or their contents; therefore groundless is the wild charge that orthodox theologians are opposed to Biblical criticism, or to a free study of the Bible. Who has explored it more thoroughly and fairly than they? All they require is that the work be performed soberly.—"Y Drysorfa."

The Editor in the "Drysorfa" for March, thus writes of the Rev. D. Adams' book "Paul in the Light of Jesus:" "Although there are some good things in the book, its atmosphere is unwholesome. Although the author appears to be modest and humble, a spirit of infallibility pervades it all through

from beginning to end. He does not hesitate to put down Paul as a narrow and bigoted man controlled by the teachings of his youth, and, therefore, extremely erroneous on many questions. According to Mr. Adams, Paul was wrong on the question of the rights of woman, on the principle of popular government, on the relation of sin and death, and other questions of theology. He maintains that man by nature is not so bad as Paul paints him. With characteristic straightforwardness he undertakes to put Paul right in his own place as regards all these questions as well as many others. We have no desire now to enter into controversy over these matters, but we may state that these doctrines, which Mr. Adams condemn in his book has been at the foundation of every reformation in the Christian church from the apostolic age until the present day."

It is an open secret that the Rev. D. Adams' book, "Paul in the Light of Jesus," is arousing the Kymry from their long theological slumbers. The Welsh mind has been roughly and rudely shaken, and shows considerable peevishness, as suddenly aroused personalities are apt to betray. The discrepancy of opinion which prevails among readers of this adventurous book is great. Some testify to its great ability; others deny to it even commonplace praise. While one will call it a master-piece, another names it an awkward piece of patchwork! The undertaking is, undoubtedly, contrary to the Welsh spirit, and tramples on time-honored traditions and intellectual customs. Higher criticism is a theological cactus in Wales; and although it may be cultivated within private enclosures, it will never grow and thrive on the hill-sides of the land of orthodoxy. It seems so now; but it is dangerous to predict for the future. Secular education and culture will certainly move the Welshman to an extent more or less.

Truth to tell, the Welsh amendment to the Queen's address was a fiasco. Mr. Herbert Lewis's speech was as clever and well-informed as usual, but he was not backed up as strenuously as he should have been by his colleagues. The Welsh members have been for some time in a curious state. I have pointed out before how they missed a fine opportunity last year over the Land Commissioner's Report. This year I fear will not be much better. The real reason for this is the indifference of the rank and file to Welsh interests in the House. Gloss this over as we may, sooner or later Welsh constituencies will awake to the fact. With the exception of five or six, the Welsh members are too anxious to believe that with their own return to Parliament the aspirations of Wales have been satisfied. These men resent the activity of a too energetic colleague. They only want a little peace, a little quiet.—"Y Gwyn" in "Young Wales."

During the century now rising to be gone, it is the chapel which has been the main upholder of Welsh nationality. It is usual to speak of this force as the "religious movement." So it was at first, but, as with all other religious movements whatsoever, it presently took on politics. And, again like other religious movements, as it gained in numbers and worldly strength, so politics tended insiduously more and more to usurp the place of religion pure and simple as a motive force. We are all aware how often it has been said of late that instead of the chapel now using politics as a weapon, it is politics which now wields the chapel. It is said that pure religion must now oust politics if the chapel is to live and hold its own. Well, so be it, say others; it has done a great work in upholding our nationality in times past, and in any case (say they) it has brought the national idea to a point where the work has gone beyond the worker, and where some new force must come to the front and continue the advance. As to what force

that shall be, one looks round and sees only nationalism within imperialism, as at all adequate to lift the burden and swing it up, wave borne, another beach higher on its progress.

"Cymru" for March is an excellent number, and contains several entertaining papers, among which we may mention "Dafydd ap Jenkyn," "William Salisbury," "Huw Lleyon," "Bwydydd Ynys Mon," "Cymru pan Ddechreuodd Victoria Deyrnasu," &c., &c. The reader will find many other articles and minor pieces, with a variety of poems, which add greatly to the value of the number. "Cymru" cannot fail to give satisfaction to the Welsh as well as the English reader, for it contains original, and often curious information.

Both the "Llan" and the "Haul," the two Welsh Church publications, will be shortly taken over by a company formed through the exertions of the Rev. Professor Camber-Williams, of Lampeter College. Since its foundation, in 1869, the "Llan" has been brought out under the auspices of a central committee, composed of the four Welsh bishops and leading clergy in each diocese. For some time it has been thought advisable to form a limited liability company to publish this and other publications, and so give the laity an opportunity of sharing in the management. The headquarters of the new company will be at Lampeter. Notices have been given to terminate existing contracts.

There has long been a suspicion that the writer of the popular Welsh historical tales, "Battlement and Tower," "The Jewel of Ynys Galon," and other works, who affects the pseudonym of "Owen Rhoscomyl," is Mr. E. Schofield, of Conway. Mr. Schofield himself, however, while admitting an intimate relationship with the mysterious "Rhoscomyl," denies that this is so. The novelist has taken immense pains to conceal his identity, and those who have had occasion to communicate with him have been obliged to address their letters to a London news agency, where they are re-directed to "Rhoscomyl." In one of his letters the novelist describes Mr. Schofield as his "transcriber," and, as most of his letters are written in a woman's handwriting, it is now surmised by the "Liverpool Mercury" that "Owen" is a "she."

SCIENTIFIC

The working of a plan of ventilation of rooms, devised by Dr. Castaing, principal physician of the French armies, is highly commended. It consists in the use of double windows, with openings at the bottom of one and at the top of the opposite one, through which the air comes in freely without any one feeling it. The system is said to possess simplicity, efficiency, and cheapness.

Max Muller, the distinguished Oxford linguist, in a recent interview in "The Christian World" of London, is quoted as saying: "I have always held that it would be a miserable universe without eternal punishment. Every act, good or evil, must carry its consequences, and the fact that our punishment will go on forever seems to be proof of the everlasting love of God. For an evil deed to go unpunished would be to destroy the moral order of the universe."

NECESSITY OF COVER DURING SLEEP.

Nature takes the time when one is lying down to give the heart rest, and that organ consequently makes ten strokes less a minute than when one is in an upright posture; multiply that by sixty minutes and it is six hundred strokes. Therefore in eight hours spent in lying down the heart is saved nearly 5,000 strokes, and as the heart pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke, it lifts 30,000 ounces less of blood in a night of eight hours spent in bed than when one is in an upright position. As the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, one must supply

then with extra coverings the warmth usually furnished by the processes of circulation.

BLIND MEN'S DREAMS.

One of the most intelligent inmates of a blind asylum, who came into the world blind, says that he never dreams of the things he has read about and never dreams of any thing or person that he has not in some way come in personal contact with.

He dreams of music, of the voices of persons he knows, of such incidents as might happen at the home or in some place in which he has actually been, but never of incidents in other places or in other lands. Even although he has read descriptions of localities, of natural beauties, of the appearance of a street or a city, no idea of what they look like comes to him in the fancies of his sleep.

There is a class of blind people who become blind when quite young. Such blind people never dream of any scene or object except those which have remained in the memory from what they actually saw before they became blind. —Pearson's Weekly.

A LITERARY DISEASE.

"A well known French writer," says "Humanitarian," "has recently been discussing the question of literature as a disease. In his opinion France is suffering from a new and insidious disease—literaturitis. Among the educated classes there is a positive craze for decadent literature, and the demand only creates the supply. The result is that the minds of both writers and readers are poisoned by unwholesome mental

food, and the men who write are, as a rule, the reverse of manly, and are given to effeminacy, drunkenness, immorality, and vice generally. In point of fact, writing appears if we may believe this authority, to be an occupation only pursued by the diseased in body and of mind."

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REASONS FOR BEING A CANNIBAL.

According to a French writer named Petrie, whose conclusions are quoted in: "The Medical News," twenty per cent. of all cannibals eat the dead in order to glorify them; nineteen per cent. eat great warriors in order that they may inherit their courage, and eat dead children in order to renew their youth; ten per cent. partake of their near relatives from religious motives, either in connection with initiatory rites or to glorify deities, and five per cent. feast for hatred in order to avenge themselves upon their enemies. Those who devour human flesh because of famine are reckoned as eighteen per cent. In short, deducting all these there remains only a proportion of twenty-four per cent. who partake of human flesh because they prefer it to other means of alimentation."

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A SOLAR ENGINE TEST.

For some time several Boston capitalists have been working on a solar engine machine, and on last Monday afternoon the completed engine, which has been set up at Longwood, near Boston, crude though it is, was tested successfully. The engine consists of three parts, a reflector, which concentrates the heat, a cylinder for generating the steam, and a device for keeping the sun's rays constantly in focus on the cylinder. In the test, after an adjustment of the machinery and the turning in of cold water into the boiler, the formation of steam began almost instantly. The gauge registered pressure

of about 85 pounds in half an hour, which drove the engine steadily, doing the work of about two horse power.

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GERMAN TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

It is no small wonder that "made in Germany" is already the most familiar trade mark in the world, for the whole German people are being educated scientifically in the arts of industrial production. Nowhere in the world does manufacturing become so nearly a skilled profession as in Saxony, for in this small kingdom there are no less than 111 technical institutes; Prussia has 260 such schools, with over 12,000 pupils; 35 of the schools are for painters and decorators, 16 for tailors, 9 for shoemakers, etc., other trades having at least one school. The government appropriates \$600,000 for their support and the various towns and cities give liberal subsidies, Berlin alone giving \$70,000 per annum. Baden, with 1,600,000 inhabitants, spends \$280,000 a year in technical schools. Hesse, with a population of 1,000,000, has 83 schools of design, 43 of manufacturing industries, and many others for artisans of various trades. Bavaria and Wurtemberg and other cities have similar systems.

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MUSICAL WHEELS.

The bicycle has reached another phase of its constant development through a novel and highly interesting invention consisting in a musical instrument which may be attached to any bicycle and plays popular airs, without the aid of the rider, in a loud and melodious manner, when the machine is in motion. The instrument constitutes an entertaining companion for the bicyclist on his roamings, which are frequently rather lonely; it is so much more welcome as it will be a companion entirely submissive to the rider's wishes. It has been invented patented and placed upon the market

by a firm in Hamburg, and is fittingly called "troubadour," after the wandering musicians of the Middle Ages.—Scientific American.

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THE PATERAN.

A woodsman may blaze his way through the trackless forest, but he leaves the gash on the tree as a sign of his course, while the gypsy can travel a thousand miles and leave no sign that any eye but a gypsy's can see, and yet the route he has gone is perfectly plain to the laggard who follows a day's journey behind. Gypsy has followed gypsy hundreds of miles, day after day, guided only by the patteran—the mark at the cross-roads. The patteran is sometimes made of a handful of grass, sometimes of a heap of sticks placed with significance, sometimes of a pile of loose stones so arranged that they show the way the wanderers have taken. Different families have usually a different form of the patteran but all know and rely upon it.—Paul Koster.

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A THREAD FROM THE EARTH TO A STAR.

Professor Ball, the astronomer royal of Ireland, and one of the most popular astronomical writers in Great Britain, has finished a curious calculation on the distance to the nearest of the "fixed stars." The calculation was inspired by a visit to one of the great Lancashire thread factories. The superintendent of one of the factories inspected by the astronomer informed the star-gazer that the combined output of the various Lancashire thread factories was 155,000,000 miles of thread per day. Those figures were certainly enough to astonish anyone, unless it should be an astronomer. Professor Ball has long since passed the point where he expresses surprise at a string of figures which represent even billions of miles. Instead of falling stunned at the thread

man's feet he paralyzed the manufacturer of cotton filaments by telling him that if all the factories in Lancashire should work day and night, producing 155,000,000 miles of thread every twelve hours, it would take them two hundred years to spin a thread long enough to reach from the earth to the nearest of the fixed stars.

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SHIP BUILDING.

"I am satisfied that the United States can gain the supremacy in ship-building it had when wooden ships were in vogue. It only needs an enterprising Western ship-building concern to establish a yard near New York and manage it with the skill and energy which have characterized those of the lakes. This is the only prominent department of manufacturing in which our country is behind, and it is one in which it easily can obtain front rank. It would justify steel manufacturers to guarantee to such a ship-building concern a continuance of the present extremely low rates on steel for a term of years, and also that steel of all kinds and armors and guns should always be furnished to the lowest price paid by European ship-builders. But there is nothing to fear from the prices of steel, for these henceforth are to rule lower in our country than in any country of Europe. It will not be long before a large portion of the steel supply must be drawn by Europe from the United States."—Carnegie.

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THE ETHNOLOGY OF KISSING.

The kiss was unknown. I think, among the aboriginal tribes of America and of Central Africa. From the most ancient times, however, it has been familiar to the Asiatic and European races. The Latins divided it into three forms—the osculum, the basium and the suavius; the first being the kiss of friendship and respect, the second of

ceremony and the third of love. The Semites also knew the kiss, and Job speaks of it as part of the sacred rites, as it is to-day in the Roman Church.

The Mongolian kiss, however, is not the same as that which prevails with us. In it the lips do not touch the surface of the person kissed. The nose is brought into light contact with the cheek, forehead or hand; the breath is drawn slowly through the nostrils, and the act ends with a slight smack of the lips. The Chinese consider our mode of kissing full of coarse suggestiveness, and our writers regard their methods with equal disdain.

Darwin and other naturalists have attempted to trace back the kiss to the act of the lower animals who seize their prey with their teeth, etc. An interesting recent study of the subject is by M. Paul d'Enjoy in the *Bulletin of the Paris Anthropological Society*, vol. viii, No. 2.—Dr. Daniel C. Brinton in "Science."

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ENGLAND'S BOOK OUTPUT.

The "Publishers' Circular" says that the output of books during the past year was larger by some 1,400 tomes than in 1896. In theology there is a rise of about 100 books, and in education 160, while politics and commerce show the notable augmentation of 300 books. While the demand for light reading also grows, the total increase in fiction is not so great as was expected. Travels and poetry are much the same as last year. The total number of books and new editions published in the past twelve months is 6,573. The smallest number is on law, 140, and the largest is novels, 2,677. There is revived interest in theology, while the arts and sciences show a falling off.

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MURDER AND MONEY.

The able lawyers of the country are establishing very definitely the relation-

ship between cash and crime. They long ago demonstrated the power of money to delay and defeat the operations of justice in civil procedure in the courts, and they are now furnishing material for reflection by law-abiding citizens in the results achieved by money for the protection of criminals. It is becoming more notorious every year that the criminal backed by money has more than an even chance of escape from the consequences of his unlawful acts. The man who has committed murder need not despair for either life or liberty if he has means to enlist capable legal talent in his cause and to pay the expenses of a trial fought to the last ditch by modern methods of legal warfare.

"This is not an overdrawn view of the situation, startling as are the facts which it assumes to exist. The court records of the country show that in the larger cities not more than three per cent of the persons indicted for murder go to the gallows, and only a slightly larger proportion of them get long sentences to the penitentiary."

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THE EVOLUTION OF COURTSHIP.

In the dim and misty ages of the past, when wandering bands of apelike human beings had not developed their tribal customs to the level of priestly ceremony—when the medicine-man had not arisen—a marriage between a man and a young woman was generally consummated by the man beating the girl into insensibility, and dragging her by the hair to his cave. Added to its simplicity, the custom had the merit of improving the race, as unhealthy and ill-favored girls were not pursued, and similar men were clubbed out of the pursuit by stronger. But the process was necessarily painful to the loved one, and her female children naturally inherited a repugnance to being wooed.

When a civilized young lady, clothed and well-conducted, anticipates being

kissed or embraced by her lover, she places in the way what difficulties are in her power; she gets behind tables and chairs, runs from him, compels him to pursue, and expects him to. In her maidenly heart she may want to be kissed, but she cannot help resisting. She obeys the same instinct that impelled this wild girl to spring from the outstretched arms of the boy and go screaming out of the cave and down the beach in simulated terror—an instinct inherited from the prehistoric mother, who fled for dear life and a whole skin from a man armed with a club and bent upon marriage.—From "Primordial," by Morgan Robertson, in "Harper's Magazine" for April.

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LONG LIFE AND ALCOHOL.

"The secretary of the Order of Rechabites, a total abstinence workingmen's organization in England, has recently made a careful study of the vital statistics of the society as compared with other associations in which abstinence from alcohol is not a feature," says "The Medical Record." "He finds at the age of 18 the expectation of life is, among the Foresters, 44.74 years; among the Rechabites the expectancy is 50.62 years—a difference in favor of the latter of 5.88 years. Compared with the Odd Fellows, the latter's advantage is even greater by 7.75 years. Applied to the whole population, the expectancy at 18 among abstainers is better by 8.72 years. The mortality of the Foresters at the same age is 0.723 per cent. and of the Rechabites 0.589 per cent. The percentage of the Foresters' death-rate to that of the Rechabites at eighteen is

as 123 to 100, and at 38 as 189.3 to 100. The conclusion reached by the compiler of these statistics seem to be corroborated by the report of an English life-insurance company, in which a distinction is made between the abstainers and the non-abstainers among the policy-holders. Among the abstainers the expected deaths were 744, while there were only 432, a percentage of 58.06. Among the non-abstainers, the number of deaths looked for was 1,399 and the actual number who died were 1,131, or 80.84 per cent of the expectancy. These figures are suggestive, yet there is consolation even for the moderate drinkers to learn that nineteen of them out of every hundred live longer than the actuaries' table says they should.

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FOOLISH DELAYS.

"It is sometimes thought a mark of respect to the deceased to delay the funeral. This practice often involves great hardship, especially to the poor and those who live within very narrow space, and it is attended with grave sanitary dangers. In one instance within our knowledge a family of five were living in a single room, and when a child died the body remained in the room for, perhaps, three days. Such practices should be forbidden by law.

"The viewing of the remains is another practise harrowing to the family and often leading to most painful expressions of grief, and sometimes tending to perpetuate and spread disease. Was ever anything more repulsive than the spectacle presented, when the body of the Czar was carried from town to town and kissed by tens of thousands?"





WELSH NEWS & NOTES

An old Cardiff policeman was overheard giving advice to a recruit. "If you want to get on in Cardiff," he said, "don't ever lean against a public house. When tired, always place your back against a chapel."

If the Welsh collier likes, he can paralyze the Far Eastern question. England has quietly brought up all the Welsh coal lying loose about there, and if no more is sent out all the other fleets are at our mercy. For, of course, they are bound to have Welsh coal to fight with, or the great battleships would have to go round with candles through the smoke to see who they are to blow up.

The Baptists of East Glamorgan are arranging for a great Band of Hope demonstration in Pontypridd during the coming summer. They calculate that in connection with their Welsh churches they have as many as 7,000 youngsters who have signed the pledge, and it is proposed that the whole of these shall as far as possible participate in the "turn-out."

Sometimes a modest crisis overtakes even a Welsh chapel. The congregation of a chapel not far from Cardiff discovered the other Sunday morning that the preacher had not arrived. What was to be done? A lady present remembered that a preacher lodging at her house had not got up when she came out, as he was still in bed gathering strength to go out to preach in the country in the afternoon and evening. He was fetched out, and arrived as soon

as a hasty toilet had been arranged, just in time for the prayer. "We thank thee, O Lord," he began, "for the privilege of being here once again."

Dr. William O. Pughe, in the "Cambrian Biography," tells us that the practice of wearing the leek originated with the custom of Cymhortha, a practice among neighboring farmers in South Wales of assisting small holders to plough their land. The day was appointed, and it was customary for each individual to bring his portion of leeks to be used in making broth for the whole company.

Iolo Morganwg would hear of no other origin but that in 1346, at the Battle of Cressy, the Welsh acquired great fame for their brave achievements in support of Edward the Black Prince. It was at this time that Cadwgan Voel called to his men desiring them to put leeks in their helmets, the battle their being in a field of leeks, and when they looked about, they were all Welshmen in that locality, except thirty, and it was from this circumstance that the Welsh took to wearing leeks.

The services at the Swansea Parish Church in future will proceed by clock-work, a local gentleman—Mr. E. L. Morgan—having supplied the church with a clock. The vicar now turns round to see who will add a treble bell to the tower. A Swansea gentleman, it is stated, is prepared to supply a bell on condition that all who occupy the pulpit will confine their discourses to

fifteen minutes each. Not a bad bargain! A preacher in fifteen minutes, at the rate of sixty words a minute, could speak nine hundred words more than any Christian could carry away.

The kitchen leek shows and represents the Kymro to a T. You don't see the leek out in the world, but only round the house, in the garden. So the Welshman is domestic—nothing adventurous about him; he is satisfied with going to work, to chapel, to the Eisteddfod, and, finally, get his sleep in the "bosom of Abraham."

Before long Ireland will be as much over-run with archdruids as Wales is now. The promoters of the Oireachtas and the Feis Ceoil are now talking of establishing an Irish Gorsedd. With this object in view, the committees are seeking the aid of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. It is suggested that the Ancient Gathering of Tara, described in the Book of Leinster, and surrounded by a halo of romantic traditions, was a gathering similar to the Gorsedd.

Disappointment has been expressed in several letters to the "Morning Post" that we have no St Patrick, St. David or St. Andrew among our fighting ships, and one correspondent suggests that the Irish, Welsh and Scots should follow the example of the Cape, and each present a ship bearing the name of their patron saint. He thinks that this could be very easily done if a few patriotic spirits would take the matter up; and we throw out the additional suggestion that here is an excellent chance for the Cymru Fydd to take every ounce of wind out of the federation sails.

A new reason has been given why Nonconformist preachers are partial to Sunday traveling. The Rev. William Thomas told the Welsh Methodist monthly meeting at Kenfig Hill, it is be-

cause the places appointed for them to stay at are not fit for preachers. Rather than put up at such places they "risk breaking the law of God."

Here is a new form of the Talienwan legend. An ardent "Morienite" wants to make out that it is a Welsh name, meaning a place which does not pay well—*Talu yn wan*. That explains the fact why everybody but Lord Salisbury lost his head over it a few weeks ago.

It is not generally thought that bilingualism reaches further than men and women in Wales. Every dog and cat, every horse and cow, and even every donkey is a bilingualist, if it comes in contact with people habitually speaking English and Welsh.

In music, in preaching, and in every department in which Welshmen have concentrated their abilities, they have scored heavily in the estimation of international tribunals, and again it must not be overlooked, that not only in quality but in quantity of musical genius Wales is a veritable Klondyke. Already Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to command to her presence three Welsh Choirs. The Rhondda Glee admirers will not be surprised if the command is repeated. If not, there are other combinations amongst us who would also do honor and credit to the old country, and we hope that these royal favors will multiply. These presentations at the court of Windsor help to "codi'r hen wlad yn ei hol."

There is a bitter war in Wales between Sunday respecters and Sunday desecrators, and every means is used to make Sabbath breaking respectable. The last ruse adopted by the advocates of evil has been to call a Sunday spent in folly a "Pleasant Sunday," and so an attempt is made to teach the foolish to believe that enjoying one's self in an utterly worldly manner and spending the Lord's Day in a pagan fashion is

"pleasant." It is only pleasant to those who have no intellect nor a moral instinct.

Some teachers of the Welsh are again taking up arms against the employment of "dd" to represent the soft "th" sound in Welsh. It seems almost impossible says one, to make a pupil understand that in Welsh doubling the "d" does not mean strengthening its sound, but softening it. It takes ever so long, for instance, to get a man to drop saying 'Pontypridd' instead of 'Pontypreath.'

The Congregationalists of Wales have a mind to lay claim to Abraham as the founder of their sect. Abraham was undoubtedly a dissenter and pilgrim father; but he was not much of a congregationalist. Brown enjoyed this honor of being founder until lately, and we expect to find an article written soon to show that Brown is the modernized form of Abraham. Critics are doing wonderful work in re-shaping and re-arranging our creeds and thoughts.

A great wave of patriotism swept over the Welsh people of the United States on the 1st of March. St. David's Day was celebrated with more spirit and enthusiasm than formerly, and it seems as if the Old Saint is becoming more and more popular every year among the Kymry settled on this great continent. Celebrations were held in Washington, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Utica, Boston, and many towns and villages in the North and West. It bids fair to become a national "Gwyl" among the Welsh, especially in the States. It can be further popularized by eliminating the banquetting element and substituting a more liberal idea.

It must occur to all our readers to-day that St. David's Day this year was celebrated with such devotion and enthusiasm as exceeded anything of the kind ever witnessed probably in the modern

history of Wales. Welshmen congregated in the great towns of England and Scotland vied with their compatriots at home in doing honor to the memory of the national saint. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, London, Oxford, Bristol, and other places in England and in all leading towns in North and South Wales the Cymric tongue and the Cymric nation were in evidence, and the cult of the one Cymric saint was observed with befitting honor, not by one class or party, but by Welshmen widely separated on social, religious and political grounds. This outburst of feeling was the nation's tribute to the memory of the nation's saint, and the fervor which marked the proceedings everywhere lifted them far above the atmosphere of mere formality and cant, suggestive of the intensity of feeling which must have characterized the great pilgrimages to the saint's shrine in mediæval times. As in former years, the celebrations were of a two-fold character—religious and social—though on this occasion a greater number of devotional services were held than in any former year.

One of the most popular gatherings of Welshmen witnessed in London for many years was that which occurred at the City Temple (Dr. Parker's) on the eve of St. David's Day. The hour at which the service was announced to commence was seven o'clock, but long before that time crowds of Welshmen might have been seen approaching the famous chapel, reminding one of many a Cymanfa in the old country. In fact, it was a Cymanfa, only it was held within the four walls of a chapel. The chief denominations of Wales joined forces on this occasion, the ministers taking part in the service being the Rev. John Williams, Brynslencyn; the Rev. J. Osian Davies, the Rev. J. Cadvan Davies, and the Rev. E. T. Jones, representing respectively the Calvinistic Methodist, Congregational, Wesleyan and the Bap-

tist denominations. During the service the well-known tunes "Crug-y-bar," "Groeswen," "Tanymarian," and "Aberystwyth," and the anthem "The days of men are but as grass," were rendered by a choir of great power and efficiency, under the able leadership of Mr. Maengwyn Davies. The sermons were remarkable for their thrilling effect upon the congregation, which filled the vast building at all points, and the service is one that will remain in the memory of those present for many years to come.

The centennial of the organization of the Welsh Society of Philadelphia and the observance of St. David's Day were commemorated in a banquet at the Bellevue Hotel by many eminent Welshmen from the city and throughout the State. David T. Davies, President of the society, was in the chair.

The Welsh Society of Philadelphia was organized in 1798, and was the direct successor of the Society of Ancient Britons, which was founded in 1729. It is credited with being the oldest benevolent society of the kind in Philadelphia.

Judge H. M. Edwards of Scranton, the Rev. W. H. Roberts, the Rev. T. C. Edwards, Kingston; Ex-Lieut. Gov. Wm. T. Davies and Congressman Brumm of Pennsylvania responded to the toasts of the evening. The celebration was a great success, and the music, menu and speeches were delightful.

The service at St. Paul's Cathedral in honour of the Patron Saint of Wales, which has become an annual institution, and which took place on the eve of St. David's Day, suffered no diminution of popularity by the somewhat ungracious action of the Welsh Nonconformists, who, out of a spirit of factious opposition determined upon holding what cannot be regarded as a rival festival at the City Temple at the same hour and upon the same evening. Despite the influences that sectarian fervor and party persuasion had brought into play to diminish the extraordinary pop-

ularity of the St. Paul's service, the attendance was greater than upon any previous occasion. The arrangements, made by a committee under the chairmanship of Sir John Puleston, were carried out by a large staff of stewards, captained by Mr R. A. Lloyd. As befitted a Welsh religious festival, the musical portion of the service was a feature second only to the sermon. A carefully trained choir of 300 voices were massed in the choir, and in the space immediately in front of the choir steps, under the conductorship of Mr. William Davies, one of the vicars choral of the cathedral. Mr. D. J. Thomas, of St. Anselm's Davies street, was at the organ. The anthem was a composition of Mr. Wm. Davies, the musical conductor of the festival. It consisted of a tenor solo, "How Beautiful upon the Mountains," sung by Ben Davies, followed by a full chorus on the words "Sing Together." After the sermon the great Welsh tenor sang the beautiful air of Ambrose Lloyd, "Safodd a Mesurodd y Ddaear," ("He Stood and Measured the Earth"). Among the congregational tunes was one by a living Welsh composer, Mr. David Jenkins, who was represented by "Tanycastell;" the favorite "Crug-y-Bar" and the equally popular "St. Germon" also found places in the service.

A real Kymro, look you now.

Believes in "chwareu teg;"

Exclusiveness to him in all

That's done is but a "rheg;"

Now since we talk of "Kymru Fydd,"

(If that will come at all),

It must be, for to please the Welsh,

A feed for big and small!

"Tis better to have tea and talk,

And have a jolly time;

A bit of singing which is Welsh,

And then a bit of rhyme;

Then sing together old "Bydd myrdd"

Ac eto "Crug-y-bar;"

Until we make old Dewi think

That all the Welsh are there!

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE ROBERT RICHARDS BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Robert Richards (R. R.) was born June 20, 1824, was a printer by trade, and a native of Dolgelly, N. W. When a young man he went to London, and worked there for several years, during which time he enjoyed the acquaintance of such Welsh celebrities as Talhaearn, Robin Ddu, Gwrgant, &c.; but he became dissatisfied with his surroundings and prospects, and emigrated. He landed in New York in October, 1848. He settled in New York, and in 1856 was married to Mary Jenkins, a devoted wife, who departed this life February 8, 1896. Mr. Richards worked on the "Albion" for years, and subsequently acted as foreman in the office of the "Army and Navy Journal," and performed his work for many years to the utter satisfaction of his employers, for he was a careful, painstaking and conscientious man. He was buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery. Mr. Richards leaves three married daughters, two unmarried, and four grand-children.

Mr. Richards was of a quiet and retiring disposition, avoiding notoriety as much as possible, and although his life was worthy and exemplary, his career was deficient in those incidents which make up an interesting biography. Day after day, month after month, and year after year, witnessed the quiet maturing of his useful and honorable life; smooth, even, unnoticeable except for its irreproachable activity and usefulness, containing no elements or incidents to attract the curious, but giving the highest satisfaction and pleasure to his family, friends and admirers. He hated trashy qualities and spurious goods, and was only pleased with what

was good and real. He was a neat writer of both Welsh and English, and was possessed of the highest and purest qualities of mind and soul.

A New York gentleman who knew him writes of him as follows: "He was a very modest man, unpretending in his manners, a perfect gentleman, and a loveable man to converse with upon almost any topic; for his calling had enabled him to store his mind with a comprehensive knowledge of literature. There was one sublime trait in his character, and that was his deep devotion to his family. Would that the world was composed of such good and holy men as Mr. Richards."

He was a great lover of truth, and appreciated straightforward and sincere views. After the appearance of his short story in the "Cambrian" he wrote to us for our candid opinion of its merit, and we pointed out some little imperfections, which he apparently had been conscious of himself, and in his reply he expressed great satisfaction at the touch of honest criticism. He said, "They are worth a column-full of flattery." He had the instincts of a superior man.

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March 17th, the Rev. Tavalaw Jones, D. D., died at his home in Kansas City. Rev. Jones' death was the result of a paralytic stroke he received in March 6. Since that time he remained in an unconscious condition until death relieved his sufferings. Rev. Mr. Jones was 67 years old at the time of his death. He was born in Wales in 1831, and came to America in 1862. He settled in Kansas, and always considered that state his home. Being engaged in the ministry he necessarily had to change his resi-

dence every time he had a new call. Consequently during his long service in the Congregational church he has lived in many different places.

Not only was Rev. Mr. Jones a successful minister of the gospel, but he was gifted with unusual musical and literary abilities. His fame as a writer of music and poetry has spread beyond the limits of Welsh society. He was a writer of English as well as Welsh, and

Charles Stoofire in Mull Hall, Oklahoma, Mrs. George E. Dalloff, and Mrs. William Clancy in Kansas City.

The Welsh are now ready to honor the memory of James Milo Griffith, the sculptor, who died September 2, 1897, and was placed to rest at Morden, a few miles out of London. Although a genius he received but very little encouragement and help from his countrymen,



Robert Richards (R. R.)

his essays and poems have drawn praise from the best critics. Among his best literary efforts may be mentioned "A Critical Commentary Upon the American Constitution," and his "Analogy of Mythology and the Bible." His musical compositions are numerous and excellent, and are mostly of a sacred character. It is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Tavalaw Jones was one of the most prominent Welshmen of his day in this country. The deceased leaves a widow and five daughters. Of these Mrs. D. O. Evans resides in Youngstown, Mrs. W. J. Edwards in Cleveland, Mrs.

but they are now very anxious and prepared to claim his name. Welsh patronage is often a kind of conservatory for broken-hearted geniuses, where they are invited to deposit their fame. This is what the "Western Mail" wrote of the matter:

"That a Welsh sculptor should fail to secure the patronage of a Welsh committee for a statue to be erected in Wales, is not at all a strange thing; but is it not really surprising that, in the face of such incidents as that of the Vivian statue, any Welshman should be so short-sighted as to clamor

for 'Wales for the Welsh' if Welsh talent depended upon Welsh support it would garner more kicks than half-pence. The gentleman who championed Mr. Milo Griffith in our columns omitted to mention a very striking fact, redounding more to the young sculptor's credit even than his elsteddofdic successes, viz., that at this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy space was accorded to no fewer than four works from his studio. 'A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.'

Professor Hubert Herkomer, R. A., is arranging to paint a large picture for the Royal Academy Exhibition of the Gorsedd ceremonies, with the Arch-druid, "Hwfa Mon," wearing his official robes, on the Maen Llog, and the other officers in their new robes, and hoods, designed by himself. Bards, druids, ovates, and musicans will give the professor a sitting in the grounds of Plas Coch, near Llanfair P. G., the Anglesea seat of Colonel Sir Charles Ffinter ("Siarl o Fon"), who is one of the honorary members of the Gorsedd. The cromlech, in the grounds of Plas Coch, is to form a background for the scene.

It is worth noting that William Edwards, the great bridge architect of Glamorgan, who first spanned the Taff at Pontypridd in 1755, derived a great deal of his masonic principles by the unwearied study of Caerphilly Castle. Mr. Edwards' manner of dressing the stones and hewing them was exactly similar to that of the Norman builders, and he put them together in a style of closeness, neatness, and finish such as could not have been surpassed by the noted, though unknown, builders of Caerphilly, Neath Abbey, and Morlais Castle.

Amongst the many unmentioned features of the Windsor Castle concert is the fact that when her Majesty asked a question about the great colliery explosion in the Rhondda she was evi-

dently referring to the Albion Colliery disaster, when 280 men were killed. It is a remarkable fact that Mr. David Jones, A.R.A.M., the only professional who sang at Windsor that night, is a son of Mr. Philip Jones, the manager of the Albion. Mr. David Jones was the first door-boy ever put on at the Albion; he, too, was the weigher who labeled the first wagon of coal that ever left the Albion for the Cardiff Docks.

President Kruger was once on a visit to Wales. This fact leaked out at the interview which the great Oom Paul gave to Dyfed and the Rev. J. Owen, of Mold, the other day. "The President," said Mr. Owen in an interview with a Cape journalist, "received us very graciously, none the less so, as he himself expressed it, from the fact that we were Welshmen and Presbyterians, of whom he knew something from having visited Wales, when, he said, he found our Church something like his own Dutch Church."

A citizen of Merthyr writes to say he often used to wonder what became of the Nonconformist ministers when they get too old to preach. "I don't wonder any more," he writes, "for I have just met one of them retailing bootlaces at a penny a pair, and only the other day I saw one with a little bag which once carried his sermons, but was now used for carrying reels of cotton and such like articles for sale."

A fervent hope is expressed in London that Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M. P., won't go and take the Far Eastern affair right out of the hands of Lord Salisbury, and arrange it himself. His speech at Merthyr Tydfil made some people uneasy in this matter, and the "Evening News" vouched for the statement that Merthyr is amazed that Mr. Morgan hasn't taken Lord Salisbury's place yet.

Miss Pritchard Morgan, oldest daughter of the junior member for Merthyr, and who is engaged to wed Count Eric Piper, of Snogeholm, Sweden, is a lady of great ability. She has traveled all over this globe, and is qualified to run a gold mine or make a political speech. She has taken active part in several elections in Wales, and is as popular in the North as she is among her father's constituents.

A portrait in oil of the late Rev. Ed. Morgan, of Dyffryn, is to be placed in the Bala College Library. It was to the energetic services of "Morgans o Dyffryn" that the College is indebted for its first endowment fund of £20,000, a fund which he collected by his own unaided efforts among the churches of the North.

The Rev. J. T. Job has hitherto been a white crow among the bards. He never used a *nom-de-querre*. "Job" is odd in itself, but being Hebrew, the bards insisted on his acquiescing in the time-honored custom of the order. Now he has adopted the humble title of "Under-breeze!"

Everyone in the Rhondda is somewhat disappointed that the conductor of the Tre Society which sang so well before Her Majesty has not been knighted. Sir Tom Stephens would be music.

The Rev. John Thomas Job (Isawel), of Aberdare, the chaired bard of the Newport National Eisteddfod, is likely to settle at Bethesda, Carnarvonshire, as pastor of the Carneddi Calvinistic Methodist Church.

Few are aware that Ehedydd Iâl, the author of the famous Welsh hymn "Er nad yw'm cnawd ond gwellt," is still alive, and hale and hearty, despite his three and eighty years. The old bard resides at Llandegla, on the borders of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, and

a collection of his works are now being prepared for the press by the Rev. John Felix of Oswestry.

Mr. Ben Davies intends appearing at an early date in Paris as "Faust," and will also sustain the leading roles in other operas. This may lead to the popular Welsh tenor's future engagement at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, where the old ridiculous objection to British vocalists has long ceased to exist.

It is worth noting that the Welshiest Welshman on the musical committee of the Cardiff National Eisteddfod is Signor Zetus. It is very probable that his name originally was Seth Hughes.

Two Rhondda delegates at a convention some time since were returning home, and thus described the gatherings:—"Dyna'r confrans gora buo i ynddo 'rîod, odd popath yn mynd yn splenned, a'r speeches ta o'n nw'n depyg i speeches. Bachan bidir yw George bach na, fe rhows wiffad i for on dof?"

In one respect only are musicians to be envied—they don't seem to have headaches, if Dr. Joseph Parry is any criterion. He said lately that he had no more idea than his stick what a headache was.

It is also remarkably curious that the jolliest and truest Kymro Dyfed met in South Africa was President Kruger, the Dutchman. Could not our friend Morten, inquire into the question as to whether Kruger is a Welsh name, say "Cruglar," or "Craig Ior," and thereby add another hero to our already prolonged list!

The Rev. Ellis Gregory Roberts, lately minor canon of Llandaff, but now of Musullipatam, Southern India, was married last month to a North Wales lady at Madras Cathedral. Mrs. Roberts is a niece of the late famous astronomer William Lassell. Both she and her husband take an interest in the science, and are active members of the Astronomical Society of Wales.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ALL HONOR TO CONGRESS.

The present Congress of the United States enjoys the confidence and respect of the nation in a larger measure than ever before. The unanimous vote by which it has passed the bill appropriating \$50,000,000 as an emergency fund to be placed at the disposal of the President, was an act so grand as to arouse the admiration of the entire country. Such a complete obliteration of party lines was not witnessed even during the civil war, at least we do not recall a single such instance. When the \$50,000,000 bill came before the House for consideration, there was an outburst of patriotic ardor, and the speeches that were made were such that no man could tell which political party the respective speakers adhered to. Republicans, Democrats, Populists and Free Silverites all alike forgot all about parties and stood up in their greater and grander capacity as true and loyal Americans upon whom a grave responsibility rested.

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THE NEBRASKA FREIGHT-RATE CASE.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided the Nebraska maximum freight-rate case on the principle that while a State has power to regulate the rates charged by a railroad, such rates must be reasonable. The reasonableness of rates is subject to determination by the courts; and they are competent to determine whether the rates sought to be imposed take property without due process of law, a pro-

ceeding which the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution forbids.

The case involved the validity of a law passed by the Nebraska legislature in 1893, prescribing the maximum rates for the transportation of freight within the State only. The railroads asked the federal courts to prevent the enforcement of this law, and the circuit court of appeals decided in their favor, holding that the maximum fixed was ruinous to the roads. Justice Brewer computed that the reduction called for amounted to an average of 29.5 per cent, which he held to be excessive.

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AN UNWISE REQUEST.

The reason for the suggestion by the Spanish government of the recall of Consul-General Lee from Havana was not divulged, but it was an unwise request for the Spanish government to make, and it was eminently proper for President McKinley to refuse to consider it. If the Spanish government wishes to avoid war, it will not do anything to exasperate public sentiment in this country. The people of this country believe that Consul-General Lee has "borne himself," as the State Department officially said in speaking of the request for his recall, "throughout this crisis with judgment, fidelity, and courage," and that the President is justified in his "entire satisfaction" with him. Whether there shall be war or not between the two countries depends upon the condition of public feeling here and in Spain, and so far as this country is concerned, the recall of the Consul-General at Havana at the de-

mand or request of Spain would have excited our people, already hot enough, to a point beyond control. The Sagasta government has thus far been a potent influence for peace, and we trust that it will continue to be so, and that political Spain will continue to give it its confidence. For the same reason that it was wise for Spain not to insist on the recall of General Lee, it was wise for this government to consent to Spain's request that the supplies for the starving in Cuba be not carried in war-ships.

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THE MAINE REPORT.

The court finds that at the time of the explosion the battleship *Maine* was lying in five and one-half to six fathoms of water. The discipline aboard the ship was excellent; everything stowed according to orders—ammunition, guns, stores, etc. The temperature of the magazines at 8 p. m. was normal, except in the after ten-inch magazine, and that did not explode. The explosion occurred at 9:40 o'clock on the evening of February 15. There were two explosions, with a very short interval between them; the ship lifted on the first explosion. The court can form no definite opinion of the condition of the wreck from the divers' evidence. The technical details of wreckage from which the court deduces that "a mine was exploded under the ship on the port side." The explosion was due to "no fault of those on board." Opinion of the court stating "that the explosion of the mine caused the explosion of two magazines." The court declares that "it can not find evidence to fix responsibility." The report is unanimous, and is signed by all the members of the court. It does not refer to the existence or non-existence of mines in the harbor of Havana except in the specific finding that a mine was exploded under the ship, and the opinion that the explosion of the two magazines was caused by the explosion of a mine.

The use which the "new journalism" has made of the trouble with Spain early gave hints of the possible depths beneath depths in infamy in newspaper management, but the bottom was not reached until the editor of the *New York Journal*, while publishing a bogus interview with Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, wrote to beg him not to disown it. Mr. Roosevelt's brief reply was a natural expression of the scorn of a gentleman, and the *Journal* was more conspicuously than before pilloried for the contempt of the reading public. Decent journals naturally detest these pirates of the profession, who by publishing lies in preference to facts do their worst to bring the whole business into contempt.

Remember, this shooting of a negro postmaster at Lake City, S. C., is not a spontaneous outbreak against wrong and oppression which the law has been tardy in relieving, and whose intolerable character has spurred men into the administration of rude justice. It is the reverse of this. It is an infliction of wrong and oppression in violation of law. It is the killing of a man because of his color. It is the saying to a race that, if one of them has the presumption to hold office in a white community, he shall be murdered for it. The murder committed by these white men is no crime in their calendar, but to have a black skin and to hold office is punishable with death. Could anything be more unreasonable, as well as atrocious?

The verdict of the Luzerne jury in the case of Sheriff Martin and his deputies, acquitting them for having fired upon the mob of strikers at Lattimer, teaches several things which were greatly needed to be emphasized by the judgment of our courts. It makes no new law, but simply teaches the law as it is, and as it must be obeyed. It teaches that the humblest citizen or resident of Pennsylvania has the absolute right

to accept employment when, where and under such circumstances as shall be satisfactory to himself and his employer. This is an inalienable right. It is a right that is not questioned in the rich and opulent, but it has been systematically disputed among the poor and dependent, and especially among the ignorant alien labor elements of our industrial centers.

Among the important anniversaries coming this year is the fourth centenary of the fiery martyrdom of Savonarola, which will be celebrated on May 23rd at Florence. At Basle, in Switzerland, preparations are being made to commemorate the four hundredth birthday of Hans Holbein. The Portuguese will also celebrate in May, with magnificent fetes, the fourth centenary of Vasco da Gama's discovery of the Cape route to India, which occurred in 1498, exactly six years after the discovery of the New World. On June 29 there will be festivities in Ancona, in honor of Leopardi, one of the greatest poets Italy has produced, who was born there in 1798, and on August 21 the centenary of Jules Michelet, the historian, will be celebrated by the Municipal Council of Paris with appropriate meetings and banquets.

Dr. George H. Hepworth's investigation of the Armenian massacres for the New York "Herald" has added little to what is known concerning them, and in most points confirms the original accounts. The chief peculiarity of his report is the importance which it attributes to the Hunchagist Armenian revolutionary societies as a cause of the massacres. This is merely an opinion of Dr. Hepworth, and it is an opinion discredited by the best authorities. The Sultan used this as an excuse, but it is a palpable pretext. There never has been the slightest evidence that any but a pitiful few were connected with the societies, and to make this an excuse for the wholesale slaughter of a race is

worse than no reason at all. The massacres were deliberately planned, they were not uncontrollable outbreaks either of fear or frenzy. The Sultan stopped them as readily as he began them, when policy dictated the step.—Advance.

The Pundite Ramabai is now in this country, in the interest of her school for the child-widows of India, which has been carried on at Poona for nearly nine years. Ramabai, a slight-framed, soft-voiced, modest little Hindu woman, set herself longer ago than that against the caste law which condemned child-widows to a life of most wretched dependence, more miserable than that of the sudras, and her school was established as a result of her previous visit to this country. She has now 250 women of this victimized class under her care, and they are taught in graded classes, the highest being that of our high schools. What the English government has utterly failed to attempt, this brave woman is doing by her personal endeavor.

Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, who was picked by the late Miss Frances E. Willard to succeed her in the presidency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the case of her death while she was in office, is a Maine woman. Her title was vice-president-at-large. She was elected to the office four years ago, and the office was created at that time at the suggestion of Miss Willard, who insisted that provision should be made for an emergency like the present mournful one. She is a woman suffragist. She always supported Miss Willard in her campaigns along this line. Her home is in Portland, and she has lived there for fifty-four years. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has had her services from the beginning. Miss Willard had intrusted a great deal of the active work for many years to Mrs. Stevens, and she will step into the place with ample practical experience.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

ADVERTISEMENT AND GLASS HOUSES.

There has been nothing more irregular than the prosecution in the Zola case—excepting the defense. There has been nothing more one-sided and purely declamatory than the defense—except the prosecution. But he not deceived. Your Frenchman is a natural born fountain of advertisement. Neither Zola nor his friends nor his opponents nor the army nor 'journalism' over there can omit advertisement or would for one moment. They put it on before they assume their clothes, and then the spirit of it enwraps them as an atmosphere and warms them like a flame, clothes and all. There is a great ado in the court. But ado is the daily delight of the Parisians. Gunpowder is their only snuff, and sensation to them is the breath of life.

CULTURED TRAMPS IN BOSTON.

"Tramps in Boston are by far the most intelligent and modest of their kind," said a native of the baked bean city, "maybe because of their culture(?) My experience with one of these 'gentlemen of leisure' was quite funny. One came to our house and asked for some clothes, and while my mother went to get them I thought he looked hungry, so I brought him some breakfast. He said to me, 'I am sorry to put you to all this trouble.' Then, mother appearing with the clothes in a bundle, he said he did not like to carry clothes through the streets exposed to view, and when I wrapped them in an old newspaper he was indignant and said gentle-

men never carried packages done up in that style in Boston."—"New Orleans Times Democrat."

MARRIED TO A FLOWER VASE.

Among the curious marriage customs prevailing in China is one which is thus described by a writer in "The Family Herald:"

Not long ago a very pretty girl, the daughter of a prominent Chinese official, was married with great pomp to a large, red flower vase, representing a deceased bridegroom who had died a few days before his wedding was to be celebrated.

His inconsolable bride elect declared that she would never marry anyone else, but would devote herself as a widow to the dead man's family. So the ceremony with the flower vase was gone through with to enable the girl to enter the family, and the town proposes to build an arch to commemorate her devotion.

LADYLIKE TRAITS OF BRITISH BISHOPS.

The Bishop of London distributed lately at Southall, the prizes gained by the scholars of the Marlebone Union Schools. In the course of the proceedings it was mentioned that the present Archbishop of Canterbury, acting in a similar capacity while Bishop of London, took great interest in the darning prize and explained that he was formerly regarded as an expert darning. The Bishop said that he could not lay claim to the same accomplishments as his predecessor, but was handy with his

needle and capable of sewing on buttons. Quite recently a lady visitor, who had the misfortune to lose a glove button while leaving his residence, commended him for the neat manner in which he was able to sew it on again for her. The best knitter he had known was a clergyman, and even the boys among the audience could do worse than make themselves expert with their needles.

—:o:—

CHRISTMAS FOR THE BIRDS.

Christmas is celebrated in Sweden to an extent unknown in the United States, and the celebration is not over until January 13, or "twentieth day Yule." A very pretty feature of the festivities is thus described by Mr. Thomas in his "Sweden and the Swedes:"

One wintry afternoon, at Jul-tide, I had been skating on a pretty lake three miles from Gothenburg. On my way home I noticed that at every farmer's house there was erected in the middle of the dooryard a pole, to the top of which was bound a large, full sheaf of grain.

"Why is this?" I asked my comrade.

"Oh, that's for the birds, the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas too, you know."

Yes, so it is. Not a peasant in Sweden will sit down with his children to a Christmas dinner within doors till he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the little birds that live in the cold and snow without.

—:o:—

MAN WAS SAFE FROM WOMAN'S WILES.

The laws of England with regard to artificial aids to beauty are not so strict now as they were in the reign of Charles II. In the year 1670 this curious act of Parliament was passed: "That all women, of whatever rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from after the passing of this act, impose upon and

betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery and such like misdeemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

—:o:—

LUXURIOUS TRAVELING.

The height of luxurious traveling has been reached by the czar and czarina. The empress' private car is upholstered in pale blue satin. The electric lamps are all in the form of lilies, and it contains writing and tea tables made of mother of pearl. The nursery is the next apartment, and is as comfortable and handsome as the same rooms in any of the czar's palace. There are dining rooms and drawing rooms and several sleeping apartments. In fact this train is a miniature palace. The wheels are covered with india rubber tires.

—:o:—

A Russian prince who is fond of Verdi's music has spent \$6,000 to enable himself to hear "Rigoletto" whenever he pleases in his palace at St. Petersburg. The opera is acted by life sized puppets, whose acting is regulated by machinery, and the singing is done by phonograph. The owner has secured phonographic reproductions of the principal parts as sung by the principal artists of Europe, and changes his cast to suit himself. After putting the cylinders in place the owner presses a button and the opera proceeds automatically, so says "L'Independence Belge."

One of the oldest and most curious samples of the locksmith's art is attached to the door of Temple Church, Fleet street, London. The key weighs seven pounds, is 18 inches long, and unlike other keys, it was not made for the lock. On the contrary, the lock was made for the key.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Llandaff Cathedral.

Cardiff Castle.

The Late Rev. John R. Daniel.

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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No. 5.

ROBERT REES (EOS MORLAIS), THE SONG KING OF WALES.

By Rev. J. A. Thomas (Ioan Arma), Friendship, Wis.

The magic voice of Robert Rees has now been long enough silent to make an estimate of his brilliant career interesting. When a great voice is hushed, reputation becomes a sweet memory. It is difficult to give even a faint portraiture by words of a great soul, because description is not life. I can do no more than just make a memorandum of such a face and voice, and let fancy do the rest.

Robert Rees was born at Dowlais, South Wales, April 5, 1841, and died June 5, 1892, at Swansea, and buried June 10 in the cemetery of romantic Aberdulais. "He had the funeral of a king, because he was the song king of the nation."

His parents, Hugh Rees and Margaret Rees, were born at Machynlleth, N. W., but moved to Dowlais about 1836, where the father died of the cholera in 1849. The question

of his birthplace was argued some years since by two correspondents in "Y Drych," but to Dowlais belongs the honor, as his eldest brother, Ed. Rees, informs me. But enough for me that such a rare chorister and peerless tenor was born somewhere in beloved Gwalia, and that his sacred dust lies in the bosom of my native land.

His musical talents manifested themselves when he was a child, and was singing alto in the Bethania Choir, Dowlais, at a very early age. The old choir master, Abraham Bowen, told me that he had nothing to do with the alto after this little boy joined his choir. He was looked upon as a musical prodigy.

A few years later, two temperance choirs were organized at Dowlais, called No. 1 and No. 2. He united with No. 1, but when David Rosser (at present at Chicago) moved to

Aberdare, Mr. Rees was appointed his successor as conductor of the temperance choir No. 2, when he was only a young lad. We have no time nor space to follow him in his many victories with this fine choir at the great Eisteddfodau of South Wales, because we want to hasten to consider him in his position as a soloist and tenor. It was in this position that he made an imperishable reputation. As a chorister he met with his Waterloo in Caradog Jones; but as a soloist he had no contestant. He was the despair of all competitors in this capacity in all our sectional and National Eisteddfodau. W. Phillips (Gwilym Cynon) was one of our finest tenors, who repeatedly contested for the tenor solo prize, but never succeeded against Mr. Rees. In regard to his conductorship we should state that even the old star Caradog Jones was hardly his match in the leadership of glees. It was Caradog's wonderful interpretation of the great masters that made him the head choirister of Wales.

Some will be inclined to dispute the accuracy of this comparison of Caradog with Eos Morlais on glees; but as an old member of Caradog's choir I have said it deliberately. When the ablest choirs of South Wales would meet at an Eisteddfod to compete on "Yr Haf," "Y Don o Flaen y Gwyntoedd," "Y Gwanwyn," "Dyna'r Gwyntoedd yn Ymosod," &c., &c., Eos Morlais was nearly always the winner, if my

memory is not at fault. Those were the summer days of choral singing in the Principality, when Caradog led the famous Aberdare choir, Eos Morlais the Dowlais-Merthyr United Choir; D. Bowen Ebbw Vale Choir; Meth. Lewis Tredegar Choir; Hem-an Gwent Rhymni Choir; D. Francis Treforis Choir; Silas Evans Swansea Choir; Eos Cynlais Treorky Choir; Gwilym Cynon Aberaman Choir. These choirs shed musical glory all over the country. There are however, in this group, three stars more luminous than the rest, Eos Morlais, Caradog and Gwilym Cynon. Many times they led their hosts to sing "Worthy is the Lamb," &c., but most of them have gone before to join in the great chorus.

The Singer.

But let us think of Eos Morlais as a singer, because it was in this capacity he gave a glad surprise to the multitudes that thronged to hear him. As a tenor singer, we must deliberately award him the palm of supremacy. He had the faculty of pouring a flood of meaning into his songs, which were rendered with intense feeling, and greeted with hearty applause. The vast concourse, the thrilling interest, the hushed silence, the rapt attention, and spontaneous enthusiasm which he aroused indicated his popularity. As long as health sustained him he had no peer in Wales, and he can have but few successors. The distinguished music composer and critic, D. Emlyn Evans, remarked in the

"Cerdдор:" "Wales will never see his like again." Such lives are seldom given twice in an age.

He was supreme among our solo singers as an interpreter of the delicacies and mysteries of music. Indeed, we had but few able solo singers in South Wales until Eos Morlais appeared, whose felicitous interpretations of songs and music in general created a reformation. He taught us how to sing. Before that, we had a large number of ballad singers. Was it not he that taught a host of us how to sing "Thou shalt Break Them," "Sound an Alarm," "The Death of Nelson," "Ar Fedd Llewelyn," "Baner ein Gwlad," &c.?

I gratefully count him the master from whom I learned the meaning of the power of song. I cannot think of him as dead. Eos Morlais was an important factor in the revival of Welsh nationalism. In every national awakening there must be a creative force. It was the good fortune of Wales in its awakening that this little man with magic voice, strong passions, and Welsh heart, stepped upon the stage, and in the sentiments of one of his popular songs called his countrymen,

"Tr gad! chwi felblon dewrlon Cymru

Tr gad! i gadw'n hialth a'n gwlad."

"Tr gad! I'r gad!"

As our national singer he sang his stirring patriotic songs throughout the Principality; his influence therefore was simply immense, as his singing was so controlling, inspiring and rousing. When he sang "An-

wyl yw Gwalia fy Ngwlad," "Bedd Llewellyn," "Baner ein Gwlad," &c., our love and patriotism for Wales were aroused to a high pitch. He sang with such energy, spontaneity, unconscious grace, and dramatic intensity that opened unending vistas to our imagination; because he sang not as a professional, but sang as a bird sings. The bird never sings because it ought, but because it must. Likewise, he in whom currents of inspiring songs ran deep and strong sang from an irresistible impulse. When he sang "Thou Shalt Break Them" at the Towyn Eisteddfod, North Wales, after seventeen able contestants, his manly form and excellent singing took everything by storm.

Permit me to cite another incident in London, England. After Caradog's "Five Hundred" had won the challenge cup in that memorable international competition at the Crystal Palace, London, July 10th 1872, the victorious choir had to give a free concert that evening. Not more than three pieces had been rendered before voices came from the vast multitude calling "Eos Morlais," "Robert Rees," "Robyn Bach" (as he was affectionately called). Shortly there was a loud chorus of voices calling for him. Caradog glanced at the tenors, and asked, "Is Mr. Rees present?" He was not; but Dr. Price, chairman of the choir, and Rev. Brythonfryn Griffiths, the secretary, went in search, and in a few minutes the singer was escorted on the platform by the above gentle-

men. The people gave him a royal welcome. Surrounded as he was by wildly applauding thousands, who represented many nations, while he stood the very embodiment of courage, self-possession, and true manliness. But hush! Robert Rees sings! What is it? Ah! "Anwyl yw Gwalia fy Ngwlad." With a passion that was awfully sublime, he carried us on the highest flights of inspiration. Higher and higher, tenderer and stronger. Now he gives us the crescendo bursting into a loud forte rending the sky and awakening the echo; then the still small tones of pianissimo. Now his voice is like a sweet silver bell, but with a mighty clapper in it; and then in the majesty of his imperial voice he rushes up the golden stairs of music, and strikes C above the staff in a loud tone. He is controlling, infectious and cumulative in force and influence as he advances through the stanzas, until the effect at the close was immense, and ended in grand style. The memory of that singing is still to me a delight.

Lengthening Shadows.

But his glory began to wane for a full year before his sun set; and the encores came with less enthusiasm, as he had no longer the nerve to sing his great songs. Still, there is a grandeur about the sunset that we see not in the rising sun.

Disease came, and his star went under an eclipse. The demand for his services continued the same, and the size of his audiences were not diminished, notwithstanding that he

could not render his descriptive, dramatic songs that delighted and aroused the nation. He now sang plain Welsh ballads.

When confined to his sick chamber, the Swansea City Band one day stood before his home and played beautifully his favorite glee "Yr Haf." His strong musical individuality asserted itself once more, and he lifted up his hand and beat time to the band. When the glee was rendered, the singer responded by singing his last song on earth, "Y Deryn Pur." He died June 5, 1892, and for no public man did Welshmen the world around mourn more sincerely, because they felt the charm of his song and radiant personality. The people therefore laid upon his grave the tribute of their sincere gratitude and affection, and musical admirers from England honored him by sending wreaths of white immortelles garlanded with pink, to lay upon his grave.

The funeral procession on June 10th, 1892, was of immense proportions, and included many representative musicians and distinguished men of the nation, because as "Y Cerddor" well remarked, "Eos Morlais was the song king of Wales." Touching and significant was the harp with its principal string broken, which the Cymrodorion of Swansea placed on his casket. Slowly and sadly, amidst the tolling of church bells, and the singing of hymns, the people bore the mortal remains of the immortal singer along to picturesque Aberdulais, while thousands

of spectators along the streets in tears whispered brokenly the name they loved and admired. To us he bequeathed the rich legacy of high musical ideals.



PILLS AND POWDERS.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

Having designed a specific course of treatment to the vast multitude of "Drych" readers along certain lines indicated by "Old Country" rambles, &c., one is apt to mix matters when requested to prescribe as well for the rising generation of Cambro-Americans by means of the "Cambrian" dispensary.

However, since the casual observer even cannot fail to note the fact, that said generation suffers from various maladies, many of which are indigenous, i. e., belonging to this land and age, the risk of going astray in one's diagnosis is certainly not great, and a shot-gun prescription, so called, cannot fail to hit the mark at some point or another. "Is marriage a failure?" has been a query most prolific of late in articles, addresses, lectures, soliloquies, and even books, and the old-fashioned and most honorable institution has been foolishly attacked from many quarters.

* * * * *

In almost every city, town and village, you hear it said of some wo-

man that she is enough to drive her husband crazy.

Reading the last report of the Commissioners in Lunacy of Great Britain, my attention was called to and my sympathies arraigned on the side of this much wrongly-accused class of women. The facts in the case evidently do not support the above assertion, and moreover, they substantiate one of two things, viz., that either all the well-balanced and intelligent men marry, or else solitary wretchedness is extremely potent in driving men to insanity.

Notwithstanding the fact, that said Commissioners call attention to the alarming increase of madness in Great Britain, yet gloomy as the report appears, one part of the facts has a bright side, which, in the writer's mind, can fairly be used as a powerful argument in favor of marriage.

The report states that at every age, from 20 to 65 and upward, the chance of a single man becoming insane is much greater than the chance of a married man going mad. At

ages from 20 to 24 the preponderance against the single man, as compared with the married man, is as 55 to 10—or as 5 1-2 is to 1—and these odds against the single man, although they decrease as his age increases, are so much in favor of the married man that, in sober earnest, the facts brought forth and shown ought to be carefully considered and weighed by all unmarried men. With regard to women, let it be said to their honor, although the married women show a marked superiority over unmarried women, as regard not going mad, yet their superiority over single women is not so great as that of married men over single men.

* * * * *

Let not my friends and acquaintances, among whom are many wags and satirists—let them not think that I write the above because our boys are all girls, &c., &c., &c.!

To the thoughtful medical man, the truthfulness of the above report is self-evident, being a statement of the natural status of the case in hand; and he needs not travel far along any syllogistic pathway to arrive at the correct conclusion why these things should be so.

In this great and prosperous land, that young men are wont to act shyly and look askance at the marriage state, of late years, is a fact deeply to be regretted. One of the least obscure reasons for such demeanor on the part of marriageable young men is, doubtless, a direct sequence of the manner in which the

majority of parents train their daughters, and that to the detriment of the men at large.

There are many children nowadays, alas! who regard their parents simply as machines essential for their welfare; while on the other hand many parents act as such, especially in the treatment of their daughters. Indulgence seems to be the order of the day, which in the majority of cases results in extravagance on the part of our daughters when arriving at a marriageable age. They regard marriage as a point in their history, to commence where the old folks left off, and consequently, must look for someone who can maintain such extravagance, to do which, he must needs be infinitely higher in the social range than their station in life, while the young man of moderate means walks wary of such, the inevitable result of which is, that between the two, they fall into the “innocuous desuetude” of old maidship.

* * * * *

Educational advantages and scholastic attainments are blessings which have their salutary effects; I cry not against these to every daughter in the land; what I deplore as an universal detriment is, the aping after these to the neglect of the more practical things absolutely called for by our station in life.

The expert needle-woman truly possesses an accomplishment that the girl who strums on the mandolin or piano might well envy. And while the ologies of our universities

and colleges are excellent things in their place, methinks that to graduate in boilology, bakeology, mendology and their concomitant branch-

es, is an attainment infinitely more practical and necessary to assure happy marriages and domestic felicity.

LLANDAFF AND CARDIFF.

By Antiquarian.

Llandaff is situated in the hundred of Cibwr, Glamorganshire, S. W., on the south shore of the river Taff, and about two miles west of Cardiff. There is a consensus of opinion among historians that Llandaff is the oldest bishopric in the kingdom. The old Welsh chronicles state, and the historian Bede supports the statement that a church was established here in 173 by Lleurwg—the Latin Lucius—who is also called Lleufer Mawr or the Great Light. Christianity had probably been preached earlier, but we have no historical account of it. The common opinion is that the Roman soldiers brought it over with them, and as they were not authorized evangelists or missionaries, a message was sent to Rome asking for teachers, preachers and churchmen to establish regular Christianity amongst the people. This Lleurwg sent to the Christian Bishop at Rome petitioning him to delegate qualified men over to Wales to instruct the Welsh people more fully on the mysteries of the religion. In ac-

cordance with this reasonable demand the Bishop sent three men, by names Dochwy, Dyfan and Fagan. These instructed Lleurwg in all the principles of Christianity, baptized him and his family; and to accommodate this people the church at Llandaff was built, which was the seed from which grew the present Cathedral. Dyfan was the first curate of the Llandaff church, and Fagan founded another church, to-day called St. Fagan's, about two miles from the Cathedral. Dochwy founded a school near Penarth to the south of Cardiff, where he acted as teacher for years.

Welsh historians are fond of boasting that this bishopric is the most ancient in Britain, although some historians of note assert that it was not established before 470, when the golden-headed Dyfrig was invested by St. Garmon. This Dyfrig was a native of Pembroke, a very godly and zealous man. He was afterwards elevated to the archbishopric of Caerleon on Usk. It seems that he held both churches. Teilo was a disciple and follower of

Dyfrig, who also established a Christian school at Llandaff, and was made teacher. A sketch of Llandaff states that this Teilo founded there a kind of court, a market-place, and a mint whence money was issued. This court became so powerful that the surrounding princes, or more properly speaking, chiefs, were often summoned to appear on account of misde-

ity of Queen Elizabeth. He was invested in 1595, and was removed to St. Asaph in 1601, where he died.

It should be remembered that the present edifice is largely the one built in 1120, and parts of it are older than that date. It has been repaired and renewed partially. The resident chapter consists of Bishop, Dean, two Archdeacons, Chancellor, Treasurer, Canons, &c. Daily



Llandaff Cathedral.

meanors and crimes. King Arthur moved the archbishopric from Caerlleon to St. David's, which offended Teilo and his priests, who protested and refused allegiance because Llandaff was the most ancient and had the right. After him comes a long line of bishops. William Morgan, D. D., who is honored by the Welsh as the translator of the Bible, was made bishop by express author-

service has been restored since the repairing of the church. Canton, a part of Cardiff, is in the parish of Llandaff; and Cardiff and Llandaff may be said to be one town. Since the restoration of the building many magnificent edifices have been added to the city of Llandaff, such as the Bishop's palace, residences of the Dean and Canons, National School and other church institutions.

Cardiff was originally a stronghold on the banks of the river Taff, where it disembogues into the Bristol Channel. It is supposed to have had its name from Aulus Didius, the Roman general, who succeeded Ostorius as captain of the Roman legions in Britain. It is supposed also that Cardiff was founded by Morgan ap Hywel ap Rhys. Many Roman relics have been found in

11th century. During his unsuccessful wars with Rhys ap Tewdwr Iestyn, the last prince of Glamorgan, sent Einion ap Collwyn to London to seek assistance from the English king, who appointed the Norman knight to fight Iestyn's battles with Rhys. Einion contracted with Robert Fitz-Hamon to undertake the task. After the defeat of Rhys, Iestyn became proud and ar-



Cardiff Castle.

Cardiff Castle and in the vicinity. Some archaeologists hold that the name Cardiff is a corruption of the old name "Caerdaff," which signifies "Taff's Stronghold or Fortress," and that it was a place of prominence and strength in the Roman and Saxon periods. Little is known of it from the time the Romans left, until the conquest of Glamorgan by Fitz-Hamon, the Norman, in the

rogant, and forgot his agreement with the Norman, who subsequently undertook to act for himself. Fitz-Hamon and his force attacked Iestyn, who fled and took refuge in a monastery near Cardiff, where he spent the remainder of his life, and died in his 129th year.

Fitz-Hamon divided Glamorgan between his followers, destroyed the old Welsh castle which was built of

wood, and put up a splendid fortress, parts of which are seen to-day. As lord of Glamorgan Fitz-Hamon held a kind of court in Cardiff Castle, where his twelve vassals used to meet once every month on an appointed day. Here also the Chancellor sat as magistrate to decide questions of right, and punish criminals. As this new feudal system was hateful to the Welsh they rose against Hamon's authority, took several strongholds, and finally forced the Norman invader to restore and re-institute their old laws and customs. When Robert, Duke of Normandy, failed in his attempt to subvert his brother's government, Henry I., he was immured in Cardiff Castle, where he spent 28 years of his life. Robert, Earl of Gloucester, through marriage with Mabel, daughter and heiress to Fitz-Hamon, became lord of Glamorgan, who attempted to introduce the feudal system among his tenants. They rose up in arms against him, and led by Ifor ap Cadifor (Ifor Bach), who made the

Lord and Lady prisoners, but were released at the request of the King of England.

In 1404, during the reign of Henry IV., Owen Glyndwr laid siege to this castle, and the town of Cardiff, which he demolished excepting one street whereon the monastery was situated. He made himself lord of the Castle, destroyed large sections of it, and took possession of its treasures. In 1570 a congress of bards was held in the Castle, held under the patronage of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to discuss matters pertaining to the bardic order and the art of poetry. During the civil wars the place was held by the royal adherents, and was besieged by the parliamentary army under Cromwell. The present lord and owner is the Marquis of Bute, who has greatly improved it, and the park and grounds belonging to it. The Marquis and his family are popular among the Welsh, and their home, the ancient Welsh *Caer* is one of the most magnificent residences in Wales.



EVENING WORSHIPERS.

By Chalmers Davis.

In the twilight's cathedral gloom
 The roses swing their censer bloom,
 And fill the dim and quiet dusk
 With incense-fragrant clouds of musk.
 On mysterious, upper ways
 Fire-fly spectral candles blaze,
 And flower chalices renew
 Supplies of sacred, cleansing dew.
 Now to Heaven there softly rise
 Low, insect-chanted litanies;
 In forest cloisters overhead
 The murm'ring winds' aves are said;
 The night-bird, kneeling on the air,
 Trembling breathes his evening prayer.
 Meek, pensive Day away is stealing,
 Her weary vigils being done,
 And lo, the Evening Star is kneeling
 Before the altar of the Sun.



HOW THINGS WERE CREATED?

By Theologus.

I V.

As a believer in the powers of Mother Nature, Lucretius consistently denied special creation; and his arguments in support of his idea of the genesis is strikingly suggestive of some of Huxley's or Spencer's. According to him life was not created by a fiat, but was developed as a result of certain happy combinations of atoms. In his second book he gives out his views regarding the production of life. He explains as follows: "On these subjects it will be proper to remember this principle, that I do not say that what has sense, or that senses themselves are of course produced from all atoms in general; but that it is of great importance of what size those atoms are which are to produce a being of sense." So he states that atoms, although devoid of life and sensibility themselves, can by chemical combination (which he called mixing) produce sense which in the course of evolution becomes mind and rea-

son. In proceeding with this argument he turns to controvert the opinion of certain philosophers, who held that these atoms were endowed with sense, supporting their views with the assertion that sensitive bodies must have been produced out of sensitive atoms. Lucretius' peculiar view was this, that life or sense originally was the result of a happy conjunction of certain atoms in the same manner as the chemical unions of two or more elements are known to produce qualities differing from either or all.

Then he proceeds in this manner: "But if one, perchance, shall say that sentient beings may certainly arise from senseless atoms, but that this must be effected by some change which takes place in these atoms as from some new birth, before the sentient being which they constitute is brought forth into existence, it will be sufficient to explain and prove to him, that no birth ever takes place, unless from some combination previously formed, and no change is effected without a combination of primordial atoms, for no senses of any animal body can exist before the substance itself of the animal is formed; and this is evident inasmuch as senseless matter is kept dispersed throughout the air, rivers, earth, and things produced from the earth; nor though it may have united, has it so united as to engender in itself those concordant vital motions by which the all observing senses of animals being generated direct and preserve every living creature." So he be-

lieved that the elements constituting life were in the air, and the earth, and they were led into combination producing life. So life is not something extraneous, produced by special act of creation, but an offspring of Mother Nature. This uniting of atoms to produce life is consistent with his view of death as the disuniting of the combination of atoms. As form, color, quality, are the results of conformations, so life is also the fruit of a more ingenious arrangement of the primordial atoms. He is very fond of the literary simile where he says that as a combination of letters produce or connote an idea or thought, so the conjunction of atoms produce sense and life. Further, he says, when abundance of matter is ready, and space is at hand, and when no object or cause hinders or delays things, must necessarily be generated, and brought into being. His argument seems to be that where there are so infinite a number and kind of atoms, and such endlessly varied movements and arrangements, they must needs some time and some way or other form some happy and fortunate combinations.

The way he describes the universe as being formed by the spontaneous arrangement of these all-creating atoms—primordial and seminal—is a strange mixture of science and assertion. In the first place, the several atoms of earth, because they were heavy, and involved one with another, met altogether in the middle (of chaos), which atoms, the more

closely they cohered, the more effectually they excluded from themselves those particles which were to form the sea, the stars, the suns and moon, and the walls of this great world. His conceptions of the shape and relations of this world with the heavens were extremely crude. In his system all particles or atoms of a watery nature would congregate and form the seas and lakes; and atoms of the nature of fire and light would be attracted together into bodies like stars, moon and sun. The aerial positions of the sun, moon and stars he explained by asserting that the substance they were made of was of such a quality of gravity too light to ascend higher, and too heavy to descend lower in the heavens. The particles of heat and light escaping from other substances in the earth flew upwards, and formed afar from the earth, the lofty and shining temples of the sky. After the separation of all the elements and the natural arrangement of the atoms, appeared life, which was the result of the union of the ether, which contained the seminal particles and matter below, which took place in the early age of the world, as soon as nature became endowed with this new power of generation.

In the beginning, therefore, these seminal particles fell with the dew of heaven, or the rain, upon the mountains, meadows, and into the rivers and seas, and the hills were spread with herbs, and the meadows with beautiful verdure and flowers, and

then different kinds of trees shot their branches out, decked out with green leaves and many-colored blossoms; for as hair and feathers cover the bodies of beasts and birds, so this great beast of a world was dressed in the verdure of trees and herbs, and afterwards appeared animals, which arose in various forms and by various modes, according to the several races. First of all, the race of winged animals and birds, left their eggs, which were heated and hatched by the heat of the spring sun. Next the earth produced tribes of men and beasts. It is one peculiarity of Lucretius' belief that he does not entertain the mechanical or manufacturing notion that man and beast were formed and shaped out of earth and clay, and then inspired with life. Birds were not made life size, but were hatched from eggs, but how these eggs came he forgets to tell us. Man and beast, he tells us, were born of "a kind of wombs which sprung up through the plains. So the first man was born, not made, and leaving this womb in the season of maturity, came forth into the air, nature having prepared everything as a good nurse would naturally do to receive him; and having provided the earth to pour a liquid-like milk out of its veins. Thus the earth afforded nourishment to the first infants; the warmth of the summer season made garments unnecessary; and the luxuriant grass supplied these child-Adams with beds and couches. Although these fanciful descriptions

are more like caricatures than creatures, it is worthy of notice that our philosopher as a naturalist, adheres to the natural, not the mechanical way of production. Among the unthinking and the unscientific the

manufacturing or formative idea has been the most popular and reasonable, man having been modeled out of clay, and the spirit of life breathed into him.



ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Eighth Paper.

Continuing my remarks regarding the banquet of 1837, I think I may enlarge thereon with seeming propriety. To an observer, however, who had attended the previous festivals, it was apparent that, that assemblage was more sociable, more convivial, and that the guests were generally more at their ease. General Lewis, the President, with the Society's guests on either side of him, after having made his opening speech, assigned the active duties of the chair to the Vice President, Edgar W. Davies, Esq., leaving him, the President, to entertain the invited guests.

There were two speakers among the guests whose remarks are entitled to special notice, namely, Joseph Fowler, Esq., President of the St. George's Society, and the Hon. Gulian C. Verplank, President of the St. Nicholas Society, both refined and accomplished gentlemen, who responded in behalf of the sister

societies. Their remarks were models of after dinner speeches, not so much on account of the matter which they contained, but the felicitous manner and ease in which they were delivered. I give below a quotation from the New York "Times," which gives, however, but a crude idea of the style of these speeches, when responding to the toast of "Our Sister Societies." Mr. Fowler first rose, and in a most eloquent style returned thanks in behalf of the Society over which he had the honor to preside. He then eulogized in a complimentary and happy manner the Welsh character. He adverted to his youthful days, when in his native city of London, it was his lot from congeniality of sentiment and feeling to form intimate friendship with Welsh associates rather than with those more peculiarly of his own country, and although now separated from them, he never had cause to regret their

acquaintance. This day vividly recalled them to his memory. He concluded by giving the following sentiment:—

The Societies of St. David and St. George, may they forever go hand in hand achieving their noble and kindred purposes.

He was succeeded by Mr. Verplank, President of the St. Nicholas Society, who arose, and in the most brilliant style of thought and elocution, adverted to the day; spoke of the bravery of mountaineers in general, and of the Welsh in particular, to whose patriotic deeds he paid a handsome compliment. The theatre of their warlike exploits were to him not mere things of the imagination. He had experienced the pleasure of once traveling through their country, and of beholding the bold scenery of the Severn and the Wye. He returned thanks in behalf of the Society over which he presided, who, he stated, were all natives of New York, but whose sires were from different nations of Europe; though the early settlers he said, were principally German, French and English, there were, of course, many others, and he would with pride, recognize among them the sons of Wales. And after a very handsome compliment to the general character of Welshmen said: "I need not go further than this hall, gentlemen, to prove it. I have but to point to your venerable and excellent president as a specimen of a Welshman's descendant. To his honored father, Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the De-

claration of Independence, and a distinguished merchant of New York, as a specimen of a Welshman on his native hills," and concluded his eloquent remarks by giving the following sentiment: "The Sons of the Mountain—the spirit of courage and independence of music, poetry and patriotism is their noble inheritance. May it descend unimpaired to their posterity in every clime to the latest generation."

Their style had a charm and mellowness of rich musical, eloquence flowing from their lips as if they were unconscious of its effect upon the enraptured ears of their listeners.

Mr. Verplank was a scion of the old, brave and sterling Dutch race, who in the colonial days were the settlers and founders of New Amsterdam, now New York, better known in these days as the Knickerbockers; a people whose word was as sacred as their bond, and to whose society an entrance thereto was considered an honor and high privilege. In his personality, Mr. Verplank was the type of the gentleman of the old school. His erudition, scholarship and high intellectual endowments, as well as his attainments placed him in the front rank of the literati of the city. He was an author, scholar, and standard authority in literature. Mr. Fowler may be described as a representative type of the gentleman of England.

The special object that I have in view in regard to the description of this particular banquet is this, the

effect produced upon the guests present was apparent even to the ordinary listener. It appeared to me, that the speeches of Mr. Fowler and Mr. Verplank had the best effect. I can fancy those gentlemen now before me as they then appeared delivering their speeches at the banquet table, before their charmed listeners, and why? They had drawn, in picturesque and poetic language, oral pictures, paying a tribute to early friendship, and to the character of a brave and patriotic people who had fought in the defence of their native homes and their sacred birth rights.

In a promiscuous assemblage of men gathered together for social enjoyment in paying a tribute of remembrance to their honored sires and a rehearsal of their heroic deeds, it is not to be expected that all are polished orators; but it is a treat to listen to a few gifted ones, who gracefully ascend to the higher sphere of eloquence to elevate the occasion.

I remember on a particular occasion when the worthy president of the Society presided, that a certain gentleman when called upon to respond to a toast thought fit to indulge in what seemed to him a flattering compliment to the Welsh character, by giving an account of a

tour which he had made in Wales, wherein in the course of his travels he had visited some prisons, but found their doors open, with no occupants except the jailor and his family. When he had finished, an old plain spoken Welshman rose and said that he feared the gentleman, who had just sat down, had not seen much of the country, otherwise he would have observed many sights of a far more interesting character. This remark, as might be imagined, brought forth a broad smile, by the blunt manner in which it was spoken. The foregoing account of the social influence exercised upon the minds of the members of the Society, unquestionably has operated to give the Society and its members, collectively and individually, a higher and broader social standing, for the reason that in the English and American communities, especially, the race is becoming so merged, by being absorbed in those nationalities under their national names, as to cause this race, eventually, to lose its identity, unless its history is kept alive through the agency of this and similar societies. This fact is becoming more apparent, by the deep interest which the Americans are now taking, in tracing the genealogical records of their ancestors.



LITERARY WORK AMONG THE YOUNG.

By John T. Phillips, Dallas, Pa.

Progress is the key which unlocks the door of success in all the various walks of life. This is the most progressive age known to history. He who is abreast of the times is no laggard. The slow coaches of antiquity have given place to the lightning express. Methods of communication between cities and countries are wonderfully facilitated. Modes of travel are vastly improved. The eye of the astronomer pierces loftier heights. The hammer of the geologist sounds in lower depths. The compasses of the explorer indicate a nearness to the poles of the earth never before realized. Automatic printing presses produce a vast profusion of books and periodicals daily. Never was knowledge more easily attained, or time (more valuable than money) saved in so many ways.

If you are not fully alive to your opportunities—seeing more and greater sights, reading more and wiser books, thinking more and better thoughts, doing more and nobler works than have ever before been possible—you are a back number. "Every day is a little life." Seventy years of life now are worth more than all the years of Methusaleh. "It is not how long but how well we live." "A wise man's day is better than a fool's life." A combination—culture, learning, sound doctrine,

piety and broad charity—was never more essential than now. Excuse for the illiterate, in this country, at least, rarely exists. Low priced books and periodicals everywhere abound, numberless free reading rooms and libraries scattered all over the land. One dime pays for the magazine teeming with the best brain matter of the age. Great city newspapers crowded with the daily doings of the whole civilized world, sell for a single penny. These are among the brightest signs of the times, amid a whole constellation of good signs. The reading room of the British Museum, at London, average 636 students daily. Mr. Gladstone's private library contains 35,000 volumes, and the books are not there merely as ornaments, either. A clerk in a prominent business house, some time ago, was so occupied with his duties that he took no time to study. His employer, noting this, hired an assistant, and told the young man to read. A good man—a philanthropist, you say. Well, may be so, but he was something more, a level headed business man. The clerk became more valuable with increased information, and the merchant profited accordingly.

In earlier times one had to read much to gain little information. It was the grain of wheat to be sought

and dug out of the bushel of chaff. The idea of a literary character seemed to carry with it the vision of a lean and hungry visage, bent form, sallow complexion, long hair, weak eyes, spectacles, shiny coat, measured tread, midnight oil and an early grave. To-day the important events in the history of the world, ancient and modern, may be enclosed between the lids of a few volumes. Pure wheat. The markets are always stocked with wheat, chaff, and also a mixture of both. You have the privilege of choosing for yourself. It is said of Confucius in his eager pursuit of knowledge that he forgot his food. In the joy of obtaining it he forgot his sorrows. Literary pursuits frequently become the panacea for many of the ills of life. It is generally the idle who complain they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish to do. The fact is, people generally find time for that which they choose to do. It is not really time, but the will, that is wanting. Two things by which the horoscope of your future may be most accurately read are choice of associates and reading matter. It was a serious question in my mind which of the two to give the precedence. Jeremy Taylor says, "He that is choice of his time will be choice of his associates." Petrarch describes books as his friends whose society is ever agreeable; they are of all ages and every country. Never troublesome nor inquisitive, but immediately answer all questions, and reveal many of the secrets of nature;

some teach us how to live, others how to die; they enable us to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest that have ever lived, and to gather from them the results of their lifelong study and devotion.

"O for a booke and a shadie nooke,

Either in a doore or out;

With the greene leaves whispering overhead,

Or the street cries all about;

Where I may reade, all at my ease,

Bound of the new and the olde,

For a jolly goode booke, whereon to looke,

Is better to me than golde."

Few human friends wear so well. At times their patience or our own, is easily taxed. Just a slight disarrangement of the liver may terminate a friendship of long standing.

"Alas how light a cause may move
Dissention between hearts that love;
Heart which the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were
rough,

Yet in sunny hours fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquility."

The literary department of our societies and leagues is not yet fully awakened. It is still a crawling infant. After a while it will walk alone and finally take up its position abreast of the spiritual department, and workers in these two will go hand in hand, leading the grand procession of loyalists—the doers of good—those who sacrifice comfort and ease, and spurn luxury for the good of others—in all the multitudinous walks of life. "Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when

one makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain the truth, whatever it is, has taken possession of him."

This work among the young must necessarily demand much time and personal effort. Literary taste and skill are cultivated by the reading of good literature. A few well chosen books carefully and thoroughly read will do more for such culture than many volumes carelessly skimmed.

The very existence of such vast quantities of reading matter has its objectionable feature, in that it renders a choice more difficult. To properly direct the reading of a considerable number would be a discouraging task, without sufficient time and the necessary influence, to re-adjust the taste of those who have already acquired the baneful and wasteful habit of reading trivial and frivolous literature. This evil might, in time, be overcome by urging such to familiarize themselves with some specified subject; one, while not difficult to comprehend, would lead the thoughts in the right direction. Many a pupil has been permanently benefited by an appeal from the teacher for assistance in some trivial matter. The request carries with it

confidence in the pupil's ability; this stimulates his pride; the task appeals to the ambition, and once begun, the desire for information proves a sufficient incentive. Have you never noticed how grossly ignorant, even of the scriptures, which they profess to believe, so many people are? Did it ever occur to you to ask how it is possible for one to serve, intelligently, a master of whose will he is ignorant?

Four things are necessary to the proper and best understanding of teachings of the scriptures: Absolute faith in their teachings as an entirety; an idea of the conditions existing when the truths were given; a general knowledge of the persons, places and things treated; and the age of the world and the degree of intelligence possessed by the people at that time. The Bible, in connection with works on the subjects radiating from it, or suggested by it, opens up an exhaustless mine of valuable reading, unsurpassed by any "best" one hundred books named by any critic.

(Extracts from an address by the author, given before the Epworth League Convention, at West Pitts-
ton, Pa.).

CIVILIZATION.

 By Max Norman.

II.

In the economy of nature there is a retribution and re-adjustment provided to secure against excessive inequalities. The French Revolution was a retribution and a restoration by which the nobility who were so regardless of the poor classes were almost utterly wiped away. You follow the devil, and you will surely go to the devil. Sow evil and you'll reap evil. Justice is a two-edged sword, which champions the upright and destroys the wicked. The law of nature is no respecter of persons.

The essence of slavery is the ignoring of the personality of man. You cannot respect the rights of man and despise the man. Man-enslaving systems have always degraded, and even denied the dignity of man. He is regarded as a brute before he is treated as one. The slave master and the slave-owner have always been themselves brutes. They regard not.

We invest our fellowmen with the dignity of our own personality. If we are righteous, the standard of humanity is raised with us. As soon as we are right, our fellowmen have corresponding rights. If we are brutes, our fellowmen will be regarded as brutes. Personality begets responsibility, responsibility

considerateness. Systems are only social expressions, and society is never better than its ways. Righteousness makes civilization.

Contemplating society of the past we find that the dignity of the common man was almost universally ignored, and it is only in Christian countries of late that man has even been treated as man. Common man was classified with cattle; his service was a matter of profit and loss. There is to-day noticeable the non-human spirit. There is to-day a tendency to disregard the dignity of man—and very often our regard for him is merely artificial or mechanical. This spirit of regardlessness is not confined to the employers of labor, it is also the spirit of workmen and of all. One workman regardeth not the rights of another. He will often over-reach his fellowman or underbid him just as suits his own interest. When the pseudo-religious talk godliness they mean business and profit. By over-work on the one hand, and over-indulgence on the other, modern society produces a corrupt civilization and false ideals, which are extremely dangerous. Perversion is worse than imperfection.

The instruments of ancient slavery were the whip and the chain; the in-

struments of modern slavery are equally as effectual and binding—viz., competition and want, &c. Man is often hunted into bondage by competition, and is thoroughly enslaved by necessity and the fear of starvation. In former times slaves were hunted, captured and sold; now they do all that for themselves—they sell themselves! Formerly, slaves were enemies, foreigners, inferior races; to-day, they are often neighbors, equals, citizens, and superior morally and intellectually. Progress in wealth, success in business, power to subjugate, palatial residences, liberty to do as we like, and many other magnificent things do not constitute civilization. Some seem to think that a large yearly output of pig iron, or coal, or wonderfully increased exports, or abundant harvests mean civilization; and even some irresponsible philosophers have thought fit to argue that Bes-

semer steel is a synonym of civilization.

Civilization means righteousness; and righteousness is the result of the good qualities that make for civilization. Civilization is not made of evil, of wickedness, of dishonesty, of injustice, however they are magnified, protected, and fortified with pig iron, coal, cornered wheat and Bessemer steel. Civilization is not the product of blast furnaces, converters or slopes and shafts. It is neither electricity nor gunpowder. Torpedo or Holland boats may be serviceable to execute its demands, but the fullness of civilization will dispense with all modern instruments of progress. Modern instruments of warfare betoken inconsiderateness on the part of nations—they are preparing to uphold their views of things and their supposed rights. In remote ages our rapid firing guns will be regarded as relics of savagery.

OUR ULTIMATUM.

The war clouds gather over head,
Sweet smiling peace away has fled;
Mars hastens armored cap-a-pie,
And heroes shout "We'll win or die!"
Spain! Spain! Beware! Now is the time
To end thy black career of crime! •
Away! Thou Dragon of the past!
Thy fate is sealed! The die is cast!

PETER'S ADDRESS.

By Rev. John Hugh Morgan, of Manchester, England.

Acts iii. 11-26.

Faithful servants of God are always quick to seize any suitable occasion for advancing his claims. When the astonished crowd collected round the healed cripple, who in the fervor of his gratitude was clinging to his benefactors, Peter, the ready spokesman, saw what a golden opportunity offered itself for proclaiming his great message. There was an obvious connection between the miracle and the sermon. The miracle prepared the soil, and the sermon sowed the seed. The miracle raised the spirit of religious inquiry, and the sermon satisfied it. After the performance of a miracle, whereby a cripple from his birth was healed by the utterance of a few words, it was natural to expect that the sermon to follow should be in keeping. "Surely it is fair to believe," says John Foster, "that those who received from heaven super-human power, received likewise super-human wisdom. Having rung the great bell of the universe, the sermon to follow must be extraordinary." Such, indeed, was its character. The more closely we search into it, the more deeply are we struck with its qualities, as one of the most remarkable addresses recorded in the Bible, and a model which every religious teacher ought to study and imitate.

1. It is characterized by the spirit of humility. Herein lies a mark of distinction between the Apostles and magicians, whose aim was display and self-glorification. With a glow of holy abhorrence and jealousy for the honor of the Master, they put away the notion that the miracle was the product of any might or merit of their own. In doing this they were but following in the footsteps of their Lord; he ascribed the miracles to God the Father. But as the miracles performed by Jesus were to bear witness of himself, and to glorify him, so also were the deeds performed by the grace and power of God, by means of the disciples, to redound to the honor of Christ, and to make his name great and glorious (Lange). Let us guard against the carnal and idolatrous estimate of means, and look beyond the human instrument to the divine cause. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

2. The address is marked by courage. Sanctified discipline had purified his spirit from the alloy of cowardice, which had marred his conduct in one dark passage of his history. He charges his hearers to their faces with the most fearful of all crimes, and clothes his charge in strength of language before which

the stoutest heart must have quailed. He shuts them up to the necessity of penitent return to God, on pain of being finally cut off from the congregation of the righteous.

3. Another characteristic of the address is tenderness. Having roused his hearers to a sense of guilt and peril, he soothes their awakened minds with assurances of pardon and rest. Following the example of his Master, who "will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax," "and who doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men," his ultimate aim was not to alarm and confound. He was led to inflict present pain upon his hearers from a loving regard for their future and everlasting good. Love in its wisdom saw the blows were necessary, and now in its tenderness hastened to assuage the wounds. Whilst a Christian teacher should exhibit the darker sides of truth, he should do so, not with flippant exultation, but with solemn tenderness, and know when to introduce the glad tidings. Men are melted into contrition, not by taunts and reproaches, but by love. St. Peter addresses his hearers under an appellation (v. 17), which shows both courtesy and compassion. He refers to their ignorance of the divine rank of Christ as a mitigating circumstance in the estimate of their crime. Ignorance lessened their guilt, but did not remove it, for ignorance itself may be the result of great guilt, and his motive in referring to it is to prevent any compunction they might feel

from sinking into despair. Christ urged this extenuating feature in pleading for his crucifiers. St. Paul affirms the same thing in relation to himself, as one of the reasons why he had obtained pardon for the dark crime of persecution.

4. The address is characterized by rare skill and force in explaining the truth. It embraces the whole of the divine economy within its sweep. Our view is fixed upon the salvation of the human family as promised to Abraham, announced by Moses, predicted by the long line of prophets from Samuel downwards, broadening and brightening under the mild reign of the gospel into long ages of repose, prosperity and joy. From beginning to end the steady aim of the preacher is to exalt Christ: (a) As the source of miraculous energy (v. 12-17); (b) As the fulfillment of prophecy (v. 22-26); (c) As the deliverer from sin and its penalty (v. 18-21). "The doctrine of a suffering Messiah was totally at variance with the current views of the Jewish Church, and hard to digest even by the twelve, up to the day of their Lord's resurrection. Our preacher himself revolted at it, and protested against it when first nakedly announced, for which he received a terrible rebuke. Here he affirms it to be the fundamental truth of ancient prophecy realized unwittingly by the Jews themselves, yet by a glorious divine ordinance. How great a change had the Pentecostal illumination wrought upon his views!" (Cr. and Ex. Com.) To rivet the truth

upon the mind and conscience of his hearers he points to the gradation of their guilt. He contrasts their conduct, although the gospel light had shone upon them with the conduct of heathen Pilate. He also contrasts Barabbas and Jesus; one the destroyer of life, whom the people spared, the other, the dispenser of life, whom the people slew; and further contrasts the conduct of the world in denying and killing Christ with the conduct of the Father in raising and glorifying him. He displays masterly tact in pointing out that the same God who founded the Jewish economy, of which their fathers were the ornaments and supports, now manifested himself in a nobler economy through his Son, whom they rejected. "The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his son Jesus." The chief agents of the former divine dispensation they revered and loved, the chief agent of the latter, in which the former received its fulfillment, they in-

consistently hated and despised. The preacher utilizes the reverence his hearers cherished for the great names of Judaism, to exalt the greater name, which, alas! was but the target of their scorn.

5. Lastly, the address is marked by point and adaptation in applying the truth. St. Peter shows that a man has no claim to salvation on the ground of godly ancestry. His hearers were the heirs of the covenant, but they could not obtain the blessing of Abraham without a personal coming to Christ. He concludes most fitly by urging them to that course; for the benevolent purpose of heaven could not be accomplished save by their personal conversion. They had been looking for a Messiah that would shed outward blessings upon them, but the gift that the true Messiah brought was far nobler, ridding them of the worst evil, and conferring upon them a benefit supreme in value, and lasting in duration.





"Cymru'r Plant" is as attractive as usual. Choice pieces and interesting illustrations. Cafe in the East (with illustration); The Lion's Home; The Little One-Eyed Servant; I Saw a Lit-

Among Welsh gods, or rather goblins, the greatest is "Our Enwad." Enwad

means sect; and this is the ugliest of our social deities. The Greeks had their Apollo and the Muses, who inspired literature, poetry, drama, art, music, history, &c. But this Welsh abuse of every thing that is intellectual and spiritual is the obstacle in the way of the nationalization of the Welsh people. This spirit of sectionalism and fragmentarianism reigns supreme in every corner and nook of Wales; and its regime extends even into the sweet realms of music and art. Its creed is this—"Our Denomination, first, last and all the time. Our creed, our chapel, our hymns, and woe unto those who live outside the magic circle."

"Wales," as the writer in the "Geniuen" proceeds, "how long wilt thou keep thine eyes closed to the evil of this goblin. The Church of England is not thy real foe nor the nightmare that oppresses thee; it is the denominationism, this crampy, narrow, bigoted spirit of sectarianism." National duties, patriotic aspirations are nothing in the corrupting presence of this goblin. Righteousness and true godliness cannot abide with this mean and contemptible god of bigotry. True worth, goodness and virtue are outlaws and barbarians in the sight of this brainless and heartless sectarianism.

The "Llenor," containing second part of Glasynys' Poems, is out. This number has the following poems: The Springtime; Wild Merlin; Myfanwy Fychan; with several Lyrics of excellence. These numbers of the "Llenor" are published with a commendable purpose, viz. to place one of Arvon's stones on Glasynys' grave. But the parts themselves are really valuable.

In a strictly Puritan community, it is considered beneath the dignity of the Pilgrim on Life's short way to give any of his fleeting hours to idle pastimes, which are looked on, at best, as

none other than the Devil's own time-eaters, whilst amongst the gay-hearted and frivolous these things are every-thing. But Wales cannot be classed in either of these categories. It was once upon a time extremely Puritan in its habits of thoughts, but it is now tending in the opposite direction.—"Young Wales."

"Young Wales" for April has a good number of articles of interest. "The Fascinations of Comparative Philology," by W. T. G. L.; "Taffy's Impressions of Sandy as an Ecclesiastic," by the Rev. Wynon Davies; "The Welsh Intermediate Schools Circle," by J. Trevor Owen, M. A.; "Stones from Babylon," by Teddy Bach; "Welsh Land Reform," by Richard Jones; "Our Sunday Note Book," by William George; "The Night of Welsh History," by Ernest Rhys; "Christian Literature, its Function and Task in the Present Day," by Professor K. Lentzner, Ph. D.; "Among Welsh Members," by T. Artemus Jones; "Howell's Song to Myfanwy" (Poem) by Professor J. Young Evans, M. A.; "Faithful unto Death," by Rhys Rhydderch. The frontispiece is a portrait of S. M. S.

The New Bard ("Y Bardd Newydd," as he is called), plays his part in the literature of to-day. He is not much known and popular, and his productions are not appreciated and understood. He possesses new notions and ideals, and appears to hold popular crotchets in contempt. He is independent—not a professed dissenter, but an actual insurgent against the regime of antediluvian Welsh ideas. There is a tendency in the Welsh mind to reform backwards, and a national movement is liable to be retrospective and retroactive. This new poet faces the future, and his views are diametrically opposed to the interests and peculiarities of Welsh bards. He hates stagna-

tion as much as retrogression, and he desires Wales free from the shackles of antiquity.

An interesting feature of the May "Harper's" is an article by Professor W. T. Hewett on "University Life in the Middle Ages." It presents a vivid picture of the movement that gave birth to modern institutions of learning, and is full of amusing anecdotes. It is illustrated by F. V. du Mond and A. B. Davies after old prints.

Mr. J. E. Southall, of Newport, Mon., the author of "Wales and her Language," announces that he is about to publish several books which ought to be of considerable interest to Welsh readers. One of them is a volume of the unpublished poems of Ossian Gwent. Ossian Gwent whose everyday name was John Davies, was born in Cardigan in 1834, and died as lately as 1892. He was one of the best lyric poets of the last half century. The only volume of his poetry which has as yet appeared is published by Messrs. Hughes and Son, Wrexham, and entitled "Canladau Ossian Gwent." His best known lyrics are "Y Gwylthyn" and "Yr Ehedydd" the beauty of which ensures them an honored place in every anthology of Welsh lyrics. He apostrophizes the lark in a manner which Shelley need not be ashamed of, although the Welsh ode, of course, is not of so transcendental a character as the well known address to the "blithe spirit" which poured out its "full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." Many poems, some of which are said to approach this lyric in charm, have only appeared hitherto in the columns of the Welsh press. Mr. Southall intends to issue a selection of them in a paper-covered volume.

An enterprising London publishing firm has brought out a reading book

specially for use in the day schools of Wales. Although the work is printed in English, it was impossible to speak of notable events in history without bringing in a number of Welsh words. It is just in the attempt to pronounce those words that an otherwise admirable little volume comes to grief. Thus we are told that "Iolo Goch" is pronounced "Goke," which to a Welshman is a "goak" in itself. Then we are gravely assured that "Tynewydd" is pronounced "Te-nay-with," with the accent on the first syllable, and that the proper way to pronounce the name of the father of Llewelyn the Great is "Yor-worth," with the accent on the last syllable.

The fifth number of the "Tadau An-nibynol" was issued lately by the Welsh National Press Company, Carnarvon, under the editorship of Mr. L. D. Jones. The work, though slow, is proceeding satisfactorily, and this number dealing with the life of the versatile "S. R.," is in all respects admirable, and will be cordially welcomed as a distinct acquisition to the history of the Nonconformist fathers. The Rev. Keinlon Thomas, of Llanfairfechan, skillfully portrays the characteristics of this famous pioneer of reform, and incidentally supplies a graphic picture of Welsh life in the middle of the present century. We are reminded how "S. R." ably advocated the establishment of the penny post ten years before the matter was taken up by Sir Rowland Hill. "Keinlon" makes a stirring appeal for a national memorial to the old hero, and declares that if "every one who has reaped the fruits of his labors were to contribute a penny postage stamp to such a fund, 'S. R.' would have the best memorial ever erected in Wales!"

The wanderings of Welsh manuscripts form one of the most curious chapters in the history of Welsh litera-

ture. That the diligent searcher after these missing treasures may even yet be rewarded is well illustrated by the good fortune that recently befell Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans. Mr. Evans found an interesting collection of Welsh manuscripts amongst the effects put up at a recent sale at Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Amongst a number of miscellaneous books was a manuscript volume containing complete collections of the poems of Iolo Goch; Llawdden, Rhys Goch Eryri, and three or four other well known writers, all in the handwriting of the antiquary Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt. It appears from internal evidence that the book was presented about the year 1763 to the then Vicar of Llandderfel, in Merionethshire, but by what wanderings it got from North Wales to Moreton-in-the-Marsh no one knows.

In the May "Harper's" Professor Andrew Wilson has an article entitled "Some Byways of the Brain." It is of interest as revealing in curious instances of brain-action what is most characteristic of our mental processes; and it is put in such popular form as to be easily intelligible to the lay reader.

In view of the commotion caused by the publication of the Rev. D. Adams' book, "Paul in the Light of Christ," it is interesting to note what the Unitarians have to say on the matter. The note-writer in the "Ymofynydd," the Welsh monthly of that denomination, declares in its December issue that Mr. Adams takes a very advanced view, having regard to the denomination of which he is a member. "When in Cardiganshire," continues the writer, "he was generally regarded as being on the down grade. We have not heard how slippery was the gradient while he resided at Bethesda; but, judging from this book, he cannot be far from reaching the bottom now. There is not

much difference between the successor of Hiraethog at Grove Street, and the successor of Dr. Charles Beard in Renshaw Street, though Hiraethog and Beard were themselves as far apart as the poles."

Much interest was taken two or three years ago in the question—Which was the smallest book in the world? According to the "Journal" of the free libraries in Cardiff, the smallest book ever produced in Wales is "Y Pererin sef pigion o Hymnau ar amryw destynau. Llanrwst: Argraffwyd gan John Jones." This was published about fifty years ago. It measures 1½ in. by 1 5-16 in., and contains ten hymns in sixteen pages. This interesting curiosity was given to the librarian by Mr. J. H. Davies of Cwrt Mawr, Cardiganshire.

The Gorsedd has lately suffered a good deal at the hands of critics, but Welshmen at least thought that the Eisteddfod itself was an indigenous institution of unquestioned antiquity and prestige. A writer of the "New Ireland Review" for this month, however, propounds a theory which will make the bards and their followers stare and gasp. It is none other than that the Welsh National Eisteddfod is of Irish origin! And all this after the Eisteddfod has been graciously patronizing the resuscitated Féis Ceoil of Ireland! It is hard to believe (thinks the Welsh correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian") that any patriotic Welshman can brook with patience such an aspersion as this. Let the bards get their thunder ready. But what has Scotland, that other thread in "the Celtic fringe," to say to all this? They have in the Highlands a kind of Gaelic Eisteddfod, and it would only accord with the traditions of North Britain to have the claim advanced that the Gaelic festival is the real parent of both the Irish and the Welsh.

SCIENTIFIC

The prayer-cylinders, or wheels, of Tibet are about two feet high, and revolve on a pivot. The prayer is either painted on the outside or is written on a piece of paper, and thrust into a cavity. As the monks pass these prayer-wheels they set them in motion.

MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

A medico-musical institute has recently been opened in New York for the treatment of bodily and mental disorders. The originator of the scheme is a prominent Russian physician, Dr. Beechinsky, who, as the result of exhaustive experiments, has discovered that music, in which the minor chords abound, produces a sleepy condition in young children that suffer from insomnia, and that other sounds affect the human body in a corresponding manner. The staff of this institute consists of doctors and musicians, the first to diagnose a case, the second to administer the music, either on the flute, the violin, or the piano.

A BAD HABIT.

The common habit of crossing the legs at the knees when sitting is earnestly protested against, by a writer quoted in "The Health Magazine." It is claimed that this habit "is at least one cause of cold feet, headache, varicose veins, ulcers, and other troubles due to poor circulation in the lower limbs. The reason of this lies in the fact that just under the knee, where the greatest pressure comes in this position, there are large veins, arteries, and nerves, whose walls are pressed together, thus interfering more or less with the circulation and the sensation.

It is said that women are more liable to acquire the habit than men, and it may be added that doubtless one reason for this is the height of ordinary chair seats. Will not some one please invent a chair—a common chair—with an adjustable seat, so that, whatever the height of the person, the chair can be made comfortable? For what is more uncomfortable than to be obliged to sit for an hour or more in a straight-backed chair with a seat so high that the toes can barely touch the floor? Small wonder that some relief is sought by crossing the legs. It is noticeable that when low chairs, adapted to the height of the person, are furnished, the legs usually remain straight, and the feet firmly on the floor.

FLYING MACHINES.

"The danger to which flying-machines would be exposed in aerial navigation can be readily comprehended by an observer on the Atlantic sea-coast, when a heavy storm sweeps across the sea," says "Our Animal Friends," New York. "The most sanguine Darius Greene does not expect the future airship to be as strong and perfect as the powerful-winged birds of the air, and if the latter are tossed about by a strong gale, the fate of the flying-machine would be disastrous. A 'lost' bird in a gale may drift a thousand miles out of its course, and even the petrels have fallen under the dominion of the wind so that they have been cast upon unknown and inhospitable shores."

"Artificial silk," says "Merck's Report," New York, "is obtained from nitrocellulose by passing collodion through very minute apertures and

drying, and is naturally an extremely combustible material. Before it can be employed for textile purposes this dangerous property is modified by means of a reducing-agent, after treatment with which it loses its properties of deflagration and combustibility. The presence of this body in the fiber enables the admixture of artificial silk with the natural product to be easily detected. Artificial silk dissolved in strong sulfuric acid gives a deep yellow liquid, which, on the addition of a solution of diphenylamine sulfate, gives a deep blue color. The test may be applied directly to the fabric, a piece of which plunged in the reagent will become blue if containing artificial silk, but remains colorless with the natural article."

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PENETRATION OF WATER BY LIGHT.

The depth to which the sun's rays penetrate water has been recently determined by the aid of photography. It has been found that at a depth of 533 feet, the darkness was, to all intents and purposes, the same as that on a clear but moonless night. Sensitive plates exposed at this depth for a considerable length of time gave no evidence of light action.

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FOOT-REST.

The importance of the foot-rest is not widely understood, nor is it sufficiently dwelt upon even by the advocates of various sorts of rest cures. Every woman should know that it is essential to her physical well being that she have a footstool as well as a chair; that a reclining chair, because it removes the weight of the body entirely from the feet, is more restful than even the very American institution, a "rocker," and that in every kitchen a high office stool should form part of the furniture. The

maids should be encouraged to sit, so far as possible, at their work. The stool gives a support to the feet by its rounds.

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COMPARE.

It has been the fashion among a certain class of political agitators to speak disparagingly of the probity and effectiveness of American courts. They have not scrupled to cast innuendoes upon our judicial system, which pleases them no better than any other American institutions. It will be instructive for these disciples of unrest, as well as for the rest of us, to mark well the conduct of the Zola trial in Paris. Was there ever a more palpable muzzling of justice? We are too apt to forget how good a land we live in, and to undervalue its blessings. Every time the European veil is lifted, as it is now being lifted in France, that realization comes home to us with increased force.

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COMPLEXION AND STRENGTH.

It is not improbable that there is in brunetteness, in the dark hair and eye, some indication of vital superiority. If this were so, it would serve as a partial explanation for the social phenomenon which we have been at so much pains to describe. If in the same community there were a slight vital advantage in brunetteness, we should expect to find that type slowly aggregating in the cities; for it requires energy and courage, physical as well as mental, not only to break the ties of home and migrate, but also to maintain oneself afterward under the stress of urban life. Selection thus would be doubly operative. It would determine the character both of the urban immigrants and, to coin a phrase, of the urban persistents as well. The idea is worth developing a bit.

Pneumonia, according to an article by Dr. J. W. Moore in "The British Medical Journal," January 15, is what he calls a "multiple," or "mixed" infection, that is, it is not caused by a single germ, but by any one of several, or by more than one of these at once. Dr. Thompson, of Bellevue Hospital, claims that the onset now is just as sudden as it ever was, yet the date of the crisis has come to be so indefinite and suspicious that the visitation of the severe epidemic of influenza of 1890-91 may have given rise to this mixed infection. Dr. Moore asserts that we are already acquainted with pneumonia caused by several varieties of bacillus, and that it is not improbable that there are many other species which can set up the disease. He adduces evidence to prove that the organism of erysipelas, influenza, Eberth bacillus, anthrax, etc., may all give rise to a specific pneumonia.

Some species take care for the future of their offspring, and before sending them away teach them to fly, or swim, or hunt, or fish. Dureau de la Malle saw falcons, high up in the air, drop dead mice and swallows in order to teach their young to spring upon their prey when in rapid flight, and to estimate distances; and when the little hawklets were somewhat larger, they dropped living birds instead of dead game. American crested ducks teach their young to find seeds and to snap at flies and aquatic insects.

It is generally the female that exercises this care for her offspring, while the male concerns himself little about the matter. The female wild duck leads her brood to the water, and takes care to choose places of no very great depth for this first lesson, and trains the little ones to hunt flies, mosquitoes, and beetles. The female of the elder duck gently carries her ducklings one by one in her beak, escorts them to the deep

water, and teaches them to dive for fish. When they are tired she glides under them, takes them on her back, and carefully carries them to the shore. It is undoubtedly very largely by virtue of instinct and ancestral education that birds swim or fly, and the mother has only to invite them to the act by her example; but, for a more complete training, the lessons are very useful, if not necessary.

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THE BORDERLAND OF CREEDS.

It is beginning to be understood that the universals of honesty, virtue, purity, unite men more firmly and kindly than the particulars of doctrine and litany, however sacred and venerable. Instead of drawing men together, unfortunately these appear to drive them apart, and produce a vast number of meeting-houses for the misinterpretation of the Bible and the caricature of the divine.

It is a joyous sign of the times that the sectarian sky, so to speak, is breaking. There are rifts in the clouds, and the spiritual fog, which too many mistake for profound inspiration, is fast clearing away. Manly preachers and workers in every denomination find the basis for common action broadening. People are beginning to recognize that the kinship of humanity is a real phrase, whatever the canons and councils may say. It is because men and women are men and women that they at heart must distrust teachings which would formulate caste and bigotry, and any "holier-than-thou" doctrine in our latter age.

May this borderland widen year by year until the religious shrine becomes less and less an exponent of its own necessarily narrow and imperfect conceptions, and more and more a representative of that broader, uncanonized religion, which is the Hebrew prophet's constant refrain!—Jewish Messenger.

SHALL WE LIVE ON FRUIT?

The fruit-eating craze is possibly the most degenerate of the many recent fads. The fruit-eating and pot-bellied natives of the tropics, and their next lower relatives, the apes, are truly inspiring objects of imitation by civilized man; not even their outdoor and arboreal lives save them from the consequences of a meager and irritating regimen. It is truly pitiful to see the army of neurasthenics, dyspeptics, rheumatics, starving their tissues and acidulating their blood at the beck of a few, to put it charitably, harebrained enthusiasts. It is fair to suppose that a troop of rickety children will later rise up and call them anything but blessed, a fate from which the ape saves himself by abundant potations of river water.

The fact with regard to fruit is, that although it contains little nourishment, it agrees well with many people endowed with a vigorous gastric mucosa, and fairly alkaline blood. To them it brings looseness and joy. In many dyspeptic states, it is the first food-stuff to disagree, and to the ill-nourished neurasthenic it is a miserable substitute for the better tissue-builders.

An appeal to the facts of evolution gives little comfort to the cranks of one dietary idea. Primitive man has as hunter and herdsman thriven on an animal dietary. Nuts and fruits have served his turn as well, and encouraged him to the cultivation of the cereals. There is no evidence to show that the people of any nation have become longer-lived or shorter-lived on account of an exclusively vegetable dietary, or that any association of cranks has increased the longevity of its members by any exclusive system whatever.—The *Allenist* (St. Louis).

The extra consumption of illuminating gas due to fog is well illustrated by some figures given out by London, England, gas companies. These figures reveal the fact that the excess of gas used due to a fog lasting an entire day would be sufficient to supply a town of from 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants for a year. The total consumption on such a day is about 150,000,000 cubic feet, costing about \$120,000, of which amount \$40,000 was necessary to pay for the excess due to fog.

Dr. Shrady, the eminent specialist of New York, referring to the recent death of Anton Seidl, ridicules the theory that all ptomaines are poisonous. On some of them, he says, human kind thrives. In a healthy being they help to preserve health. When the system is diseased they may prove fatal. In brief, the theory is, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. The ptomaine is not necessarily dangerous, but in an unhealthy body he gets in his fine work.

Some remarkable observations on the longevity of germs in dust have been recorded by Dr. Miguel, a French biologist. In 1881 some earth was taken from a depth of ten inches in Montsouris Park, dried for two days at 30 degrees C., and then put away in a dark corner of the laboratory, first being hermetically sealed in tubes. On recently opening the tubes after sixteen years it was found that the dust still contained 3,500,000 microbes per gramme, the original number in the soil having been but 6,500,000 per gramme, which the drying record reduced to less than 4,000,000. From the surviving bacteria the tetanus microbe was isolated, and so wonderful was its vitality that it caused death in guinea pigs after an incubation period of two days.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Scotland is now throwing its mantle over the Welsh Elsteddfod. In other words, Mr. MacIntosh is putting up the pavilion for the Festinlog national event.

English Sovereigns have shown a partiality for Welsh harpists. Queen Victoria has her John Thomas; Charles II. had his John Evans, and it is said that the latter had so hard a struggle for the merest necessities of life that he actually died of starvation while 'n the Royal service.

Some rejoicings were caused at Cefn, near Ruabon, lately, by the escape of a lion. The natives thought it was one of the four lions from the Royal Arms flying before the Red Dragon of Wales.

Wales over the sea, or the Welsh Colony in Patagonia, is called Gwladfa. The originator of the term Gwladfa is "Llew Llwyfo." "Llew" has a most delicate and musical ear, and could not bear the older form, "Gwladychfa," and so he rounded it down to Gwladfa, a term which is now firmly established in the language.

More Elsteddfodic regulations. The promoters of a North Wales Elsteddfod have decided that no one who has graduated at any college shall be eligible to compete for prizes offered in prose and poetry.

Aberffraw was one of the three royal residences of Wales, and of yore the seat of their principal courts of justice. At

present there is only a trifling portion of the walls of the royal palace existing, shown in a part of an old building now used as a barn.

A movement is being initiated (says the London correspondent of the "Cambrian") to obtain the consent of the War Office to the formation of a Welsh Cavalry Regiment. "Owen Rhoscomyl," the well-known novelist, is the originator of the idea, which is gaining a good deal of support among Welsh members and others. Scotland's Cavalry—the Greys—have done great things, and there is no reason to believe that a Welsh Cavalry Regiment would not win as brilliant a record as the Welsh Foot.

It is a peculiar thing that nearly all the sweet shops in Swansea are open on Sunday. The Lord's Day Observance Act has been applied there once or twice, but the sweet shops are still kept open with impunity. One of these tradesmen was asked the other day how this came about, "We sell sweets on Sunday because people carry them to church and chapel to eat them, and so keep awake during the sermon. They are theological commodities. No shop with secular stuff should be allowed to be open, of course."

An enthusiastic Welshman who had been celebrating St. David's Day was sitting on the curbstone waiting for his house to come round. A passing friend taking pity, placed the too ardent celebrant in a barrow and wheeled him home. Arriving at the house, the friend

in need knocked at the door, and said to the wife: "Here's your husband, ma'am; tell him to wheel the barrow back in the morning."

Out of Ireland, in literature at least, the pig has never had his due paid to him. In Wales the pig is a most important factor in rural life, and, as in Ireland, is the "gentleman who pays the rent"—or, better, keeps the larder fat the year round. In "Allen Raine's" new novel, this ancient Philistine is given due place and prominence, and "Lallo's" specimen is just what a cottager's is, lean, loud and lank.

A writer in the "Brython Cymreig," who calls himself "Teryll y Bannau," endeavors to show that the national flag of ancient Wales was called "Lluman Dewi," St. David's banner, which he thinks was a white cross, quoting in support of his theory a line from some mediaeval poet, "A lluman glan Dewi a ddychafant." He thinks also that the name Croeswen (White Cross,) so frequently met with in Wales, is a kind of commemoration of "Lluman Glan Dewi."

For making the Elisteddfod popular and entertaining we owe as much to the Rhondda Valley as to any part of Wales. And now the vale of coal is showing to the world and Pengarnddu how to make it useful as well. In the program of a great gathering to be held there in the summer we note the following: "Bread Competition.—For the best loaf of white bread made from X's extras; prize, a bag of flour (140 lb.), value 18s. For the best loaf of brown bread made from X's wheaten meal; prize, 70 lb. of wheaten meal." And, come to think of it, we fancy we would sooner take the winner of this competition than the winner of the soprano solo to be our wife.

It would seem from a lament in the "Goleuad," the weekly organ of the Calvinistic Methodists, that Conservatism

is gaining an increasing hold upon the denomination. The "Goleuad" is dissatisfied with the results of some of the county council contests in North Wales, and exclaims, "The evil of it is that in many of these elections Calvinistic Methodist deacons were themselves either Tory candidates or among the zealous supporters of the most bigoted Tories Wales ever saw."

Someone is sadly to blame for not calling Mr. J. A. B. Williams as a witness at the Cardiff annexation inquiry. Mr. Williams is the engineer to the town's water scheme, and he considers a fourth reservoir at Taff Fawr necessary, for he estimates that in the year 1934 Cardiff and district will have a population of 700,000 persons. This means that in 36 years the inhabitants will have to increase their present number more than four times over—which, to say the least, is sanguine. By that time Cardiff will have swallowed up Penarth, Barry and Newport, and will, doubtless, have greedy eyes upon the unincorporated Merthyr, and also Swansea, that proud swaggerer of the West.

Welsh is not going to die if the Carnarvon people can help it. A notice to the following effect has been posted up in the board room of the Carnarvon Guardians: "Resolved, that all matters discussed at this board be dealt with in Welsh, and no proposal nor any letter shall be placed before the guardians unless the same has been translated into Welsh. It is further resolved that a notice to this effect shall be posted up in the board-room, so that the attention of those infringing this rule may be called to it." There is a monoglot Scotchman on the board, and although he is tolerated to speak in English, any proposition he makes is invariably handed over to a Welsh friend to be translated.

We are reminded by the "Winllan" that Italy owes much—perhaps her lib-

erty—to a Welshman. Captain Lewis of Portmadoc was in one of the Italian ports one day, when he saw a man hurrying towards the ship, just as they were about putting out to sea. Captain Lewis took him on board, and the good ship *Confidence* started for home. The fugitive for safety was wrapped up in a big, heavy sail, lying on the deck. This was fortunate, for a cruiser ran up, and caught the brig; government officials searched her through and through without success. By and by the cruiser again signalled the ship to stop, but by this time Captain Lewis was approaching English soil, and he clapped on all sail and got off safely. The fugitive was Garibaldi, who was naturally devoutly grateful to the gallant Welsh captain, and, as a memento, gave him a scarf, which was highly prized by the Welshman and his family.

The first Welsh Dissenter is still hale and strong—having witnessed many vicissitudes and weathered many a storm. The Church Steeple at Llangyfelach is said to be the first Dissenter in Wales. This old tower was detached from the old church, and is still standing at a respectable distance from the nave of the present well-restored structure. John Penry, of Cefn Brith, in the parish of Llangammarch, Breconshire, was the first who preached the gospel in Wales without Episcopal ordination after the establishment of the Protestant Reformation. He was violently opposed by the Church party, and denounced as a monster heretic, and was put to death in 1594. The first Nonconformist Church or Dissenting Congregation is said to have been founded in 1635, at Wrexham, North Wales. The first in South Wales was founded at Llanfaches, by the ejected minister of that parish, Mr. Wroth.

A Merthyr pressman who passed through Salt Lake City last year has much to say in its favor. Polygamy has now been abolished, as the scandal could

not be allowed to exist side by side with American institutions. The traveler, Mr. A. Edmondson of the "Merthyr Express"—spoke to several Mormons, and he says they seemed to be inured to the one-man-one-wife motion, but they still enthuse about their creed. Of the city itself Mr. Edmondson says: "A beautiful stream of pure water flows through every street, and the thoroughfares are planted with trees. We visited the Tabernacle, which is supposed to possess one of the greatest organs in the world, and were fortunate in entering as one of Greig's masterly compositions was being played upon the splendid instrument, a performance which thrilled us all to the very soul. The acoustic arrangements of this huge building are wonderful. We were in the gallery 250 feet away from the platform, when we were asked to be silent while a pin was dropped to the floor. The sound of the pin as it came in contact with the ground was distinctly heard by us."

Blaengarw is a coal community planted among the hills of Mid-Glamorgan. Here is a picture of the place given by a fanciful writer in "The Home Mission Field of the Church of England": "Here apparently, is a mountain cave, the only fairly accessible approach to which is the road you are now traversing. To left and right, as well as to the front of you stand stately piles, now in pyramids of bare-fringed rocks, now in lofty layers of table land. High up the hill on your right is what is known locally as 'our Alpine Railway.' It is a railroad used by the North Navigation Coal Company for conveying both their workmen and their coal to the adjoining valley, the Ogmores. But it seems quite a toy railway and has always a fascination for visitors. The little engine pulls for all it is worth. Anywhere that a hare could go it seems to be able to travel. It runs up the brown coat sleeve of old Llan-gelnor Mountain like a mouse, then down over his shoulder and through

the tunnel to the Ogmore; it whisks from side to side with a jointed reptile of a train behind it, and it dashes like a fox across a ledge hanging out like a balcony from a lofty window."

Probably few people know that there is a choice side to every cemetery. Thus in some parts of the globe the eastern portion, without regard to its situation, is always deemed the most desirable. This preference arises from the old tradition that our Lord will appear from the east. It is also believed that the dead in the eastern portion will be the first to rise, then those of the southern, western and northern in order. In England it was once the custom to bury felons and other bad characters on the north side of the church. The custom of laying the dead in a certain direction is responsible for the Welsh designation of the east wind, "The wind of the dead men's feet."

Towards the end of 1895 an appeal was made to the public on behalf of Henry Vaughan's neglected grave at Llansantffread. The result is that the tomb has been well and carefully restored, without touching the inscription. The ground round the grave has been levelled and turfed, the whole being enclosed by a low, plain railing, the gift of the late Dean Vaughan. The yew tree, which was probably there when the poet was buried beneath its shade, has been cleaned of other growths, and its dead branches have been cut away. Around the tomb quantities of snowdrops, crocuses and narcissi poetical and other flowers have been planted. On the two hundred and second anniversary of the poet's death, in Easter Week, 1897, a tablet to the memory of Vaughan was placed on the south wall of the nave in Llansantffread Church. The tablet is surrounded by a deeply-carved wreath of oak leaves and acorns in pink Penarth alabaster. In the center, on a panel of white Sicilian marble, the inscription

(written by the late Dean of Llandaff) is cut and leaded.

One of the shrewdest observers we have in Wales pooh-poohs this red dragon agitation. It's an ugly beast at best, he says, and nobody ever seems to have seen one alive or dead. As a wild beast, he adds, the Welsh rabbit is a far more desirable creature than the red dragon, but the Welsh rabbit, although popular wherever it is known, could not easily be added to the Royal Standard. Nobody has ever seen a pictorial representation of the Welsh rabbit. It is a creature of inwardly satisfying nature, but it does not lend itself to effective pictorial effect. There are difficulties in the nature of the Welsh rabbit that tell against incorporating it in the Royal Standard. The red dragon is too dreadfully wild looking for a pleasing picture. The Welsh rabbit, on the other hand, does not look like a creature of spirit. If it could be represented in a belligerent attitude on the Royal Standard, and if a sort of tract-distributing air could be given to the dragon, then something nationally satisfying could be, perhaps, achieved. But who ever saw a Welsh rabbit rampant or a red dragon couchant? The only time when a Welsh rabbit is really rampant is after it has passed finally out of sight, but not out of mind, and is still to memory more than dear.

Some important historians in tracing the origin of the Welsh and whence they first came to this country, say that they came hither from a place called Defrobani, and that this was situated in an island in the Indian Ocean, which they designate as the Isle of Ceylon. This can only be admitted so far as it seems to refer to the cradle of the human race to Asia. This allusion to Defrobani may be, I think, explained without going so far as the Indian Ocean, since the word which seems to have caused so much confu-

sion appears to be a Welsh compound word "dwfr" and "bannau," the Dour-obaniau and Dovoberniau, of the Romans, and our modern Dover—the water heights—"Shakespeare's Cliff." The Straits of Dover was easily crossed over in canoes from the coast of Gaul, and the immigrants landed at Defrobani, and in progress of time and distance of places the tradition prevailed amongst the first settlers in this isle that they came from Defrobani instead of landing at Defrobani. As years rolled on the place and the situation of Defrobani were forgotten, but the name was current amongst posterity, and some who wished to make a great people a noble people, and perhaps an aristocratic people of the first settlers here, must go to the Indian Ocean so to do; or what is very probable, failing to discover what was meant by Defrobani, they made it more puzzling still by placing it at an enormous distance, far enough out of the reach of ordinary persons. It is very clear that the first settlers came to this country from Gaul, the modern France.

In a leading article on the "Irish Féis Ceoil of 1898" (the programme of which has just been issued to the public), the "Freeman's Journal" says:—"The programme of the Irish Féis Ceoil is a varied one. The prizes for competition make a very long list, and we are glad to see that the executive have not stinted their encouragement to choral singing. The Choral Society and the choral class are not as popular institutions as they ought to be in Ireland. The natural musical taste and 'ear' of the people are not less marked in Ireland than in Wales. But in the latter country almost every village has its excellent choir. A remarkable ex-

ample of the extent of popular musical culture in Wales was shown recently in the case of the strike at Lord Penrhyn's quarries. The strikers had their choir—the Bethesda Choir—and it went on tour to London and the chief English cities, singing to raise funds for the strikers' families. It is not that the muse may be harnessed to the Trades Union in Ireland that the suggestion of Welsh example is made. But the lives of the people would be greatly brightened, the spirit of refinement strengthened, and even religion helped by the better culture of an art that has served through all the centuries as its faithful handmaiden. The efforts of the Féis Association to develop choral singing will, therefore, we trust, be highly successful. Should the result of the festival at Belfast next May realize expectations, we may regard the Féis as permanently established. But to make it the success that it ought to be we must remember that the enterprise still needs national co-operation. The time will come when the Féis Ceoil will pay for itself, but the time may not be just yet. The Belfast Féis Committee deserve every assistance."

Apropos of the fact that the Society of Friends have just opened a new meeting house at Llandrindod Wells, we are reminded that the Friends at one time exercised considerable influence in Mid-Wales; in fact, as far back as 1657 they had a meeting house in Radnorshire. In recent years there has been a revived interest in their form of worship, so that the new place of meeting at Llandrindod is the third opened since 1890 in that district. In the success of this new effort all Evangelical Free Churches will heartily rejoice.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Lord Bute has guaranteed a hundred pounds to the Festiniog National Eisteddfod.

Poor William Rees, the centenarian pig-killer, has been exaggerated into a national hero, and we hope that his exploits will be fittingly celebrated by Sir Lewis Morris in an "a-pig" poem at the next National Eisteddfod.

Cowper had Welsh blood in his veins. The poet refers to the matter in a letter written to Lady Hesketh on March 25, 1791. In that letter Cowper states: "I have Welsh blood in me, if the pedigree of the Donnes says true."

When the Bishop of St. Davids held an ordination recently at Lampeter Parish Church, the service throughout was conducted in Welsh. It is stated that this is the only instance on record of the Welsh ordination service having ever been used.

Welsh admirers of Mr. Gladstone will be interested to learn that the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle, is engaged on a life of the great English commoner. The work, which will be written in Welsh, is to be completed in six monthly parts. Each number is to consist of about 64 well-printed pages, and will be issued at a popular price.

Alfred the Great had for his teacher an old Welsh monk, by name Asser Menevensis, called by the bardic fraternity Bardd Glas y Gadair.

Here's a story they are telling down West Wales. An old man when called as a witness before the magis-

trates by mistake mounted the steps to the bench instead of the witness-box. "Do you wish to be a magistrate?" asked the senior magistrate. "Well, sir," said the witness "I'm an old man, and maybe I'm not fit for much else."

An old Welsh deacon prayed the Lord to prosper some denominational work then pending, and then asked the congregation to elect him on the committee of ways and means to see it done.

The Rev. J. Gwynoro Davies, Barmouth, has declined the call to the pastorate of Salem Methodist Church, Aberystwyth, which has been offered him. He has been obliged to resign his pastorate at Barmouth, owing to ill-health, and has been advised to take at least six months' rest.

That mysterious Druidic sign which "Morien" calls a tripod, and which he works into nearly everything he writes, is the envy of other scribes. They feel at a disadvantage, and regard the tripod as a point—or rather three points—scored against them every time it is used.

The condition of the Bishop of Bangor, who is suffering under a paralytic seizure, is more satisfactory. His lordship is able to take nourishment more freely, and is allowed to leave his bed for a few hours daily.

The efforts of the committee appointed at the Llandudno National Eisteddfod for securing a Civil List pension for Hwfa Mon, the Archdruid of Wales, in recognition of his services for over half a century in connection with Welsh lit-

erature and the Eisteddfod, have been crowned with success, but the official announcement of the fact will not be made until June.

This is all that is left of a poetical torpedo which J. B. Lodwick, of Youngstown, O., threw into the office last week.

McKinley, brave and truest,

"Remember the Maine."

Our nation, strong and kindest,

"Remember the Maine."

The starving men in Cuba,

Our dead heroes in Havana,

All praying for Columbia

To remember the Maine.

The other day a Welsh Nonconformist minister got up on Sunday morning without a subject for a sermon. Meeting a deacon, he asked, "What shall I preach about?" "Oh," was the answer; "give it to the theatres or the brewers; they haven't a friend in the town—at any rate, they haven't in our chapel, or, if they have, we'll find it out that way!"

Wales' claim to be represented with the other countries on the National Flag finds a sympathetic supporter in "Mr. Punch," whose sparkling pages are illustrated with a capital sketch of Mr. Alfred Thomas, M. P., arm in arm with the famous Welsh dragon. The picture is from the pencil of Mr. E. T. Reed, son of Sir Edward Reed, the old member for Cardiff.

A little war has been declared in the London "Kelt" over the remains of Dafydd ap Gwilym. One writer contends that he was buried in Strata Florida Abbey, the Westminster Abbey of Wales; others, however, maintain that his last resting place is Talley Abbey, a view the origin of which the writer in question attributes to "Iolo Morganwg." Hadn't Mr. Fowler, Mr. Storrie, "Morien," and one or two more bone-hunters better

take a mattock and shovel each to Talley and set the question at rest once and for all?

Bonwr Jones' new book on the Welsh Colony in Patagonia, if it does nothing else, will go far to show that good, sound, strong, sturdy Welsh needs not the aid of the "double f" crutches to walk. This old Welsh savant simply uses one "f," and for the consonant which represents the soft labial he invariably employs "v." He ought to go the whole "hog," and substitute single signs for "th," "dd," "ch," &c.

A Welsh brewer was recently a candidate at a local election. His opponent was a working man, who was one day taunted for his impudence in coming forward against such an august personage. "You are not educated," was the candid remark made to him. "Maybe," he replied, "but I would have been if my father had not educated my opponent!" It is only necessary to add that his sire was fond of the cup that inebriates.

One of the clerical staff of St. Michael's College, Aberdare, had an engagement to preach in a place twelve miles away at six o'clock on Sunday night. He lost the five o'clock train, but a clergyman in these days is not dependent on railways alone. Calling at the high-constable's residence and securing the loan of that gentleman's bicycle, he tied his cassock on the handle-bar, donned a cap, and, mounting the machine, he raced to his appointment, getting there in good time, without any more serious mishap than knocking up against two horror-struck Methodist deacons on their way to chapel.

Johannesburg Welshmen were emphatically loyal on St. David's Day. Mr. James Lewis, once of Porth, but now landlord of a big hotel (the Park Hotel) near the railway station, stretched "Croesaw i'r Cymry" ("Welcome to the

Welsh") above his front entrance; Mr. David E. Jones, late of Glynarten, had "Cymru am Byth" ("Wales forever") across his Arcade Bar, while Mr. Goodman, a good man from Pontypridd, bade welcome to the Guild-hall Bar to all his countrymen with the words, "Cymry dewch at y Cymro" ("Welshmen, come to the Welshman").

A farmer was driving a Welsh preacher from Bridgend to the Vale of Glamorgan. The reverend gentleman was a strict teetotaler, and he soon grew eloquent on his favorite subject. "You are quite right," said the farmer, "I believe in every word you say." Seeing a large stone jar in the cart, the preacher asked what it contained, and the farmer said it was beer. "Man," exclaimed the astonished preacher, "if you believe in what I have been telling you, why don't you pour it out?" "Well, you see sir," said the farmer, "the beer is between my brother and me—a gallon each." The preacher promptly retorted, "You can pour your half out." "No sir, I can't," said the farmer, "it's my brother's half on top."

We are asked to believe that the increase in the Radical majority in Pembrokeshire is due to the eloquence of Mrs. Wynford Phillips. "It is a mercy," writes a bachelor Tory, "that she didn't appear on the scene earlier in the contest, or there wouldn't have been a single Unionist vote polled, for the Tory agents, candidate and all, would have done as she told them. I verily believe that woman could talk London out of its Toryism if she tried." Mrs. Phillips, by the way, is by common consent the most eloquent lady speaker in the Radical party.

Miss A. J. Davies, one of Wales' educational pioneers, who has seven times been returned on the Liverpool School Board, and on the last occasion at the head of the poll, has just declined to be

made the recipient of a public testimonial at the hands of her fellow-citizens, and the money subscribed will be in due course returned. A suggestion is now made to retain the money to found a "Miss Davies' Scholarship" for Welsh children at the Liverpool Board Schools.

A valuable article appears in the current number of the "Geninen" from the pen of Mr. Daniel Davies, Ton, in refutation of a certain unjust criticism of the pulpit oratory of John Elias. The critic, fastening on the word "atal dweyd," which occurs in one of Eben Fardd's awdlau with reference to the Welsh Chrysostom, hastily concluded that John Elias stuttered! Mr. Davies adduces overwhelming proof against such an insinuation, and leaves the great Anglesey preacher where all generations have unanimously placed him, namely at the head of the list of great Welsh pulpit orators.

Mr. Alfred Thomas, M. P., has been telling the "British Weekly" that Welsh is becoming a fashionable language these days. "When I was a boy," he said, "well-to-do people did not care to have their children taught Welsh. They thought it might injure their prospects in life. The language was chiefly used among the humbler classes. Now, the more wealthy classes are anxious to make their children familiar with the Welsh language. This is one effect of the remarkable growth of national enthusiasm which has taken place during my lifetime."

Two of the oldest living Baptists are natives of Montgomeryshire. Mrs. Mary Edwards, an old lady of 93 summers, who is a member of the Baptist Church at Lansford, Pennsylvania, was baptized 83 years ago in the river Severn near Llanidloes, by the Rev. Abel James, who in his day was one of the giants of the Welsh pulpit. The other is Mr.

Richard Humphreys, Newtown's "grand old man," who stands at the threshold of his centenary. He was baptized in the Severn at Newtown on the first Sun-

day in June, 1822, by the late Rev. John Jones. Richard is still hale and hearty, and is to be seen in his walks abroad almost daily.

THE LATE REV. JOHN R. DANIEL.

One of the leading ministers of the C. M. Church of Wales in this country passed away at his home, Engedi, Wis., Wednesday, March 23, viz: the Rev. J. R. Daniel. Mr. Daniel was highly thought of and revered as a man of ability, who had devoted his whole life

Chairman of the General Assembly of the Welsh C. M. He led a pure and active life, and will long be remembered and honored as a good and faithful servant of Christ, who had used the small advantages of his whole life to the best and most Christian purposes. The last



to the service of God. The house of God and His work were always near his heart, and his goodness and godliness had ever been known within a large circle of churches. He was raised among his people to the highest position as

literary work he performed was a sketch of the life of the Rev. Griffith Roberts, Lake Crystal, Minn., whose "Life and Sermons" will soon be issued from the "Drych" office.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE DECLARATION CONCERNING CUBA.

After one of the hardest fought battles between the two houses in many years, Congress at an early hour Tuesday morning, April 19, came to an agreement upon the most momentous question it has dealt with within a third of a century. This means the expulsion of Spain from the island of Cuba by the armed forces of the United States. There were many roll calls in both Houses, and each body held tenaciously for its own resolution.

The resolution as finally adopted is that reported from the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, with the addition of the fourth section disclaiming any intention on the part of the United States to acquire Cuba. The resolution as agreed to is as follows:

Whereas, the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the Island of Cuba so near our own borders have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating as they have, in the destruction of a United States battleship, with 266 of its officers and crew while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and can not longer be endured, has been set forth by the President of the United States in a message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore

Resolved, First, that the people of the Island of Cuba are, and of right, ought to be free and independent.

Second, that it is the duty of the Unit-

ed States to demand and the government of the United States does hereby demand that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third, That the President of the United States be and he hereby is directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States and then call into actual service of the United States the militia of the several states to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth, That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty in or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination whenever that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

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SPAIN CHARACTERIZED BY BUCKLE.

Forty years ago the famous historian Buckle wrote the following sentences, as true to-day as then, in characterization of Spain: "There she lies at the further extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the only representative now remaining of the feeling and the knowledge of the Middle Ages. And what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her own condition. Though she is the most backward country in Europe, she believes herself to be the foremost. She is proud of everything of which she ought to be ashamed. She

is proud of the antiquity of her opinions; proud of the strength of her faith; proud of her immeasurable and childish credulity; proud of her unwillingness to amend either her creed or her customs; proud of her hatred of heretics, and proud of the undying vigilance with which she has baffled their efforts to obtain a full and legal establishment on her soil."

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The population of Spain is seventeen millions five hundred and fifty thousand two hundred and sixteen. Over 200,000 Spanish soldiers have been sent to Cuba within the past few years to suppress the revolution there. A large number of these have been killed by the Cubans, and many have died of disease. Just how many still remain is not positively known, but it is said to be less than 100,000. Spain has a total active army of 120,000 men on a peace footing, which is raised to 480,000 men, with 510 guns, on a war footing. The colonial forces, including militia, number 236,000.

The horrors of four centuries of Spanish cruelty in America are about to end. No more oppression for the Cubans, no more tyranny for Porto Rico!

It was reserved to this generous and noble nation the glory of ending Spanish sovereignty on this continent. Well might that barbarous people, degenerated inquisitors of the human race, invoke the assistance of the world. In vain will they pretend with fallacious arguments to deceive the other nations, appearing as innocent victims of this country. Not one single voice of sympathy will be heard for the Spaniards. A mute spectator will be the world in the most important event of this century of progress and liberty. The most powerful, liberal and humane people punishing the most treacherous and cruel of the nations!

WAR DECLARED.

Monday, April 25, Congress formally declared war to exist between the United States and Spain. Secretary Sherman resigned as chief of the State department, to be succeeded by Assistant Secretary Day, and the latter by John B. Moore of New York, an acknowledged authority on international law; and the war department called on the several states for their quota to the volunteer army of the United States. The action of the President in recommending a formal declaration of war was hailed by officials in every direction as putting the present struggle on a more dignified basis.

This is the form of the Declaration:

First—That war be, and the same is, hereby declared to exist, and that war has existed since the 21st day of April, A. D. 1898, including said day, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain. Second—That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such extent as may be necessary to carry this act into effect.

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At last the period of wearing suspense has come to an end, and the die of fate is cast. Spain has opened the gates of the Temple of Janus, and the American nation, taking no step backward, goes forward to seek with the sword a quiet peace under liberty for long-misgoverned Cuba.

It is needless to say that, whatever may have been the differences of opinion among the American people in reference to the disposition of the Cuban problem in the past, there has been, since the definite recognition by the Washington authorities that a condition of war existed, but one spirit ani-

inating the citizens of the great republic. That spirit is manifested in a resolute determination to support with all the resources of the republic the Government which has pointed out the path along which the solution of the problem is to be found. It is well known that the representatives of the business interests of the country, mindful of the havoc and destruction and economic derangement which follow in the wake of war, have earnestly hoped for an adjustment of the difficulty which would be compatible with the maintenance of peace, but now that the country has embarked upon the struggle they will shrink at no sacrifice to aid the Government in carrying through its purpose.

This spirit has already found expression in a variety of ways which should convince all the world that, behind the deliberate resolutions of the constituted authorities of the nation, there is to be found solidly massed the energy, the purpose, and the perseverance of a strong and united people, who have behind them no traditions but those of victory.—Bradstreet.

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SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CUBA.

Cuba is already virtually lost to Spain. But with the departure of the Spanish soldiers, the Cubans will find themselves confronted by many problems, of which the financial, difficult as that is sure to be, will be the very least.

The Insurgent government is a nebulous affair, and with the island independent chaos is likely to be long continued. No people of Latin origin has ever yet shown any capacity for a government of the people and by the people. Such capacity is of slow growth and comes only with generations of experience in self discipline. The history of the South American republics affords no very reassuring hopes for Cuba's future.

The Cubans will need a strong, honest,

intelligent, efficient administration of their affairs, long after independence has been achieved, which shall gradually train them in the duties of citizenship. But how they are to get this kind of administration is the great problem.

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Old Cairo is changing visibly. The electric tramway to the Pyramids is an accomplished fact, and the eight mile trip—before so expensive—is now possible for a few pence. Ismail's great causeway will in no way be spoiled, as the rails have been laid right along the side of the avenue, and, indeed, are scarcely noticeable.

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AT A CONFEDERATE RE-UNION.

I met those 'federates to-day,
And heard that rebel yell,
Which led me to the far away,
Where my lone brother fell.

We had a mother good and kind,
That taught us both aright;
But then opinion turns the mind
As foes we went to fight.

Our mother loved that starry flag,
But then, her native state
Sent warnings from the mountain crag
That brothers love and hate.

My brother wore the homespun gray,
While I was clothed in blue;
We kissed our mother on that day—
It was our last adieu!

My brother Joe sleeps in the tomb,
While I am left to live;
Our mother's grave beneath the bloom
Whose meaning is "forgive."

I met those 'federates to-day,
I grasped each well-worn palm;
And each pulsation seemed to say
That everything was calm.

Ardmore.

D. E. Griffith.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

UP TO DATE.

A pithy phrase is on the wing
We hear it much of late;
In speaking well of any thing
We say, it's "up to date."

However good a thing may be,
And though its worth be great,
We can no merit in it see
Unless it's "up to date."

We deem not good the wheels we ride
Unless they're ninety-eight,
All books are often cast aside
Unless they're "up to date."

One thing we venture to maintain,
Enough painful to relate,
The present war with bloody Spain
Is surely "up to date."

And when this grievous strife will end
However soon or late,
The victory gained, we can depend,
Will be quite "up to date."

—J. D. Morgan.

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A curious spectacle is to be witnessed
on Sundays in the pretty little church
of Hampden—always associated with
the memory of John Hampden. For
there are to be seen a peer of the
realm, his wife, and the stone-breaker
to the parish council, all assisting in di-
vine worship. The Earl of Bucking-
ham reads the lessons, the countless
plays the organ, while the stone-break-
er plays the useful part of verger.

Some spicy Bismarckiana are being
retailed by a German who served as
the chief clerk in the chancellor's office

for many years. One day at dinner
Bismarck speaking of love and hate,
remarked that one was as powerful as
the other. "Two things are indispen-
sable to me," he said; "my wife to love
and Windthorst to hate." Windthorst
was a parliamentary leader in the op-
position. Coming into his office one
morning looking fagged, the prince
cried: "I could not sleep. I had a hat-
ing fit all night." The world already
suspected that Bismarck was not only a
prince, but a prince of haters, and these
anecdotes confirm the impression.

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Josef Hoffman, the pianist, has a
scientific turn of mind, which, if prom-
ise be borne out, is likely to profit him
as much in fame and pecuniary reward
as his piano-playing. He has a labor-
atory in his Berlin home, and, although
he is especially devoted to electricity,
he has already developed and patented
an automobile carriage to cost but a
moderate sum, a pair of folding skates,
and a bicycle of great strength. Hoff-
man is very fond of bicycling, but his
father has been in constant fear of just
such accident as recently befell the
young pianist. The bicycle he rides
while in Berlin was built exactly after
his specifications.

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CURIOUS FEATURE OF EASTER.

A curious feature in the services of
the Roman Catholic Church on Easter
Sunday is the paschal candle, a huge
wax candle, richly painted and decora-
ted with flowers. It has, moreover,
five spikes inserted in it, which are

filled with spice. They represent the wounds of Christ, and the candle itself when lighted signifies His resurrection. In the Greek and Armenian churches the paschal candle is divided into three branches, to represent the Trinity.

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MCKINLEY'S NOBILITY.

Mr. McKinley has just received from an Irish lady who is in America a timely present in the shape of some photographs of the thatched cottage and its neighborhood where his great-grandfather lived, and where his great-uncle, Francis McKinley, was hanged during the rebellion of '98. This was in Dervock, near Ballymoney, County Antrim, whose inhabitants to-day are said to be proud of the fact that the Chief Magistrate of the United States is a son of "Ould Ireland."

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TURN HIM OUT.

A parish beadle in Scotland was much exercised at the appearance of a strange old gentleman, who, when the sermon was about to begin, took an ear trumpet in two parts out of his pocket and began screwing them together. The beadle watched him until the process was completed, and then going stealthily up, whispered, "Ye mauna play that here! If ye dae, I'll turn ye oot!"

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FIRST AND LAST.

A woman who was once the "First Lady in America" is now an inmate of the Louise Home in Washington, with a pension of 8 dollars a month to live on. This is Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, the daughter of President John Tyler, who, on the death of her mother in 1842, took her place as the social head of the American Executive. Her pension is derived as the widow of a naval officer, and, as she is without any other means of support, and the slen-

der sum is not enough for her needs, she has been reduced to the scarcely dignified position of asking one of the United States Senators to get her pension increased. She is related to three other Presidents besides her father—namely, James Monroe, William Henry Harrison, and Benjamin Harrison.

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EASTER EGGS.

The exchange of eggs at Easter was formerly a religious observance, the custom dating back to the very earliest days of the Christian Church. In many European countries, notably France and Russia, it is still religiously observed. Among the Russian peasantry the exchange of visits and eggs on Easter Day is very common, being accompanied by the salutation "Christ is risen!" the usual response being "He is, indeed!" In France, begging for eggs on the part of the village children is very popular, while in Italy hundreds and thousands of eggs are blessed by the clergy, previously to being distributed among the people as charms against many spiritual and bodily ills.

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HEROIC.

The statue of President Kruger of the Transvaal, which is soon to be unveiled at Pretoria, will be of bronze and fourteen feet high. A Dutch sculptor, Mr. Van Bouw, has the commission, and is working on it in Rome. In front of the president, on his pedestal of red granite, will stand the figures of four gigantic Boers, two in colonial garb, and two in latter day campaigning uniform. The president himself will be represented in his usual costume, a long frock coat, baggy trousers, roomy boots, and a two-foot hat, round of crown and curly of brim. Oom Paul lately dispatched from Pretoria to Rome one of his well worn hats for a model, and it has already been cast in plaster.

A SERMON ON MONEY.

A colored exhorter said recently, in the course of a sermon on "Money, the Great Evil:"

"My brotherin, money causes mo' trouble in dis worl' dan anyt'ing I know on. Fac'is, de devil is in do dollar. When I see a man wid a pocket full er money, I say ter myself, 'Dar's a man what needs a guardeen,' an I feels des like takin him home an lockin up dat money fer him. Ef any er you in de hearin er my voice is got money on yo' pusson, bring it right heah, an lay it on do altar an go yo' ways an lemme pray over it till a blessin come ter it. Doan wait ter count it; des come forward an unload!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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MARK TWAIN'S CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

In Mr. Michael Davitt's book on Australia there is an interesting passage recording Mark Twain's advice to him how to avoid insomnia: "I began the search for a cure by drinking a glass of beer going to bed. This gave a little relief for a short time. Then I exchanged my beer for a prescription of two ounces of whiskey. This worked the desired cure. It proved a real remedy, so much so that I began to like my medicine. The two ounces of 'Scotch' grew into five ounces. Then the trouble began again. It was the old story of taking too much of a good thing. The five ounces sent me off all right, and brought about a kind of angelic sensation in my head; but in a couple of hours sleep would leave me, and the old trouble come back to stay all night. I then sought another remedy, and found it. Yes, sir, an infallible remedy. I got hold of it by accident. It was a child's German grammar! I began to read it on lying down. I never got through a single page at a time. Sleep came along and never gave

the grammar a chance. Try it, and you will find it a dead certain cure. I tried hard to induce the late General Grant to adopt it, but I could not succeed. Otherwise he might not have died so soon."

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AS MUCH AS HE COULD DO.

A very eccentric character once happened to be selected as a juror in a murder case. The lawyers regarded him as a weak man who would be influenced by the other jurors. The first ballot taken in the jury-room showed eleven for conviction and one blank ballot. Inquiry traced this blank ballot to the eccentric character. He was argued with, but to no purpose. He told the jurors he would have nothing to do with the affair. When pressed, he thus explained his position: The whole thing was really a domestic affair between the prisoner and his wife (the murdered woman); he could not help it if the prisoner happened to kill his wife; it would be indelicate for him to interfere; it was as much as he could do to keep his own wife in order, and he would not be bothered by another man's wife. The jury was obliged to bring in a disagreement.—Literary Digest.

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NO DIVISION.

God does not mean us to divide life into two halves—to wear a grave face on Sunday, and to think it out of place to even so much as mention Him on a week-day. Do you think He cares to see only kneeling figures, and to hear only tones of prayer, and that He does not also love to see the lambs leaping in the sunlight, and to hear the merry voices of the children as they roll among the hay? Surely their innocent laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from the "dim religious light" of some solemn cathedral. And if I have written

anything to add to those stories of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame and sorrow (as how much of life must then be recalled) when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows.
—Lewis Carroll.

—:o:—

FUN IN COURT.

At a Dublin County court recently I was very much interested in the following case:

Judge—Who is it that brings the allegation against the prisoner at the bar?

X 99—Plaze, Y'ur Wurshup, Oi'm the allegator.

Judge—What's the charge?

X 99—Well, plaze Y'ur Wurshup, Oi was on my bate, as usual, when Oi saw a man with a box creating a disturbance in the road. "What are ye doing there?" says Oi. "Oi'm going to lave that box here," says he. "Shure ye can't lave it there," says Oi. "well. Oi've left it there," says he. "Come out of that," says Oi. "Oi'm not in it," says he. "It's ag'inst the law," says Oi. "You're a liar," says he, "It's ag'inst the window." With that Oi struck him and missed him. Thin Oi hit him ag'in in the same place, but he hits me a blow on the nose with his fist, and says, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."—Answers.



PAPA ISN'T HOME TO-DAY.

"O Papa, Papa," There she comes again,
To tell me of some other tale of pain;
I wish I had a leisure hour to kiss
Away her sorrow into childish bliss!

But that I cannot do, the week is gone,
And neither of my sermons yet is done,
And well you know that men who cry for bread,
Will not take stones when offered in its stead.

"O Papa, Papa," What a silent thrill
That piercing cry strikes through my tutored will;
But to allow her now to enter in,
And then neglect my work would be a sin.

"O Papa, open door, me, baby, cry"—
My soul be still she almost heard that sigh,
She won't stay long, Ha! there she goes away,
And sadly says, "Papa isn't home to-day!"

"Yes, darling, Papa's home," I loudly cried;
Then swiftly swung the fastened door aside,
And fondly kissed away the last sad trace
Of sorrow from her disappointed face!

It was the thought that I may soon implore
Ere long admission at the heavenly door,
That stirred my soul; for when that night will come
I want my Father then to be at home.

Radnor, O.

J. V. STEPHENS.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Ashfield, Bromborough, Cheshire.	Fairy Glen.
Eastham Church.	Pont-y-Pair.
Conway Castle and Bridge.	The Lakes and Snowdonian Range.
Sychnant Pass, near Penmaenmawr.	A Five O'clock Tea.
St. Winifred's Well and Plunge Bath.	Steamship St. Tudno.
Harlech Castle.	Capt. Lewis.
Snowdon, 2 Views.	William Ewart Gladstone.
	Rear-Admiral Dewey.

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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A SUMMER TOUR IN NORTH WALES.

By Thomas L. James.

The majority of American tourists who make a summer trip to Great Britain start for London, the moment the steamer touches Liverpool. They overlook the fact that they are within twenty miles of Wales, the Switzerland of the British Isles, a country unequalled for its wild, romantic scenery, and full of interest on account of its historic associations. A Welshman by descent myself, I have made several trips through this beautiful land, and the purpose of this article is to point out some of its most remarkable features. Much of this information will doubtless be familiar to those Welshmen who are "native and to the manner born," but I hope it may serve to awaken the interest of the younger generation of Welsh-Americans who may not yet have taken a journey to the land of their ancestors, and also that the article may direct the attention of travelers generally to a picturesque section of the globe which it will well repay them to visit.

It has been said that many people hesitate about visiting Wales on ac-

count of what seems to them the unpronounceable names of places.

Burnham, the poet, says:

"For the vowels made use of in Welsh
are so few
That the A and the E and the I, O
and U
Have really but little or nothing to
do.
And the duty, of course, falls the
heavier by far
On the L and the H, and the N and
the R.
The first syllable Pen is pronounce-
able; then
Come the LL and two HH, two FF
and an N."

But the Welsh language is really simply and systematically arranged, and a person, with very little trouble, will soon get an insight into it. There are many words and particles which frequently occur in the names of Welsh places; e. g., ab or (ap), prefixed to the names of persons, signifies "the son of;" *Bettws*, a station, a place between hill and vale, a chapel of ease; *Caer*, a wall or mound for defence, a fort, a city; *Carn*, a heap, a prominence; *Penrhyn*

(or *Penryn*), a headland or cape; *Y*, or *Yr*, the, etc., etc. To those who are studiously inclined and interested in the subject of language, the Welsh tongue, so scholars state, furnishes a most profitable and pleasurable source of investigation. It is remarkable for the

a few days there and in the immediate vicinity. To do this, he will start from the North of Wales, and travel South. This will be found to be a very convenient itinerary because the steamer lands at Liverpool, about twenty miles from the city of Chester, which though on



Ashfield, Bromborough, Cheshire.

abundance of its grammatical permutations, and its facility in forming derivatives and compounds. Of the former, two examples may be given by way of illustration. The Welsh word for "father" is *tad*; for "my," *fy*. But you cannot say for "my father," *fy tad*. After *fy*, every word beginning with *t* must change the *t* to *Nh*; and, therefore, the correct phrase is *fy Nhad*. So after *ei*, *tad* becomes either *dad* or *thad*, according as *ei* means "his" or "her." It is interesting to know that the Welsh language is not dying out, and that even at this late day it has a genuine literary as well as oral existence.

If the traveler has plenty of time at his command, he can not only make a pleasant journey through Wales, seeing the principal places of interest, but he can cross over to London and spend

the English side of the border, is recognized as a convenient starting-point for a journey through Wales. The tourist should stop over a day at Liverpool, a really beautiful city, by the way, and examine the gigantic system of docks extending along the margin of the river Mersey, for a distance of about five miles. This system comprises over fifty docks and basins, covering an area of over 260 acres, and having nearly nineteen miles of quay space. Most of them have been built since 1812, and are considered by all who have seen them to be one of the greatest engineering triumphs of the present century. Several of the docks are enclosed with large warehouses; the erection of those round the Albert dock cost about \$2,000,000, and the dock itself \$700,000.

One of the most interesting features to attract the attention of the traveler

in the town of Bromborough is the ancient church, which I visited in company with Mr. William Blain, an eminent merchant of the city of Liverpool. Mr. Blain, in personal appearance, is the very counterpart of the great American statesman, the late Honorable James G. Blaine. They are probably descended from the same stock, and no two men could look more alike. Mr. Blain is geniality itself; and, having once met him, no one could ever forget him. A picture of his charming country home is here given. The greater part of the chapel has the appearance of being coeval with the Conquest; and some antiquarians claim that certain parts of it indicate that, at one time, it was a Saxon monastery. The old building was destroyed in 1828, to make way for a new structure which was erected on its site, the stones of the old build-

This edifice was consecrated in 1864.

The first object you notice as you enter the churchyard is a tomb marked with the words "John Washington." To an American, far from the land of his birth, this is a most startling experience, all the more so because the inscription is only "John Washington"—which, standing by itself, recalls instantly a thousand patriotic, impressive and inspiring memories. There is reason to suppose that the "Washington" buried in this churchyard was an ancestor of "The Father of our Country;" but genealogists, though they have given much time and attention to the subject, have never been able to trace out exactly the lineage of our famous first President. Washington, himself, was once presented with a pedigree of his family, so far as it could be known, and asked as to its correct-



Eastham Church.

ing being cut and worked in. The subsequent influx of inhabitants from Liverpool rendered increased accommodations more necessary, and an acre of land adjoining the old church was given by a member of the congregation, on which a new church was built.

ness. He sent information in regard to the modern history of the family, but confessed that it was a subject to which he had given very little attention, and that he could not fill up, with much accuracy, the sketch sent to him. These facts, however, seem to be perfectly well

established; that George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732; the son of Augustine Washington and his second wife, Mary Bell; a descendant of John Washington, who emigrated to Virginia, from England, about 1657, who was a grandson of John Washington, Mayor of Northampton and first lay-proprietor of the Manor of Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire, who married a daughter of Shirly, Earl Ferrers. Lawrence, an elder brother of John, studied at Oxford; John resided, at one time, at South Cave, Yorkshire. Being Royalists, in the time of Cromwell, both emigrated and became landed proprietors and planters in Virginia, in the district between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers.

On the banks of the Mersey and of the Dee, near Birkenhead, are many fine residences. One of the most noticeable is that of Thomas H. Ismay, the head of the company owning the White Star Line of steamers. He is a descendant of Sir John Myddleton, a Welshman, who introduced water into London. From Mr. Ismay's beautiful home a fine view can be had of the mountains in Wales. Another notable residence is that of George C. Dobell, an eminent merchant of Liverpool, famous for having been a winner in half a dozen of the great races and for having beaten the Prince of Wales in the contest for the Newmarket cup.

Mr. Edward Evans, Jr., is a well-known merchant of Liverpool, and is Chairman of the Liberal Association of Great Britain. He has a fine home at Spital, which at one time was owned by St. Thomas-a-Becket.

You reach Chester from Liverpool by rail, going through Birkenhead Tunnel. The town itself is old, so old that it is believed to have been founded by the Romans, because it was once one of their military stations, which is indicated by the fact that the four principal streets lead from a common centre towards four gates at the cardinal

points of the compass. Many Roman antiquities have been discovered around the town, from time to time; coins, urns, inscriptions, weapons, etc. The Romans departed in the fifth century, when the place was governed by British princes until the ninth century. After the Norman Conquest, it was frequently the rendezvous for the expeditions that were sent against Wales, and often suffered much damage in the conflicts between the two nations.

Chester, on some accounts, is, perhaps, the most picturesque city in England. It is enclosed in an oblong quadrangle of ancient walls, seven or eight feet thick, nearly two miles in circuit, forming a promenade with parapets, where two persons can walk abreast, thus affording a fine view of the neighboring country in every direction. But the arrangement of the houses is the most remarkable feature of the town. The two main streets cross each other at right angles, and were cut out of the rock by the Romans, four to ten feet below the level of the houses. The front parts of the second stories of these houses, as far back as sixteen feet, form a continuous paved promenade or covered gallery, open in front, where there are pillars and steps up from the street below, with private houses above, inferior shops and warehouses below, and the chief shops of the town within. This style of architecture may be quaint, but it is not convenient for the promenaders, for, at the intersection of every cross street, you are obliged to descend and ascend flights of steps. "Christopher Tadpole," in describing a journey through this town, said that the stranger was puzzled as to whether the roadway was down in the cellar, or he was up stairs on the landing, or the house had turned itself out of the window.

In a trip I made to Wales, two summers ago, I went from Chester to Harwarden (pronounced Harden), known the world over as the home of England's greatest statesman, the Right

Honorable William Ewart Gladstone. The town itself is very small, but is pleasantly situated on an eminence. It has only one street and that is not more than half a mile in length. The parish boundaries, however, include a population of about 7,000. Hawarden Castle, the home of Mr. Gladstone, was erected in 1752, and altered in 1809 so as to resemble a castellated Gothic edifice of the thirteenth century. Within the park

giving to some friends, and received a most courteous reception. No one can converse with the famous statesman, even for a few moments, without realizing that he is one of the foremost men of the age. His knowledge is so extensive, his fund of information upon all subjects so exact, his arguments are so well fortified by facts, and, withal, he has such a stock of sound English common sense which he applies to the con-



Conway Castle, and Bridge.

are the ruins of a very ancient castle. This was occupied by Fitzvarlin, a Norman adventurer, soon after the Conquest, and subsequently by the Stewards of the Palatinate of Chester. Later on, it became crown property, and, from time to time, was granted, in turn, to different favorites, who died or lost influence with the prevailing ruler. There is nothing now left of it but the Keep and the fragments of the towers.

My visit to Mr. Gladstone on this occasion was exceedingly pleasant. I attended a garden party which he was

sideration of all problems, great or small, that he impresses you at once as an intellectually well-rounded man: "a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." For, while many of the world's leaders may be great in some one particular, it is very rarely the case that a public man is able, brainy, clear-sighted and thoroughly well-informed: in other words, that he is great, so to speak, all the way round and clear through.

About a quarter of a mile from Mr. Gladstone's residence is the parish church, the rectory connected with

which was the gift of the distinguished statesman. His son, the Rev. Stephen Glyn Gladstone, is the rector of this church, at which the usual morning and evening services are held daily. Mr. Gladstone's adherence to the theoretical principles of Christianity has frequently been attested by his able contributions on theological subjects, to the reviews and magazines, as well as by books he has written and edited on those subjects; his belief in the practical benefits of the religion of the New Testament is indicated by the fact that he is a regular attendant at these daily services; and, on Sundays, reads the first and second lessons in the church. A short distance away is the parish school so commonly found in England connected with the church. As we passed the building, the children were coming out. They presented a very neat appearance and

were brought up to practice the small courtesies of life.

The small quiet market-town of Corwen, on the south bank of the river Dee, is about thirty-three miles southwest of Chester. It has an historic interest, because it is connected with the romantic exploits of Owen Glendower, the famous leader of the Welsh in their last revolt against the English government. Born about 1349, he was the great-grandson of Llewellyn, last prince of Wales. He came to London and studied at one of the inns of court; was afterwards Esquire to Richard II., to whom he faithfully adhered; was knighted in 1387, and was one of the prisoners taken with the King at Flint Castle. The remains of this castle are still to be seen in the northeast part of the town of Flint. It is situated upon a low rock, in the midst of a marsh, and, when the



Sychnant Pass, near Penmaenmawr.

were uncommonly well-behaved. Each little boy, as he went by, took off his hat to us, while the tidy-looking young girls gave us a little courtesy, an act of politeness savoring of the primitive times when even the poorest children

were brought up to practice the small courtesies of life. A portion of the ground is now occupied by the county jail, and the ruins are in such a decayed state that they seem likely soon to disappear.

Soon after being taken prisoner, Glen-

dower, in a personal dispute about land with Lord Grey de Ruthyn, was wronged and this led to a national revolt of the Welsh, which, beginning with an attack on Ruthyn Castle, in 1440, was maintained by the ability and energy of Glendower and the enthusiasm of his countrymen for fifteen years. The Welsh name of the town, now called Ruthyn, is said to have been Rhuddyn. It is situated on a high hill, rising from the banks of the river Clwyd. An old writer curiously, but properly, describes it as being situated "on a rising ground in a dish of mountains." The castle was held for Charles I. against the Parliament, but, after a siege of two months it was taken and dismantled. A private owner has erected on its site an imposing structure, the most striking feature of which is the octagon tower.

In his famous revolt, Glendower drew over the Percies to his side, but the alliance was ended by Hotspur's death at the battle of Shrewsbury. Glendower was formally crowned Prince of Wales, was recognized by Charles VI. of France, who sent him auxiliary forces; took many of the towns and castles built by the English in Wales and invaded England; and, after the defeat and departure of the French, still kept up, on a smaller scale, a spirited and harassing warfare. The terms of a treaty with Henry V. were under discussion, when the great rebel chieftain died in Hertfordshire, 1415.

An historical critic says of Glendower: "His successes show that he had about the highest talent of his days, and he had their faults also." The popular idea of him is to be found in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." From the first he has been a kind of mythical hero, and the lapse of centuries does not clear up the exact facts of his history. His rebellions were the expiring fires of the independence of Wales, which the English Kings had been treading out for nearly a century and a half.

The reader will recall Glendower's description of his birth in the opening of the third act of Shakespeare's Henry IV. (part 1): * * * "At my nativity, the front of heaven was full of fiery



St. Winifred's Well and Plunge Bath, Holy Well.

shapes, of burning cressets; and, at my birth, the frame and huge foundation of the earth shook like a coward."

Hotspur treats this announcement, even though it is reiterated, very flip-pantly; and, when Glendower tells him: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," the impetuous warrior breezily replies: "Why, so can I, or so can any man; but will they come when you do call for them?"

Nevertheless, the memory of Glendower is not forgotten in Corwen. There is an ornamented stone pillar in the churchyard which, probably on account of its pointed form, is called the "sword of Glendower." On the brow of a cliff near by, a rude pile of stones bears the name of Glendower's Seat.

While Wales is best known as a mountainous country, it has many beautiful valleys which represent the quiet and peaceful side of nature. The Vale

of Clwyd is one of these spots. The Welsh name, *Dyffryn Clwyd*—the Vale of the Flat—describes the character of the country. On the north side, it is open to the sea, and through its whole length it is watered by the river Clwyd. The small but comfortable looking cottages and homesteads on the plain, suggest a spirit of peace and contentment for which so many of the world's workers struggle and never attain. There are also many elegant villas and stately mansions on the banks of the river, or nestling among the hills which border the valley on two sides. Edmund Burke, in his "Beauties, Harmonies and Sublimities of Nature," says that the vales of England, though richer in meadow, animals and buildings, cannot be compared with those of Wales, most of which are made picturesque by rocks, ruins, and mountains. The peaceful character of this valley, and the charms of the river Clwyd which passes through it, have been described in the well-known sonnet by Mrs. Hemans:

"O Cambrian river! with slow music
gliding,
By pastoral hills, old woods and
ruined towers;
Now midst thy reeds and golden wil-
lows hiding;
Now gleaming forth by some rich
bank of flowers;
Long flowed the current of my life's
clear hours
Onward with thine, whose voice yet
haunts my dream,
Though time and change and other
mightier powers,
Far from thy side have borne me,
thou smooth stream!
Art winding still thy sunny meads
along.
Murm'ring to cottage and grey hall thy
song.
Low, sweet, unchanged! My being's
tide hath passed
Through rocks and storms; yet will I
not complain,
If thus wrought free and pure from
earthly stain,
Brightly its waves may reach their par-
ent deep at last."

One beautiful autumn day, as our party rode through the picturesque valley of Llangollen, the driver directed our attention to a lady attended by her servant; she was driving a donkey. Some one inquired as to the gentleman accompanying her. He replied: "The gentleman is Sir Theodore Martin, the lady is Lady Martin, better known throughout the civilized world as Helen Faucit, the actress." The Martins have a summer residence at Llangollen, one of the most beautiful and attractive homes I have ever seen, just such a quiet spot, "far from the madding crowd," as an intellectual, thoughtful man, like Sir Theodore, would be likely to select for a retreat from the noise and bustle of the city.

As Lady Martin approached our carriage, and the gentlemen of our party raised their hats in respectful greeting, I noticed that, though she showed signs of age (as well she might by this time), her matchless eye, the power of which all who have ever seen her upon the stage will remember, shone as bright as ever, as keenly intelligent and sympathetic as when she took part in the famous Shakespearean celebration at Stratford-on-Avon, some eighteen years ago. On that occasion, she appeared as Rosalind in "As You Like It," and a lady who saw the performance informs me that she looked and acted the character to perfection. In earlier days, with the exception of one night (when the character was assumed by Ellen Tree), she played Calanthe in Talfourd's tragedy of "Ion," creating the character and supporting the famous Macready. Miss Tree never played the character of Calanthe but once afterwards she took the part of "Ion," which she made her own.

The Vale of Llangollen (pronounced Thangothlan) is narrow, watered by the river Dee and surrounded by hills. On the northeast side, there is a remarkable range of lime-stone rocks, called *Eglwysseg*, which form a singular background to the surrounding scenery.



1. Harlech Castle. 2. Snowdon—the Last Half Mile. 3. Snowdon, from Nant Mill. 4. Fairy Glen; Bettws-y-Coed. 5. Pont-y-Pair; Bettws-y-Coed.

When the sun shines upon them brightly the effect is curious and imposing. About four miles from the village, where the vale expands, is the aqueduct of Pont-y-Cysyllte, about one thousand feet long, and sustained by twenty piers one hundred and sixteen feet in height from the bed of the river Dee. The first stone was laid in 1795, and the object of its construction is stated in an inscription engraved on the central pier: "The nobility and gentry of the adjacent counties, having united their efforts with the great commercial interests of this country, in erecting an intercourse and union between England and Wales, by a navigable communication of the three rivers, Severn, Dee and Mersey, for the mutual benefit of agriculture, trade, etc."

A romantic interest is attached to *Plas Newydd* about a quarter of a mile from the town of Llangollen. This cottage, for many years, was occupied by Miss Ponsonby and Lady Eleanor Butler, daughter of the Earl of Ormond. Lady Butler was born in Dublin, and, almost from babyhood had been an orphan. Many suitors sought her hand in marriage, but she declined their offers. She was modest and possessed of all the feminine graces. Her intimate friend, Miss Ponsonby, was a member of the noble family of Besborough, and had long been her associate. It so happened that these ladies were both born in the same city, on the same day of the year, and both lost their parents at the same period. At the age of seventeen, they had vowed eternal friendship, and, at twenty-one, when they were legally entitled to act for themselves, they took the little cottage called *Plas-Newydd*. Its situation was exceedingly retired, almost lonely. They improved the house to suit their taste, selected a choice library, and here, away from the gay world of fashion, and even the land of their birth, they quietly spent their lives. They were not morose hermits, but entertained congenial friends with every evidence of hospitality. Among their

distinguished visitors were Madame de Genlis and the Mademoiselle D'Orleans. One of these ladies, on first hearing the notes of the æolian harp (a Welsh invention), remarked, "It is natural for such an instrument to have originated in a country of storms and tempests, of which it softens the manners." Lady Butler died in 1829, aged 90, and Miss Ponsonby in 1831, aged 76. Both, together with their old and faithful servant, Mary Carrol, are interred in one tomb in Llangollen Churchyard, marked by a triangular pillar.

The bridge over the river Dee at Llangollen was at one time considered one of the Seven Wonders of Wales. The so-called Seven Wonders were St. Winifred's Well, Wrexham Church, Overton Churchyard, Gresford Bells, Llangollen Bridge, Pistyll Rhayadr, and Snowdon Mountain.

St. Winifred's Well is near the town of Holywell, or *Treffynon*, the town of the well. The church here is so situated that its bell cannot be heard in the principal portions of the town. In former times, the public services were announced in a curious manner. A man was employed to act as a sort of walking steeple or perambulating belfry. He carried a large bell suspended by a strap from his shoulders, and a cushion buckled around one knee, the cushion striking against the bell as he stepped forward. The story of St. Winifred is that she was a beautiful and devout girl of noble parentage, and was beloved by a neighboring prince named Caradoc. Refusing his proposals, she fled from him, but the irritated lover, pursuing her, drew his sword and struck off her head, which rolled down the hill towards the church. Water immediately gushed forth at the spot where the head fell, and the spring has always been endowed with miraculous healing powers. I have seen the well and crowds of invalids, in all stages of disease, gathered around it, drinking the water, and, at intervals, singing hymns and saying prayers.

Wrexham Church, one of the other Seven Wonders of Wales, was erected in 1472. In architectural beauty, it is surpassed by few buildings of the same date. It possesses the most melodious peal of bells in the principality. A lit-

compared it to "an immense skein of silk agitated and disturbed by tempestuous blasts, or to the long tail of a grey courser at furious speed."

The name "Snowdon" represents a mountain range extending across the



The Lakes and Snowdonian Range.

the bell—called "the parson's bell"—is one of the old peal, and was cast in 1678. The weight of the largest bell is 2,800 pounds. The bells in Gresford Church are only twelve in number, and are in no sense remarkable. There are, however, some very large yew trees in the churchyard, which will attract the attention of the visitor; one of them is thirty feet in circumference, and is said to be more than two thousand years old.

Pistyll Rhayadr, another of the Wonders, means "the Spout of the Cataract," and is the highest waterfall in Wales. It is not far from Llanfyllin, on the banks of the river Cain, which is a tributary of the Vyrnwy. The waterfall referred to falls down a dark and almost perpendicular rock, about 210 feet. Before reaching the deep basin into which it flows, it rushes through a natural arch passing between two walls of crag. George Borrow, in describing it,

county of Carnarvon in the northwest section of Wales. The name is Saxon, and signifies "snowy height." The ascent of the mountain, usually made from the village of Llanberis, covers a distance of five miles, and is by a path wide enough for ponies, to within a few yards of the summit. It takes about three hours to make the ascent, and two hours to return. Half way up the mountain, there is a place of refreshment, and there is also a small hotel on top, where lodging can be obtained by those who wish to stay overnight to see the sun rise. Mountain climbing, even under the most favorable conditions, is not easy work. It occurs to me that a man must be born with a genius for enjoying such experiences. There is a rough pass in Wales, near *Penmaen-mawr*, a huge rock, presenting towards the sea a rugged and almost perpendicular front, its height above the sea

level being 1553 feet. This obstruction was formerly surmounted by a steep zigzag, round, narrow and unprotected, the passage of which was often attended with disastrous consequences. At each extremity, there was a small public house, on the signboards of which, respectively, appeared the following couplets, attributed to the wit of Dean Swift:

"Before you venture henc to pass,
Take a good refreshing glass."

"Now you're over, take another,
Your drooping spirits to recover."

The Snowdon region was once called by the Welsh, *Craig Eryri*, variously rendered "rock of eagles" and "rock of snow." Snowdon peak, itself (3560 feet in height), may be climbed from many points: Penygwrhyd, Beddgelert, Snowdon Ranger and Llanberis. The Pass of Llanberis is one of the wildest bits of scenery to be found in Wales. Until a few years ago, it was only accessible to adventurous pedestrians and the hardy ponies of the country. A good road has now been made, which, though steep, is traversed safely by wagons and carriages. All along this wild pass can be seen huge masses of stone and earth which have been hurled down from the heights above, while amidst them a stream is rushing and roaring in its mad descent. At one point, there is an enormous fragment of rock, which, resting upon other rocks, leaves a cavity beneath. It is said that an old woman named Hetty was in the habit of occupying this wild place as a shelter, while tending her cattle, sheep and goats on the mountainside; hence the natives call the rock *Ynys Hettws*, or Hetty's Island. In common parlance, it is known as the *Cromlech*, an ancient monument consisting of a huge flat stone, supported like a table by others set on end.

The town of Carnarvon is rich in historical associations, and it is so situated as to be within a short distance

of some of the grandest scenery of North Wales. Carnarvon Castle, which a Welsh writer calls "that most magnificent badge of our subjection," is one of the noblest ruins of its kind in the Empire, and, externally, is still entire. The walls enclose an area of about three acres, and the imposing entrance to the castle itself is beneath a huge square tower of prodigious strength. A narrow, dark room, in the lower part of the tower, measuring about 12 feet by 8 feet, is pointed out as the birthplace of Edward II., the first Saxon Prince of Wales. In one of the towers, William Prynne, a barrister in the time of Charles I. was imprisoned for his religious opinions. Before this sentence had been pronounced upon him, he had been compelled to pay a fine of five thousand pounds, to lose "the remainder" of his ears and to be branded on both cheeks. Eventually, he was restored to liberty and held a seat in the House of Commons until his death. Owen Glendower, in 1402, made an unsuccessful attempt to get possession of the castle. The castle changed masters many times during the Wars of the Roses. Cromwell took the castle and town in 1644, when the garrison had been greatly reduced. It fell into the hands of the Royalists soon afterwards; but, in 1646, again surrendered to the army of the Parliament. The property is now vested in the crown. Carnarvon is an interesting spot from the fact that, in ancient times, it was the only port of any consequence in this section of Wales occupied by the Romans. A short distance from the castle is an ancient Roman fort, the walls of which are still in a good state of preservation. The building of the castle was commenced in 1282, by King Edward I., after the subjection of the ancient Britons. He designed this for his royal palace. In order that the Welsh might say they had a prince of their own, with great cunning he brought his queen to the castle, at an interesting moment of her life, where

she gave birth to Edward, afterwards named Carnarvon. It is said that what is called Queen Eleanor's Gate was not a portal of entrance, but that a platform was lowered, on which the queen-mother appeared, in order to exhibit

preparations to have been continually made against them. In its time, Conway Castle is said to have been one of the most magnificent fortresses in Great Britain. The castle was oblong in shape and placed on the verge of a pre-



A Five O'clock Tea.

her royal infant to the assembled chieftains. "After the performance of this great mockery," says a Welsh writer, "the gate was restored to its fastenings in the wall."

Conway Castle is another object of interest, and which I visited on one of my trips. This was erected in 1284 by Edward I., as a security against Welsh insurrection. And it may be said that the large number of castles in a small country like Wales, the remains of which are still to be seen, and which do not probably represent all that were in existence in the early days, certainly show that the Welsh were a very brave and liberty-loving people, stubborn to the last degree in the defence of their independence; no ordinary warriors would have required such formidable

cipitous rock, one side bounded by the river, a second by the creek filled at every side, and the remaining two facing the town. When the castle came into the possession of the Earl of Conway, in 1665, he barbarously took away all the timber, iron, lead and other movable materials to Ireland for the repair of his property.

One of the most enjoyable excursions from Liverpool to North Wales can be made in the North Wales Steamship Company's superb greyhound, "The Saint Tudno," commanded by that sturdy Welshman, Captain Lewis. "The Saint Tudno" is a marvel of beauty and speed, and Captain Lewis is an ideal commander. A trip with him to Llandudno will be one long to be remembered as "a thing of beauty

and a joy forever." No true Welshman should fail to travel by this route. A look at Captain Lewis's honest face is a certain guaranty of a delightful trip and security against seasickness.

There are some names that touch the heart of every true Welshman "like the grand old music of our native land." Such a name is "Harlech." This place, though once of great importance (being the capital of the county) is now only a straggling village; but its identity will be preserved so long as Harlech Castle stands. That ancient ruin will recall, to the very day that the mutations of time and the ravages of the elements complete its destruction, the dauntless valor and dogged persistency of our race, whilst Welsh national airs such as "The March of the Men of Harlech" will ever keep alive the martial spirit and the love of liberty that inspired Llewellyn and Owen Glendower. In a book published in London in 1833 appeared the following description of Harlech Castle, which applies equally well to that historic pile to-day:

"The great attraction of Harlech is the magnificent castle—formerly remarkable for its strength, now only celebrated for its beauty—once the terror, but now the pride of the scene. It stands on the summit of a bold perpendicular rock, projecting from a range of hills which stretches along the coast, and frowning over an extensive marsh, which is scarcely higher than the level of the sea that skirts it. On the side next the sea it must originally have been utterly inaccessible, the castle walls being scarce distinguishable from the rock on which they rest, but rather resembling a continued surface of dark gray masonry. The other sides were protected by a fosse of great breadth and depth, cut in the solid rock. The only entrance was beneath a barbican, within which a drawbridge fell across the fosse, and opened within a ballium, which enveloped the citadel. The plan resembles a square, each angle of which is strengthened by a large circular

tower, the entrance being also protected by two noble flankers. On the entrance side of the inner court are the chief apartments; and a beautiful elevation, of three stories in height, with cut-stone architraves to each window, the whole terminated by graceful circular pavilions, rising far above the ballium, and commanding one of the grandest imaginable prospects, is still entire. It resembles in style and position the council hall in the castle of Beaumaris. The banqueting hall is on the opposite side, and its windows look from a dizzy height down upon the green waters of the sea. On the right of the court may be traced the ruins of a small chapel, the pointed window of which is still entire.

'No more the banners o'er the ramparts
wave,

Or lead their chieftains onward to the
fight,

Where die the vanquish'd, or exult the
brave,

For victory, basking in its worship'd
light.

The Cambrian chiefs of Rheinog Fawr
Are mingled in the dust with common
clay.'

"No view in the northern 'shires is superior in grandeur to the prospect from the light turrets of Harlech Castle. The Marsh and Traeth are seen spread out at a frightful depth, and from the margin of their wide level, stupendous rocks and cliffs suddenly start up, tufted and embossed with wood. A great mass of air seems to float in the void behind this scene, separating a world of mountains, the grandeur of whose feature the pencil only can express. A stupendous vista of broken hills forms a noble perspective, crossed by ranges that open to farther glimpses—summit succeeds to summit in endless train, leading the fancy into regions of solitary obscurity.

"Bronwen, the fair-necked sister to Bren ap Lyr, Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards King of England, had a castle on this rock called 'Twr y Bronwen.' She flourished in the third century, and

was married to Matholwch, an Irish chieftain. The highest turret of the present fortress is still called, by the Welsh, after the name of the fair-bosomed princess, who once kept her court at Harlech. Colwyn ap Tango, Lord of Effionydd and Ardudwy, repaired and fortified the castle of Bronwen, and changed its name to Caer

erful army to dislodge him, under the leadership of William, Earl of Pembroke. After a march, both tedious and difficult, across an Alpine country, Pembroke sat down before the castle walls, and summoned the brave Welshman to surrender, but only received from him this singular answer: 'Some years ago I held a castle in



Steamship Saint Tudno.

Collwyn. Upon the ruins of the British castle King Edward the First raised the beautiful and impregnable fortress of Harlech (the fair rock), and the union of the old and new masonry is still distinguishable in the walls. Owen Glendower seized this fortress in the year 1404, but resigned it shortly after upon the approach of Henry's army. Here the wretched Margaret of Anjou took refuge after the defeat of her friends at Northampton, but being pursued and discovered, she fled from Harlech also, leaving her jewels and baggage behind, which were afterwards seized by the Lord Stanley. Dafydd ap Ivan ap Einion, an adherent of the house of Lancaster held out, in Harlech Castle, for nine years after the accession of Edward the Fourth to the throne of England. His determined obstinacy, a quality for which his countrymen have always been remarkable in war, compelled the king to send a pow-

France against its besiegers so long that all the old women in Wales talked of me; tell your commander that I intend to defend this Welsh castle now until all the old women in France shall hear of it.' Sir Richard Herbert, who had the immediate conduct of the siege, finding the impregnable nature of the castle, and stubborn quality of its governor, accepted the surrender upon conditions honorable to Dafydd, guaranteeing to him and to his followers, fifty in number, their lives and estates. Being all persons of consideration, they were at first committed to the Tower, the King designing to put them all to death, notwithstanding the conditions of the surrender. Against Edward's cruel and dishonest conduct Sir Richard remonstrated, urging that the Welsh hero might have held the castle longer for anything the King's army could have done to expel him; but the King still continuing in his base resolve, 'Then,

sire,' said Sir Richard, 'you may take my life, if you please, instead of that of the Welsh captain; for, if you do not, I shall most assuredly replace him in his castle, and Your Highness may send whom you please to take him out.' The King was too sensible of Sir Richard's utility to persevere in his iniquitous determination, so yielded to expediency and pardoned the captives; but he never

became sensible of the value of honor, and dismissed his own brave general without further reward.

"In the civil wars of Charles the First's time this was the last fortress in Wales held for the King. William Owen, the governor, with about twenty followers, surrendered to General Mytton on the 9th of March, 1647."



Captain Lewis, Steamship Saint Tudno.

PILLS AND POWDERS.

By Rev. D. E. Richards, M. D.

Apropos to the subject we considered a month ago as well as to the prevailing condition of things among us just now, is the answer of a certain wag to the question—What is the greatest war story you have ever read? Answer: My own diary since I was married! And, it might be added with a great deal of plausibility that the saleslady who answered a certain customer when he asked—Have you a copy of the "Fifteen Decisive Battles?" "No, but we have a 'History of a Married Man,' " was closely related to the same class, if not the divorced wife of the above cruel cynic.

Flippant, pointed and full of humor, as the above answers may appear, they are nevertheless, to the thoughtful, extremely suggestive of a lamentable condition of society with its sad phase along the line of progressive domestic felicity.

In addition to what we then stated as causes to the said status of things, it may be added that lack of thought and of self-management, resulting in precipitancy of action are among the most prevalent.

* * * * *

Not long ago, in one of the courts of our Commonwealth, an appeal for freedom from the marriage vows was made by a woman furious over wrongs that were partly real and partly imaginary. After the evidence, pro and con, had been listened to, the judge, who by all means should wear the *nom de plume* Daniel II., or Solomon III., as a mark of merited distinction from the rank and file of judges, exercised a prerogative, which was his under the law, a prerogative never used before as far as

we have heard or seen, and granted to the parties in the suit, a separation for the period of six months, that they might have time to think it over. Oh! what a judgment, what a boon, what a valuable decision—time to think it over! Do we not all of us, more or less, act upon the spur of the moment and commit ourselves as a consequent unreservedly into the unrelenting clutches of worry and regret? Time and again have we seen people acting without taking time to think it over, and afterwards spending the balance of their lives repenting the foolish rashness.

Those who are acquainted with the writer, will readily admit that his regard for the gentler sex is such that he will err on the side of indulgence rather than otherwise, yet, from personal observation, he must state what he believes to be true, and that is; women somehow are peculiarly the victims of their impulses, and so much so, that betimes one would wish the mentioned judge or some omnipotent court would institute an injunction or something to restrain them from taking any irrevocable step until after they have thought it over for a period which would guarantee no rash undertaking.

* * * * *

What an array of sad mistakes might have been avoided; what poignant regrets which now are of no avail we might have prevented; what periods of heart misery we might have saved ourselves, if we had only acted upon the principle of the judge's decision—taken time to think it over. Six months apparently is a long enough period to dispassionately consider and weigh both

the advantages and disadvantages of almost any project.

Young people before entering into wedlock should become acquainted with each other's meanness and prejudices, whims and foibles, politics and religion, in addition to the immense virtues to which he himself will call her attention to. Take time to think it over, and don't get married on the spur of the moment, you will then most likely escape that affection which shows signs of frizzling out around the edges before the honeymoon is over, and secure the kind that will stand the wear and tear of everyday life.

* * * * *

Have you noticed some of these victims to their impulses when a "Cheap Jack," a "Peddler" on the corner of the street, or a "Bargain Store" have come to town? A family I know in B— comes vividly before my mind just now, the women folks of which were everlastingly attracted by a novelty in this line. Anything marked down from \$1 to 99 cents, or from \$2 to \$1.98 would invariably catch their eyes, and of course they purchased it utterly regardless of the fact whether they needed such or not.



ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

By Lewis Leyshon.

Under the above catching heading the reader would naturally and unavoidably expect the discussion of Joe Chamberlain's stirring speech at Birmingham, which has so pleased the ordinary Yankee and so angered the European from Moscow to Madrid. This subject is rapidly becoming a favorite theme among English-speaking people, and

Their home was well stocked with tom-foolery trinkets and absurdly unnecessary things, while those who supplied them with their daily wants had to go without their just due. If those people ever have any calm hours of reflection following their bargain hunting, &c., they must of necessity have their days of worry and regret, if not of repentance, and all this comes of not taking time to think it over.

Commonest if not the saddest mistakes with some people in our town are the things they say in haste. Their tongues seem to balance upon bearings which have not the remotest relationship to their mental portions, if such they have. They don't think, and consequently speak unkind and cruel words, they insinuate this or the other, and start a scandalous story on its round, inflicting wounds and perpetrating wrongs, to undo which there is no power either in heaven or in earth.

Think it over, and you will be saved from many things idly and unmeaningly said, to recall which you would give worlds the minute after being uttered. Take time to think it over.

the Anglo-Saxon, which is a comprehensive term, including the progressive and wide-awake section of the human race, is thereby brought into envious prominence and distinction. There is one fact connected with British-American civilization which is conspicuously lacking in other peoples of this little world; it is a popular institution—the

popular instinct controls it; it promises increased liberty and developed right in the future. It is not like the Russian or the German movement, impeded and clogged by imperialism or personal aggrandizement; it is not spoiled and poisoned by the egotism of a William or the self-sufficiency of a Czar; it is not affected or infected by the absolutism of a church or checked by the immobility of a throne; it is free of Bourbonism, and is conscious of its own power and its own ability to proceed along the lines of liberty and victory. The dying countries, which Lord Salisbury so ably depicted in his late utterances before the Primrose Club, "are not in it" at all, but they pale with envy and rage with impotent anger as they behold this giant of a people marching onward like an Alexander to really conquer this little globe. China of late has shown its moribundness by allowing itself to be quartered and divided as a dead ox; but the Anglo-Saxon race which has set foot (or feet rather, for it is a large family) on the four parts of the globe, is working its way north, south, east and west, like leaven in dough or gossip in a community of Eves. The reader will excuse this digression.

Dolly, nee Evans, is American born, and she always appears an inch taller when she is called to own it. But although she is thoroughly American in instinct and by birth, her father is American only by confession and profession, having been born in Wales, and after a 50 year sojournment in the "land of the free," yet cherishing sweet memories of the land of song; and as he leisurely travels down the evening path of life, he thinks more and more of the fields and the hills where he roamed when a boy. Old age brings on childish memories, and the older Evan Evans became the more he thought of the scenes of childhood. One day at the table, he abruptly said, "Mam," to Mrs. Evans, "suppose we take a trip to

old Wales once before we depart this life, never to return?" "Did you ever!" said Mrs. Evans, in mild surprise. "Wel, Ifan," she added, "what possesses you, boy?"

Dolly just smiled, tickled and pleased beyond the adequacy of language to describe. "O, Mam!" she ejaculated, "how delightful!" She had heard the old man so often talk of the hills and valleys of Wales, of the beautiful fields variegated with daisies, buttercups, dandelion-flowers, and the woods festooned and bunted with ivies and vines; of the many feathered songsters which warble and twitter in the branches all day from morn. until eve—especially the ascending lark which spirally mounts the sky with such musical enthusiasm! Dolly, many a time had heard father talk so highly of his native country and always complimentarily of the sea-walled principality. He had often become intoxicated over its high mountains and its crystal rivers and its "wide" valleys. Being only a boy when he emigrated, his reminiscences of Wales had grown with him so that Welsh hills were much higher and Welsh meadows much wider in his mind's eye than they actually were. But we are digressing again.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," and in this case, distance had been helped a good deal by Mr. Evans' exaggerations; so Dolly, as soon as her father broached the question of visiting Wales, became at once and uncontrollably interested, and she immediately adopted means to urge her father to pursue his purpose. "I should just love to see papa's Garden of Eden," she said. So when the motion was put to the house it was carried unanimously—with acclamation; because Dolly fairly shouted with joy. All preparations having been made, all sailed on the Teutonic and reached Liverpool in six days from the date of departure from New York. It would be superfluous to say that the undulating movement of the ship

caused some stomachic disorder which affected Dolly during the voyage. All the afternoon of the first day she felt so well that she anticipated escape from obligation and subjection to seasickness, but about 10 o'clock, insisting on being on deck to exhibit her sailing qualities, she became so suddenly infected with some undesirable form of unhappiness that she was glad to forego all pretenses to navigation and was forthwith glad to be relieved! Dolly was submissive during the rest of the voyage.

They landed in Liverpool in the morning, and no time was lost in reaching the train direct for Wales. After traveling for several hours through pretty vales and around green hills they arrived at the little town where Evan Evans had first seen the light of day. Evans felt somehow disappointed, because the mountain which had seemed to him for 50 years to have been a very Himalaya was a mere geological bump, and the river which he had delighted to compare with the Ohio, was a mere streamlet. Dolly took in the situation more humorously than her father, because he was personally interested in continuing the illusion. She ascended her father's mythical mountain the next morning in half an hour, and she actually jumped athwart the river, where its broad expanse had narrowed into a four-foot wide stream to round a ledge. But although the high mountains and wide rivers disappeared from existence the charm of the fields and

crystal quality of the water, with the attractions of varied scenes still remained, and Dolly was won to love and admire her father's old home.

From this they went to A—, a popular resort, and the seat of a college. Here they remained for months, charmed by the constant change and the holiday appearance of the people. The sea-beach was daily alive with interest and the streets promenaded by pleasure-seekers. Dolly was soon popular among the young folks, for she was witty and vivacious, could talk with volubility, could sing a song or recite a piece and could explode an occasional joke. She was fairly well educated, was naturally attractive and had a personal charm which neither wealth, education nor position can bestow. She was much sought in little social gatherings of a private nature.

She had not shone in vain among her newly made acquaintances in the town of A—, for a young English student confessed to having been wounded by her beauty, and Dolly being favorable to his petition, they were soon attracted together and were engaged. The young man being well connected and with fair prospects in life, Mr. and Mrs. Evans consented to the marriage, and the union was consummated. In the A— "News" next day the event was gazetted under the attractive caption: "An Anglo-American Alliance." Coming events cast their shadows before them.



Some men there are who cannot see,
And deaf and dumb we find,
But he whose heart from love is free,
Is deaf and dumb and blind.

ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Historial Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Ninth Paper.

General Lewis having expressed a desire to retire from the presidency of the Society, on account of his infirmities and advanced age, and the Society feeling that his request should be complied with, a committee consisting of Edgar W. Davies, Thomas I. Jones, and the writer hereof, was appointed to confer with him in regard to selecting his successor. It was felt on the part of the committee that it was but a mark of due respect to him to obtain his views in regard to the selection of a suitable candidate to succeed him; and to that end they made known to him that while the Society felt it to be its duty to comply with his desire, yet the members wished the committee to convey to him the deep sense of obligation they were under for the warm and fervid interest he had displayed in fostering the growth of the Society's objects, and its successful establishment.

The General was tenderly affected by the manner in which the committee had made known the kind and friendly feeling of the members towards him, and said that while fully reciprocating their kind and complimentary sentiments, he in return, would say that in all his life he had not performed any service more willingly and gratefully than that imposed upon him by his fellow kinsmen of the St. David's Society in the discharge of his duties as their standard bearer.

It had been a grateful task to him to act in that capacity, and he was pleased to learn that he had performed the duties satisfactorily, and he was more than pleased to know that the members

all took such a deep interest in upholding the memory and character of their ancestors. In response to their request to advise with them upon the choice of a suitable person to succeed him, he would say that he felt assured that the Society was in the hands of good and loyal descendants of the old Welsh stock. He said it was a delicate undertaking on his part to suggest the name of a successor to himself, as he thought it to be the prerogative right of the members to do so, yet in the exercise of that right which belonged to him as a member and in response to that desire he would propose the name of a gentleman for their consideration whom he thought from his high social standing was eminently qualified to fill the office with credit and honor to the Society. The gentleman he had in view was David Cadwalader Colden, who had had long experience as an active member of the Union Club, he having been its treasurer and steward.

Furthermore he was connected by descent with the ancient races of Scotland and Wales, and should the members after full consideration have no higher preference, he would in their behalf tender to him the offer to make him the Society's next president. The committee made the report of their mission to the Society, which was unanimously approved of, and the General was duly informed thereof, upon which David Cadwalader Colden was duly made president of the St. David's Society.

The Cadwaladers, Coldens, Lewises, Livingstons, and the old Holland Dutch

of Albany and New York and other prominent families were among the earlier settlers of the State, and were also contemporaneous with each other, and were more or less intermingled through marriage and other ties with the great revolutionary families who were prominent in the founding of the American Republic. They had therefore a deep interest in upholding the high character bequeathed them by their ancestors.

Mr. Colden in personality was a man of commanding figure, easy and graceful in his deportment; pleasing and genial in his intercourse with men of all grades and standing, treating rich and poor with equal courtesy. In short, he was a good type of a true born gentleman.

It shows the solicitude and interest felt by Gen. Lewis for the welfare of the Society, in selecting a candidate possessing the requisite qualifications for the presidency of St. David's Society.

It may not be out of place just here to insert a few remarks relative to the objects of the Union Club. This club was a select body chiefly composed of wealthy, and the most substantial business men of the city, upon whom fell the important office of entertaining distinguished foreign dignitaries and prominent commercial men visiting the city, thus making it very broad and comprehensive in scope and character, as will be seen in the following quotation taken from a printed proof of its constitution, dated October 18, 1836, which I have had in my possession for many years. To wit:

"The Union Club is established in the City of New York to promote social intercourse among its members, and afford them the convenience and advantages of a well-kept hotel in conjunction with a reading room, library and baths in some proper house or apartments to be procured for the purpose, and in a manner combining elegance and comfort with order and economy.

It consists of not less than two, nor more than six hundred members."

The Society about this time was undergoing the change in its constitution, before adverted to, by which it was divided into two distinct bodies, one representing the benefit feature, and the other the benevolent.

The banquet of 1838 was duly celebrated at St. John's Hall, Edgar W. Davies, Vice President of the Society, presided, assisted by the Hon. Morgan Morgan and Mr. John Morgan. It was well attended, and the programme of toasts, speeches, music and songs was excellent.

The next annual banquet, that of 1839, was held at the North American Hotel. I give an account of the same from a newspaper of that day, as follows:

"ST. DAVID'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

The anniversary of Cymru's national saint was celebrated by a public dinner given at the North American Hotel on Friday, March 1st, David Cadwalader Colden, Esq., presided, assisted by Morgan Morgan, Jr., and David S. Jones, Esqr., as vice presidents, Messrs. William Lewis and John M. Jones, stewards, and John Griffiths, Esq., treasurer. Among the invited guests present were his Honor, the Mayor of the City, Gen. Morgan Lewis, President of the St. David's Society; Rev. Wm. Rowlands, editor of the 'Cyfaill;' John R. Bartlett, Esq., and Major Carroll of the Washington Guards. Letters were received from Alderman Lynch and John L. Morgan, and Edgar W. Davies, Esquires, regretting their inability to attend the celebration. After a blessing from the Rev. Jonathan J. Jones, about one hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous feast, prepared from the choicest delicacies of the season, and served up most profusely by the liberal proprietors. The utmost joy and harmony reigned o'er the festive board, whilst delight and satisfaction beamed forth from every countenance present.

The transparencies and decorations were elegantly arranged, and the whole presented a scene worthy the days of the ancient glory of a Moelmud or an Arthur. Before the removal of the cloth the Rev. William Harris returned thanks.

Before proceeding to deliver the regular toasts prepared for the day, the president begged leave to trespass for a short time upon the patience of the company. He stated that he felt deficient of being able to discharge the duties of the chair with the ability to which they had been accustomed, it having on so many previous occasions been so ably filled; he would rely upon the kindness which had already been shown him, and upon the assistance of his associate officers, to enable him to do justice to the situation in which he was placed, and to contribute to the festivity of the evening.

He said he had frequently attended anniversaries similar to the present among his own countrymen, and among the descendants of other nations—they had always appeared to him most happy occasions for strengthening those ties which bind us to our country and our kindred. It is then that laying aside the cares and anxieties of our every day life, we look only to encourage the kindred feelings of our nature. We look only to call up into our bosoms those feelings of benevolence, of charity, and of brotherly love, which will enable us to resist that callousness of the heart, arising too often from a devotion to worldly pursuits, to encourage each other in all good deeds, by looking back upon the history of our ancestors, and pointing to their bright examples as our guiding stars through life and unto death. And, where, be it asked, rather than in the history of the sons of Cymru, shall we look for more glorious examples of all that is holy in religion, all that is devoted in patriotism, all that is heroic in courage, all that is tender in love, or beautiful in poetry,

Cambria can point with pride and exultation to her religion as having exhibited, through all ages, all those characteristics which have ever rendered man noble and illustrious; whose religion was more pure, whose life more holy; whose zeal more centering than that of the holy St. David, whose name was more renowned in chivalry than that of the friendly Arthur, and from whom have flowed sweeter or more soul-stirring strains than those which were struck from the harps of Hoel and Taliesin? Is it not well, be it asked, that these things should sometimes be called to mind? that we should sometimes meet together, and while indulging in a national festivity, and encouraging social mirth, at the same time strengthen the ties which should never be severed between those who look with pride and affection to a common ancestry."

The President then spoke with great enthusiasm of the late splendid festival of Abergavenny, the thrilling sensations that must have pervaded the bosom of every Cambrian present on the occasion of the noble bearing of the Comte de la ville Marque, and his companions of the Briton delegation, and concluded by giving the following: "The Cymreigyddion of Abergavenny and their noble guests the comte de la ville Marque, and the Briton delegation."

After the last sentiment, Henry L. Hoguet, Esq., of the French Society of this city, rose, and in the most happy style of thought and manner, acknowledged the high compliment paid the land of his parentage, La belle France, and concluded as follows:

"In my triple capacity of a Frenchman by descent, an Irishman by birth, and a guest at the table of the warm-hearted Welshman, permit me, Mr. President, to offer the following sentiment:

"The arch of literature in the eighth century: Its pillars were Alcuin of Wales and Clement of Ireland, the key-

stone that united it was Charlemagne of France."

There were numerous other eloquent speakers, among whom I may mention the names of David S. Jones, Wm. H. Dannat, Major Nicholas Carroll, Daniel L. Jones, John J. Jones, and John R. Bartlett. The latter gentleman made a very interesting speech upon the subject of the traditional story of Madog's discovery of America, to which he had bestowed years of close study. He was a firm believer in the story, and adduced very strong and almost convincing reasons for the grounds of his belief,

which were listened to with intense interest. The story of Madog is destined for years to become a subject for discussion, as it has been facetiously remarked, "If when he embarked on his voyage of discovery he did not go to America, where did he go?"

Soberly speaking, however, I think that it is not so unreasonable a story as to shut out the question of probability. There are many things accepted as history far less credulous than the story of Madog. The company adjourned in good season after a most delightful and well spent evening.

MY LOVE LIES LOW IN HAVANA.

By George Coronway.

My love is asleep,
Down low in the deep,
Beneath the cold waves in Havana;
Oh, I'm lonely and sad,
For my true sailor lad,
Who sleeps 'neath the waves in Havana!
Havana! Havana!
My love lies low in Havana!

Most cruel the foe,
And foul was the blow,
That sunk our proud Maine in Havana;
Oh, I'm lonely to-day,
And my heart's far away,
With him in the Maine in Havana;
Havana! Havana!
My love lies low in Havana!

With a tearful eye,
I sit and I sigh,
As I think of my love in Havana;
To his home he was true,
To his love he was, too,—
Alas! for my love in Havana!
Havana! Havana!
My love lies low in Havana!

I'll see him no more!
On earth's troubled shore—
He'll never return from Havana;
He's asleep, 'neath the wave,
With the true and the brave,
Who died for their home, in Havana!
Havana! Havana!—
My love lies low in Havana!

LOVE AND INTRIGUE.

By a Neighbor.

Polly lived next door to us, and during the years of her childhood we had become to love her as one of our own children; but as soon as she had bloomed into young womanhood, she showed unmistakable signs of flirtation and an insatiable love of company. She was very pretty, bright, winsome, and was a veritable angel as far as beauty and attractiveness of appearance went; and she cultivated the art of effect and perfection of surface with great assiduity. She could hardly walk a square without turning some one's head, and bruising some one's heart; and every one she met would turn around to have a reverse view of one whose face was so charming. She was proud of her beauty and her charms, and she just laughed and giggled at the killing power she exercised over the youths of the town.

Before she was fifteen she had a lover—a nice gentlemanly youth, who thought Polly was an angel. He was an honorable young fellow, and thought an angel was something celestial in more senses than one. He in his simple heart believed that an angel was honest, sincere, and the reverse of hypocritical. When she said "Yes" or "No" he believed she could not mean otherwise; and when she smiled he actually nestled the childish little creed that she never did so in the presence of other young lads. He thought he could swear by Polly; he implicitly entertained the idea that he could build the superstructure of his life on pretty Polly's bland smile.

Polly had an aunt in the country about ten miles away from town, and she usually spent the summer there.

She would return about the latter end of August as bright as a cherry, and as healthy as a chick. The first summer after she commenced to keep company with our young hero, she spent as usual at her aunt's, and returned home about the first of September brighter and more charming than ever. Our young hero used to visit her about once a week, and returned home as happy as one returning from a feast. The thought of Polly and of spending his future in Polly's society painted all his coming years with all the hues and tints of the rainbow, and he felt as light as if he could tread on his own head. His future was a great magnificent castle in the air, of a larger size than usual, and furnished with more numerous chances for disappointments than the ordinary cases of lovers. This castle was furnished in the most approved fashion with the most immaculate thoughts of Polly and the multifarious successes and comforts of life. Undoubtedly, his future was going to be paradisaical, and his home with Polly as the first lady in his heart, promised to be a perfect Eden.

Two winters and two summers passed in this wise, and our young hero was just spending all the money he could get on Polly's whims and fantasies. He was continually buying something or other—a hat, gloves, a parasol, and even material for dresses, &c. Although she was actually dressed up in his own gifts and presents, she seemed so charming that he scarcely noticed his own belongings about her, because everything she wore was absolutely her ware. It seemed as if they, by right belonged to her, and that he had got

them and restored them to her! Love is a most tyrannical master and teacher, and his eloquence and his power of persuasion over subject minds is most engrossing. The last summer she went to her aunt's, she borrowed some books of our young hero, a set of George Eliot's: Felix Holt, Adam Beade, Romola, Daniel Deronda, &c., which she took with her. This would suggest to the young man that she would keep thinking of him, especially while reading his books. He thought she could not help thinking of him and have her heart moved, swayed and mellowed by the sweet notions of love.

On the night of her return our young hero, promenading down town, beheld his angel in the company of another Lothario of very stylish appearance, and although he passed close to her, even brushing her as he went, she never seemed to care at all, although he was positive that she was conscious of her villainy! What an experience! What a revolution of everything which was dear to his heart, and clear to his mind! What an impudent demonstration of duplicity on the part of his angel! What an interpretation of woman nature! He could not believe his own eyes; and as soon as he had, turned the first corner, he struck his toe hard with his cane to see if he was awake. Had he been struck with a stray brick or tile, or, had he been mesmerized; hypnotized, or what? Well, he thought he would move towards home, and watch Polly and confront her for an understanding. He mused as he went, his thoughts all unhinged, and his purposes all deranged. He half believed that Polly could explain all satisfactorily, and he hoped so! In due time Polly and her man came, and after a little conversation on the corner they parted, and Polly walked leisurely up street towards the house. Our disappointed hero confronted her, and started to catechise her as to her mysterious and unaccountable carriage. She was a

diplomat by nature, and love had helped a good much to make her as shrewd as that beast referred to so complimentarily in the second chapter of Genesis. She said this and admitted that, and excused herself in many little aggravating ways, until, finally, our young hero became indignant with her, and requested her "courteously but firmly" to return his books as a preliminary to a separation. It did not grieve her at all.

The following evening she met him, bringing with her the set of books he had loaned her, and without hardly a word they separated never to meet again. Next night he called at my house, and desired to see me for a few moments. We took our seats in the parlor, and he began his tale of woe. He told me of all the money he had wasted on her, and of her deceitfulness, her double dealing, and, finally, he produced black and white to prove and corroborate. These were love letters which Polly had unwittingly left in the books and forgot to abstract before returning them to our hero. These were really damaging, and demonstrated clearly that she had a third lover to whom she was engaged to be married. Our young hero felt indignant and was pale with anger, and after reading one of the letters, he asked me if there was any remedy, and what I would advise him to do.

"Well, young friend," I said, "thank the Lord for your deliverance from the bondage of a frivolous daughter of Eve."

"Yes, but," said he, "see the money I have extravagantly expended on her worthless person." "How much?" I asked. "I must have spent \$100 on her," he said. "Not to get her," I replied, "is fully worth that." Our lady of the Three Lovers was soon married, and her life proved as miserable as could be. Her husband became a gambler, a drunkard and an allround knave; and after ten years of a most unhappy

life she died. He was in that saloon there, when her remains were taken past to the burial ground. The young

hero she fooled has succeeded wonderfully in life, and is one of our most able citizens.



MY BICYCLE.

By Rev. J. V. Stevens.

When my mother was told that I had bought a "Hickory Wheel," she coolly remarked that it ought to be a "hickory stick." And she was not the only person that was flabbergasted at the idea of a minister of the gospel riding a bicycle. I honor those good people's ideal of the dignity of the ministry, and the high reverence in which they esteem the preacher; nevertheless, I found my wheel such a manifest convenience that I soon rode over their prejudices. The man is more than the minister, and there is no habit, nor custom, that befits the former which ill becomes the latter. When men look at different objects through colored spectacles, even the pure snow seems to wear the same hue as the green grass, and whenever prejudice makes the minister appear green, where the man is natural, it should be remembered that the greenness is in the observer's eyes.

The first thing I learned about my bicycle was, that I had no more power over it than the letter p has in its pneumatic tires. But by persistent perseverance the silent steed was soon brought under full control. That principle of conquering difficulties by unswerving persistence holds true in all the avenues of life. In every enterprise victory belongs to perseverance. Grit, grip and grace make a three-fold cord which will not quickly break. There is no combination which this trio will not ultimately solve. The successful man

of to-day must push hard. The side posts of the temple's door were made of olive wood, an oily, sappy substance to indicate that the door whose hinges were fastened to such timber were destined to open readily at the slightest touch of the feeblest hand that would seek admission; but the door of the temple of success needs vigorous pushing, and he who attempts to pass through will find it labeled in large letters "Push." Persistent pushing alone will let him in. "My sword is too short," said a Spartan youth to his father. "Add a step to it then," was the old warrior's characteristic reply. Never complain, young man, of your circumstances. If your sword is short, add a step to it. Get nearer your opponent. The shorter man has always the advantage at infighting. Boys with no chances are the makers of every nation's history. Of course, every one can't become an inventor, or a poet, or a millionaire, or a president, for the stuff that makes inventors, poets and presidents must be inherent. But there is standing ground for every youth under the American flag who has grit and grip to seize his opportunity. The success of life depends more upon the steps a person adds to his sword than to its actual length.

When people ask me how long it would take them to learn to ride a bicycle, my reply is: "It depends how you go at it. If you will wait for a full

moon for practicing in order to avoid the criticism of your neighbors it will probably take you a considerable time, and when you will learn to ride by moonlight, people will, doubtless, call you a lunatic rider. Do not let the fear of man drive you from your vantage ground. Nothing can be thoroughly mastered by inferior means. On the other hand, if you will wait until your friends will cease taking the keenest interest in your falls, and make their loudest laughter at your misfortunes, you will never learn at all. But if you are prepared not to heed the jokes of the merry-making crowd of spectators, and are ready to take off not only your coat, but also a large portion of the epidermis which covers your elbow, and

nearly all the cuticles of your shins, then you will learn to ride it in a jiffy. Every enterprise demands sacrifice. Even such a small thing as a bicycle demands of its rider a certain number of square inches of his skin as a guarantee of good faith at the very outset. And, of course, the greater the undertaking, the more imperative is the demand to cut deeper into the flesh. Dogged perseverance may not give you immortal fame, but it will plow your land, repair your fences, fatten your cattle, enlarge your house, fill your granaries, and remove the mortgage which is like a skeleton in your cupboard.

Do you ask why I am so much attached to my wheel? It is the ties of blood.



WELSH NATIONALITY.

By David Davies.

In all the books, articles and papers ever published on the above interesting subject, there is lacking one predominant idea which seems to me to suggest the greatest and most serious obstacle or difficulty in the way of the nationalization of the Welsh people; and in the course of this paper it is my intention to develop that thought with sufficient prominence to enlist the attention of every thinking Welshman. It is a peculiarity of our nation that the very defect in our character is the very cause of our blindness to this serious fact. What a truth there is in the French writer's saying that it is the tendency of wrong to justify itself, and this very national defect which I am about to expatiate on, and, if possible, elucidate, is the very virtue we pride in.

In the Biblical story of Jacob and

his sons, we are told that the old patriarch loved Joseph more than his other sons, for the reason that he was the son of his old age, and to express this partiality he gave Joseph a parti-colored coat, which first caused suspicion and subsequently inveterate and malicious hatred in the hearts of Joseph's brothers. This led Joseph to dream and his dreams even aggravated his relations with his brothers. This caused the old man great sorrow, for Joseph was finally sold to the Ishmaelites on their way to Egypt where he was taken and disposed of as an article of merchandise. But this did not settle the difficulty; in fact, it cropped up again, this time too, among the envious brothers. George Eliot says in one of her novels, that the worst thing about a wrong is that the

perpetrator's future conduct is subject to the deranging effects of the transgression; another wrong has to be done to fit it, hide it and justify it; and it is not the original wrong, but the consequent evils that constitute the worst part of a transgression.

Has the Welsh nation something corresponding to Jacob's love, and Joseph's parti-colored coat? Has it a cursed thing hidden in its heart, some disturbing element which desecrates and disintegrates its hope of unity, and seems to make the complete nationalization of the Welsh people almost an impossibility? And when the cause is discovered, is it removable, or is it so imbedded and ingrained in the Welsh nature that it can not by any means of education and discipline be obliterated? These are serious questions; these are inquiries which every Welshman should study and try to realize so as to have this national evil removed or modified. As far back as the history and tradition goes the Welsh people have been characterized by the spirit of sectionalism, a party spirit, a partisanship, a spirit of adhering and getting immoderately and enthusiastically interested in fragments rather than in the whole of truth. During his short stay among the Celts of Britain, Caesar discovered this weakness, this sectarianism, this disregard of wholeness, this lack of national loyalty. Through the ages this truth is illustrated by history. Welsh history recognizes no nationality; Wales never had a kingdom worthy of the name; the Welsh were clans, tribes (*ciwdodau*) led by chieftains who never had the national ideal to be loyal to a national leader. Our Llewelyn and our Glyndwr could never be kings of Wales; they might be political or military leaders of the Welsh tribes for a season, but in time of peace they could never establish any system of national government. We scan the pages of Welsh history in vain for a respected king and a regularly constituted national government.

We are fully justified by history in our statement that until recently intercommunion and commerce among the different counties of Wales were nil, and the people of the different localities or counties were so stationary, or even stagnant, that they were largely strangers, and their customs, language and habits were fences whereby they were debarred from social intercourse with other parts. Any man acquainted with different localities and peoples in Wales will recognize the fact that a hearty communion can hardly be established between them. Their temper, habits of thought, and deeply-stained prejudices are almost unconquerable difficulties; and these are often intensified by religious sectarianism. It is a sorrowful fact that sectarianism outweighs nationalism, and religious rancor predominates over goodness. Sectarian prejudice overrides every national worth or virtue. Another peculiarity or idiosyncrasy of the Welsh is that their language is subject to the same infection. Every county has its own linguistic traits, which clannishness converts almost into treasons. There are different dialects (*tafodieithoedd*, *genieithoedd* a *chegieithoedd*) from the soft labial lingua of Glamorgan to the maxillo-guttural sprache of Anglesea. These lingual differences would be harmless if they were not the expressions or the out-croppings of mental and spiritual qualities which are obstacles to cordial mutual communion. These different tongues or peculiarities of speech with their attendant prejudices and jealousies form unpleasant barriers between people of separate counties. These lead them also to entertain unfavorable opinions of each other, and to disdain each other on the ground of dialectic crochets and conceits. A common school system of Welsh education which would nationalize the Welsh language, sweep away local brogues and barbaric peculiarities, and popularize a uniform form of

speech and expression half way between present extremes, would be a general blessing; but there are so many obstacles in the way that the task is apparently impracticable. It is impracticable, because it is contrary to the genius of the Welsh. It is a national idea, and as I stated before, we have never been particularly loyal to anything national. Those who are educated and who know better, still cling to their localisms and local prejudices, and so this love of sectionalism seems to be incurable.

Religious sectionalism also injures the Welsh more than they seem to be conscious of. According to good authority, it is rampant in Wales, but its effects is not so visible as in this country. Here we often find the disastrous results of sectarianism among the Welsh, and we often hesitate in contemplating some instances of denominational folly, not knowing whether to

laugh or cry at the dogged obstinacy with which sectarians cling to religious hallucinations. Often we behold in one town or village in the United States three small emaciated, consumptive causes dying of separateness, when they could secure a long lease of life by uniting. But they consider it a blessing and a God-service to die of sectarianism!

There is a story told of a certain temple whose gates could be opened by one hundred supplicants pushing together. Within this temple were great blessings to be enjoyed, but a spirit of distrust and a lack of mutual helpfulness sprang up among the people, that one hundred men could not be found willing to drop their mutual jealousies; so the gates remained closed. Nationality means unity; sectarianism signifies disruption, and if we hope to be a nation we must cultivate a spirit of loyalty to national ideals.



CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM JAMES' "EPISTLE OF STRAW."

By a Layman.

This James is wonderfully practical. "Count it all joy," he says, "when ye fall into divers temptations." It is through trouble we get experience, and experience is the only real knowledge.

"If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God." Why could not he say, "Go to school, or to college, or read good books?" Do you know the things you learn out of books, at schools, and at colleges, are nothing comparable to those deep instructions you get from communings with the stumbles and

tumbles of life. You can't learn God's wisdom out of books, not even out of the Bible. That's the mere letter of godliness. You can't learn skating out of books. You must put the skates on and try and fall and tumble and learn. You can't learn bicycle riding out of books. It comes through practice. You can't become wise in the sight of God, only by practical godliness.

"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," he says. A man that is trying to walk both ways never makes

any progress. The man that is trying to ride two horses running in different directions gets left and gets hurt too. The man that is trying to please God and man, pleases neither.

"Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, i. e., in the sight of God." James is always talking from God's point of view. He thought more of being exalted in grace than of all the riches imaginable. A sincerely spiritual man can not consistently regard riches as anything of value. The grace and favor of God is more valuable than all the wealth of the world. This is a great fact of Christianity; but nowadays it is not appreciated.

"But the rich, in that he is made low." A man does not rejoice when he is pulled down, as a general rule; but James had his own view of greatness. When a man is puffed up with his vain self-importance based on nothing but his material wealth, which is no spiritual qualification, it is a blessing to himself to be told in a practical manner what position he actually holds in the kingdom of God. In this world men are classified according to their means and meanness often; but in the sight of God material wealth is no consideration. The kingdom of God is a great improvement on the kingdoms of this world. Don't you think a soul that loves God should be more blessed than a man that loves gold? Don't you think a spiritually minded man should be more highly honored in the kingdom of God than a tyrannical brute or a boodle-hunting blackguard? Don't you think that a man that gives his life to God a better citizen of His kingdom than the rich man who can give Him a check for \$1,000? James didn't have a particle of respect for the rich, as merely rich.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life." Now the common Christian idea is that every man and woman will get

crowns, not as a reward, but merely to get rid of them. They get this idea from the custom of sheriff sales, or the sellings out to quit business. The crown of life is a direct consequence and result of the cross of life. There will be crowns prepared, not a surplus to throw away.

"Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; God tempteth no man." It is very common nowadays to charge God with every evil that occurs; and if there be any good or any success, to credit that to our own especial work and efforts. James settles this question by saying that God "tempts no man, hurts no man, but gives him all the good gifts he has." Do you know, a good man never blames God for his own blunders and mistakes; but a bad man does. This is a good way to know a good from a bad man. A bad man will always attempt to saddle his wickedness on some one else, or God, whereas a good man acknowledges his own work. The sinner who acknowledges and confesses his sin does God great honor, and God treats him with signal mercy and magnanimity. The man who says that God tempts man to sin may as well say that the devil saves sinners.

"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." There are lots of people who believe that to hear the word of God is enough—that God's commandments are to be heard and not obeyed. People are satisfied and contented if they visit a church and listen to a sermon and a couple of prayers. A man who hears the word of God and does it not seems to think that God's word isn't worth doing. There are lots of people who like to hear God's word, but hate to do it. Every man that heareth the word of God and doeth it not, excuseth himself to himself, and as much as says to himself: "I don't believe it is necessary for me to do God's will at all. I believe I can please him by neglecting to do it." But do

you know, the doing part is the greatest and the most important. The hearing is only the invitation—the doing is the eating and the drinking and the benefit. Suppose a man is thirsty and hungry, and he comes up to the table and sits before it a little while, and then moves away again and says, "I feel first rate after smelling that nice dinner," what would you think of him?

"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain." That is, if any man among you goes around performing the contemptible function of tattler and gossip with his tongue loose without a bridle to check it, cantering and galloping over his neighbor's reputation; well, that man may think he is serving God, but in fact, he is only the devil's agent. Such a man revels in the failings, the disgrace, the mishaps and disappointments of his neighbors. He builds his little happiness on the ruins and miseries of others. If everybody gets along happily

and merrily he is very miserable and uncomfortable.

Pure God-service is not to have a grand church with stained windows, a big organ, a fashionable quartette, cushioned seats, and a dandy preacher, and a flash congregation. No, no; that is no religion or God-service. That's organized worldliness; that's systematized selfishness. Pure God-service is this, says James: To be holy, unselfish, charitable, sympathetic, pure-minded and considerate among men and sincere before God. People puffed up with self-importance because they are a little exalted in a worldly sense are despicable in the sight of God. Such a people are abominations before God. God is not accessible to a man that hates and disregards the poor. Man's pride is the high fence that prevents him from coming to God. Selfish, frivolous, artificial, worldly-minded, carnal-minded men and women are far away from the kingdom of God.

THE PEOPLE'S SOLILOQUY.

By Lizzie Owen.

A nation's hope is staid,
And on our heroes laid,
Both true and brave,
Till yonder on that Isle,
Oppress'd by cruel guile,
And terror reigned the while,
Our flag shall wave.

For justice long we cried,
For peace in vain we tried,
Then we must fight.
Oh that our country's fame,
May ever be the same,
In struggling to maintain,
Freedom and right.

We eagerly await
The yet uncertain fate,
Filled with dismay,
Yet hope for victory,
And cry more liberty,
Till dawns triumphantly
A better day.

To Him the God of all,
In agony we call,
And help implore.
In thee alone we stand,
Reveal thy mighty hand,
Protect our cherished land,
And peace restore.



FIELD OF LETTERS

CONFIDENTIAL Y PARCH. GRIFFITH ROBERTS, Lake Crystal, Minn., edited by the Rev. John R. Daniel and David Edwards: T. J. Griffiths, Utica, N. Y.

This memoir was written by the Rev. John R. Daniel, of Randolph, Wis., and it was in every sense a labor of love on the part of the author. The task had hardly been finished when he also departed this life mourned by a wide circle of friends. Following the Memoir is a selection of Mr. Roberts' sermons and choice poems, concluding with a memorial sermon by the Rev. David Edwards of Lake Crystal, Minn. A prize elegy written by W. W. Rowlands, Cambria, Wis., appears also in these pages which Mr. Griffith Roberts' friends and admirers will not fail to enjoy and appreciate. The sermons are the following: The Prophet Jonah's Sign; The Woman of Canaan; The Preaching of the Cross; Adonibeseck; The People Is Grass; The Raising of Jairus' Daughter; What shall we do to these Men; and Choice Sayings.

Illinois Steel Company, the "Rookery," Chicago, Ill. This beautifully printed and illustrated little pamphlet which we received through the kindness of Mr. A. M. Crane, general sales agent, relates and describes the astonishing developments of the Illinois Steel Company. The printed matter gives interesting figures, and the excellent illustrations provide us with graphic views of the different departments. We wish also, to acknowledge its beautiful companion, "Mineral Wool for Insulation of Cold Storage and use

in Architecture," with valuable information relating to its properties and use, a product manufactured by The Illinois Steel Company Manager, L. C. Welch.

The June number of "Harper's Round Table" contains the story that captured the first prize of the "Round Table Short-story Competition." It is entitled "The Comedy of the Herr Professor," and its author is Ida Kenniston. Among the other features in the number are "The Troop that Was Not," by F. L. Pollock; "Tom's Vindication," by Albert White Vorse; "The Lost Voice," by F. H. Spearman; and "The Mayor's Music Box," by W. S. Rossiter.

The announcement of the contents of the June "Harper's" shows a large proportion of timely subjects. "Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects" is by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.; Professor Albert Bushnell Hart contributes an article on "Our Diplomatic Relations with Cuba;" "The Situation in China" is analyzed by "one of the most distinguished European correspondents;" and Julian Ralph contributes "The Czar's People"—the second of a series of articles treating Russia as a militant power in the forefront of modern political and territorial movements. A story of the Maine woods by Hamblen Sears; "A Rebel Cipher Dispatch," by David Homer Bates; and "A Study of a Child," by Louise E. Hogan, are other noteworthy features in an exceedingly valuable number.

In the "Bazar" published on May 21st readers who are fond of golf will find an admirably practicable paper

by Horace G. Hutchinson, entitled "Hints on the Up-Keep of Golf Greens." Miss Adella K. Brainerd tells of rowing at Wellesley College, which is carried to great perfection under the able instruction of Miss Lucille E. Hill, Wellesley's physical director. Dr. Grace N. Kimball writes of "Women and War;" and there is a clever and amusing little sketch by Helen W. Pierson, of "Pamela's Black Gown" and what it accomplished.

In connection with the many favorable comments which "Literature" receives on both sides of the Atlantic, it is interesting to note the opinion of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who has recently completed in Florence the composition of another book. Mrs. Ward writes that, in her estimation, "Literature" has distanced the "Athenaeum," so long the recognized literary authority in Great Britain, and that the new "International Journal of Criticism," while preserving its tone of fairness and courtesy, is constantly growing in character, individuality, and completeness. Praise of this character from such a source tends to confirm and strengthen the high position which the new journal has already taken among the literary and critical periodicals of England and America.

The sketches by Paul Bourget which have attracted attention as presented in translation in "The Living Age," will be followed by one or two delightful groups of sketches by that other master of style, Pierre Loti. These are specially interesting just now because they relate to Spanish life and character.

In its issue for May 28, "The Living Age" began the publication of the most striking English serial of the year, "John Splendid," by Neil Munro, now in course of publication in "Blackwood's Magazine." "The Living Age" has bought the right to print this story

from the owners of the American copyright, and will continue its publication in weekly instalments until it is completed.

"Cwrs y Byd" for May has a number of catchy, breezy, peppery articles as usual. This little monthly never fails to find interesting subjects for criticism, and it observes social evils rarely mentioned by others. The following are among this present number's themes: The Landlords are Dying; Golden Calf Worship; Incidents in the Life of Thomas Rees, Llandyssul; The Order of Things; Paul in the Light of Jesus; Correspondence, Poems and Various Things.

The "Drysorfa" for May keeps up its standard of excellence in religious and theological matters. Whatever is neglected, the religious side of life is provided with pabulum of the highest quality. "Eternal Life in Christ," by the late D. Charles Davies, M. A.; "Prayer," by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Portmadoc; "The Kenosis Doctrine," by the Rev. D. D. Jones, Upper Bangor; "Abermeurig," (a sketch) by the Rev. John Evans; "Miracles," by the Rev. T. Powell, Llantrisant; Monthly Notes, Editorial Remarks, Home and Foreign Religious Intelligence, &c.

"Y Dysgedydd." This is the monthly organ of the Congregationalists of Wales, and furnishes the denomination with religious intelligence and theological education. It is almost exclusively religious. Among the articles for May are the following: "The late Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin," by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; "Man a Self-tempter," by the Rev. Owen Evans, D. D., London; "Along the Shore of the Mediterranean," by Professor E. Anwyl, M. A., of Aberystwyth; "A Memoir of the late Rev. T. Jones Tabor," by the Rev. E. James, Nefyn; Monthly Events, Notes, Obituaries, &c.

The contents of "Young Wales" for May are as follows: "Scientific and Technical Education in Wales," by R. E. Hughes, M. A., B. Sc.; "The Memories of Youth," by J. B. Anwyl; "The Future of our Welsh Theological Colleges," by Prof. R. W. Phillips, M. A., B. Sc.; "Our Welsh University Forum," by Prof. J. Young Evans; "The Maid of Esgairwen," by T. G.; "Progress," by Kenneth Morris; "Patriotism and the Women of Cymru," by one of the Wynnes; "Young Wales in the International School," by J. E. Southall; "Among the Welsh Members," by T. Artemus Jones.

The May "Traethodydd" opens with a paper by the Rev. J. Roberts, D. D., of New York, on "The Present Status of the Darwinian Theory." The other articles are "Mr. D. R. Fearon, C. B., and Intermediate Education in Wales," "Wear the Leek on thy Breast," (a poem); "The Moral Philosophy of Martineau," by the Rev. William Benjamin; "Oratory," by Dr. Karl Lentzner; "Religious Unity," by the Rev. Hugh Ellis; "The Idea of Progress in the Old Testament," by the Rev. D. Rowland.

"Owrs y Byd" observes with considerable propriety that although bicycling is innocent within the bounds of moderation, yet it can not help pitying the cramped humanity which is so often seen as one possessed trying with might and main to beat the d—. "There was a time," it says, "when dogs were a nuisance, but a dog tax soon removed the trouble, and the only deliverance from this wheel plague is to tax bicyclers according to their velocity."

In concluding his discussion of the Darwinian Theory, Dr. Roberts writes: "Therefore, we find that evolution is a failure, not only inasmuch as it fails to derive man from animal creation, but as it falls short of proving the trans-

mutation of species. And in the light of the facts I have adduced, and the testimony of scientists, is it not unscientific, yea, madness in ministers of the Gospel and the ignorant to talk of evolution as a verified science? In fact, they are not established in the truth, but lost in the waves like shipwrecked mariners without a board to sail on."

"The Lamp" is a monthly (Welsh-English) published in the interests of Welsh Calvinistic youth. The May number has a variety of short articles on religious and social subjects, interspersed with poems. Among the articles of the May number are "The Rev. George Muller, Bristol, England;" "The late J. R. Daniel;" Bible Lessons, &c.

"The Cronicl" for May has considerable interesting matter for the ordinary reader; and the busy man will find between its covers extensive information within easy reach. Among its articles are "Notes," by the Editor; "The Independent Father's Series," (with illustration) by Keinion; News of the Month, Obituaries, &c.

The May "Cerddor" has interesting material for musicians and lovers of music. Among its articles are "Not a Word of Welsh;" "Who Founded the Musical Conventions of Wales?" "The National Eisteddfod at Festiniog;" Musical Notes and News, &c.

The work of the American Bible Society in foreign lands during the last year involved an expenditure of \$192,292.32, and the circulation of 767,528 volumes of the Holy Scriptures; of these more than half, 405,000 volumes, were distributed in China; 50,000 in Japan; 57,000 in the Levant; 60,000 in South America; 33,000 in Mexico and Central America; 32,000 in Siam and Laos; 40,000 in Russia; 20,000 in France; 12,000 in Spain and Austria; 10,000 in India; besides smaller numbers in Africa, Micronesia, Arabia and Korea.

SCIENTIFIC

FLY SPECULATIONS.

A Washington correspondent reports the findings of the government Bureau of Entomology in the matter of the house-fly. The fly is an enormously reproductive creature, and, if a fair chance is given to it, can supply any demand in a very short time. Practically all flies are bred in stables. The eggs do best in horse droppings. They are easily killed by chloride of lime or kerosene; and as the new fly makes for water as soon as hatched, a dish of poisoned water in a stable is effective in reducing their numbers. The way to keep a stable clear of flies is to spray all fresh manure with kerosene. The most hopeful token of the abatement of flies in cities, however, is to be found in the substitution of electricity for horses, but that is still so far off that there is every prospect that the fly question will still be actively discussed long after the Cuban question is settled.—Harper's Weekly.

THE PROBLEM OF VENTILATION.

We spend about a third of our lives in sleep. What provision do we make that our bedrooms—rooms as a rule far too small in any case—are well ventilated, and that in the watches of the night our brain will be supplied with blood containing a due amount of oxygen in place of air loaded with the breath re-breathed. And then in the morning we descend unrested and peevish, and feeling that life is hardly worth living till we get our blood renewed in the fresh air, and then all is well with us again. Many a bad temper (in the morning) is explicable on the basis that he (or she) has been breathing impure air all night, and in the case of growing children the matter

is much more serious. The growing body wants plenty of oxygen; if it is deprived of it it becomes a pale-faced body, a thin body and altogether an unhealthy body.

A NOVELTY.

Science is continually discovering new wonders. An artesian well driven at San Marcos, Texas, recently found not only water, but a kind of animal inhabiting the water, which is found nowhere else. Specimens have just been received for study at Cornell University. The creature proves to be a blind salamander, nearly white in color, with long slender legs and toes useless for locomotion, but valuable for feeling in the blind darkness of the underground waters. They have been given the graceful name of Typhlomolge.

AMERICAN WOMEN AND GRAY HAIR.

Is it true that the hair of American women turns gray much earlier than that of the women of other countries? There are those who make the assertion. It is, too, say these, a more thorough gray. While the locks of an English or French woman will late in life show a few stray "basting-threads," the head of an American woman at a much younger age will be quite blanched, or at least frosted. To two things may the cause of the tendency be ascribed, American air and American atmosphere—terms not at all synonymous. If the former turns our leaves, why should it not turn our hair? While what the latter may accomplish through the agencies of ice water, hot bread, and worry, needs no comment. Early gray hair, as a rule, means inability to cope with nerve-destroying

things. It is declared to be largely a matter of temperament. That it should be a characteristic of American women is in keeping with most other traits of our race.—Harper's Bazar.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

The average Christian Scientist does have a victory over fear and care and sin that is not achieved by the average orthodox Christian. To the average church-member, Christianity is the acceptance of a series of doctrines and historical facts, and the acceptance of a forensic transaction of eighteen hundred years ago, in consequence of which acceptance he hopes for heaven beyond. But he is a worried and fretted and fearful man; afraid of himself and his propensities, afraid of colds and fevers, afraid of treading on serpents or drinking deadly things, as the apostles of Christ were not. The average Christian Scientist—and in this respect he is like the Keswick disciples—has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. Christ is to him no distant historic figure, but the incarnation of the divine idea. God is no mere "first cause," but a very present help.

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AN INTERESTING TEST.

"The tractive power of elephants, horses and men was lately tested at Barnum & Bailey's Circus, in London," says "Engineering." "An instrument capable of recording a tractive force up to thirty tons was anchored to the floor. Two powerful horses were first attached to it, capable of drawing a load of eight to nine tons on an ordinary road. Their pulling record on the dynamometer was 1.2 tons. The largest elephant was next yoked to the instrument and gave a record of 1.85 tons and then 2.5 tons. But a smaller elephant with more spirit gave a pull of 5.5 tons. In the further trial it was shown that 83 men were about equal to one elephant, their com-

bined pull registering 5.6 tons. In the case of both the horses and the men, however, the collective maximum force was probably not reached, as training is required to this end. The elephant, by throwing its weight suddenly against the instrument, might also produce a tension far in excess of any steady pressure it could exert."

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MORALITY VERSUS IMPULSE.

The enemy of morality is impulse. Only to a very limited extent do we ever succeed in rationalizing our impulses—that is, in training them to move along the grooves which reason prescribes. Even when we applaud impulse, we do so only when, by consummate training, it has ceased to be wayward. The really moral person is one who keeps perpetually before his eyes the outspread world of the moral relationships—that is to say, who sees what his relations ought to be as in an ideal landscape; who sees especially the striking differences that distinguish the duties which he owes to different persons; sees how differently he ought to act toward a superior and toward an equal, toward a person of the same sex and a person of the other sex; toward a person of the same age and a person of tender age; toward members of the same social class and members of a different social class. The moral man, I say, is one who sees before his eyes the chart of his relationship to others, and especially the differences of the duties which he owes to others, and who tries to conform his speech and his action to the directions of this chart.—Prof. Adler.

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MARRIAGE NO FAILURE.

Whereas civilized man is expected to support his wife, the Pondo leaves to his women folk the privilege of supporting him. This shows that a savage is not necessarily a fool. Mr. James

O'Haire, missionary of the Catholic Church in Umtata, explains the working of the system in a letter. "Polygamy," says he, "is the very life's support of the Pondos; the number of wives a man has settles the question as to his previous wealth, for each wife was bought, and for her he must have paid her father from eight to thirty oxen; and now his wealth may be estimated by the number of wives and children, because the whole affair may be simply described as natural human farming. Each daughter is worth, say, ten oxen; if she is well built and pretty, she may sell for forty; then, too, the sons work in the care of cattle, for the whole of the Kaffir property consists in cattle. The wives work, and so do the daughters. But the head of the family, the man, works no more after marriage. The dignity of labor is so noble a thing that one can not but admire the complete self-abnegation of the polygamous Pondos in leaving it all to the females. And yet the absence of work does not seem to prey upon their spirits. They are as happy as the day is long; they all smoke tobacco and drink beer, and eat mealies and beef, or the flesh of wild animals or wild birds. They sleep a great deal, then rise and laugh and sing and dance, and play and work a little, and are without a solitary care, without sadness or sorrow.—South Africa.

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ANIMALS' STORES.

A writer on "Animals in Famine" observes in the "London Spectator," that if we examine the stores made by most of the vegetable-eating animals that lay by a "famine fund," we shall find a rather curious similarity in the food commonly used by them. They nearly all live on vegetable substances in a concentrated form—natural food lozenges, which are very easily stored away. There is a great difference, for example, between the bulk of nutriment eaten in

the form of grass by a rabbit and the same amount of substance in the "special preparation" in the kernel of a nut, or the stone of a peach, or the bulb of a crocus, off which a squirrel makes a meal. Nearly all the storing animals eat "concentrated food," whether it be beans or grain, hoarded by the hamster, or nuts and hard fruits by the squirrel, nuthatch and possibly some of the jays. But there is one vegetable-eating animal whose food is neither concentrated nor easy to move. On the contrary, it is obtained with great labor in the first instance, and stored with no less toil after it is procured. The beaver lives during the winter on the bark of trees. As it is not safe, and is often impossible, for the animal to leave the water when the ice has formed, it stores these branches under water, cutting them into lengths, dragging them below the surface, and fixing them down to the bottom with stones and mud. This is more difficult work than gathering hay.

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WORK BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

Many persons experience great fatigue in working and reading by artificial light. Some attention has been given to this subject, especially in view of reading and study, and the type, paper and illumination most favorable to comfort and health. White light is recommended for all artificial illumination. One should never read at a lower degree of light than ordinary daylight. Very low intensities cause eye strain and weakness, which may result in exceedingly severe and even dangerous mental and physical condition. It is now an established fact that epilepsy is sometimes caused by eye strain. There are also many other maladies that are primarily caused and greatly aggravated by bad light while using the eyes. Some authorities recommend white paper. Others, notably experienced journalists, insist that straw colored paper and black ink are less taxing to the eyes than white paper.—New York Ledger.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Crickhowell is obliterating the boundaries of sects. A Nonconformist bazar has just been held under the "distinguished patronage" of four leading Church-women.

The total amount raised by the Calvinistic Methodists towards making up the loss caused by the earthquake of last year in Assam is £14,052 11s. 5d. This sum includes the conditional gift of £1,000 by the late Mr. Edward Davies, J. P., of Llandinam.

The Liverpool Welsh National Society, at a meeting recently, unanimously resolved to invite the National Eisteddfod to meet in Liverpool in the year 1900, and appointed a committee to make preliminary arrangements. The National Eisteddfod was last held in Liverpool in 1884.

It would seem that the London "Echo" is aiming at being the organ of the Welsh people in London. Of late this sedate little paper has actually given reports of Welsh events in Welsh, and scarcely a day passes that some Welsh function or other is splashed. Even preliminary notices of eisteddfodau and festivals are given in the language that Adam spoke before he sinned.

Welsh coal is destined to figure in the American and Spanish war, as it has in every war, wherever waged. Some time ago two of Messrs. Cory's boats, laden with best steam, left Barry for Porto Rico, but it is not known what success they have had in landing it.

There is a farm in Carmarthenshire which has been owned by the family of the present owner for the last 502 years, and has been occupied by the family of the present tenant for the same unbroken period. The present landlord has in his possession the rent accounts for the whole of that time. This is a case of fixity of tenure if you like.

It is a moot point, and one for the consideration of debating societies, whether Munchausen or Giraldus Cambrensis was the bigger story teller. Giraldus did his best. For instance, he tells us that in a certain lake in Snowdon he found a species of "monocular fish." Using an hibernicism, the fish which are in that lake, now have neither one nor two eyes, because there are no fish there, and no signs they were there six hundred years ago.

"Jingo" is said to be a word of Basque origin, introduced into England by Spanish sailors at the time of the Spanish Armada. It is a Basque word for God, and the phrase, "By the living Jingo," means "By the living God." In Welsh it is supposed to take the form "Dango," which is a mild swear word still heard in some districts.

An interesting discovery has been made at Cold Cock, Denbighshire, the residence of the late General Wynne, in the shape of the original confirmation by King Edward VI., in 1566, of the charter of privileges granted by Henry VII. to the inhabitants of Denbigh. The Great Seal of King Edward VI. is appended to the document, which is in good condition.

During the last three years several valuable gifts have been presented to the Gorsedd. For better security the ownership of these presents, which are worth over £2,500, has been vested in fifteen trustees, and Lord Mostyn has undertaken to keep the Gorseddic raiment and appurtenances, from Eisteddfod to Eisteddfod, at Mostyn Hall, his Flintshire seat.

It seems that the deepest shaft in Great Britain is not in South Wales. The deepest in S. Wales is Harris' Navigation at Pontypridd, which goes 2,367 feet into the bowels of the earth, but there are two deeper than this in the North of England, viz: Rose Bridge, at Wigan, which is sunk 2,446 feet, and Ashton Moss, about 3,000 feet. The deepest mine, however, though not the deepest shaft, is Pendleton, near Manchester, the lowest part of which is nearly 3,500 feet from the surface.

Five choirs at least will compete at the Blaenau Festiniog National Eisteddfod in the chief choral contest, viz: the Holyhead, the Carnarvon, the Rhosllanerchrugog, the Builth, and the Llanelly. The prize is £150. The "Nottingham Express" also urges that a choir from that town should also enter the lists.

Poor old sliding scale! Last year the joint committee organized a fine demonstration to celebrate the coming of age of the scale, and all the members representing capital and labor were specially photographed for one of the purposes connected with the event. Of course, there was to be a big dinner and other high jinks, but something or other happened 'o make postponement necessary, then there was another postponement, and last week the joint committee met, not to praise the scale, but to bury it.

The early annals of many an old

chapel in Wales is somewhat roughly compared with that of the old Scotch kirks. An elder in Argyllshire was asked one time in the long ago how his place of worship got on. "Well," he said, in his picturesque dialect, "We had four hundred members. Then we had a split, and we had only two hundred left, one body starting a place of their own. Then we had a disruption among ourselves, and only ten of us was left. Then there was a heresy trial, and there is only me and my brother Duncan; and I begin to have great doubts of his orthodoxy!"

Incidents of the coal famine are now coming in. The householder in a "stop tap" neighborhood told a friend that he had gone in for Scotch coal. It was something like Welsh; very like it in one respect—it made the kettle boil! "Oh," exclaimed his neighbor, "I could not get Welsh or Scotch, so have had to fall back on Irish." "What sort is that?" was the query. "Some sticks from the hedge," was the reply. "They'll make a pot boil, but there's no staying power in it, like the crisis."

Amongst the cherished treasures of the Czarina is what she playfully calls her "black diamond." This is a small block of common household coal, which reminds her (says "Cassell's Saturday Journal") of one of the most novel experiences of her life. When, some years ago, as Princess Alix, she spent some time in Wales, she expressed a wish to descend a coal mine. Every facility was, naturally, afforded to the adventurous and beautiful Princess. She descended 1,500 feet into the bowels of the earth, and with her own hands dislodged some blocks of coal, one of which she now cherishes as a souvenir of a new experience and of unconventional days.

The American Eagle might sometimes bolsterously flap her wings and screech

as though she meant to tear out the eyes of the British Lion—but that was if they listened to the newspapers. The British Lion might ominously shake his tail and roar as though he meant to tear the Eagle to pieces, but there was no occasion for alarm. There never would be war between Great Britain and the United States. At all events, it would not happen so long as I am United States consul at Cardiff, and as long as Mr. Spicer is member of Parliament for that division.—Consul Phillips.

The writer of an article in a recent number of "Tit Bits" states that near Mold, in Flintshire, there was at one time a mound or barrow, named Bryn-yr-Ellyllon, or the Hill of the Fairies, in which, according to a local legend, there lay a skeleton clad in golden armor. When the mound was eventually cleared away, for agricultural purposes, a complete human skeleton was disclosed. Round its breast was a corselet of pure gold, which may now be seen by the curious in the British Museum.

Here is an English view of the Welsh Radicals in Parliament (it is from the "Sunday Chronicle"): "In point of age the Welsh Nationalists are probably the youngest section in the House of Commons. Nor are they much behind in ability. The strong advantage they possess over the Irish members is the fact that they are much better educated than the average follower of Mr. Dillon or Mr. Healy, and that they have a much more cultured style of speaking. Most of them are young and pushful barristers, and a few are the sons of wealthy merchants. It is true that their outlook on life generally, and politics in particular, is tinged with the rigorous severity of Welsh Calvinism, but they possess the saving grace of a very keen sense of humor."

The Registrar of the Welsh University, Mr. Ivor James, has issued a circular in which he explains the scheme for the establishment of fellowships in connection with the Welsh University, with a preliminary list of donations and annual subscriptions connected therewith. It is proposed to found four such fellowships, of the value of £100 per annum or more, tenable for two years, with a possible renewal for a third year in recognition of exceptional merit. These shall be confined to graduates of the University, and conferred for "very distinguished merit," and held at one of the constituent colleges. The fellowships, towards the establishment of which subscriptions are invited, are to be awarded by the Court on the recommendation of the Senate, acting on the suggestion of a small Standing Committee specially appointed for the purpose.

The common belief that Welsh words contain a larger proportion of consonants and a smaller proportion of vowels than words of any other language will hardly bear examination. Mr. W. Davies (Mynorydd) recently took the trouble to institute a comparison. Taking first a number of passages in German, he found in them a much greater scarcity of vowels than in Welsh. But the comparison with English was more striking still. Here are one or two examples—"Gwyn ei fyd a ystyria wrth y tlawd"—14 vowels, 13 consonants. The English rendering is—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor"—12 vowels, 21 consonants. Again—"Yr Arglwydd yw fy Mugall, ni bydd eisieu arnaf"—19 vowels, 18 consonants. The English rendering is—"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"—10 vowels, 22 consonants. A number of further passages yield similar results. In each case the vowels in Welsh are more numerous than in English, and the consonants in Welsh less numerous than in English.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone was the fourth son of the late Sir John Gladstone, a well-known merchant of Liverpool, born there December 29, 1809, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Having spent some time in a continental tour after graduating, taking double first class in Michaelmas term 1831, he was returned at the general



election in December 1832. After a most brilliant political career he retired from public life in 1894, and was succeeded by Lord Rosebery. Since that time Mr. Gladstone had devoted himself principally to literary work, publishing a verse translation of Horace, and a commentary on the Psalms. He continued to take interest in public affairs, and in the time of the Turkish atrocities in Armenia he spoke and wrote with his usual eloquence. Mr. Gladstone is a remarkable illustration of a soul that was continually moving

towards greater light, improving and mellowing to the last. Although born and bred a Tory and a bigot, he became in due time a Liberal, and in some sense a Radical, and was even in old age developing the most generous traits of the human heart. He was in the highest sense a popular man. In his early days he was a Tory of the Tories, and in his old age a Radical of the Radicals. He even once defended slavery, and in after years acknowledged his errors publicly and widely. He was grand in almost every sense, and he was great enough to alter his views according to increased light. He refused a peerage, but has had a title which is even greater than any which the Queen could bestow, viz. The Grand Old Man; and it is the only title that does him justice. May he always be known as the Grand Old Man. Mr. Gladstone's home was in Hawarden, Flintshire, Wales, and Mrs. Gladstone is a sister of the late Sir Stephen Glynne, M. P.

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Sunday, May 1, the Rev. R. T. Jones, D. D., celebrated his sixteenth anniversary as pastor of the Susquehanna Avenue Presbyterian Church, Susquehanna Avenue and Marshall Street, Philadelphia. The occasion was a triple anniversary of the church, pastor and Sunday School. On graduating at Princeton, the Rev. Dr. Jones began his pastorate at the Susquehanna Avenue Church on the first Sunday in May, 1882. At that time twenty-three members worshiped in a small room in a factory building on the northwest corner of Marshall Street and Susquehanna Avenue. In September of that year a lot was secured on the opposite corner.

A chapel at a cost of \$8,000 was erected and occupied in January, 1883. The growth being so large and constant, the chapel became too small, and in June, 1888, work was begun on the church edifice, which was finished and dedicated in November, 1889. It is a large and imposing structure, and will accommodate nearly 1000 people, and recently its seating capacity has often been taxed. The lot and edifice cost \$50,000. Notwithstanding the few members at the beginning, during the sixteen years over \$100,000 have been raised for all purposes. The pastor has received 1077 persons into church membership. There are at present 670 communicant members, making a net increase of 637. The church has a flourishing Sunday School of over 600 scholars. The superintendents are Charles Lewes, Richard Stewart and George W. Davis. The pastor is supported by a strong and active session, consisting of William Davidson, John Lunn, Richard Stewart, William F. Bernstein, Samuel Ash, O. W. Funston, David Davies and Charles Lewis. The church is thoroughly organized for aggressive work with twelve active organizations.

The Rev. Maurice Griffiths, M. A., of Llanidloes, has accepted the invitation sent him to become minister of the English Calvinistic Methodist Church at Llanelly.

The Rev. Dr. Owen Evans, of London, is preparing for publication another volume of his sermons, which will be the eighth volume of his discourses which have been published in the Welsh language.

Two well-known Welsh Congregationalists, the Rev. J. Machreth Rees and Owen Thomas, M. A., both of London, intend paying a visit to the United States this summer. They will leave England in August, and be away about two months.

Mr. Owen M. Edwards, M. A., has chosen for his Oxford home 3 Clarendon Villas, close to the house of Mr. J. Gwenogfryn Evans, M. A., the palaeographer. Mr. Edwards will, however, not give up his house at Llanuwchllyn.

The Rev. John T. Lloyd, of Johannesburg, published in the "Goleuad" a letter in which he contradicts several statements made by the Rev. Evan Rees (Dyfed) in the account published of his visit to South Africa. Mr. Lloyd states that the Welsh people in the Transvaal are not quite as bad as they are made out by Dyfed.

In West Pembrokeshire there lives a very pious old Methodist deacon, who is not only a strict Sabbatarian, but a rigid moralist on week-days as well. Some time ago a rumor spread about that the old bachelor had got married, and the following Sunday his brethren asked him if it was true. "Do you think," he asked, when his amazement had found its voice, "that I should have got married between two Sundays?"

Two colliers were keenly discussing the course of affairs at Merthyr some time ago, when one burst forth with the brilliant remark, "Do you know, Shoni, the fault of all this strike is in that old plenary power, myn j—? Who he is whatever I don't know. I don't think he is a collier, for I have been a delegate once or twice, see you, and I have never met him at any of our meetings."

One of the amusing things in connection with the presentation of the freedom of the borough of Cardiff to Alderman David Jones was that the mayor asked the town clerk to read the script. There was some confusion. It turned out that the script was engrossed in Welsh. Then the mayor covered the slip by saying, "I was only having a

lark with the town clerk. You know, his name is Larke Wheatley."

Mr. W. Cadwalader Davies, some time assistant to the late Sir Hugh Owen in the secretariate of Aberystwyth College, and subsequently first registrar of the North Wales College at Bangor, has undertaken to write the history of "The University of Wales and its Constituent Colleges" for Mr. Robinson's series of college histories.

Mr. Owen M. Edwards, M. A., in the current number of "Cymru," urges the Festiniog National Eisteddfod Committee to invite Mr. George Meredith and Sir E. Burne Jones, "the greatest thinker and the greatest artist that Wales has ever given to Britain and to the world," to preside over two of their meetings this year.

A Welshman traveling in Canada went far out of his way one day in order to see a Welsh woman in a "bush" settlement. His informers had assured him of a hearty Welsh welcome. Her hearty greeting, however, though evidently sincere, was somewhat ambiguous. Shaking his hand almost to dislocating it, she exclaimed, "I am glad to see a dog from Wales."

The late Dr. Price, of Druidic fame, believed and taught the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. When visiting a dying man he told him, "I can do no more for you, Twm. Your soul will soon enter a strong horse or some other animal." "Oh! doctor," exclaimed the dying man, "don't send me into Shon Bwtchwr's horse, whatever you do." Shon, it seems, was very cruel to his horse.

"Gwna a ddyllit, doed a ddelo" ("Do what you ought to do, come what may") is the motto on the Sir W. T. Lewis thanksgiving window in St. Catherine's Church, Pontypridd. Now

that the workmen have whittled down their demand to 10 per cent. advance, it is to be hoped the chairman of the emergency committee will see that his duty is consistent with meeting the man, and once he conceives it to be his duty we have no fear as to the result. The "doed a ddelo" will be right enough.

Mr. J. E. Southall, the author of "Wales and Her Language," intends to re-print the autobiography of Richard Davies, of Cloddiau Cochlon, Montgomeryshire. The story of the life of this man, the greatest figure among Welsh Quakers, is extremely interesting. The full title of the work is "An Account of the Convincement, Exercises, Services, and Travels of that Ancient Servant of the Lord, Richard Davies, with Some Relation of Ancient Friends and of the Spreading of Truth in North Wales."

Watcyn Wyn intends at the next meeting of the Gorsedd in connection with the National Eisteddfod at Festiniog to bring forward a proposal which he has been contemplating for some time past, viz., to have the bardic chair open for the "Awdl" and the "Pryddest" alternatively, so that when the chair is given for the "Pryddest" the crown will be given for the "Awdl." This is intended to place the bards of the alliterative metres and the blank-verse poets on the same footing, and to make the "Awdl" and the "Pryddest" of equal merit. There is a strong feeling among the bards of the "new school" against chairing a second time bards who have won the National Eisteddfod chair. This matter was brought forward by the Rev. Elvet Lewis at the Rhyl National Eisteddfod, and a prominent member of the Gorsedd intends giving notice at this year's meeting to move that bards who have won the National Eisteddfod chair be not allowed to compete for it a second time.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GREAT NAVAL VICTORY AT MANILA.

Another brilliant victory has been added to the list which has already rendered illustrious the annals of the United States navy, and one more name is placed upon its roll of honor. On the page of history Dewey and Manila will



Rear-Admiral Dewey.

become as inseparable as Farragut and Mobile, or Nelson and Trafalgar. Concise as are the tidings which have reached the outside world, and coming largely through a hostile channel, they have served to establish the fact that our new navy has emerged from its first baptism of fire and blood in just the very way that we knew it would—with colors flying and fresh laurels added to its record. The skill and daring with which the attack was planned and carried out have received world-wide recognition, and the estimate of Vice-

Admiral Colomb, the leading expert on naval strategy in the British navy, is representative of professional opinion on the other side of the water:

"The boldness of the American commander is beyond question. Henceforth he must be placed in the Valhalla of great naval commanders. Nothing can detract from the dash and vigor of the American exploit, or dim the glory which Dewey has shed upon the American navy."

The fleet which sailed from Hong Kong when the declaration of England's neutrality necessitated its departure consisted of nine vessels, two of which were unarmored and acting respectively as a transport and a collier. Of the other seven, one, the "McCulloch," is one of the revenue cutters which have been armed and added to the navy as part of its auxiliary fleet, two are gunboats, and the other four are protected cruisers.

From comparison it is evident that the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montijo was superior in numbers, while our fleet excelled in the size, speed and fighting qualities of its individual ships. The flagship of the American squadron was the "Olympia," one of the finest vessels in the navy. She was built by the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, and on her trial exceeded the contract speed by 1.7 knots, maintaining an average of 21.7 knots for four hours. Her main battery consists of four 8-inch rifles disposed in two Harvey steel turrets and ten 5-inch rapid-fire guns. Protection is assured by a steel deck $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches on the slopes assisted by a belt of cocoa-fiber and another belt of coal. The "Baltimore" and

"Boston" carried between them six of the formidable 8-inch rifles (this by the way is one of the most popular weapons in the navy) and twelve 6-inch slow-firers. Another 6-inch slow-firer was carried on the forecastle of the "Raleigh," and ten others were divided between the two gunboats. The "Raleigh" also carried a powerful battery of ten 5-inch rapid-fire guns, and on the "McCulloch" were four 4-inch guns. The total armament of the fleet consisted of ten 8-inch rifles capable of piercing 20 inches of iron at the muzzle; twenty-three 6-inch rifles good for a muzzle penetration of 14 inches; twenty 5-inch rapid-fire guns capable, in the skilled hands of our gunners, of discharging 140 carefully aimed shells each minute, each of which can penetrate 13 inches of iron.

The flagship of the Spanish fleet was the "Reina Christina," a steel vessel of $17\frac{1}{2}$ knots speed, armed with six 6.2-inch rifles. These guns are of the Hontoria pattern, and are credited with a muzzle penetration of 14.3 inches of iron. In the hands of competent marksmen they should have been capable of penetrating the thickest armor carried by our ships; but unless the shooting was better than that exhibited against Admiral Sampson's vessels at Matanzas, it is not likely that our boats suffered serious injury from them. The next most effective gun was the 5.9-inch Krupp rifle, of which seven were carried by the "Castilla" and "Velasco." It can put a shell through $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches of iron. In addition to these the fleet mustered sixteen 4.7-inch Hontoria guns, good for a penetration of $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches of iron at the muzzle. The total armament of the fleet in the larger rifles was six 6.2-inch guns, seven 5.9-inch and sixteen of 4.7-inch caliber, all of them slow-firers.

The Spanish flagship caught fire early in the engagement, and Admiral Montijo transferred his flag to the "Isla de Cuba." The "Don Juan de Austria" was blown up, and according to Span-

ish accounts several of the other vessels were scuttled to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. During the engagement Commodore Dewey kept his ships under way in a methodical formation, and after the destruction of the fleet was accomplished he withdrew to the opposite side of the bay to land his wounded. When this was done he returned to Cavite, which again opened fire, upon which our fleet poured in a crushing fire which effectually silenced the forts. The gallant commodore then turned his attention to Manila, and demanded its surrender, sending in a twenty-four hour ultimatum, which apparently was rejected. We cannot do better than give Dewey's report verbatim: "Manila, May 1.—The squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning; immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following vessels: "Reina Christina," "Castilla," "Don Antonio de Ulloa," "Isla de Luzon," "Isla de Cuba," "General Lezo," "Marques de Ducro," "El Cano," "Velasco," transport "Isla del Mindiao," and one other vessel and water battery at Cavite. Squadron is uninjured. Only few men were slightly wounded. Dewey."

It appears that Commodore Dewey forced his way past the batteries at the harbor entrance during the night, and when the eventful day dawned the Spanish on the fortifications and the ships were confronted by the spectacle of the American squadron standing down the bay. The Spanish fleet had taken up a position under the protection of the Cavite guns, which opened fire on our fleet. Commodore Dewey at once closed in, and opened up with all his guns for a space of half an hour. The Spanish fire had weakened under the deadly precision and rapidity of the fire from our fleet, and after another cannonade at shorter range what remained of the Spanish fleet was practically wiped out, and the forts were silenced.—Scientific American.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

AFRICAN PYGMIES.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley enters a protest against a recent article in the *Paris Figaro* by M. Labadie Lagrave on the African pygmies, in which the French writer compared Mr. Stanley to Pizarro and Cortes. This comparison, she says, is a fresh proof that M. Labadie Lagrave knows nothing of Mr. Stanley and of his work in Africa. She quotes long passages from her husband's writings to prove that M. Labadie Lagrave has read him all in vain, and she adds: "Whoever has read Mr. Stanley's book must feel the profound pity and consideration which he cherishes for the Africans, without distinction of stature or tribe. It is owing to Mr. Stanley, who was the first to ask England for missionaries, that Uganda is to-day a Christian country, with cathedrals, churches and schools. It is owing to Mr. Stanley that the banks of the Congo, once infested by horrible cannibals, are inhabited now by a peaceful and civilized people."

RELIGIOUS BARGAINS.

The Rev. Francis S. Borton, a missionary in Pueblo, Mexico, says in "The Christian Endeavor World," that he recently saw the following notice in a Roman Catholic Church in Mexico:

"Raffle for Souls—At the last Raffle for Souls the following numbers obtained the prize, and the lucky holders may be assured that their loved ones are forever released from the flames of Purgatory:

Ticket 841—The soul of the lawyer

James Vasquey is released from Purgatory, and ushered into heavenly joys.

"Ticket 41—The soul of Mme. Calderon is made happy forever.

"Ticket 762—The soul of the aged widow Francisca de Parras is forever released from the flames of Purgatory.

"Another raffle for souls will be held at this same blessed Church of the Redeemer on January 1, at which four bleeding and tortured souls will be released from Purgatory to Heaven, according to the four highest tickets in this most holy lottery. Tickets \$1. To be had of the Father in charge. Will you, for the poor sum of \$1, leave your loved ones to burn in Purgatory for ages?"

Dean Farrer, in his "Reminiscences," says that the first proofs of Dean's Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinai was visible "the horn of the burning beast!" This was a fearfully apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the burning bush." The original proof sheets also stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany, "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of 'Jones.'" In this startling sentence "Jones" was a trans-mogrification of "Jerus," the dean's abbreviated way of spelling Jerusalem. When the dean answered an invitation to dinner his hostess has been known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal, and when he most kindly replied to the question of some working-men, the recipient of his letter thanked him,

but ventured to request that the tenour of the answer might be written out by someone else, as he was not familiar with the handwriting of the aristocracy."

Nothing of the kind in this world can be more impressive than the way in which an audience of 6,000 French radicals receives the wonderful air (the "Marseillaise"), says Colonel T. W. Higginson in "The Atlantic." I observed that the chorus of young men who led the singing never once looked at the notes, and few even had any, so familiar was it to all. There was a perfect hush in that vast audience while the softer parts were sung, and no one joined even in the chorus at first, for everybody was listening. The instant, however, that the strain closed, the applause broke like a tropical storm, and the clapping of hands was like the taking flight of a thousand doves all over the vast arena.

An interesting anecdote of Nellie Grant is contributed by Mrs. Minnie E. Leo to "What to Eat": When a school-girl, she visited London, and was asked to luncheon by Victoria. After the meal was over and Nellie had gone, the marchioness of Ely, the queen's secretary, who was of the party, expressed her great surprise at the perfect self-possession and freedom from embarrassment of the young American. "Yes," said the Queen, smiling; "indeed, it was I who was embarrassed."

The South is a place where a breach of promise suit is practically unknown, where women are not husband hunters, and where divorce is infrequent. There is no such thing in the South as awaiting for a rich man to die and then springing sensational common law marriages, nor has there been rarely ever a claim made by Jekyl and Hyde women for rich men's estates. Come South and flee from designing womanhood; come where there is no need for a bachelor or non-marriage clubs, and fall

a willing and easy victim, as you inevitably will, to God's best handiwork, a true Southern woman.

The Japanese have an idea that one of the faults of woman is to overdo pretty much everything she undertakes. This tendency of the gentler sex they have illustrated in the following fable: Once upon a time a man discovered the fountain of youth. Thanks to its magic he returned young, strong and hearty to the land from which but a short time before he had departed an old and feeble man. The first person he met after his return was an old woman, and he told her about the fountain. The woman knew a good thing when she heard it, and she at once set off to seek the rejuvenation upon her own account. The next day when the man again repaired to the fountain he found by its side a few days' old babe. It was the woman. She had overdone it.

It is a shame to attack the character of people who have been dead as long as the Pharaohs, but Prof. Petrie, the great Egyptian excavator, has been mean enough to do so. He asserts that the monarchs who built the pyramids were cannibals. He claims to have opened 150 tombs, and from them taken many mutilated remains of the victims of cannibalism. Prof. Heinrich Brugsch, continuing the study and investigation, adds his opinion that the ancient Egyptians were man-eaters of the worst kind, and brings forward conclusive evidence showing that they not only offered up human beings to the gods, but regularly used the flesh of human beings as food.

Morgan D. Evans, of Dinas Bach, Rhondir Mwyn, Carmarthenshire, resided at Forest City, Pa., and worked for G. S. Good, whence he removed to Lock Haven, Pa., but returned to Forest City about three years ago. Any information will be gratefully received by Henry J. Harris, Elksdale, Susque. Co., Pa.

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1915

of
Thomas
Coat Creek, Tenn.

THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

St. Winifred's Well.

St. Asaph.

The Vale of Clwyd.

Spanish Guerilla Band.

Cuban Soldier Equipped.

Cutan Soldiers Breakfast at cap-
tured Block House, near Ma-
tanzas.

San Juan de los Yeras.

The Late Richard E. Roberts.

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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No. 7.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

CHAPTER I.

Saint Winifred's Well and the Hermit's Cave.

In A. D. 1054 Saint Winifred's Well, though not so widely known for its supposed supernatural efficacy in removing bodily diseases and infirmity as in later years, was the object of almost idolatrous regard in Gwynedd. The summer of that year brought a somewhat larger quota than usual of devoted pilgrims to worship at the shrine of its patron saint, and to get the benefit of its healing waters. But when winter came, the absence of comfortable quarters where the sick and the infirm might find shelter from the cold, caused the place to be deserted. An occasional traveler, however, lingered a moment under

the rude structure built over and around the well, to quench his thirst or to try the healing effects of the water. On the day before Christmas two horsemen reined in their diminutive palfreys in front of the well, and one of them dismounting and shaking off the snow which had clung to his tunic of white linen as he rode in a storm that still added to the thickness of the white mantle enveloping the earth, filled a horn with water and handed it to his companion with the remark,

"Einion Ap Howel first, and after him his friend."

"I am glad you know your place for once, Hoel," was the reply; "but methinks when it comes to a question of booty you are apt to reverse the order."

This the equestrian said as he lifted the horn to his lips. He and his companion were evidently on the best of terms with each other. Both were in the prime of life, and had blue eyes, brown hair, and heavy mustaches. The one who was still mounted, however, was the taller of the two, and also the most intellectual. His face showed that he could on occasion exercise no small degree of craftiness and duplicity; yet ordinarily his friends thought him genial and trustworthy. His companion was of a different type, combining the unscrupulousness of the robber with the cunning of the knave. They were still bantering each other when the shorter man pointing to a pedestrian who could be dimly seen approaching through the falling snowflakes said,

"Here comes one of the bardic fraternity, and no doubt an aspirant to kingly favor, and a bard of note."

The other made no reply, but fixed his gaze on the bard, whose hoary locks and beard, and long robe fluttered in the wind as he labored on under the heavy burden of his harp, half-blinded by the snow. At the same time the bard's dark, piercing eyes looked out from under his bushy eyebrows, and sought to discern the character of the men who were eyeing him with so much interest. Then as he came up to them he said apologetically,

"Your pardon, friends, for a moment's intrusion on your presence. A long and laborious walk on a stormy day like this calls for a

brief rest and the means of assuaging my thirst."

"Your arrival is no intrusion, venerable bard," said the mounted traveler. "On the contrary, all are welcome to Saint Winifred's Well."

"Ay; and may the richest blessing of our patron saint rest on your hoary head," added the other, crossing himself. Then filling his horn and handing it to the bard he continued, "And may this healing draught quicken your flagging powers."

"I thank thee, friend," said the bard taking the proffered horn. "The illustrious Gryffydd ap Llewelyn should have thee for his cup-bearer."

"They say his majesty is never at a loss to find men who aspire to that distinction," was the reply. "They also say that his mead has no equal. Yet I question whether you will find it as wholesome a drink as that."

The bard emptied the horn, and handing it back to its owner with a wry face he remarked,

"I know not the taste of king Gryffydd's mead, but if it taste no better than this I want none of it."

"If you are wise you will speak less disparagingly, for you will find Ceridwen no match for Saint Winifred," said the owner of the horn with a frown.

"No offense should be taken where none is intended," continued the bard. "I knew not that this well was more sacred than a thousand others in Wales."

"Are you a Cambrian and a Christian, and have not heard the legend of Saint Winifred's Well?" asked the mounted horseman with astonishment. "Your costume and vocation bespeak you a frequenter of festal halls rather than a dweller in a cave."

"My voice has often been heard in the princely halls of the Deheubarth," was the reply. "But my voice has never drowned what my ears should hear. Were Gryffydd ap Llewelyn as little known there as your patron saint, his enemies would have reason to rejoice."

"By my faith, that is very strange; nor can I account for it, Saint Winifred should be as famous as the king. You are a good listener are you not?"

"Ay, when I am in a comfortable position, and when the subject suits my mood. Pardon me, I will relieve myself of this burden, and rest myself under that roof in order the better to listen to what thou mayst have to say."

Suiting his action to his words the bard now seated himself on a stone bench within the rude structure already alluded to, and the two horsemen followed his example.

"You have heard of St. Beuno?" said the horseman who until now had remained mounted.

"I have heard the name, but I know not the man," the bard replied, glancing at a pile of crutches not far from where he sat.

"That is not strange since he died in the seventh century," continued the horseman with a smile. "How-

beit, St. Beuno had a most devout and beautiful niece, of noble parentage, called Winifred, whose protection and training devolved upon him by reason of permission given him by her father to build on his estate the church whose dilapidated walls support this roof. Not far distant was the palace of King Alen, whose son Caradog was desperately in love with the charming maiden. The prince, watching his opportunity, surprised the object of his affections one Sunday morning



St. Winifred's Well.

at her home, and she, unable to return his love, and fearing violence, fled from his presence in this direction. But Caradoc, indignant at the treatment he had received, followed in hot pursuit, and overtaking her yonder drew his sword and struck off her head. So violent was the blow that the head rolled into the church, stopping by the al-

tar, and immediately this sacred fountain, which by the holy virgin's merits restores the health of multitudes, gushed up as it does this day."

"A most remarkable tale," said the bard as the speaker paused; "nor does it lose any of its charm in thy telling."

"But not more remarkable than what follows," was the reply. "St. Beuno immediately picking up the head joined it to the body, and miraculously restored her to life. But he thought fit to leave a slender mark around her neck as a remainder of Caradoc's crime. She lived fifteen years after that, and died the abbess of Gwytherin; but the impious prince fell dead the moment she was restored, and the earth swallowed his unholy corpse."

"A fitting sequel to a most interesting tale," gravely remarked the bard; "and to prove how firmly I believe it, and to confirm my vow to tell it wherever I go, I will drink another hornful of the saint's elixir of life."

"Good," exclaimed the narrator; "you are less skeptical than I suspected. Had I the time I might relate other equally interesting tales connected with this well. But I perceive that my horse is growing impatient, and Hoel here is already worrying lest we fail to reach St. Asaph in time to dine with the bishop, for his reverend lordship knows far better how to provide and enjoy a good dinner than to feed his spiritual flock."

"Say rather that Einion ap Howel

and not I smells the feast from afar this time," said the man called Hoel. "By my faith, he would go to the end of the earth for a chunk of venison or a bowl of steaming mead."

"Provided I had a good supply of roast beef and wine to last me on the way," retorted Einion ap Howel, whom we have already described as the snatter of the two. Then addressing the bard he said, "If I mistake not, your destination is not far from ours, and since to-morrow is Christmas we may count on seeing you at the royal banquet. Had I an extra horse with me I would gladly place it at your service, and thus make comparatively easy a journey which must otherwise tax both your strength and your patience."

"I shall thankfully take the word for the deed," replied the bard. "The vicissitudes of life have taught me to expect the disagreeable with the pleasant, and the bitter with the sweet, and I shall make the rest of my journey, despite the inclemency of the weather, as I have performed other disagreeable tasks, knowing that I shall all the more enjoy the pleasures awaiting me. As to my present destination, suffice it to say that it is not Rhuddlan Castle. But if the dispenser of destinies will that we shall meet to-morrow at the royal banquet, I shall deem it a very happy circumstance."

"A bard is no less to be admired for being a philosopher also," smilingly remarked Einion ap Howel. "There is my hand, and with it goes a hearty invitation to visit Colsul Hall. Hoel here, who is too much

of a rover to have a home of his own is not altogether indifferent to its hospitality, else it would not see his face so oft. The welcome which is always his shall be yours also, venerable bard, whenever you shall see fit to cross my threshold."

"Though not much of a homesbody," said Hoel, also taking friendly leave of the bard, "even Einion ap Howel will not deny that my favor is far better than my hate. My friendship may not mean much to you; yet it is yours such as it is."

The next moment the horsemen were out of sight, and the bard now that he was alone gave himself to reflection, not only of a character foreign to the vocation of a lover of the muse, but actually of a treasonable cast. Much as he desired to indulge his thoughts, however, the lack of physical comfort soon caused him to resume his journey. This he did under conditions less trying to his patience than he had found earlier in the day, the snow-storm being temporarily abated. The road which he followed was rough and irregular, and led in a westerly direction through dense woods, in whose dark shadows burrowed the wild boar, lurked the wild cat, prowled the wolf, wandered the bear, and roamed the deer, all of which together with the fox, the hare, the beaver, the otter, and the woodcock afforded amusement and recreation to king Gryffydd and his nobles. If the bard had been in quest of game he would have left the road soon after his departure from the well; but being intent upon

reaching the end of his journey, he changed his course only after arriving at a point about a mile east of St. Asaph, where he found a trail, of which some one familiar with the region had informed him, leading in a south-westerly direction. Penetrating a thick growth of oaks intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, and occasionally shifting his harp from one side to the other, he pressed forward with more energy than his aged appearance seemed to warrant. He had been preceded by a rider, whose horse's tracks made it comparatively easy for him to follow the trail. He was evidently more keenly alive to his surroundings now than he had been, as the least noise attracted his attention. Once he started a couple of deer on his left, and at another time he heard the grunt of a wild boar not far to the right. Other signs also led him to think that there was no lack of game in that region, and to remark to himself, "The usurper must have more games than guests this year, else he would not allow so many deer and bears to wander in these woods. By my faith were I as near home as I believe I am to the hermit's cave, I would be strongly tempted to grace my own larder with some of them."

Finding himself at length in a region abounding in deep, picturesque glens and fossiliferous caverns, he congratulated himself that his journey would soon be at an end. As he was unfamiliar with the region, however, he experienced greater

difficulty in discovering the object which he sought than he had anticipated. He was standing at the base of a rock near the river Elwy, peering hesitatingly into the yawning mouth of a cave, when a voice from the gloomy depths within bade him enter. He did as he was bidden. He had not proceeded far when the voice again addressed him. It was now within a few feet of him, and said,

"The safety of thy head no less than the health of thy heart requires humility. Stoop and follow me."

The bard obeyed, though he found it no easy matter owing to his heavy burden; and a moment later he was led into a large open space, not unlike a spacious room dug out of the rock, but which in reality was a natural cavern. In the center of this cavern a bright fire was burning, and beyond was dimly seen a rude contrivance resembling a table, and a clumsy cupboard in the vicinity of which hung a crucifix over a bed of rushes.

"This, then, is the hermit's abode," inwardly remarked the bard as he seated himself on a large bear skin near the fire, "and this stern-looking, clean-shaven, and tall individual, clad in sack-cloth gown and hood, and girt with a rope of rushes, must be the hermit himself,"

"The seclusion of the woods has less attraction for the bard in these modern times than in the days when priests and bards alike studied the mysteries of the groves. I, therefore, infer, venerable bard, thy presence here betokens a mission of

some importance. But thy business however pressing in its nature, can wait till I offer thee some refreshments."

Thus the hermit spoke while placing a newly-lighted torch on a sort of candlestick extending from a crack in the rock. Then throwing open the doors of the cupboard he took two small wooden dishes, one containing barley bread, and the other sweet-smelling herbs, and placed them on a low stool before the bard. To these he added a drinking horn filled with water, and after pronouncing a blessing in Latin he said somewhat apologetically,

"If the palate which is accustomed to the luxuries of princes can relish what heaven has ordained for hermits thou art welcome to this humble fare."

"Holy father, I shall find no fault with your fare," said the bard concealing his disgust at what was set before him; "but it would greatly add to my pleasure were you to partake with me."

"The meal is scarcely enough for one," was the reply. "Besides I have already eaten more than I deserve to have. It is for priests and monks to fast and not to feast; to crucify the flesh and exercise the soul in all good works. The holy saints—may they ever defend us—left us not an example of worldly ease, but of patient suffering and self-denial. But thou art not here for a homily."

"Assistance and advice, holy father, would better suit my present

want," said the bard, striving to satisfy his hunger with the scant **ply** of food set before him; "and this letter, whose author is not unknown to you, will acquaint you with the mission which brought me here."

Taking the letter handed him, the hermit moved closer to the lighted torch, and while he pursued the writing the bard watched his face in silence. He beheld no sign of interest, however, other than the lifting of the eye-brows once or twice.

"I commend thy wisdom in assuming that guise," presently remarked the hermit folding the letter, "for the slayer of thy father is no friend of thine."

"Nor is he, holy father, a friend to Wales. He is an usurper, and a tyrant, whose foot is on the neck of every true son of Cambria."

"Thou speakest truly, and certain expressions in this letter seem to indicate that at least one of his half-brothers shares in thy opinion."

"Can you not lend your aid to rid the world of our common enemy, and thus advance the cause of freedom?"

"I am, as thou seest, a man of peace; to bear arms is not among the functions of a priest."

"A priest may advise those who are willing to bear arms, especially when stimulated with the promise of a rich reward. If I be elevated to the throne of the Deheubarth, as I shall be when the usurper is out of the way, I shall surely remember all my friends."

"My first advice to thee is to

count the cost before entering on a course that may prove fatal to thee while thine enemies escape unscathed. 'What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?' So says sacred writ. Art thou prepared to meet Gryffydd ap Llewelyn on the field of battle?"

"No; but is there not another and surer way to encompass his destruction? The dagger sometimes succeeds where the sword fails."

"Ay, Julius Cæsar, the first invader of our sacred soil had reason to think so when treason ended his career. But he that would wield the dagger must take his life in his hand."

"That will I most gladly do, if you will aid me to crawl into the tyrant's favor. Perchance you have a friend at court who needs a servant."

"Bards find easier access to the hearts of kings than do servants. Canst not thou play well the part of a bard as well as assume his disguise?"

"My father thought me equal to his chief bard, and often did I fan his patriotism into a burning flame."

"If thou art not too much fatigued perhaps thou wilt favor me with one or two of thy favorite songs," suggested the hermit as he removed the empty dishes to the table, and set the low stool between the table and the cupboard.

Uncovering his harp the pseudo bard immediately set himself to

humor a man that was likely to be a most efficient accomplice in his murderous undertaking. He had a good voice, and his fingers as they touched the harpstrings evinced more than ordinary skill.

"That will do," said the hermit when the professor paused. Then he continued, "The Christmas festivities, as thou must know, have already begun, and to-morrow Gryffydd's banquet will be graced by the presence of eminent and noble bards. There is thy opportunity; avail thyself of it."

"Your excellent and wise suggestion, holy father, shall find me its willing slave," was the reply, "provided you help me to remove a difficulty that seems all but insurmountable. A bard who aspires to courtly favor must be known to fame. The whole of Gryffydd's dominion will be represented at the banquet, and I, despite my hoary locks, cannot claim distinction even as a local bard of note."

"Then thou must bring greeting from the North. Thou shalt be presented as the chief bard of one of the Highland chiefs. I am not unacquainted with the customs of the Scots, and therefore can teach thee all thou needst to know before the banquet."

"Ha, ha, good! Perhaps you will also accompany me to the castle, or at least find a way to introduce me to some friend high in courtly favor. I might easily worm myself into

kingly esteem through the influence of Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, the king's half brothers; but they must not be suspected of knowing me, much less of being connected with a scheme such as we are determined to carry out."

"Thou needest not trouble thyself about that. I will write thee a letter of introduction, which thou must hand to Einion ap Howel. Thou wilt find him this evening at the Red Dragon Inn in St. Asaph, whither thou must go after a while when thou art sufficiently rested. I expect a friend of mine to call here in the course of the evening, and he will be glad to conduct thee there. And by the way, thou wilt do well to cultivate his friendship, for he may be able to render thee valuable assistance."

Much pleased with these suggestions the pseudo-bard now laid his harp aside, and wrapped it in its covering. He also temporarily removed his false hair and beard, that he might feel more comfortable, and resuming his place near the fire he listened to a few instructions from the hermit relative to the part he was to play on the morrow. He did not evince the least surprise at the unscrupulous character of the hermit; on the contrary, his face, which was neither old nor bad-looking, showed much pleasure at what he heard. Perhaps the general corruption of that age, and his knowledge of the clergy caused him to make undue allowance.

CHAPTER II.

The Red Dragon Inn.

The Red Dragon Inn, which was a barnlike structure with walls of branches woven together, and a thatched-roof, was situated near the center of the village of St. Asaph. Two small rooms in the rear of the building were devoted to the use of the landlord's family, while a much larger room than either or both of them had long been a place of pub-

pleasure also that he always greeted the arrival of Christmas eve; not that he cared especially for the deeper sentiments connected with it, but rather because superstition and popery had gathered around it a number of customs, more pagan than Christian, that tickled his fancy and proved remunerative to his pocket. As usual, therefore, the day before Christmas found him superintending the making of garlands and festoons of evergreen, which were



St. Asaph.

lic resort for the peasants of that vicinity, and of accommodation to the traveler. There were occasions, also, when the landlord, to his great delight, found a representative or two of the upper classes among his guests, and it is safe to say he never failed to turn these rare visits to his own advantage. It was with much

duly hung on the bare walls of the hall and on the posts that supported the roof. Then after engaging the services of another bard in addition to the one that he employed on ordinary occasions, he seated himself on the rush-covered floor, before a fire in the center of the room, to contemplate the decorations as best

he could through the clouds of smoke that gradually rose toward a hole in the roof, and to wait for the merry crowd that he expected in the evening. Nor did he have to wait long before the peasants came dropping in, accompanied by their wives or sweethearts, and grouped themselves as near the fire as possible. As in these more modern times each newcomer had some remark to make about the weather, to which the landlord replied with due gravity that it was an unusually cold winter. Then as if in acknowledgement of this sage observation the newcomer ordered his drinking-horn filled with *cwrw* (ale), while the bards, who had promptly assumed their places, entertained the constantly increasing company with harp and voice.

The guests already numbered more than a score when Hoel, accompanied by a man clad in the garb of a peasant arrived, and found a place near the fire. As Hoel was much in the company of Einion ap Howel it was generally believed that he was the overseer of his estates, and as both found this impression rather convenient, neither of them took any pains to explain their true relation to each other. The landlord sharing with the others present in the popular belief was effusive in his words of welcome, and expressed the hope that the lord of Colsul was in good health.

"His lordship's health was never better," said Hoel. Then he continued to the delight of all. "I should not be surprised to see him

enter at any moment to try the quality of your mead on his way to the castle."

"It will not be the first time for his lordship to taste the mead made at the Red Dragon," remarked the landlord with no small degree of pride; "nor will he find it less to his liking than usual. I hope you find it to your taste."

"If he finds the mead as much to his taste as I find this *cwrw* is to mine, methinks he has no reason to complain," said Hoel's companion, who being taken for what he appeared to be, an ordinary peasant, had received but little attention.

"I infer from your speech that you are not from these parts," observed the landlord, on whom the compliment was not lost. "You are, I take it, from the south."

"You have rightly guessed," said Hoel; "but he is no less a Welshman on that account."

"No less a Welshman to be sure," echoed the landlord. "It does not follow that a man is not a Welshman because he is a *Hwntw*. You know that we of the North call the people of the South *Hwntws*; but we all know that there is no little difference between the Welsh of the two sections, and between different parts of the same section for that matter. I have heard so many dialects that I can tell almost to a certainty whether a man is from Dyved, Powys or Gwynedd, and from what particular part of each."

Further conversation on this subject was prevented at this point by the entrance of Einion ap Howel

with a few attendants, and his presence produced a marked sensation among the guests, who promptly made room for him by the fire near Hoel and his companion.

"Bring the lord of Colsul some of your best mead, some that is even better than this you have brought me," said Hoel to the landlord, who now that a great chieftain was among his guests felt very self-important.

"Ay, bring me the best you have, or else the Red Dragon shall not see me again soon," commanded Einion with a sly wink at Hoel. "And let us have some more music, and let it be of the lively kind too."

The bards who had just stopped playing when Einion entered immediately obeyed, and while they poured forth a stream of melodious sounds Hoel handed the chieftain a letter he had previously received from the hand of his companion. The act attracted no undue attention, nor did the company evince any added degree of curiosity when Einion, after draining his drinking-horn nearly to the bottom, arose and retired to a spot where one of the numerous rush candles which dimly lighted the room was burning. As the letter was short, its perusal required but a moment, and the chieftain was about resuming his place by the fire when he noticed that a buxom lass, who had just arrived with her lover, was unconsciously standing beneath a bunch of mistletoe, and he kissed her, greatly to the amusement of all. The maiden took the kissing in good

part, considering it more of an honor than an indignity to be kissed by a lord, and as she blushing joined the other young people accompanied by her lover, Einion returned to his seat, and gave a significant nod to Hoel and the man by his side, whom the reader has doubtless already guessed to be the bard whom Einion had seen at St. Winifred's Well several hours before. In the conversation that followed, however, no reference was made to the letter or to the character that Hoel's companion was assuming.

Though Einion had no intention of staying long at the inn when he entered, he found the mead so much to his liking that he seemed to forget that he was on his way to king Gryffydd's court. Nor did he lack for amusement. The sensation caused by his kissing the maiden had scarcely subsided when another mirth-provoking incident occurred. A stout, rosy-cheeked country girl arrived with a number of others, and stood for a moment under the mistletoe glancing around the dimly-lighted hall. A burly fellow with red hair and beard, bent on following the example of Einion ap Howel, sought to steal a kiss from her, but the damsel was too quick for him, for she gave him a box on the ear that sent him back to his place by the fire like a cur that had received a whipping, amidst a loud outburst of laughter.

"Ha, ha, good! excellent!" said Einion with uncontrollable mirth. "Iolo Goch has at last met his match, and in a girl too! by St.

Winifred, I never saw him so completely cowed before."

"If he is wise," remarked the landlord after another outburst of laughter, "he will take lessons from your lordship before he again attempts to kiss a girl."

"I fear he is too old to learn," said Hoel tauntingly; "for one who would gain favor with the fair sex must learn that there is a difference between trying to steal a kiss and trying to sieze a bullock by the horns."

"Iolo Goch being of a disposition to resent rather than to enjoy a joke when its object was himself made no effort to conceal his displeasure at the merriment he had caused; nor did he fully recover his good humor during the rest of the evening.

It was about an hour after Iolo Goch's discomfiture that Einion ap Howell informed the company that he understood that there was a penillion singer of no mean ability in the hall, and said that he doubted not that they would be very glad to hear him sing. A murmur of applause showed that he had not mistaken the mood of the crowd, and while many curious eyes scanned the faces of those sitting around the chieftain, Hoel's companion arose and said with assumed modesty.

"The lord of Colsul means well, and I humbly thank him for the compliment he has kindly condescended to pay me; but I fear he has raised your expectations too high. Singing with the harp as you

all know is an art peculiar to the Welsh, and demands a musical skill which few can hope to acquire."

"It is not a speech that we want, but singing," put in the chieftain. "Nor do we want any apologies."

"Good, ay, let us have penillion singing," echoed the crowd. "His lordship knows exactly what we want."

"Penillion singing you shall have then," was the reply; "but I warn you against expecting too much."

"Ednyved," said the landlord, addressing one of his harpers, "you accompany him on your harp, and if he succeeds in confusing you I shall be greatly surprised. Remember that the honor of Gwynedd is at stake."

It was one of the peculiarities of penillion singing that the singer and the harper were placed much in the relation of enemies to each other, the one doing his best to confuse the other, or put him out of tune. This was well understood by the harper on this occasion, and with the confidence of an expert player he commenced a popular air, the singer sounding not a single note until the harper had played through several bars. Then he struck in with a suddenness and volume of voice well calculated to confuse the harper, especially as he was designedly as far as possible from the key. The one, however, was a match for the other, and after crossing and recrossing each other for some time they ended the stanza in the most approved style, and in perfect harmony. The harper commenced

again, holding his own against the sudden outburst of the singer, and playing the air in good time, and without a single false note, while the singer allowed his voice to wander hither and thither, high and low, only to return to the key in time to end the stanza with the tune. The third time the harper was put out of tune, greatly to the amusement of the company, but he had his revenge during the singing of the fifth stanza, as he succeeded in disconcerting his antagonist. Thus the evening wore on, the performers displaying as much good humor as skill, and the merry company manifested unabated interest. When the singer sat down there was no lack of applause or congratulations. Even the landlord admitted that the Hwnnw had acquitted himself in the most admirable manner, but not until Einion ap Howel had expressed his appreciation of the performance both of the harper and the singer.

Much as the chieftain would like to have prolonged his stay at the inn he now tore himself away, and was followed into the street by Hoel and his disguised companion. Then presently the latter, much to the delight of the now hilarious guests, re-entered the tavern, while Einion ap Howel and his attendants proceeded to Rhuddlan Castle. The harper who had been at rest during the penillion singing, was now entertaining the company with a medley of Welsh airs. But an occasional titter among the young, and an occasional burst of laughter from the

half-intoxicated, followed by cries for silence, indicated that some at least were but indifferently entertained. This was due not so much to a lack of bardic skill on the part of the performer as to the preoccupation or silly mood of some of the company. When at length the bard paused, the general hum of voices was resumed, and various superstitions associated with Christmas eve were discussed. In those dark days, and for centuries later, it was generally believed that during the holy season "the bird of dawning" exerted his power throughout the night, and that no spirit ventured to walk abroad. There were some also who insisted that the cattle kneel on Christmas morning in homage to the child of Bethlehem. When the guests at the inn had spent some time discussing these and kindred superstitions, Hoel suggested "singing under the eaves" as a diversion. According to this ancient custom among the Welsh, festive occasions, especially in the halls of the nobility, were enlivened during the night by one bard going outside to sing and play under the eaves, while the other remaining near the fire answered his less fortunate brother. It was decided who should go out by casting lots; but the bards had to exchange places in case the one on the outside composed a better stanza than the one on the inside, the guests being the judges.

As the night was very cold, neither of the bards favored Hoel's suggestion, ostensibly because the customs belonged more to the halls of the

great than to an inn, but really because each feared that he would be the one to go out in the cold. The guests, however, to whom the suggestion was most acceptable forced the bards into compliance with their desire, promising that the competition should not last very long. The lot falling on the bard who had taken part in the penillion singing, he accordingly stationed himself outside near the door, and accompanying himself on the harp he sang in a loud voice as follows:—

"The stars are making love to me,
And great is my resentment;
Fair lasses there I wish to see,
And share their sweet contentment."

To this the bard inside the inn loudly replied,

"Heed not the stars, go ask the moon
Thy loneliness to pity;

No doubt she'll smile upon thee soon,
If thou but sing a ditty."

After this bardic banter had lasted so long that the shivering bard without began to despair of being able to surpass his antagonist, the company within came to the agreeable conclusion that his wit entitled him to a place near the fire, and the other bard reluctantly stationed himself outside and sang and played until he also was so overcome with the cold that he could perform his task only with the greatest difficulty. He felt, as his fellow-bard had also felt, that the flow of ideas and words was not so easy in a frosty atmosphere as it was by a cheery fire. Hence he was glad when the guests not only gave a decision in his favor, but also declared themselves suffi-

ciently satisfied with the whole performance to bring it to a close.

It was past midnight when the half-frozen bard resumed his place by the fire, and he found a hornful of steaming mead particularly acceptable at this time. As he sipped his beverage he noticed that several of the men had imbibed so freely that they now lay on the rush-covered floor in a drunken sleep. Not a few of the women also now, that the excitement of the bardic contest was over, began to show signs of drowsiness, although they had scarcely more than tasted either cwrw (ale) or mead. They were as unaccustomed to sitting up all night as they were to spending an evening away from home. Nor would they have consented to spend Christmas eve in a tavern with their husbands and lovers had not their ancestors done so from time immemorial, or to stay till morning had it not suited their convenience to do so, as they were, in conformity to an old Welsh custom called *plygain*, or the crowing of the cock, in the habit of congregating with all other parishioners that were able to attend in the cathedral at St. Asaph.

The ecclesiastical structure just alluded to crowned the summit of the eminence upon which the town was built, and in its construction the builders had followed the usual cruciform plan with central tower. It was plainer than the present cathedral, and yet at that time it was the most pretentious building in that whole region. A glance at its exterior showed that it was al-

ready lighted, and at about three o'clock in the morning nearly the whole company gathered at the inn, including Hoel and his companion, proceeded to the cathedral, while other, and let us hope, more godly and consistent parishioners, directed their steps to the same sacred place from other directions.

As the worshipers seated themselves on the plain fixed benches in the interior of the cathedral, there was much to excite their admiration as well as to inspire them with reverence. The chandeliers, which were all brilliantly lighted with tall wax candles, were decorated with festoons and wreaths of evergreens, with a sprinkling of red berries. The walls also were adorned with appropriate Christmas designs, while holly arranged in a carelessly artistic way along the chancel rail, and massed about the altar, on which stood fifty lighted wax candles of equal length with those in the chandeliers, combined with a star suspended above the altar, and banners with texts in relief on the walls, in producing a most pleasing effect.

Presently, after the members of the surpliced choir had taken their places came a solemn procession, in which the most imposing personage was the Bishop of St. Asaph in full canonicals. He was preceded by the cross-bearer, in a purple cassock; two servers, with lighted candles, wearing lace cottas; and two acolytes with red cassocks, while a number of ecclesiastics brought up the rear. Starting from

the altar, and singing the Christmas anthem, the procession advanced down the nave, around the church, then up the nave. The bishop then proceeded to the altar, and assisted by the subordinate clergy, duly conducted the Christmas service. At the conclusion of prayer and a sermon, the people continued in their places singing psalms and hymns with great devotion till broad daylight, when they dispersed to engage in the festivities of the day.

CHAPTER III.

The Royal Banquet.

Christmas day, which is ever fraught with much to gladden the hearts of men, found the Vale of Clwyd clad in a mantle of pure whiteness decked with innumerable frosty gems, which, in the brightness of the morning sun sparkled gloriously like so many rare jewels. As it lay like a sleeping child in its cradle of hills, only those accustomed to its loveliness could discern in its winter attire the least trace of the tranquil beauty which charmed the admiring Rambler in spring and summer. A cold, sharp wind blew from the sea, and moaned among the snow-covered branches of the giant oaks and tall evergreens which dotted the valley, and stood guard on the hills, while the river, quietly yet successfully struggling against the encroachments of the frost, constantly murmured as it glided by pastoral hills and ancient groves, or hid among the reeds and willows, or meandered

through the localities made dear and sacred to the heart of Cambria by the triumphs or defeats of her brave sons. Near the confluence of the rivers Clwyd and Elwy, and a few miles north of the hermit's cave stood Rhuddlan Castle, a crude fortress built, according to some of the leading authorities, by Llewelyn ap Sitsyllt, and now occupied by his illustrious son Gryffydd. The castle as it now stood possessed neither architectural beauty nor grandeur, being a low long-roofed structure of red stone with a round tower of the same material, surrounded on three sides by a strong wall and a trench of considerable dimensions, and protected on the other by the royal barracks and the river. Compared with the palatial residences of the great in modern times it was indeed a poor abode for a king; but in that half-civilized age, when the common people lived in rude huts made of branches woven together, and when nearly all of the nobility and gentry dwelt in low, clumsy buildings of timber, not a few of the vassal chiefs regarded it with a twinge of envy. Like all the princely dwellings of the period in Wales the castle was divided into nine apartments, of which the hall was the most spacious and important. In the center of the apartment, between two of the six wooden columns which supported the roof, and near the screens extended across the room, a large fire sent cloudy billows of smoke in search of the opening which served for a

chimney. The hall, decorated for the occasion with evergreens, was already well filled with guests, and new arrivals were being constantly announced. In the upper part near the fire sat king Gryffydd with his two sons, his two half-brothers, nine of his officers, and the most distinguished guests; in the lower part sat four of the other officers of the court, with the less distinguished guests and members of the household. The queen and princess were not present, as they were assigned by court etiquette to an adjoining apartment. The most conspicuous as well as most dignified personage in the hall was the king. Though slightly built, and below the average in stature, his fiery eye, strong nose, and firm lips pronounced him both noble and royal. Like most of his courtiers he was clad in a tunic of white linen cloth, and in common with the other princes present his neck was adorned with the *Eurdorchawg*, or chain of twisted gold links. The circlet of gold which intermingled with his long, deep red hair, and the superior quality and workmanship of his armlets and anklets declared him monarch of all Wales. Near the king on the left sat the chaplain of the court, a middle aged man of keen perception and scholarly habits, who deplored the spiritual degeneracy of the times, and the dense ignorance of the masses. Next to him, also in a seat of honor, was the judge of the court, whose duty it was to decide in matters pertaining to the royal family and court. On the floor

directly in front of the king sat a youth who kept Gryffydd's feet warm by chafing them, and by wrapping them in his mantle. Among those on the king's right, Meredith and Ithel, who bore some resemblance to their royal father, claimed no little attention, one being the prince royal, and the other the ruler of the household,

This young prince was tall and graceful, with dark hair and eyes denoting a mixture of Celt and Euskarian, and a strong, pleasant face suggestive of thoughtfulness and determination. In close proximity to him at the head of ten other bards of note, sat the family bard tuning his harp, and occasionally casting an anxious glance in the



The Vale of Clwyd.

upon whom devolved the care of the royal family in the absence of the king. Both were surrounded by a number of the younger princes and nobles, prominent among whom was Trahaiarn ap Caradoc, a nephew of Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, the elder of Gryffydd's half-brothers.

direction of the door. Presently the head steward, whose duty it was to see that the officers of the court were properly seated as well as to superintend the feast, observing the family bard's anxiety approached him and whispered.

(To be continued.)



A HOMELY PILGRIMAGE.

 By Tom Jeffreys.

As I was let out of the capacious and comfortable new home, says William R. to me, "This is the old house where I was born and the rest of us, and wherein the old man, and the old woman too, labored to feed and dress us children." Stepping across a passage, we entered the old home, the scene of domesticity in years gone by. The new house had hardly been completed before the old man became suddenly sick and died. "I really believe, that if mother had her way she would spend the remainder of her days in this old log building; and sometimes, when I think of it, I feel homesick, feel a kind of longing for the years of youthful happiness I experienced within these simple antiquated walls. There is more style in the new house, but somehow when I step inside, I feel like coming home. It is a pretty comfortable home for dogs, cats and chickens, ain't it? William inquired.

"It seems so; but I really believe it is too good an establishment for mere animals," said I, for the old log building in spite of its lack of art was a solid, substantial edifice, and appeared to be more serviceable than the contiguous frame building.

William proceeded: "These two houses represent two epochs: an

epoch of incessant labor, and an epoch of comparative ease; an era of ambition and an era of fruition; for I can tell you, this old house stands for struggles and conquest over wild nature, a period of sowing in sorrow and tears; and this new house is the realization of the hopes and yearnings of many years.

"My father was a native of Carmarthen, and when a young man he was suddenly filled with an unconquerable desire to emigrate to America, a very Canaan in the sight of the oppressed in the rural districts of Wales. Being in love with mother, then a mere girl of 18, he proposed to take her with him, and having been in the course of a month married, they sailed for America in a slow ship, completing the weary journey in fifteen weeks. Simple, honest, hardworking couple! Their sole aim in life was to work and build a home by dint of hard work, and the practice of simple economy. After a long journey by ship, boat and wagon, they reached this part of the country (then a wilderness) with a few dollars, stout arms, and hopeful hearts; and father started to work, and mother co-operated to clear this piece of land. Of course, the good neighbors gave Christian assistance. In this wilderness, my father and

mother found more Christian hearts and helping hands than he ever dreamt of as existing in this world. In these woods he found fellow-feeling growing high and stout, and brotherly love seemed to thrive in a wonderful way. The neighbors helped them to build a home; one gave them a cow, the other a hog, the other a horse, the others supplied them with necessities, and all were anxious to do some act of kindness; for in this unsophisticated settlement was a Christian feeling of mutual help. The community was made up of one class—the laboring; every member of the society was equal, and enjoyed equal rights and privileges; and not one of them affected a superiority over the others. The minister or the “preacher,” as he is called, was one of them, and although he preached every Sunday, visited the sick, and buried the dead, he never pretended to be infallible over his fellowmen, and never had the airs of a man with supernatural rights over his neighbors. He was their friend and co-worker; he never had the effrontery to remit their sins, but always directed them to One able to save and pardon.

Talk about churches, abbeys and cathedrals, there never was a more serviceable and a more efficient house of God and gate of heaven than yonder little log chapel where this little community attended God’s service, where the settlers came together every Sunday afternoon to read God’s word, and where we met week nights to sing old po-

pular Welsh hymns, which we call “ysgol ganu,” and where the old characters would congregate once a week to humiliate themselves before the great throne of God, for these were really worshipers of the Most High. They are fast disappearing—the veterans who with their axes cut down the forest which covered these farms 40 years ago. A few more deaths, and the old generation of pioneers shall have gone! The story of their deeds of self-sacrifice—those days of clearing the woods (for the paradise you behold was not created, but made by these farming heroes who accomplished all this by untiring efforts), yes those days are mere echoes to-day, and to us descendants, they are romances.”

“But let me tell you of the pilgrimage,” he proceeded, “which my father made. That is the goal I am driving to. The next town to our settlement was P——, and although father had been settled here for fifteen years he had not been there once. It was John and myself’s job from the time we were mere kids to take eggs and dressed chickens there occasionally. Previous to that father had disposed of such things through neighbors as agents, but as soon as John and myself were able to go we took that little business into our hands. The town was fully ten miles away, as the crow flies; and it always took Jack and me all day. The path was through woods primeval, shaded, silent and solemn; and to us light-hearted lads it seemed

at first awful in its unbroken shade. After many trips we became very familiar with the route, and could direct our steps without hardly any thought. We knew pretty nearevery tree, every shrub, every stump and hole along our path, but to a stranger the journey would have been bewildering.

"One breakfast time it struck father that he would go for once to town with the basket of chickens and eggs, and mother might as well have argued with a post as with him that Saturday morning. It was then six o'clock, and the day was bright as promise.

"Yes," said Jack, "let pap go for once; he'll get there all right. Go just east and you can't miss it."

Before seven father was out with the basket on his arm, and giving instructions to us as to what to do during his eventful absence. It was so unusual a thing, that it seemed to mother and us boys and girls like a holiday, a Queen's Jubilee, or a centenary, and father in his new role seemed to us a kind of hero. As soon as he was prepared to strike out we (Jack and I) began to describe his route with a view of instructing and directing his movements, until the old man became a little rattled and peevish; and he started with some bad-tempered expressions, which showed that he was impatient of our instructions. However, until he got out of sight Jack and I holloed and yelled after him directions which he thought were utterly superfluous and annoying.

"Father did not know much about geography, or the cardinal points, although he had discovered that the sun rose in the east, and set in the west. He knew also that the town of P—— was east. He traveled and traveled for hours, without sighting the town he was seeking for the first time; ne tramped and tramped for some hours more, but still he found himself in the wilderness, lost entirely, without the slightest notion as to where the west or the east was; he wandered and wandered for hours more, until he perceived that the sun was setting, and the twilight was creeping along stealthily. He now became nervous, anxious and alarmed. The cold perspiration broke out; he began to tremble; strange doubts and misgivings rushed through his mind; his heart sunk within him; a prayer came to his lips, and he was about to deliver his spirit into the hands of his Maker when he beheld a bright light through the darkness, and he sighed like one relieved of a great burden. He was by this time utterly bewildered and dazed, and was oblivious of all except the little comforting light in some inviting window. He hurried thither, and knocked at the door, which was forthwith opened, and there stood mother and we kids wondering how father had succeeded in his travels. He placed the basket on the table; and taking off the covering mother ejaculated,

"Wel, y mawredd anwyl, what's the matter, William?"

"I bet you, mam," said my brother

Jack, "father has been playing John Bunyan."

Father turned around, peevish, and said he to mother, "It's time for these young ones to be in bed."

So we prepared to retire, and instead of going up to our room, we hid ourselves in the parlor, and heard the old man confessing to mother how it all happened. Mother laughed and laughed, and we heard her tell father:

"Now, don't you show the kids anything, because they'll plague patience out of you. Jack wanted

to bet Bill all the morning that you would see more trees than customers."

So many amusing and endearing incidents happened in this old home, that I love it more than this more pretentious edifice. Father had no talent for anything beside hard labor, and whenever there was a bargain to be made mother was called. We never mentioned the unfortunate pilgrimage in his presence, and he died thinking we were ignorant of his failure.



THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

By J. D. Morgan.

The oriole upon the wing,
The early blossoms of the spring,
A cascade in a rural nook,
A placid lake and winding brook,
A waving field of golden grain,
A gallant steamer on the main,
A rugged mountain, steep and high,
A peaceful rainbow in the sky,
An apple tree when in full bloom,
A blushing rose of rich perfume,
The ocean when its waves run high,
The glories of a sunset sky,
A sturdy oak whose strength sublime
Withstands the ravages of time,
The ocean, gentle and serene,
The costly diamond's brilliant sheen.
All these are pleasing to the sight,

But these afford more true delight:
A brave and conscientious youth,
Who always dares to speak the truth,
A man who is both true and bold
And values honor more than gold,
A vallant man who bravely fights
With sword or pen for human rights,
A friend who is both true and tried,
A wealthy person free from pride.
All praise and honor I ascribe
To him who will not take a bribe,
An honest man—alas how rare—
Whose dealings are all just and fair,
A noble man—long may he live—
Who can an injury forgive,
A man who dreads not being odd
By walking in the ways of God.

THE STRUGGLES OF BLEEDING CUBA.

By Rev. E. A. Watkins of Albany, N. Y.

The United States is at war with Spain. The greatest liberty loving nation in the world is contending with the greatest tyrant. A God-given Republic is in arms against a hell-born monarchy, whose machination for centuries have soiled the pages of human history with the most revolting crimes, and stained its leaves with the blood of innumerable victims. The judgments of Jehovah and the retribution of heaven is about to fall upon Spain, and when the smoke of the present battle has cleared away, no trace of Spain will be left in this western world, and only the dust of its crumbled Empire will be left on Spanish soil.

Spain is a tyrant. Of all the tyrants of history, she is the most tyrannical. Whatever countries she has captured with her merciless armies, she has kept their people in bondage. She placed her grasping hand on Cuba, and claimed it in the name of her king and the Pope of Rome, and from the first day the Spanish flag was unfurled to the summer breezes of the "Pearl of the Antilles," up to this year of our Lord 1898, she has made its people groan under a fearful burden of taxation and wrong. And now I verily believe that Jehovah's judg-

ments are about to fall on Spain for her captivity of Cuba, and the rivers of human blood she has shed in her efforts to perpetuate her infamous power.

My study of history has satisfied me that the Spaniard is half Phœnician and half Danite, and the key to his character is given us in the 49th chapter of Genesis, 17th verse: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that the rider shall fall backward."

The serpent of Jesuitism, that has been a curse to the entire world, was born in the breast of the Spanish Loyola. The cunning, slippery Spaniard has indeed been "an adder in the path" of civilization, biting everybody who dared proclaim liberty or preach the pure and unadulterated gospel of the humble Nazarene.

The Phœnician of modern history is the Canaanite of ancient history, and God declared that the Canaanite should be "a thorn in the flesh and a prick in the eye of my people Israel." And this declaration has been fulfilled. Spain has been a thorn in the flesh and a prick in the eyes of Israel—Great Britain and the United States—the Ephraim and Manasseh of Israel.

Spain bases her absolute and eternal ownership of Cuba on two claims:—

1. By the right of discovery. Well, the devil discovered the garden of Eden, and it was a very bad day for the garden and its population when he did discover it. Rome makes a great deal of fuss over the accidental discovery of the Catholic Columbus. Now, if Rome is anxious to get all the credit that belongs to her for the discovery of one of her children, I am anxious that she shall have all the discredit that belongs to her Catholic child along with it. The poor, unsuspecting Indian received Columbus with every mark of kindness and hospitality, and gave him the best he could find in the chase, and extended to him all the comforts of his humble tepee and wigwam. In return for all these things, this miserable son of the papal church seized the defenceless and powerless red man, and put him in chains, and sent five ship loads of the race to Spain, where they were publicly sold in the markets of Seville. Therefore to this papal pirate belongs the discredit for the establishment of the infamous system of slavery on the American continent; and we can thank God for raising up the noble Lincoln, whose strong hand destroyed slavery in these United States. Rome has made a saint out of Columbus, and perhaps 300 years hence she will make one out of "Butcher Weyler," and slippery Blanco, and all the vicious vipers

who have perpetrated crimes in Cuba,

2. She claims Cuba as a papal gift. Let me present to you as briefly as possible the history of this papal gift. In the 15th century,



Cuban Soldier Equipped.

Portugal was fortunate in having a very enterprising papal king. This king, fearing that his immense army which he used so successfully in the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, would be out of employment, commenced to explore the Atlantic. Beginning in the year 1418, "they ambled Cape Non, discovered Madeira, passed Cape Bojador, occupied the Azores, and reached the Senegal and Cape Verde Islands." Pope

Eugenius IV. granted to Portugal the absolute ownership of all pagan lands, regardless of their present occupants, discovered or undiscovered, between Cape Non and India. The inducement held out to the pope was the great glory that would come to the church through the conversion of the inhabitants. Show me a country that Rome has ever blessed, from Italy, the land of her birth, to bleeding Cuba; wherever Rome has gone she has been a curse and a burden, and her cruel

voyage that Columbus, on the 12th day of October, 1492, discovered Cuba.

Another pope was now in the papal chair, and as there was danger that the Spanish discoveries might come in conflict with those of the Portuguese, Pope Alexander VI., the infamous Borgia, himself of Spanish birth, not only confirmed the right of the Spanish crown to the newly discovered countries, but designated a line to be drawn due north and south, one hundred



Cuban Soldiers Breakfast at captured Block House, near Matanzas.

and bloody hand has ever sought to throttle liberty and extinguish light.

While the Portuguese were cautiously making their way eastward toward India, Columbus conceived the idea of sailing westward, over the wild waste of waters, and thus reach the desired and much-coveted goal of gold. It was on the first

leagues west of the Azores, from one extremity of the world clear to the other, and gave all lands east of this line to Spain.

The Spaniards made their first settlement on the Island of Hayti, or Hispaniola. The native population, amounting to about three millions, were reduced to 50,000 in

eighteen short years, by the hardships of Spanish slavery, for which they were totally unfit.

Having exhausted the island, Don Diego Columbus, son of Christopher Columbus, determined to place

sake the god of his race, and accept the teachings of Rome, promising him for his abjuration a home in heaven. He turned to the cowed brute of Rome, and asked if there were any Spaniards in heaven. The



Spanish Guerilla Band.

his greedy paw on Cuba. He selected for the enterprise Don Diego Velasquez, whom he sent with 300 Spaniards to Cuba. They landed at Baracoa, without resistance from the Indians, and soon had the entire island in their hands.

An Indian chief named Hatney, who had fled from Hispaniola or Hayti, because of Spanish cruelty and tyranny, rallied a few of his race to resist the march of Velasquez, but he was soon conquered and captured, and sentenced to be burned at the stake. When securely tied by Spanish hands, and the wood piled around him, he was urged by a Franciscan friar to for-

monk assured him there were, and he bravely retorted, "I will not go to a place where I may meet one of that accursed race that has wronged my people."

I don't know whether there are any Spaniards in heaven or not, but I feel very much about them as "fighting Bob Evans," of the Iowa, felt, when he declared, "If I had my way, there would be nothing but Spanish spoken in hell for the next six weeks." In forty years Spanish cruelty got rid of every red man on the island, and to-day not a single aborigine can be found in Cuba.

Spain is an adept at the business

of extermination, but I pray that the moment may be near when some chosen power shall chastise her for all her wickedness, and wipe out her power forever.

If the Pope gave Cuba to Spain, I trust that God will use the United States to take it away from her.

The original name of the island is the name it bears to-day. It was changed by Columbus to Juana, in honor of Prince John of Portugal, and from whom he stole the idea of

In 1762 the island fell into the hands of England, but by the treaty of Paris the country was restored to Spain in 1763. In 1808, when Napoleon deposed the king of Spain, the Cubans took an oath of allegiance to the Spanish crown, and thus they committed the mistake of their lives.

It would be a blessing to Cuba if she were living to-day under the British flag instead of the Spanish flag. I do not want to eulogize the



San Juan de los Yeras.

circumnavigating the globe. Another change was made, and it was called Santiago, in honor of the patron saint of Spain. Not satisfied with this name, another change was made, and this time it was called Ave Maria, in honor of the Virgin Mary; but they finally got back to the name given it by the natives, and it has ever since borne the name of Cuba.

British flag, for the most precious banner to me is the Stars and Stripes of America; but I will say, in justice to Protestant England, and England's flag, that wherever it has been unfurled, human liberty and the Gospel of Jesus Christ have flourished, and has been protected beneath its folds.

The present war in Cuba is one of many magnificent attempts to

cut loose from the Spanish yoke.

In 1829 came the rebellion of the Black Eagle; in 1844, an uprising of the negro population; in 1848, the unsuccessful attempt of Marcisso Loper; in 1850, 1851, 1867 to 1878, wars broke out that were with difficulty suppressed by Spain. In 1878 the United States had an opportunity to give the Cubans their liberty, but gold and Rome interfered, and the opportunity went by, and God has been whipping us ever since for our inhumanity and indifference, and for permitting ourselves to be controlled by anti-Christ.

In the present outbreak Spain is favored by the papacy, and poor Cuba has had its curses, but to me this is an evidence that Cuba will succeed, for, whatever Rome has cursed God has blessed, and vice versa.

I also believe that papal influence is responsible for the disgraceful attitude of our government towards Cuba. Why should we stand cowardly by and see our neighbors suffer when we have always extended our sympathy to struggling nations?

In 1822 President Monroe sympathized with Spanish-America, recognized the belligerency and independence of our southern neighbors, and with his famous measure, now called the "Monroe Doctrine," kept papal hands off these countries forever.

In 1824 we sympathized with Greece in her fight against the inhuman Turks. In 1830 we sym-

patized with Poland, the land of the brave Sobieski, when she was seeking to break the Russian chain. In 1848-9 our hearts were with Hungary, who, led by the valiant and patriotic Kossuth, tried to break the yoke of the popish house of Hapsburg, and thus permit the liberty-loving Hun to wander over his native mountains in freedom and peace. Then, why not sympathize with Cuba, and put our sympathies into Protestant form and demand, if need be, at the cannon's mouth, the freedom of the Cubans!

We have interfered in Cuba because we were morally bound. As a Christian nation we could not stand by and see our Cuban neighbor hacked to pieces by the murderous Spaniard. Our troops are now on Cuban soil. Our soldiers are face to face with the Spaniards. With determination, they grip their swords and rifles, and conscious of the righteousness of their cause, as well as the responsibility of their position, they are prepared to do or die.

Perhaps before the "Cambrian" for July is in the hands of its readers, our soldiers in Santiago will have avenged the murder of Captain Fry and the crew of the *Virginus*, and repaid Spain for the vicious murder of the sailors of the *Maine*. We have taken up arms against Spain, and we will never lay them down until the flag of Cuba Libre proudly waves over the palace of the Captain General in Havana, when

its silken folds can be fanned by the summer breeze, kissed by the silent stars, and hailed by a free and independent people.

"Shall butcher's scenes like these act still?

Insult our flag, our brethren kill?
From widows, mothers, stricken homes,
From rural plains, from city domes,
From friendless orphans' severed ties,

From graves where buried honor lies,
From North to South, from East to West,

One answer comes—one sole behest;
The answer will be verified

When Freedom's banner hailed with pride,

Shall o'er the beauteous Island Queen,
Where now red murder's flag is seen,
And ce'r bold Fry's forsaken grave,
Forever in sad triumph wave."



STAIRCASE PREACHING.

By David Davies.

Montaigne in one of his essays has the following curious remark: "In eloquence lawyers and preachers seem principally to pretend. If I were worthy to advise, the slow speaker, methinks, should be more proper for the pulpit, and the other for the bar." Now it would be interesting to inquire how preachers came to preach slow, and how people came to think and believe that slowness becomes a preacher more than a lawyer. At one time slow preaching was the only orthodox way, and a man that would dare to preach in a lively and natural way would be accounted extremely secular and worldly. There was a time also when preaching was a sorrowful sighing and whining kind of eloquence, and the more lugubrious it was, the better. In some way, slowness was essential to piety; for

the godliness of a brisk and bright talker was forthwith suspected. At that time nature was altogether within the territory of his Satanic Majesty, and to be natural was almost generally considered unholy. A man or a woman that would dare to rise and talk without the regulation sorrowful face and whining voice was reckoned surely ungodly, and even impious. The Bible says that God likes a cheerful giver, but it seemed to be a little creed erstwhile that he loved a lugubrious speaker!

Now, in this little sketch, we do not intend to inquire how and why preachers became addicted to slowness, and very often to immoderate deliberateness in speaking, but to describe an old fashioned preacher and his staircase method of delivering a sermon. When the writer was

young, he had cause many a time to study and familiarize himself with all the peculiarities and singularities of such a method. He knew all about the style before he ever became able to understand the words. For years he listened to slow, deliberate, heavy, droning preaching, and watched the gradual elevation of the preacher's voice with an occasional sudden shout; to sink again into the regular tone. This unexpected swell seemed to be perfectly in order, being a kind of a "feeler" thrown out for purposes of anticipation. When I was a mere boy I could just tell where the preacher was from the way his voice acted. He had a starting out voice, a midway voice, and a concluding voice.

The starting out voice was a vocal performance with considerable variations. He would read his text so low and slow that it took intense silence and supernatural attention to catch it. To know the text was considered a sign of smartness among the young. About one in half a dozen auditors would hear it; the others would get it second hand! I have never been able to guess for what purpose the old preachers read their texts so inaudibly low. There must have been a purpose in it, because it was invariably so read, and by the same preacher in the same identical way. It was read extremely slow, low and deliberate. Unless there was perfect stillness it could not be heard at all. Very often, the preacher would cough dryly as a suggestive

way of commanding silence. This coughs would often suggest thoughts of doomsday. These efficacious warnings would generally be followed by improved attentiveness and increased stillness, which would help to make inaudibility audible. When a small boy I used to have a little diary, in which I had to write the book and chapter and verse the text was in the space assigned for each Sunday, morn and eve. If the text was successfully and correctly chronicled, I felt happy; if missed I was worried the rest of the week. When mere boys, the only thing we were asked to answer was the place of the text and its recital. A short text was always preferable. We had no love for long-texted preachers.

After the text had been read (generally twice) the preacher would expatiate in the same inaudible voice for fully five minutes, he then with a sigh or a cough would raise his voice perceptibly, which the audience would appreciate. With the lifting of his voice, he would lift his face, which during the reading of the text, etcetera, had been fastened to the Bible. This was the first step. He would rise with every new leading thought, higher and higher, interpreting, expounding and exhorting as he kept ascending the scale intellectual as well as vocal. If he seemed at first talking to himself, he appeared now as if preparing to converse with people a mile away. Occasionally he would make an exceptional effort to catch the ears of people in the adjoining

township! But then he would drop back and down again to the key proper to the elevation he had attained. Very often, he would enunciate a whole dozen prolonged and entangled periods in the same unvarying tone, and suddenly he would shout out a certain word or phrase as if they were big caps. This was done to stir up the dormant "hwyl." These occasional shouts would bring out "Amens" from certain quarters, which were sure to act with rebounding effect. The Amens would re-echo the shouts; and in those times an Amen was much more precious than a fact or a truth. These Amens were concentrated glories or spiritual submarine mines, which were let off by electric shocks from the pulpit.

Of late, frequent inquiries have been made as to what has become of these Amens. In modern meetings they are seldom heard. Years ago in Welsh religious cymanvas or "big meetings," as they were called, these Amens could be heard by the hundreds like a volley of musketry. That was the age of "hwyl" and emotion though; and this being an "age of reason," an age of deliberation, the crop of Amens seems to have failed. Sermons now-a-days are rational productions, and they are rationally digested. So the Amens which used to be wasted enthusiasm are now turned to practical use in religious work.

From this time on the preacher would show more fervor and spirit, would speak more distinctly, would warm up to his work, and would

appear to be under the control of his text. It must have been under a spell of this kind that old Williams of Pantycelyn, the author of "Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah," conceived that popular hymn,
Salvation flows and rises high,

Just like the swelling sea—

Higher and higher he would ascend his precatatorial stair, gaining in strength, in hwyl, in efficacy, in power, until the meeting fairly bristled with Amens and symptoms of "arddeliad" would flash like lightning. The preacher would soon seem to have reached the top step, by the height of his voice and thoughts, but he would, after appearing to conclude his peroration, recover himself and repeat this final effort with such a tantalizing expression as "another word" or "a short remark before closing." Very often he would prolong his concluding remarks for fully fifteen minutes, after showing usual and unmistakable signs of ending. When a small boy, long before I could understand a sermon, I was familiar with the several gradations of an old style sermon, and I always congratulated those oratorical peculiarities which were symptoms of the end. But often I was annoyed, and even provoked by repetitions or re-perorations, which were disappointments to a little soul almost dead for want of sleep. The long and devoutly wished for consummation, and the short concluding prayer were always a great relief.

I have oft meditated over the query how this graded preaching

originated, and to what purpose developed, for it seems to be everything but natural. There was, evidently, art and deliberate method in it. Such a style of talking or speaking could never become popular outside the pulpit; but, strange to say, it was for genera-

tions the only regular way of discussing religious questions and inculcating solemn truths. This time-honored style is no longer appreciated; and preachers are adopting the unaffected and natural way of conversing with their audiences.

A CONFESSION.

By a Foolish Man.

Since I am on this little earth,
 Ay, since the morning of my birth,
 I've wronged myself, I tell you, more
 Than have my enemies, a score.

I've felt quite sick and often sore,
 I've to myself been quite a bore;
 I never was so sick, I guess,
 As once through my own cursedness!

And certainly I've been a slave
 To men and things, on land and wave;
 But yet I've lost more liberty,
 Ay, through my own perversity.

I've hunted after many a fake,
 A fad, a folly, a mistake;
 So far astray I never went
 As when I followed my own bent.

No man nor woman, lass nor lad
 Have ever injured me so badly
 Yet as I myself have done—
 I've fairly killed myself with fun!

Nor hell nor heav'n will help me more
 Nor God to help dare I implore;
 What help can any fool expect
 Who does each chance that comes neglect?

I have no friend to comfort me—
 How can I look for sympathy?
 My heart's best feelings me now blame,
 My conscience in me whispers "shame!"

O'er all my miseries I find
 My greatest foe is my own mind!
 I am my own shame hurt and loss,
 My own thief, Judas, Pilate, cross!



FIELD OF LETTERS

Woman's influence is paramount in the world, and hitherto the women of Cymru (Wales) have not cared to use that influence for their country's weal. They have not learnt even the A. B. C. of patriotism. That is a virtue they have not cultivated—hardly recognized. Facts speak for themselves. They have banished an ancient tongue—their mother tongue—the tongue of saints and heroes and princes, from the drawing-room, the school-room and the nursery. They have allowed the picturesque national dress to die out, though ladies at foreign courts take pride in wearing their national dress on gala days.—“Young Wales.”

It is a matter of no small interest as to what will be the effect of our Intermediate Schools upon Young Wales—how far will they modify the future of our country, not only what will be their material effect, i. e., their ability to prepare the young the better to keep pace with the march of civilization, but what will be their social effect; will they tend to weld the population more into one homogeneous social whole than is the case at present; and thirdly, what will be their national effect, their influence on the consciousness which all call Welsh nationality, a consciousness which tends to develop itself in thought and action on unique lines?—J. E. Southall in “Young Wales.”

D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., opens the June number of the “Cerdдор” with an article on the “Personal Traits of English Music,” wherein he shows the English

musicians are not following their own instincts, but copying foreign follies. Then follows papers on “Musicians I knew,” by Isalaw; reports of musical conventions; musical notes; Remenyi, the violinist; editorial notes, &c.

The “Drysorfa” for June contains matter of interest for religious readers. “The Manliness of Moses,” by the Rev. D. C. Davies, M. A.; “Reminiscences of Morgan Howell,” by the Rev. Thomas Levi; “The Doctrine of the Kenosis,” by the Rev. D. D. Jones, Upper Bangor. Such subjects are so abstruse and so far beyond the ken of common readers that it is hard to recognize their utility. “The Late Rev. Thomas Job, D. D.,” by the Rev. James Morris, Penygraig, followed by the usual reports and miscellaneous information. The monthly notes are also interesting and instructive.

There is a perceptible improvement in the appearance of the “Cenhadwr,” the American organ of the Welsh Congregationalists, published at Waterville, N. Y., by the Rev. E. Davies. The June number has an excellent picture of the Rev. Sam Phillips of Dodgeville, Wis., who lately departed this life. There are several articles of interest, viz., Christ as a Preacher, The Character of Paul, Theological Notes, &c. The preponderance of theology in our periodicals seems to commend them to a limited number of readers. A little more secularity would improve them.

“Trysorfa y Plant” has a characteristic picture of the Rev. William John,

Pembont, S. W., with a great variety of reading matter for children of all ages. This number is of unusual merit, and shows the care and good taste of the editor.

The "Cronicl" under its triple editorship contains a miscellany of interesting matter. This little monthly is conducted with considerable freedom, and is not afraid of shadows. It is also progressive, and has no love for conservatism of the stagnated type.

"Cwrs y Byd" is absolutely unsectarian, and has for its object the discussion of public subjects without regard to fashionable weaknesses. Its outspokenness and straightforwardness is truly valuable. It is an extreme hater of social humbugs, and is almost offensively practical. This is certainly acceptable to people who love to have truth stated in as unsophisticated a way as possible. The Penrhiwgaled chapel drama reminds us of Heinric Ibsen's plays. Considerable mustard and pepper are used in the preparation of some of the articles.

The Liberal party needs a leader, and it is rumored that Rosebery will be recalled to fill the position, but "Cwrs y Byd" thinks it will be a blunder. It will be a mistake to select a leader from the House of Lords, as this will make a Lord a necessity, and to have a Lord for a leader of Liberalism will make its policy lordly. If Rosebery be selected, "Cwrs y Byd" will advise the people to stay at home, for what have we in common with Lords.

In an interesting article in the July "Harper's," George W. Smalley gives his opinion of newspaper life, and offers counsel to educated men who intend to become journalists. Mr. Smalley discusses the preparation for journalism considered as the door to

other careers, and the relation of newspapers to modern life.

Mr. William Black's delightful romance called "Wild Eelin" is concluded in the current issue of "Harper's Bazar." The famous English novelist has added to his reputation, if that is possible, by this fascinating tale of Highland life. Its place, as a serial in the "Bazar," will be filled by Mr. Howells's new story, entitled "Ragged Lady," which will run during the remainder of the year, beginning in July. The present volume of this periodical, thus enriched by the works of the two masters of American and English fiction, is sure to be especially valuable to all interested in good reading.

There is a curious historical parallel in the fact that the popular rallying-cry of the Texas volunteers, when fighting a Spanish race in the other half of this century, was "Remember the Alamo!" A stirring reminder of those days on our Western frontier is contributed by Martha McCulloch-Williams to the July number of "Harper's Magazine." It is entitled "A Man and His Knife," and consists of passages from the life of James Bowie, whose exciting career is still remembered in Kentucky and on the Rio Grande, and who died a hero's death at the Alamo, where Texas has erected a monument to him and his comrades with the famous inscription:

"Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

The Welsh monthly, "Cenad Hedd," for January found its way to the library of the King of Slam. His Majesty had heard that the magazine had reached his country, and he requested a learned Welshman to send it to him and translate an "editorial comment" it contained reflections on the life and character of the Far Eastern potentate.

In his new novel, "The Secret of a Hollow Tree," published by Messrs Digby, Long & Co., Dr. Naunton Davies, of Cowbridge, tells in a spirited fashion a story brimful of incident, in which the characters, it is said, are drawn from life, and the scenes set in a fox-hunting district of South Wales. "The whole," declares the "Standard," "is a mixture of melodramatic incident—not badly put together, it must be owned, and the book will possibly please those readers who like their fiction highly colored, crowded with detail, and are satisfied with old-fashioned methods and painstaking workmanship."

The sixth and concluding part of volume I. of "Y Tadau Annibynol," which has now been published, is devoted to a biography of Owen Thomas, or Carrog, prepared by the Rev. O. L. Roberts, of Liverpool. Owen Thomas flourished in the early years of the century, and with the records of his life are skillfully interwoven by the author a remarkably interesting description of the rise of Congregationalism in the island of Anglesey. It is satisfactory to note from the introduction contributed by Mr. L. D. Jones, the energetic editor of the series, that the publication of the history of the "Tadau" has proved a very successful venture, so much so that the preparation and publication of the second volume are being entered upon with a very light heart. A preface to Volume I. has been contributed by Professor J. M. Davies of Bangor.

It is surprising to contemplate the amount of time wasted in arguments over inexplicable points of religion, while no one seems to notice and practice the plain commandments of the

moral law. No one observes the propriety of "doing unto others," &c. The human part of Christianity is neglected, while every one is interested in the supernatural, the super-human. The miracles of Jesus is everything, while His kindness and grace are ignored. If we would study more the humanity of the Savior, we would more thoroughly understand the divine.—"Cwrs y Byd."

In spite of the attempts of the "British Weekly" to deprive the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists of their due honor, the "Drysorfa" claims that the denomination has taken the leading part in the reformation (religious and social) which has taken place in Wales. The Calvinists have been prominent in the most enlightened movements, not excepting the establishments of the Bible Society and the Sunday School. They have led in a good many of the most beneficial institutions; and have not only seen the need of a spiritual awakening, but have worked energetically to procure it.

No fewer than four theological colleges in Wales have migrated to the University College town to obtain the full advantage of assistance. Those that remain at Bala, Trevecca and Brecon are, I feel sure, only prevented from doing so by the traditions of the place, and the sacrifice that have been made to raise the present buildings. It is noticeable that in Scotland there is no single instance, I believe, of a theological college outside of a University town. We all know of the migration of Mansfield College to Oxford, and I learn that a Presbyterian theological college is in course of erection at Cambridge.—"Young Wales."

SCIENTIFIC

Literary purists may find profit in the following happy distinction between style and grammar, drawn by a writer in "Literature:" "An artist in style may make grammatical mistakes, and yet remain an artist. A sentence may be grammatically correct, and yet be infamously written. A comfortable modern house, weather-tight and warm, may be an aesthetic blasphemy, while a beautiful old timbered mansion may let in the wind and rain of every quarter. Grammar is building, style is architecture."

To Remove Mold in Cellars.—"Unslaked lime," says "The Scientific American," "is best suited for this purpose. It is blown, in the shape of a fine powder, on the walls of the cellar and into the joints and crevices by means of the bellows, or else thrown on with the hand. The walls must be damp; dry walls have to be well moistened previously. The lime slakes with the adhering water, and kills all organisms. On the day following the walls are washed off, and, as experience has proved, the cellar will remain free from mold for at least two years."

It now appears that Hamlet was only a victim of neurasthenia. Dr. T. W. Hime, of Bradford, England, has made a thorough diagnosis of Hamlet's case, and has communicated the result to the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society. Hamlet he says, "was a marvelously true representation of a person suffering from a state of instability of the nervous system, and of all the neurotic states dependent on it. * * Hence he became a characteristic victim of neurasthenia, ready to burst out into vehement declarations of his ir-

resistible determinations, but incapable of converting them into action."

The great 60-inch search light which was used at the World's Fair now guards the approaches to the harbor at Norfolk, Va., the latter being protected by means of submarine mines. A modern battery of rapid-fire guns for use against torpedo boats and light-draught gun-boats have greatly increased the efficiency of the fort.

The present is not a religious war, and no religious question enters into it. In Cuba, Spanish and Cubans are all devout followers of Rome, and yet for three years they have been trying to exterminate each other. A citizen's Americanism doesn't depend upon his religious convictions, and no one religion is more American than another. There is as much difference between an American Catholic and the Catholics of Spain as between light and darkness. The Catholics of this country have the same political ideas that all other Americans have. A man can not be raised under free institutions, and have any sympathy with anything Spanish.—Salt Lake Herald.

PEACE IS DULL.

"The most dead, dull, and dejected time in the whole history of English literature was that of the early thirties—a period of profound peace. At one time, I believe in the autumn of 1832, there were hardly any books published at all. It was at that time, I believe, that the world finally rebelled against the rubbish that was forced upon the book clubs as fiction and poetry. The society novel fell never to be revived,

the tales in verse fell, and the book clubs fell, to be revived, perhaps. They broke up, and their place has never since been filled up. I remark, again, that this was, after many years, a time of profound peace."

Writing of the thirteen-inch gun used in our navy, a writer in "The Engineering Magazine" says: "It is difficult to appreciate the power, and at the same time the delicacy, of these great fighting-machines. At the muzzle the immense projectile has been forced through twenty-seven inches of Harveyized steel. At two thousand yards the penetration is twenty-two and one-half inches. The extreme range is thirteen miles. The projectile leaves the gun with a velocity of 2,100 feet per second, or 1,400 miles per hour. A shot can be fired every one and one-half minutes for a period of several hours. The force imparted to the projectile, if properly applied, would lift a battle-ship bodily three feet, and yet this great machine, weighing 145,000 pounds, is as accurate as a high-grade watch."

IMPORTANT HYGIENIC FACTOR

A writer in the "Revue Scientifique" points out that the chemical adulteration of milk is at present one of the most important hygienic factors to be dealt with. It seems that M. Dengies, of Bordeaux, having obtained possession of three samples of yellow powder used by certain milkmen of that city to preserve their milk, made a chemical analysis of it; this showed that two of the powders were composed wholly of neutral chromate of potash; that the third was a mixture of one part bichromate of potash, and two parts neutral chromate, and that the suspected milk had been adulterated with the last substance in the proportion of 0.30 gram to the litre, say, five grains to the quart. The alkaline chromates are, in fact, powerful antiseptics, capable, even

in small quantities, of retarding lactic fermentation very noticeably, if not of stopping it entirely. But, for the deleterious action of these salts on the organism, the "Revue" calls emphatically for their exclusion from food substances.

—o:o—

SLEEP AS AN AID TO DIGESTION.

There is a time-honored notion that a nap after meals promotes digestion, and, filled with this belief, a large number of persons habitually take a nap after dinner, and think they are doing precisely the best thing for their health. There are other good authorities, too, who claim that sleep during digestion clouds the minds and predisposes those who indulge in it to apoplexy and stupidity. A French scientist has made this subject a study, and by exhaustive experiments has discovered that sleep does not aid digestion, but rest and a horizontal position are of great advantage in promoting the proper conditions for perfect digestion and assimilation of food.—New York Ledger.

—o:o—

THE BACTERIAL ERA.

An Italian physician who has devoted years of study to the disease that prevail in tropical countries is of the opinion that every one of them peculiar to those regions is of parasitic origin, or, in other words, the result of bacterial attacks, and that, with the progress of sanitation and hygiene, there will soon be no reason why white men cannot live as safely and as long in hot lands as in those where the temperature is varied by seasons of cold. An interesting and surprising conclusion which he has reached is that sun-stroke, like malarial fevers, cholera, and the plague, is produced not by the sun's action, but by living germs; that it is an infectious disease, and not an accident.

THE RUSSIAN AND THE JEW.

No one really believes that the Jews are a bad lot. On the contrary, they are very able people. In school the Jewish pupil is diligent; the Russian, on the other hand, is lazy, inattentive, and irregular. In general life we find the same state of affairs as in the school. In service, in business, everywhere the Jew is capable, energetic, and industrious, while the Russian is somewhat frivolous. The Russian loves drink, whereas the Jew is always sober. It is for these reasons that we fear them. If we were to let them progress without putting obstacles in the way, they would push us out of everything, and become our masters. You must admit that from our Russian standpoint we can not permit anything of the kind. Hence have originated all our measures against the Jews. We persecute no one; we only defend ourselves, and we must be careful to protect our interests while there is still time.—A Russian Paper.

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Instinct in a Sitting Bird.—It is the belief of M. Xavier Raspail, a French naturalist, that birds know by instinct the exact time that is necessary to hatch out their eggs, so that if the eggs are bad they do not go on indefinitely sitting on them, but abandon them when they have been given a reasonable length of time to hatch. In support of his theory he gives the following observation of a sitting turtle-dove. After noting that the bird left her nest for a short time each day, he says: "The 29th of May the mother did not leave the nest at her usual hour;

at 4 p. m. she was absent for a short time, which enabled the observer to see that the two eggs were yet intact; at 6 p. m. she reappeared, but on the morrow, after several visits, finding the nest unoccupied, I decided to examine the eggs. They were quite cold, and both were without signs of life. The mother had left them exactly on the eighteenth day.

LIZARDS WHICH WALK ERECT.

When drawing attention about a year ago to the biped movements of certain Australian lizards, notably the comical little *chlamydosaurus*, or "frilled lizard," whose photograph is now familiar, Mr. Saville-Kent referred to an unconfirmed rumor that the Mexican iguanoid lizard also possesses the power of running on its hind legs, being led to this by the correspondence in general structure of the creatures, especially the abnormal length of the hind limbs. He publishes a letter from a man living in the West Indies, which shows that there also all the lizards, from the large tree iguana, five feet long, down to the tiniest mites which scamper about among the stones, are accustomed to run erect on their hind legs when hurried. The correspondent adds the interesting information that on the rocks about the watershed of the Guiana are old drawings of lizards running erect. Mr. Saville-Kent points out that this peculiarity, which a year ago was doubted by many naturalists, but which has now been shown to be common to so many different species of lizards, deserves attention as pointing to bipedal locomotion in some remote ancestor.—Nature.



Three towns in North Wales will apply in opposition to Liverpool for the National Eisteddfod of 1900—Rhyl, Pwllheli, and Wrexham. The claims of Pwllheli are supported by Mr. Solomon Andrews, who offers to erect a pavilion at his own cost.

Talking of a Gladstone monument, it must be admitted that the Welsh are slow monument-builders. It is now forty-two years since the first subscriptions were received towards a monument to Llewelyn ein Llyw Olaf. We would rather enshrine our heroes in memory than in marble.

Eisteddfod conductors have broad views when prize money is concerned. A well-known firm of whisky manufacturers wrote to the Cardiff executive committee offering 100p. as the chief prize in an essay competition, and by none was the offer accepted more enthusiastically than by the teetotalers and Nonconformists.

This is how a recent incident is related in the "Evening News:"—"The steamer Restormel, with Cardiff coal, tried to run into Santiago to the help of Cervera. A cry of 'welsher' was raised, and Police-superintendent Schley overtook the offender."

"Where is the Amen?" is the usual query at a Methodist "seiet." Its absence from the services is frequently deplored. The editors of the new Calvinistic Methodist tune-book have restored the Amen at the end of every

tune, but many of the faithful are now greatly exercised over such a "heap of ritualism."

Four shillings a day was the wages of a member of Parliament in the time of Henry VIII., which the Welsh people were specially commanded to pay to their representatives. But, true to their proverb, "He who works for everybody must wait long for his wages," the Welsh people have by this time forgotten all about their obligations.

Two Rhondda men were discussing the incidents of Mr. T. Ellis's marriage. "Beth yw Neithior, bachan?" asked one. "Ond nithwr yw a," replied the other, "yn gwmws felsea ti'n gweid echdo ne drenydd"—which was as good as the reply of the man who, being asked how often he shaved, said, "Twice a week every day but Sunday, and then every day."

"The first question," said a speaker the other day before a representative audience, "they ask you in Glamorgan is, 'What is the price of coal now?'; in Carmarthenshire, 'How does butter sell at Carmarthen?'; in Pembroke-shire, 'How are the pigs at Haverfordwest?'; in Cardiganshire, 'Who was preaching with you last Sunday?' and in Breconshire, 'Who was hanged last at Brecon?'"

Evidently, there is going to be trouble between Wales and America. We have our Dewi Sant and Dewi Day, and

Now that America intends establishing a Dewey Day, also complications are inevitable. For one thing, there are eight weeks and an ocean between the two, so there may be some safety in distance and time.

The North Wales "Chronicle" has the following about Gen. James' article in the June number of the "Cambrian:"

"General Thomas L. James, of New York, a Welshman by descent, has several times travelled through Wales when on a visit to this country, and in the current number of the 'Cambrian,' monthly magazine, there appears from his pen an article entitled 'A Summer Tour in North Wales.' In the opening sentences of this he says—'The majority of American tourists who make a summer trip to Great Britain start for London the moment the steamer touches Liverpool. They overlook the fact that they are within 20 miles of Wales, the Switzerland of the British Isles, a country unequalled for its wild romantic scenery, and full of interest on account of its historic associations.'"

In some parts of Nonconformist Wales Ascension Day is still observed. At Lord Penrhyn's quarries at Bethesda work was entirely suspended Ascension Day. This was not from any religious regard, but in deference to a superstition which has long lingered in the district that work on Holy Thursday, as it is locally termed, inevitably brings with it an accident. No workman will venture within the workings on that day.

Cyclists who reach Abergavenny are surprised to find that the grand old castle is now a hostel, where visitors can rest and dream volumes of Welsh history. The hall where Selyllt ab Dyfnwal and the Princes of Powys were murdered by order of William de Braose is still used for the entertainment of visiting parties, and guests can

sleep in rooms once occupied by Princes. The landlord is an enthusiastic Welshman.

Threatening letters are an old institution in Wales whenever a critical time has appeared in the people's history. They were strewn about at the time of the Rebecca Riots as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. In a house in the parish of Penbryn there is preserved a document which "Rebecca" sent to a local man, threatening to cut him up "small enough for ducks to swallow him." The man lived thirty years after that threat.

The Liverpool "Courier," the "Daily Post" and "Journal of Commerce" have made very favorable notices of Gen. T. L. James' article in the "Cambrian." The Liverpool "Journal of Commerce," June 15, 1898, had the following remarks:

General James' account of his visit is of a somewhat discursive character, but it is none the less readable, and certainly more entertaining than the usual style of description. As a Welshman, by descent at least, the author speaks in favor of the wonderful natural characteristics which have made Wales one of the most popular touring grounds throughout the country, and his description is accompanied by a large number of photographic views, which should certainly appeal to those who have an eye for the beautiful. One of the illustrations is that of our old friend the St. Tudno, which is pleasantly associated in the minds of thousands of visitors to North Wales with one or probably more trips from Liverpool to Llandudno, Beaumaris, and the Straits. The trip in the St. Tudno or the newer St. Elvies has in numberless instances been but the precursor to a more extended tour into the interior of that happy land of beautiful hills and pleasant dales. A perusal of General James's little work

will help one to enjoy and appreciate at its true value much that might otherwise be passed over, or if seen at all viewed with comparative indifference. An excellent portrait of Captain Lewis, of the St. Tudno, accompanied the brochure.

Aberystwyth University College has long had its annual Students' Eisteddfod, and now Bangor has followed suit. There is as yet no talk of a similar institution at Cardiff, but possibly the students, not wishing to mar the success of the great "National" of 1899, are postponing their Eisteddfod until that event is over.

The population of the Rhondda at working times appears homogeneous and Welsh to a remarkable degree, but during the present strike the foreign element seems to be much in evidence. Out of 105 persons applying recently for parish relief six only were Welsh. A like proportion has been observed at the temporary relief stations.

There is in a Pembrokeshire churchyard a unique "englyn," composed by a blacksmith to his wife. It contains but a simple consonant, "L," and Ioan Tegid was much impressed by it. It runs as follows:—

Leah, all llll oleuliw,—wele
All a i welw liw;
A lai—lai o loeyw liw,
Y wiw ael a i wael liw.

A wonderful instance of presence of mind comes from Carmarthenshire. An aged couple, with a servant girl, dwelt together. Dafydd, the old man, was dying upstairs, while Shan was down in the kitchen, refreshing herself. The servant girl rushed downstairs, crying, "Dyfydd is dead!" "Well, well!" replied Shan, "let me drink this broth, and I'll have a good cry after him."

The state of the British mercantile marine as regards the employment of

foreign sailors is well illustrated by the composition of the crew of the Restormel, the Cardiff vessel just captured and taken into Key West. The crew number twenty-three all told—seven officers and sixteen men. Of the seven officers five are British, of the sixteen men only seven, and two of these are stewards. The nationalities represented are Swiss, Norwegian, Sicilian, Swedish, French, Egyptian, Arabian, and Algerian. The crew was shipped at Barry.

Several of the London publishers complain that the inhabitants of the Principality are not book-buyers, and volumes on Wales and the Welsh, whether historical or entertaining, do not receive the recognition they deserve. It is a singular fact that in the North of England and the borders of Scotland books on Wales have larger sales than in the land they mostly concern. "Truly," said a Welsh author, "a prophet is not honored in his own country." But who is to blame? And when will the Welsh people give substantial encouragement to authors born in their midst, who write in the vernacular or in English on subjects dear to the hearts of all who dwell in "Wild Wales."

The June number of "The Cambrian," published in English in Utica by Thos. J. Griffiths, opened with an illustrated article entitled "A Summer Tour in North Wales," from the pen of the Hon. Thomas L. James, LL. D., of New York. The article has drawn wide attention to the magazine, and Publisher Griffiths has already gathered complimentary correspondence, and a large number of approving allusions to it from prominent journals in England and Wales. Gen. James knows the country of which he writes as well as he knows Oneida or Madison Counties. When hay fever drives him from the Lincoln Bank in August of each year, he finds relief in the ocean voyage, and

the highest enjoyment when he reaches the mountains of North Wales. He is never happier than when he crosses the bridge at Chester and sees before him the land of his ancestors. He knows the pretty and sparkling stream—much like our Trenton Falls, with brighter leaping waters—that runs past Bettwsydd as well as he remembers the natatorium of his boyhood under the slippery banks of Cooper's Woods in the days when the Mohawk ran by Utica as clear and unpolluted as the waters of the St. Lawrence. The vale of Llangollen is as familiar to him as the campus of Colgate University, or the lovely slopes of St. John's at Fordham. He could not fail to write interestingly upon his theme; nor could the journals of Wales fail to be pleased that their country's charm are so well depicted on the hither side of the Atlantic. The article evidently made a hit for the magazine.—Utica "Observer."

There was a fortress at Rhayader in the middle ages, of which Giraldus tells the following curious tale. The wife of a confined prisoner in the fortress, anxious for his liberation, found means to convey to him a bell, which the monks informed her possessed the power of liberating prisoners from their confinement. The governor of the castle, however, in defiance of the bell's alleged virtue, refused to liberate the prisoner or restore the bell, upon which both the town and castle of Rhayader, excepting only the fortunate wall on which the bell was suspended, was by divine vengeance consumed by lightning in one night.

Labouchere writes warmly about what he calls the high-handed proceeding on the part of a Welsh colliery company. He says that a number of colliers occupy houses belonging to the company, and that when these men stopped work, in accordance with the notices they had given, a month's rent in advance was deducted from the wages due to them.

"It is hardly necessary to point out," he adds, "that such a confiscation of the wages the men had earned was a gross and impudent illegality. The company had no right whatever to deduct rent in advance, and the men should at once take action for the recovery of the money."

A Welsh Methodist minister in Monmouthshire was booked to preach in a Glamorgan chapel recently. Early in the week he received a note from the chief deacon, saying that, in consequence of the great poverty produced by the strike, they were compelled to hold a prayer meeting, as they couldn't pay for a supply. The preacher replied expressing his sympathy, and put it in practical shape by saying:—"I will be there, money or not. Thousands live and get their bread on trust (hen gount). Why not supply spiritual bread on the same terms? Things can't always continue like this, and I will be with you, as usual."

Who will be the new principal of Lampeter? The "Gloch"—the new Welsh Church weekly—enlarges upon the responsibility which is cast upon the Council of the College in the filling of the vacancy, and adds—"It is on the shoulders of the four Welsh Bishops the greater responsibility lies, for it is to them that the other members of the Council look for a lead. It would be highly desirable, and in accord with Welsh feeling, for the Council for a worthy and qualified Welshman to fill the vacancy. Surely there is no need to go outside Wales to find a man in every way qualified for the post. It is to some extent a violation of the patriotism and the feelings of the Churchmen of Wales to find strangers, whatever their qualifications may be, possessing the chief chairs. May Wales be saved from being denationalised by her own shepherds."

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

RICHARD E. ROBERTS.

Richard E. Roberts died at 7:50 p. m. June 21, at his residence, 58 Howard Avenue, Utica, N. Y., in his 49th year. Last August he was taken sick with heart disease, and was obliged to give up work. Of late he had improved greatly, and was gaining in flesh, but Friday, June 17, he took cold, and pneumonia set in. His constitution was not strong enough to stand the strain of the disease.

lived in Liverpool for a short time. In 1871 he came to America, and after remaining in New York City a few months, came to Utica, where he has since resided. For over 20 years he was employed in the office of Y Drych, the Welsh newspaper, as bookkeeper, and having charge of the circulation department. He was not only competent, but most industrious, faithful and conscientious in service. He was modest, quiet and unassuming, but could be depended on to discharge to



Richard E. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts was born in Llysfaen, North Wales, February 1, 1850. When he was quite young his father, Robert Roberts, removed to Denbigh, where he was educated, and for part of the time served as a pupil teacher in one of the government schools. Later he learned the trade of carpenter, and

the best of his ability any responsibility placed on him. He was of a literary turn of mind, a great reader, and occasionally wrote for the paper, but the department of which he had charge kept him busy and enlisted all his energies. He had no desire to shine as a writer, although he had considerable

ability in this direction, and used only correct Welsh. He was a member of the Welsh Benevolent Society, and also of the *Cymreigyddion*, of which he was at one time secretary. He was a member of Moriah Church, a regular attendant at its services, and a devout Christian, giving to the church of his means and his best services. A lover of good books, he did considerable in the way of importing Welsh books and Welsh music for those of his countrymen who desired them. In this way and through his connection with the paper on which he was employed, he obtained quite an extensive acquaintance throughout the State. His life was a busy and an eminently useful one, and his death will be learned with sincere sorrow by all who knew him. May 5, 1880, Mr. Roberts married Mary Watkins of Utica, who died in September, 1896. He leaves three children, Hannah J., aged 17, Howell, aged 14, and Arthur M., aged 6. He leaves also a brother, John C. Roberts, managing editor of *Y Drych*, and two sisters, Mrs. Ann Roberts and Mrs. Hugh J. Thomas of Utica.

In Memoriam.

Father and brother he passed away,
Double our grief as he breathless lay;
Just when recovering from darkness, he
Sank back to sleep so unexpectedly!

Suddenly gone! now we backward gaze,
And memories in us such sorrows raise!
How death divides our hearts between
The years to be and those that have
been?

This is the way of death in life—
Thick is the path, thick with sorrowed
strife;

Mixed with our fancies are also fears,
Mingled with pleasures too are our
tears.

Hence like an echo thy life shall be,
Secretly treasured in our memory;
Thy face remembered shall always raise
Soft reminiscences of happier days.

Rest, rest in peace, from all troubles
fled;

Rest in the land wherein slumber the
dead;

Rest, weary soul, freed from earthly
strife,

Rest from the labors that wore thy life!

—o:o—

Mrs. F. M. Dolbeer of 186 Penn St, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us the following obituary: Mother Jones died February 2nd, 1898, and Father Jones followed her March 15, 1898. Mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Frances Richards, aged 76 years; father's name was William Morris Jones, aged 78 years. They lived together 55 years, and left 5 children, Mrs. Jennie E. Sherer, Mr. Cadwalader M. Jones, Mr. William H. Jones, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Dare and Mrs. Hannah L. Dolbeer. Both were closely connected with Welsh interests, and had a wide circle of Welsh acquaintances. They were born in the same location in Wales, knew each other as children, met and married in this country, lived to see all their children members of Baptist churches, of which they had been members for years. Pap Jones was connected with the old Novelty Iron Works, New York, and the Continental Iron Works, Brooklyn, for about fifty years in official positions, retiring a few years previous to his death. Their lives were remarkable for industry, thrift, strict religious principles, and the rearing of children acknowledged to be an honor to them and to the community.

The Rev. Dr. John Rumsey Davies, who has just accepted a call to the Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, was born on August 9, 1855, at Abergavenny, England. He came to this country during his childhood, and at the age of twenty-two years entered Lafayette College. He was graduated from that institution in 1881, and then entered the Princeton Theological

Seminary. On December 10, 1883, he was ordained by the Lackawanna Presbytery, and was installed as pastor of the Langcliff Presbyterian Church at Avoca, Luzerne County. He remained there four years, but in 1887 accepted a call to fill a pulpit at Tyrone, Penn., where he succeeded in increasing the church membership about 50 per cent. In 1892 Dr. Davies was called to the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City. Dr. Davies is a trustee of Lafayette College, and a director of the Princeton Theological Seminary. He has been prominent at the meetings of the General Assembly, and is also an active member of the American Tract Society, American Bible Society, and the Board of Foreign Missions.

Naval Cadet Joseph W. Powell, who commanded the steam launch which followed the collier Merrimac to the mouth of Santiago harbor, and waited until after daylight amid a storm of shot and shell from the Spanish batteries, is a New York boy, and of an ancient Welsh family, the Ap Hywels. Have you heard of a Powell who was not Welsh?

Troops G and K of the Rough Riders, at the battle of La Quasina, were led by Llewelyn and Jenkins. We are glad that the little Welsh sparrow is fighting with the American Eagle.

The Rev. J. Arma Thomas, formerly of Friendship, Wis., has accepted a call from the church at Pine River, Waukesha Co., Wis., and is already removed to that place.

"One would think from the way some men talk," said the Rev. William James, Aberdare, when telling the Methodist Association about poor attendance in chapel, "that the Almighty intended rewarding people for their average attendance at the means of grace."

Mr. Gladstone had a Welsh girl for his nurse, a Welsh woman for a wife, became a Welsh squire, was made a free burgess of several Welsh boroughs, held a Welsh University degree, and was a member of the Welsh Gorsedd.

The Festiniog Eisteddfod Committee have chosen the Revs. Dr. J. Gomer Lewis, of Swansea (chairman of the Welsh Baptist Union), and Dr. T. C. Edwards (Cynonfardd), of Kingston, Pa., U. S. America, to be the conductors of the meetings of this year's National Eisteddfod.

Wales once harbored a real, live Pope. The annals have it that in the year 1145 Pope Nicholas Brekspere confirmed the rights of the Normans in Glamorgan for the support he received from them when a wanderer there. He was a long while at Sandunwyd (St. Donat's) with Sir Gilbert Stradling.

Some Welsh Methodist preachers are so popular, and their services so much in requisition, that the connexion has been compelled to issue a special "diary" giving the Sunday dates for twelve years in advance, to enable them to enter their future engagements! It is a historical fact that the celebrated Edward Matthews when he died had booked pulpit engagements ten years in advance.

The poetical works of Mr. William Jones (Ehedydd Ial), the author of the well-known Welsh hymn, "Er nad yw'm cnawd gwellt," &c., have just been published. The proceeds derived from the sale of the book will go to help the author, who is suffering from the infirmities of advancing years.

The editor of the "Genedl Gymraeg" has been asking his readers to send him the name of the greatest benefactor of Wales. The plebiscite has resulted in the following list:—Bishop

William Morgan, D. D., who translated the Bible to the Welsh language; the Rev. Thomas Charles, B. A., of Bala; the Rev. Dr. Lewis Edwards, of Bala; the Rev. Evan Jones (Ieuan Gwynedd), and Sir Hugh Owen.

Can parrots speak Welsh: The death is announced at the age of fifteen years of "Polly Parrot," owned by John O. Morris, Milwaukee, from heart disease. This particular Polly was adopted by the family when only six months old, and was able to speak, so it is said, fluently in Welsh and English. It would be interesting to know how many parrots in Wales could repeat the Lord's Prayer in the two languages as the Milwaukee Poll used to do.

Mr. Owen M. Edwards, M. A., has begun at last his series of Welsh classics "for the use of the family and the school." The first volume, "Y Bardd Cwec," by Ellis Wyn, of Llanynys, is in the press.

Mr. David Williamson's interesting non-political biography, entitled "Gladstone the Man" contains the following paragraph:—"He (Mr. Gladstone) enjoyed especially his visit to the beautiful seat in Wales of the late Sir Hussey Vivian, who was raised to the Peerage as Lord Swansea. On that occasion he was serenaded in the evening by a choir, who sang delightfully some favorite airs and hymns."

Welsh-Americans have at last inaugurated a movement to establish a Welsh professorship in Marietta College. In this matter they have answered their fellow Celts, the Irish-Americans, to go ahead of them. A Celtic chair has been already endowed with 10,000p. at the Roman Catholic University of Washington of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, though to very few Irish-Americans their native Gaelic is of much use.

But surely the Welsh, who were so much to the fore through their Eisteddfod at the last World's Fair, should not rest until their language and history find a conspicuous place in the curriculum of a reputable American university.

Shortly before he died the late Dean Vaughan sent a check for 300p. towards the extension of Canton Church. The dean was very ill at the time, and a gentleman who was in the sick room suggested that he should write the letter for him. "No," said the dying dean, "I'll send this; it may be my last." The writing was shaky, and the lines were crooked, but the letter was one of the most touchingly beautiful of all Dean Vaughan's touching and beautiful letters.

The gross value of the personal estate of the late Mr. Griffith Rhys Jones (Caradoc), Pontypridd, the famous Welsh choir conductor, has been proved at 38,079p., and the net value 35,357p. The executors are Messrs. Joseph David, Preswylfa, and Mr. John Griffith Jones, son of the deceased. The deceased has left 1,500p. and an annuity of 350p. a year to his widow, and smaller sums to nephews and nieces, the residue of the property all going to his son, Mr. John Griffith Jones.

A North Wales man writes to tell the "Liverpool Mercury" that Mr. A. C. Humphreys-Owen, M. P., enjoys the proud distinction of being the only man in Wales who has retained his seat as chairman of a county council since the office was first created. Hold hard. Mr. Edwin Grove has done the very same thing in the County of Monmouth. His position as chairman seems as secure as if it were a seat in the House of Lords, and, by the way, his vice-chairman is a peer—Lord Tredegar.



FRIED MUSIC.

A certain musician disgusted with the chattering during a musical performance, arranged with his violin, his violoncello, and the rest that the music should suddenly cease in the midst of the loudest passage in the piece. It was done, and (says the London "Sun") clear and distinct above all the loud talkers' voices these words were heard—"We always fry ours in lard!"

—:o:— GALLANTRY.

A sudden gust of wind took the parasol from the hand of its owner, and a lively Emeraldaler, dropping his hod of bricks, caught the parachute, and presented it to the loser, saying: "If you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first—the service or the compliment!" asked the lady, smilingly. "Troth, madam," again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was once a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."

—:o:— WHAT HE THOUGHT.

"I know," said the candidate for the small office to the veteran, "that you wouldn't sell your vote." "No, suh, I wouldnt!" "That you can't be bribed?" "Now yo' talkin, suh!" "But suppose I should make you a present of \$10? What would you think?" The voter looked thoughtful, then said, "Well, Marse Jim, jedgin by yo' pas' record,

I d either think yo'd done los' yo' min', or else yo's in de counterfeitin business!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—:o:—
Maximo Gomez, the Cuban leader, is now seventy-four years old, and has spent his life in intrigues and fighting against the Government of Spain. He was born in San Domingo, and was a Spanish soldier against San Domingo before he took up arms for free Cuba. He served under General Weyler, and when Cuba rose in 1868 he tendered his services to Spain, and, upon their being refused, joined the revolutionists. He fought continuously in the wars of the various Central American Republics till Maceo raised the standard of the present revolution, when Gomez was given the command of the army. "Independence or death" is his battle-cry, and he hates autonomy.

—:o:— IT IS SWEAT.

Some capital Edison anecdotes are given in a recent number of the "Ladies' Home Journal," one of the most popular of American periodicals. All of them are contributed by intimate friends of the great inventor, and may, therefore, be taken as authentic. One writer reminds us that Edison is a great believer in hard work. His own definition of genius is: "Two per cent. is genius, and ninety-eight per cent. is hard work." On one occasion, when the argument that genius was inspiration was brought before him, he replied: "Bah! Genius is not inspired. Inspiration is perspiration."

THE COLONEL'S OPINION.

"War," said the old colonel, as he stirred his toddy, "is too terrible to contemplate. It should not be lightly spoken of, sir; it is a serious, sad affair. I have two graves in Virginia, one in Tennessee, and three in Kentucky, and but for war the men who fill them would be living yet!"

"Your sons, colonel?" asked the listener, in an awed voice.

The colonel tossed off his toddy neat, and stroking his gray beard, said:

"No, sir—my substitutes; the brave men who fought, bled and died for me!"

Then the listener coughed, and observed that whisky was not as good as it was before the war."

AN IMPROVEMENT.

Froude and Kingsley were special favorites of Prof. Max Muller, according to his recently published memoirs. Kingsley's refusal to pray for rain—or, as his friend expresses it, to degrade his sacred office to that of a rainmaker or a medicine man—reminds the professor of a story told to Kingsley by an American.

In America we manage these things better. A clergyman in a village on the frontier between two of our states prayed for rain. The rain came, and it soaked the ground to such an extent that the young lambs in the neighboring state caught cold and died. An action was brought against the clergyman for the mischief he had done, and he and his parishioners were condemned to pay damages to the sheep-farmers. They never prayed for rain after that.

IT IS NOT THAT.

"Many things are commonly spoken of as wealth which we all know, in the true and fundamental meaning of the word, are not wealth at all. If you take an ordinary intelligent man whose

powers of analysis have not been muddled by what the colleges call the teaching of political economy, and ask him what he understands at bottom by wealth, it will be found at last, though it may require repeated questioning to eliminate metaphor and representation, that the kernel of his idea of wealth is that of natural substances or products so changed in place, form, and combination by the exertion of human labor as to fit them, or fit them better, for the satisfaction of human desire.—Henry George.

STILL VISIBLE.

Physical traces of Mr. Gladstone's presence in the house of commons remain. On the table of the house of commons are two boxes, one on the government, and the other on the opposite side. Mr. Gladstone in all his great parliamentary speeches, spoke with one or the other of these boxes before him, on which he was accustomed to strike his hand with considerable force. The indentations made on these boxes by the rings on his fingers, when bringing down his hand in the excitement of speaking, are plainly visible, and are often looked at with interest.

WAR GETTING OUT OF DATE.

"It won't be long," said the thoughtful man, "before all possibility of war among civilized nations will vanish forever."

"I quite agree with you," returned the member of the peace commission, grasping his hand and shaking it warmly. "We have unquestionably done noble work."

"You!" exclaimed the thoughtful man. "What have you done?"

"Not very much personally perhaps, but as a member of the peace commission"—

"Peace commission nothing," interrupted the thoughtful man. "The thing

that is going to end all war is the fact that they have reached that point in the construction of mammoth cannons where a new national debt is created every time one is discharged.'—Chicago Post.

—o:o—

A COMPARISON.

It is rather singular, in the light of what Sir Edwin Arnold has written in praise of Japan and of the Japanese women, to find Dr. Morrison preferring the Chinese. He is one of those who regard the "smile of a Chinese woman as inexpressibly charming." He boldly declares, speaking as an impartial observer who has been both in Japan and China, that in every feature the Chinese woman is superior to her Japanese sister—she is more capable of intellectual development, she is incomparably more chaste and modest, she is prettier, sweeter, and more trustworthy than the misshapen cackling little dot with black teeth that we are asked to admire as a Japanese beauty.

—o:o—

THEY WERE WRONG.

"Nor was Christianity free from the reproach of degrading women. St. Paul's repugnance to the female sex stands on record to this day. The Fathers of the church vied with one another in dilating on the enormities of women, and denounced them with inconceivable malignity. Tertullian describes woman 'as the devil's gateway, the unsealer of the forbidden tree, the deserter of the divine law, the destroyer of God's image—man.' Chrysostom 'interpreted the general opinion of the Fathers,' says Lecky, 'when he pronounced woman to be a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calam-

ity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, a painted ill.' 'Jesus,' says Ameer Ali, 'had treated women with humanity; his followers excluded her from justice.'"—The Humanitarian.

—o:o—

ALL OUT OF ORDER.

An Irish woman went out to Camp Ramsay, in Minnesota, to see her boy, who had enlisted for the war. Denny was a raw recruit, and he was being given a good deal of exercise by way of getting him in line with what was to be expected of him. He was out with the awkward squad, and the sergeant was drilling them up and down as though his life depended on the result. He formed them into a double column, and the old woman watched with her heart in her eyes as they started off. "Aw, wisha, look at thim," said she; "iviry mother's son of thim out of step but me boy, Dinny."

—o:o—

ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE VIZCAYA.

It is reported that when the Spanish cruiser Vizcaya was in New York harbor last winter, her chief engineer, who, by the way, is a Scotchman, told a party of Americans that her heavy guns never had been tried, and her officers and crew did not know what they would do or how they would act under fire. They never had been tried, for the reason that the Madrid government looked upon target practice as a little too expensive. "Our men," said the chief engineer, "don't know what will happen when we once fire those guns, and for that reason they concluded not to run any chances by practice." Perhaps they feared the Vizcaya's guns might be more dangerous to the ship's officers and crew than to the enemy.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

AUGUST.

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Town of Denbigh.

Pugh Richard Price.

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"That anxious look ill becomes thee, Idwal, on a gala day like this, What ails thee man? Cheer up."

"Then thou carest not for the bad omen," was the sullen reply. "Seest thou not that one of the twelve is lacking?"

"Ah! I had forgotten," said the steward, lifting his hand nervously to his forehead. "I have so much to think about that it almost makes me distracted. I received word a moment ago that Cadwallon was suddenly taken ill this morning, and therefore cannot come. That, however, need give thee no trouble. Thou seest that aged man sitting next to Einion ap Howel?"

"Ay," said the bard indifferently.

"Einion says that he is a celebrated bard from the North, and brings the greetings of his chief to the court

of Gryffydd. Wilt thou have him occupy the vacant place?"

"It should be filled by a Welshman and not by a Scott."

"But he is not a Scott. He is a son of Cambria, and of noble birth, forced into exile by the jealousy of Howel ap Edwin. The death of his enemy makes it safe for him to visit his native land."

"If he bear proper credentials he may complete our number. Yet I would that Cadwallon had chosen some other time in which to be sick, that we might avoid the necessity of giving his place to a stranger."

This short conference presently resulted in the elevation of the aged bard, whose acquaintance the reader has already formed, to the vacant seat, greatly to his own satisfaction and to the family bard's relief.

"If I mistake not," said Einion ap Howel in a whisper to the steward as that functionary was passing on his way to the kitchen, "Idwal will find a formidable rival in the bard from the North. But that is his business, and mine at present is to remind thee that I did not leave my appetite at home this morning."

"I should have known that without being reminded, for who ever heard of Einion Ap Howel attending a feast without his appetite?" was the laughing reply.

Finding all the preparations now complete the steward ordered the feast to be spread, and to the delight of the hungry guests large silver dishes containing beef, mutton, venison, and goat's flesh were placed on mats laid on the floor in different parts of the room by the cook and his assistants, professional waiters being then unknown among the Welsh. Other dishes followed containing bread and sweet herbs. Then after a blessing was pronounced by the chaplain in Latin, the majority of the guests helped themselves with a will, while the steward waited on the king, Meredith and Ithel, the chief falconer, the foot-bearer, and the most distinguished among the guests. When the last course was served the king himself, in conformity to an ancient custom of his people, handed the cook his allowance of food, and taking a comprehensive view of the hall a satisfied look rested on his face as he remarked to his chaplain with a twinkle in his eye.

"Were ecclesiastical dishes as in-

viting as these, dost thou think, Morgan, that the clergy would find it difficult to keep their hearers awake?"

"The trouble lies not in the dishes, my liege, nor in those that prepare them, but in a lack of spiritual appetite. The lust of the flesh is more agreeable to man than the words of the spirit. The stomach and not the brain is nearest the heart. As the mouth is larger than the ear things find readier access into it."

As the chaplain spoke he held a large slice of beef in his hand, and the king noticing this said laughing,

"Let it not be said that all preachers fail to support their teachings with practice. If the flesh be our royal chaplain's enemy he certainly loves his enemy."

"And if the example be good may not Gryflydd Ap Llewelyn make it royal by always loving his enemies?" was the significant reply.

"A good suggestion and one I shall act upon at once," said the king still speaking in a light vein. "Saidst thou not the other day that the great Alexander was killed by drink? Alexander was a king, and if drink killed him it must have been his enemy, and if it was his enemy, it must be mine, for I am also king. Yet I love this enemy as a Norman knight does his lady fair."

To corroborate his words the king took his hirlas, or drinking-horn from the steward's hand, and raised it to his lips. And all the guests followed his example. As the mead, ale, morat, and wine circled round

the chief falconer alone was compelled to drink with moderation. The regulations of the court assigned him only a small allowance lest he neglect his birds. The others present exercised their privilege to the farthest limit, and soon became so noisy and hilarious that the gosgwr, an officer whose duty it was to preserve order in the court, had to interfere. Nor did he succeed in restoring order until the sound produced by his official staff as it struck the wooden column near the chaplain, compelled them to obey or pay a heavy fine. Finding at last an opportunity for which he had longed for some time, the master musician now sang, according to an established custom, one song to God and one to the king, accompanying himself with the harp. Being adjudged the best among many competitors in a literary and musical contest, his position in the court was a high one, and his songs were received with enthusiastic applause. He was followed by the family bard who, stimulated by a desire to excel the master musician, sang and played three songs on different subjects, greatly to the delight of the king and his courtiers. As the applause died away Einion Ap Howel cast a significant glance at the aged bard in Cadwallon's seat, as much as to say, "Now is your opportunity; improve it to the utmost." His eyes met with an assuring look, and when a moment later the king requested a song from "the venerable bard from the North" a smile

of satisfaction lighted the imposter's face; but it was only for a second, for the task before him required his whole thought and energy. After tuning his harp to his satisfaction he sang and played as follows:

"O Thou, who in space flashing orbs
has suspended

The angels to guide till their missions
are ended;

Whose voice rends the heavens; whose
breath into madness

The deep stirs and fills the brave sailor
with sadness;

Whose wisdom bids secret come forth
from their hiding.

And wonders oerwhelm the conceit of
the worldling;

My spirit bid fly to the loftiest concep-
tions,

My accents attune to praise glorious ex-
ceptions.

"Of all the bright gems now adorning
the night,

The earth is the brightest, most full of
delight;

Of all the fair lands fanned by breezes
and gales,

The fairest, the dearest, most glorius is
Wales;

Of all the brave warriors, O Fame, in
thy halls,

The bravest has Cambria to answer her
calls;

Of all the great monarchs whose praises
we sing,

The greatest, the noblest is Gruffydd
the king.

"The wealth of the nations comes to
him in ships,

He speaks, and the multitude hang on
his lips;

His army advance like a strong rushing
sea,

Their strength is his word and their
glory is he;

His going like the sun's is in splendor
and might,
His tread is the lion's when entering
the fight;
His sword when he strikes like his eyes
flashes fire,
The foe like an aspen leaf quakes at his
ire.

False princes he conquered when trea-
son was rife,
His arm has delivered fair Cambria
from strife;
Deheubarth and Gwynedd and Powys
are one,
The crown that unites them is Gryff-
ydd's alone;
A terror to Saxon and Dane is his name,
A rock of defense are his valor and fame;
Defeat never clouded his heart nor his
brow;
Victorious his weapons, successful his
plow.

"The sky of his prospects is cloudless
and bright,
No blast shall the flower of his hopes
ever blight;
To ages unborn his brave deeds shall be
known,
And like Cadair Idrys firm shall be his
throne;
The child on the hearth shall with joy
hisp his name,
The warrior shall make it as guide unto
fame;
And princes shall emulate Gryffydd the
king,
And bards shall forever his praise love
to sing."

The thunder of applause which followed this song showed a degree of enthusiasm which neither the master musician nor the family bard had been able to arouse. Various causes combined to produce this result. The song, both in composition and execution, would have been highly pleasing to Gryffydd's court

at any time, and especially was it so now that the banquet had reached a stage where everything which in the least tickled the fancy of the guests was greeted with applause. Yet we must not think that genuine appreciation of the song or the singer was the only reason for applause on this occasion. There were some whose secret hostility to the king made any degree of sympathy with the sentiments embodied in the song impossible. Foremost among these was Einion Ap Howel. True, he applauded as enthusiastically as any; he did so however, simply because of the successful manner in which the pseudo-bard, who was now known to the court as Idrys, had acted his part. Einion had watched the king's countenance during the execution of the song, and what he read there assured him of success. Although reserved at first, the king had gradually yielded to his vanity, and the gold bracelet with which he now rewarded Idrys, showed that he was not proof against flattery.

Idrys received this token of royal favor with no little inward exultation; but Idwal, the family bard, regarded the whole transaction with a jealous heart and angry frowns, and bubbling over with displeasure he whispered in the sympathetic ear of Prince Trahaiarn,

"It is a pity that that base flatterer and his harp are not in the bottom of the sea!"

"Who is he?" was the reply.

"An audacious vagabond whose only employment is to tickle the ear

of royalty with empty compliments, and pat hospitality on the back that he might not share the fate of the prodigal of old."

"Then why is he in Cadwallon's place?" continued the prince, whose ignorance on this point was due to his absence from the hall at the time Idrys was installed in the sick man's place.

"He claims to be a Welshman, and the chief bard of some Highland chief, and the king, at the recommendation of Einion Ap Howel—may the dogs of perdition overtake the malicious wretch—invited him to occupy the vacant seat," said Idwal, failing to state that his own anxiety had been the occasion of the king's action.

"He may be what he claims to be," said Trahaiarn, glancing in the direction of Idrys, "but I would be willing to swear by St. David that I have heard him sing before, yet where I cannot tell."

"Thou mayst have heard him in a hundred places, and be none the wiser," continued Idwal sullenly. "The conceited ass! What does he know about the poetic flow which immortalized Taliesin and Llywarch Hen? Like others of his kind he has brayed so often that he can do it to perfection."

Although in no mood to sing, the disaffected bard was summoned at this juncture to the queen's apartment to entertain Princess Nest with one of his medleys, and as he left the room Idrys looked after him

with an exultant air while tuning his harp for another song. Then glancing at the king he favored the court with another selection. The song was entitled "The Exile's Return," and in it he described his longing for his Cambrian home, the hardships and dangers of his journey homeward, his rapturous joy at seeing the land of his fathers once more, and the kind providence that led him to the festal hall of Cambria's greatest king. So well did he perform his part that he again received most hearty applause. His triumph now was complete so far as gaining the favor of the court was concerned; but the most difficult part of his undertaking still remained to be executed. He was wondering whether he could not expedite the accomplishment of his cherished purpose by endeavoring to supplant the family bard, when the king more from a desire to please his own vanity than to honor his bardic guest sent the steward to him with the request that he prolong his stay at the court at least until the festivities were over, and greatly elated at his good fortune he remarked,

"The son of Llewelyn is as gracious as he is brave and wise. His humble servant will not despise his request."

He could afford to be generous now; therefore giving the other bards an opportunity to entertain the guests, he indulged more freely in the tempting drinks, whose effects had already overcome not a few of the banqueters.

CHAPTER IV.

Whims and Prejudices.

While the festal hall was thus made the scene of revelry and bardic display, the queen's apartment was comparatively quiet. It was not so large as the hall, and its walls were not so bare, womanly ingenuity having decorated them with silk hangings richly embroidered and with wreaths and festoons of holly, ivy, and ferns, its scant furniture also, which betrayed Saxon and Norman rather than Cambrian tastes, was rendered more attractive by finely wrought decorations of needlework. The floor was carpeted with a layer of rushes, with here and there an oriental rug, the gift of some ardent crusader. Not far from the window, through whose gray glass the rays of the setting sun strayed with difficulty into the room, a small circular table with curiously carved legs stood, and between this and the window, facing Idwal, the family bard, sat Princess Nest on a sort of divan. Her girlish looks told of no more than fifteen years of life; and yet even at that age she possessed no small degree of the womanly charms that distinguished her later. Her finely cut features, like her hair which fell in deep red waves over her shoulders, showed a marked paternal resemblance. Her clearness of complexion together with dark blue eyes that seemed in moments of emotional play to reveal unfathomable depths, vied with a mouth that could smile a stubborn

heart into submission, or pronounce a death sentence upon an enemy. Her figure, though somewhat diminutive, was well formed; but it had the misfortune of being somewhat concealed by her dress. After the style of the period, she wore a long tunic or gown of pure white linen, loose and high, with close fitting sleeves, and gathered in at the waist with a girdle. Over this she wore a short tunic, much enriched with embroidery, with sleeves of great width at the wrist. Her ornaments were a necklace and armlets of gold, set with rubies, representing the red dragon of Wales.

Not wholly unconscious of her own attractiveness, yet having no desire to exercise her charms on the aged bard who had entertained her at intervals ever since she was a child, the princess had sent for Idwal to sing and play for her a few of her favorite songs, and now as she listened impatiently to one or two spiritless efforts on his part she tried to read the meaning of the sullen look which marred his usually benevolent-looking face. It could not be that he was displeased because she had sent for him, for he always considered it both an honor and a pleasure to entertain her with his bardic art. What then had forced him into this ungracious mood? Something had surely gone wrong with him, and Nest decided to find out what it was.

"I fear you are in no mood to entertain me to-day, Idwal," she said in a half-injured tone. "Why, man,

I who have neither skill nor experience could have put you to shame just now. I have a mind to tell my royal father to dismiss you, and install in your place that bard from the North, of whom I have heard so much."

This was enough. She had unwittingly touched the mainspring of Idwal's trouble, and the tongue which had halted and stammered in song now displayed perfect freedom in speech.

"So thou, also, who hast so often been held captive by the muse of the aged bard, desirest to cast him off for a smooth-tongued vagabond," said he in a voice that brought tears into the princess' eyes. "He, who has so often fired the heart of Cymru, and roused the lion in thy father's soul, is a broken staff, good only to be thrown aside! The voice that has so often tickled childish fancies, and awakened youthful ambition, with tales of valor, is now a cracked bell, which to be heard is to be despised. Why then am I still in the house of the son of Llewelyn? Why should not my voice and my harp share the silence of the grave? My child, allow me to pass forever from thy presence and from thy memory."

For a moment Nest knew not how to answer this impetuous speech. She had never heard Idwal speak in this manner before. Then her sympathetic heart loosened her tongue, and brushing a tear from her cheek she said,

"Forgive me, O venerable bard, if my words have caused you pain,

for I meant no harm. Nor would I have asked you to entertain me, had I known your feelings. As to your not being appreciated, you are certainly mistaken. As long as your life lasts, you shall be spared the humiliation of seeing another in your place."

"Thou hast not seen as much of life, sweet daughter of Gryffydd, as I have seen, and may our holy St. David keep thee from its bitterness. As yet thou knowest but little of the caprices of the heart and the intrigues which breed mischief in the courts of the great. Thou hast never seen a mother abandon her child, or a nation its prince; I have seen both. Thou art not acquainted with the ungrateful spirit that casts off the tried servant of yesterday in order to make room for the flattering stranger of to-day."

"Surely my father can never be guilty of this. Is he not the soul of honor? Do not tell me then that he has discarded you for this stranger from the North!"

As the princess spoke there was a tinge of haughtiness in her voice, and two bright spots burned on her cheeks. Fearing that he had gone too far the bard hastened to reply:—

"I charge not my royal master with ingratitude, or affirm that another has supplanted me. Yet having a human heart and some knowledge of the ways of men, I not unnaturally thought that some who so enthusiastically applauded that contemptible minstrel would gladly see him in my place."

"You certainly have a vivid imagination," said Nest, discovering the real cause of Idwal's trouble, "but that is a privilege of bards, I suppose. I myself heard the thunder of applause which greeted the bard from the North, but to me it meant nothing more than a recognition of his skill."

"Hadst thou seen the expression on the faces of some when his majesty rewarded him with that bracelet, thou wouldst have arrived at a different conclusion," said Idwal, still nursing his jealousy.

"Was Prince Trahaiarn pleased with the song?"

"As pleased as the majority of those who heard it. He has heard the minstrel before during some of his many wanderings."

"Did the prince say that he is a minstrel? I thought he was a bard; indeed the steward told me so."

"He was presented to the court as a bard from the North," said Idwal, with a secret grudge against the steward and Einion Ap Howel for introducing Idrys to public favor; "but how can he be from the North while the prince has heard him in Wales? And how can he be a bard if he wanders from place to place."

"It may be that the prince is mistaken. None of us have an infallible memory. Besides he certainly is not a stranger to the muse. Yet whatever he is, you need not fear."

With this assurance the bard now left the room, and the next moment the queen entered from another apartment. She was a little taller

than the princess, but similarly dressed, and as she swept into the room her beautiful face and proud carriage plainly showed that she fully realized the dignity of her position. Her beauty, unlike that of the princess, was of the proverbial Saxon type, she being the daughter of Algar, Earl of Chester. Her Saxon origin and training also account for the foreign aspect of the room, as well as certain prejudices which the reader will in due time discover. The princess was her step-daughter, she being king Gryffydd's second wife. Consequently there was not that perfect confidence and sympathy between the two that should exist between mother and daughter.

As the princess' mind was lost in reflection on what had just transpired between herself and Idwal, the queen attracted not her attention, until, having seated herself at a short distance from the window, she startled her by saying with a faint attempt at a smile,

"I hope, daughter, you have been duly entertained by your favorite bard. The few strains that reached my ears were certainly enchanting, and it is no wonder you discoursed so long about the superior merits of his music!"

An ominous flush on the princess' cheeks showed how deeply she felt this sarcastic remark, and obeying the impulse of her Celtic heart she hotly replied,

"If Idwal's music were distasteful to me, I also would deny him my

presence, and I would hug the outside of the door so closely that none of his 'enchanting strains' would reach my ears! But being the daughter of Gryffydd the Bold, I am not so enslaved to his Saxon wife that I need to dismiss my bard to please her whims."

"Indeed!" was the haughty reply. "My lord the king is surely to be congratulated on having such a daughter, and his 'Saxon wife' is to

several of whom narrowly escaped being caught listening in the next room. Upon reaching an apartment devoted exclusively to her own use, therefore, the princess found her favorite maid as flushed as herself; but that wily maiden was quick-witted enough to cover her trepidation by remarking with feigned resentment,

"You will not deny, my lady Nest, that, though less fortunate than



Rhuddlan Castle.

be pitied as a weakling whose foreign ways and accomplishments are as shadows in comparison with the strong character and exquisite tastes of such a noble princess!"

"Wales wastes no pity on such weaklings," was the parting fling of the princess as she abruptly left the room. Her sudden move was less a surprise to the queen than of consternation to the maids of honor,

yourself, I am a true daughter of Wales."

"That is certainly a strange conceit," said the princess, fixing a searching look on the maid's face. "What ever put it into thy head, Enid? If I had any doubt on that subject, dost thou think I would for a moment allow thee to remain here?"

"Having a Welsh heart, then, is

it a sin to resent the insults of those who love neither our country nor our customs?"

"Not a sin surely," replied the princess, thinking of the sharp words she had just exchanged with Queen Aldyth. "But thou mayest be certain that those who utter such insults are no saints."

"So I thought but a moment ago when her majesty's maid Rowena was making all manner of fun of Idwal, and said that the best bard of Wales is not fit to hold a taper to the poorest minstrel of England."

"And did the impious hoiden dare to say that? Had I heard her it would have gone ill with her. Who but a base Saxon who knows not the difference between a crow and a nightingale, would have the audacity to mention a Saxon minstrel in the same breath with a Welsh bard? Did I love the night better than the day I might laugh at those who praise the brightness of the sun, or had I not a king for a father I might give homage to a beggar! Minstrels indeed! worthless and dissolute strollers were a more fitting name; for, do they not debauch and murder a beautiful art to maintain an idle and dissipated course of life?"

Enid, satisfied with the success of her ruse, listened with marked attention to the remarks of the princess; but when the latter paused she showed no anxiety to continue the subject. She rather sought to put her young mistress in a better humor, a task which to her was not a very difficult one. Hence a few

minutes later she had the princess laughing heartily and chatting good-naturedly about matters of but little importance to any but themselves.

Meanwhile Rowena was trying to pacify the queen, but found it not an easy undertaking. Aldyth hated the thought that any one dared to differ with her, or to refuse her the homage which her pride exacted. Princess Nest was an eye-sore to her, because her Welsh whims would not yield to her English prejudices. Yet there were occasions when the two seemed to be on the best of terms, but they were occasions when national differences were kept in the background.

CHAPTER V.

Treason.

The arrival of twelfth-night put an end to the Christmas festivities, greatly to the relief of the head-steward and the cook, to say nothing of the hosts of servants at their command. The guests, however, did not depart till the next day. Einion Ap Howel was among the last to leave, and also among the most effusive in his commendation of the king's hospitality, and of Idrys' musical skill. He had exchanged but few words with the latter during the period of feasting, owing to prudential reasons. Though he was in full sympathy with the plot of which Idrys' bardic performance constituted only a subordinate part, he also wished to avoid giving the king least ground of suspicion that he had the remotest

connection with it. Neither he nor Idrys, however, would be compromised by a secret interview, which, now that the feast was at an end, was a possibility uppermost in the minds of each as they shook hands amidst the general leave-taking. Nor did Einion betray the least surprise when Idrys with a view to a private meeting left a crumbled note in his hand, and walked away without taking farther notice of him.

The time fixed for the interview at length arrived, and Idrys, excusing himself from the king's hall, took a north-easterly course, and merged into the woods not far from the castle.

As yet all was still as the grave, but after walking some distance into the forest he heard a grunt which he might justly mistake for a wild boar's, did he not know it to proceed from Einion's throat. A moment more and he was face to face with the object of his search. Here they would be at liberty to converse with a reasonable degree of safety, without any danger of arousing suspicion.

"I would not say that you are in league with the devil," said Einion after some preliminary words; "but I will say that you have played your part wonderfully well. It is safe to say that of the hundreds that witnessed your skill not one even suspected you to be the popular lord of—"

"Nowhere," said Idrys, interrupting his companion. "To Einion Ap Howel, Lord of Colsul, and all others, I must at present be simply a

poor bard from the North."

"Ha, ha, be it so then; but be not surprised if some think you to belong to a warmer place," was the reply.

"The place where man belongs is not always the place of his choice. As for me, my liking for a golden harp inclines my heart to a place more blissful than warm."

"If your benign purpose be not changed. I am not the one to grudge you your desire. You have made a good beginning, and one that augurs well for the ending. But the crouching lion must not leap too soon upon his prey. Do you understand? I mean not that you should curb your impatience beyond all reason, but that you should not carelessly throw your life away in riding the world of a tyrant."

"It is a poor soldier that forgets his shield while hurling his javelin at the enemy. Yet the best soldier may lose his life in the hour of victory. If Gryffydd fall I shall not deem myself to have lived in vain were his last breath accompanied by my own. Revenge is sweet, though it be mixed with the bitterness of death. I have sworn that Gryffydd must die, ay, and it shall be this very night."

"Not to-night, surely! But go on; you have, no doubt, a sufficient reason for your haste, judging from your past success."

"You have heard the old proverb 'strike while the iron is hot!' The guests as you know, have already left the castle, and to-night the of-

ficer of the court will not be over-anxious to stay out of bed."

"Nor will the king, by St. Winifred; for next to his drinking-horn he loves a long and peaceful sleep," said Einion with a smile.

"And he shall have it, I assure you," said Idrys significantly; "but not until most of his cursed sycophants and too willing slaves have left the hall."

"You count, then, on singing the court to sleep, and the king to wakefulness! You are even a greater master of your art than I took you to be."

Here Einion was startled by a voice seemingly shouting at no great distance, and immediately answered by a voice which seemed on the other side of the tree against which they were leaning. Thinking that they were being surrounded by a detachment of the king's guard, Einion was about to take to his heels, when a chuckle at his side caused him to change his mind. Then he energetically remarked,

"By St. Winifred, you took me completely by surprise. I did not suspect that any one in these parts, except the hermit, had any skill in that art."

"Ha, ha, the man who deceives Einion Ap Howel surely can hope for success at Gryffydd's court," said Idrys triumphantly. "If the bard fail, may not the ventriloquist succeed?"

"Ah, surely, if Gryffydd's court be not freer from fools than it was when I left this morning. But even a ven-

triloquist may find those same fools too close to his heels for comfort."

"True, and I most devoutly wish I had my favorite palfrey here. I assure you I could defy even the ghost of Gryffydd's father to overtake me then."

"If the successful issue of your plot depend on horseflesh you shall have it. But if in sparing your heels you should break your neck you must not blame me."

The arrangements which followed this conversation was entirely satisfactory to Idrys. A horse would be placed at his disposal not far from the entrance to the castle, and he was to spur at the proper time in the direction of the hermit's cave, where he would be safe from all pursuers until such time as he might deem it prudent to seek his own hall.

When the interview was at an end the two conspirators left the woods by different paths, each bent on the performance of his part in the plot. Idrys was much pleased with Einion's hearty support, and therefore returned to the castle in the best humor. He found the king sitting on a large cushion near the fire, surrounded by his officers and one or two other favorites. Idwal's place was vacant, a circumstance which Idrys regarded as an auspicious sign, and it was with no little inward pleasure that he seated himself on the unoccupied cushion at Gryffydd's request. His position afforded him a full view of the king's face, but his well-feigned bashfulness seldom allowed his eyes to meet the

pie ~~king~~ gaze which the king fixed on his. Nor did he slight so favorable an opportunity to ingratiate himself still further into royal favor. His mind was we'l stored with the popular songs of the period, and he soon gave new proofs of his skill in the choice of his selections no less than in their successful rendering. Now he was all excitement describing the chase; anon he passionately sang of beauty and love. Nor did he slight the warrior and the priest; his awen (bardic genius) being equally at home in the strife of arms and in the scenes of peace.

"Being a master of thine art," said the king at length, "perhaps thou canst favor us with one of Llywarch Hen's unrivaled songs. Dost thou know 'Maenwyn's Song?'"

"In former days ere I was forced to leave my native land, I had no greater favorite, but many a year of sorrow and joy has come and gone since I sang it last. Nevertheless if my memory deal not treacherously with me, I will sing it to the court."

Having said this, Idrys' fingers ran lightly for a moment over the harp strings, while his head was bent as if in deep meditation; then he sang and played as follows:

THE SONG OF MAENWYN.

"Maenwyn! when a youth of might,
He who me or mine did slight,
Found me ready for the fight.

Maenwyn! when opposing thee,
With my youth to succor me,
Woe to him who was too free.

Maenwyn! when I thee pursued,
With the zeal of youth imbued,
Foes in fear my favor sued.

Maenwyn! when so full of life,
And so fond of arms and strife,
Vallant deeds with me were rife.

Maenwyn wise! come, aim thee still,
Fools of wisdom need their fill,
Maenwyn needs thee, do his will.

Sheathed my sword shall now be borne
Sharp its tempered point like thorn,
Whetting ne'er deserves one's scorn.

From the vale of Melrion came
Blade of steel—ne'er was the same,
In my hand it seemed a flame.

Blest the hag who in the past
At thy feet her warning cast,
Maenwyn! hold thy dagger fast."

Never had even Llywarch Hen a more appreciative audience than Idrys had on this occasion. The song was just the kind to touch the Celtic heart, and the king's eyes were more than once observed to glare as they always did in battle. Prince Trahaiarn also, who sat next to Gryffydd's younger son beheld a look in Idrys' eyes as he stole a glance at the king that bespoke the tiger rather than the lamb, and he resolved to keep a close watch on his movements for the remainder of the evening. By putting certain facts together he became more and more impressed that Idrys' presence in Rhuddlan castle boded no good. Idrys, however, ignorant of all this, took the proffered cup from the steward's hand with a bow, and appeared to be much delighted with the attention paid him. In his soul, however, he was longing to see some

at least of the officers in the hall depart that he might have freer access to the door. His heart was burning with hate, and he yearned to avenge his father's death. As if in compiance with his will the chaplain and the judge, who sat in the order named next to the king, obtained a short leave of absence at this juncture on the plea of pressing business, while the steward was summoned to the kitchen where the cook desired to see him concerning certain culinary supplies, the recent feasting having taxed the royal stores rather more heavily than had been expected. But there were still too many in the hall to suit Idrys' purpose, and he decided to put his ventriloquism to immediate use. The next moment the hall was filled with a strange mixture of sounds—falcons quarrelling, horses neighing and dogs barking. Amazement was seen in every face, and the grand falconer, the chief groom, and the head huntsman looked with staring eyes and open mouths towards the doors, as if wondering what would happen next. The king, however, soon reminded them of their duty. "Are ye riveted to your cushions, ye fools?" said he, red with rage, "wilt thou sit there with thy mouth open like an idiot, thou stupid son of Edwyn until my birds tear themselves to pieces? And you worthless varlets."

The king did not finish the sentence, for the offenders were already out of hearing; his look, however, which had watched them out of the room still showed his displeasure,

when Idrys suddenly sprang upon him like a lion upon his prey, and his uplifted hand grasping a gleaming dagger was about to inflict a deadly wound when Prince Trahaiarn siezed his arm from behind. A desperate struggle ensued between the two, while several rushed to the prince's assistance, shouting "treason" at the top of their voices. Nor was Gryffydd a mere spectator, but springing to his feet with the agility of a tiger he seized Idrys' beard with one hand and unsheathed his sword with the other, while his eyes gleamed with rage. But the would-be regicide slipped like an eel from their grasp, leaving his false beard in the king's hand, and his wig in the hand of the prince, and bounded toward the door through which he rushed, knocking down the astonished doorkeeper with his fist. Then stimulated by the sound of pursuing footsteps he ran blindly toward the drawbridge, stumbling over a prostrate form as he went. Where was the palfrey? Could he ever find it? Ah! What a relief! That whinny guided him to the means of escape! To mount was but the work of a moment, to gallop away towards Cefn was mere play. Rhuddlan castle was soon left behind, and the fear of capture soon ceased to be harassing. Yet the rider allowed not his horse to slacken his speed. Nor did his success in fleeing from the grasp of his enemies occupy his mind so much as his failure to carry out his murderous intent. As we might expect, Trahaiarn came in for

his full share of the blame, and as he sped along the disappointed Idrys ground his teeth with rage, and mentally added the prince to those already on the black list. Reaching a point in the road opposite to St. Asaph he suddenly reined in his horse, and after a moment's pause he heard the hoot of an owl close by, to which he responded immediately. The next instant a man emerged from a bush by the roadside, and Idrys dismounting held a hasty consultation with him. Then the confederate mounted the palfrey and spurred in the direction of St. Asaph, where the main road now led, while Idrys cautiously followed a less frequented road in the direction of Cefn. As a thaw had set in the day before the snow had everywhere disappeared, except along the hedges and at the base of the precipice in the neighborhood of the hermit's cave. The sky also had assumed a threatening aspect, and the dark clouds which hovered above the fleeing Idrys made it extremely difficult for him to see the road. He had

no fear of being captured now, but as he stumbled on in the extreme darkness that enveloped him and his surroundings, he was very anxious to reach the cave that had previously sheltered him. Had he been mounted his progress would have been somewhat easier; but as it was his feet seemed to find every stone in the road, and his face every stray briar or twig that hung over the roadside. Owing to these aggravations and the miscarriage of his iniquitous plan he was in no gracious mood when he heard the murmuring sound of the river Elwy, and began to grope for the path that he expected would conduct him safely to the hermit's cave. At length he found what he imagined was the object of his search, and leaving the road he began to follow the path with some degree of confidence. He had gone but a short distance, however, when there was a sharp cry immediately followed by a heavy thud. The path had led him to the edge of a precipice, and he had fallen over it.

(To be continued.)



"FAITHFUL."

By T. Chalmers Davis.

Love languished and died, hope fled in dismay;

Bereft, my heart cries out in pain and fear,

"Have all now forsaken me? Have all turned away?"

Yet memory whispers, "I am always here!"

DENBIGH CASTLE AND TOWN.

Denbigh is the capital of Denbighshire, North Wales, and is in some sense the capital of all Wales. It is situated 128 miles to the north west of London, and contains a population of 8,000. It holds a prominent position among Welsh cities, and in government papers it is rated as the capital city or town of Wales.

bury, Lleweni. This Sir John was considerable of a myth himself, because he had two thumbs on either hand, and was therefore called or nicknamed "Sir John with the Thumbs." After this feat Sir John was also named, Sir John of the Bych, and the town was eventually called "Dinbych." Sir John was a



Denbigh Castle.

There is considerable disagreement regarding the meaning of the name "Dinbych." Din is derived from a word signifying a hill or a fortified place, while "Bych" means some mythical beast which in ancient days used to prevail in this locality exciting terror among the people. This beast was killed by Sir John Salis-

kind of Welsh Hercules; for he accomplished a good many wonderful feats during his lifetime. He fought a white lioness in the Tower of London, killing her with his bare fist. The place was called at first "Dinbych," i. e. "No bych," because the celebrated "bych" had been destroyed.

Other scholars derive the word from roots signifying merely a high place, which is more probable. Others get extremely scholastic, and in order to show their ingenuity inform us that Sir John with the Thumbs was a German, and that Dinbych is Dutch, and add that Sir John was a direct descendant of the Emperor Charlemagne. These are mere random attempts at explaining the inexplicable. The place bore also the name "Caledfryn-yn-Rhos."

Denbigh seemed to be then the centre of operations. June 21, 1283, David was captured near Aber, in sight of the family seat, and was taken in chains to Rhuddlan, where the English King resided at that time. He was tried and found guilty of many crimes, which was the English way of judging the conduct of a patriot. After the execution, the English King gave the castle and the lordship of Denbigh to Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who built an-



Town of Denbigh.

It is the opinion of some that Prince Llewelyn resided here for a time, but it appears that this is a mere conjecture. There is better evidence to show that David his brother, lived here, and it is supposed that he built or rather repaired and enlarged the castle. After the death of Llywelyn, David continued the struggle against Edward I., and

other castle on the site of the old, in 1284, and fortified the town with a wall a mile and a half around. This Lacy died in London. There is a figure of his over the entrance to the castle. He left this lordship of Denbigh to his daughter and heiress Alice, who was married to Thomas Plantagenet, Earl Lancaster. This earl rebelled against the king, but

fell into the hands of his royal master, and although a cousin, was put to death and decapitated.

After this, the lordship of Denbigh was given to Hugh de Spencer, Earl Winchester, a more terrible enemy of the inhabitants than the ancient "Bych," for he was a cruel tyrant. So Dinbych passed from one favorite of royalty to another for ages, faring rather hard at the hands of tyrants of all grades. The last service this castle did was to champion the cause of the last representative of irresponsible royalty in England.

In the time of the civil war between the king and his parliament, Denbigh stood for the king, and held out successfully against the parliamentary forces for a long while. Subsequent to the battle of Rowton Moor, which proved disastrous to the royal cause, the king retired to the neighborhood and slept two nights in the castle, and the room was afterwards called the "King's Chamber." This was in 1645. In October of the same year the parliamentary army defeated the royalists within sight of the castle, and directly invested the stronghold, but it held out until September 1846, when word was received from the king to surrender.

Denbigh stands on an elevation of great beauty in the Vale of Clwyd, the hill being crowned with the ruins of the castle. The town is healthy, and a proportion of the inhabitants live to old age. The surrounding country is noted for its fine sceneries, dotted with the palaces and residences of the rich. There

are also many excellent houses within the town, and some fine stores. The old-fashioned habitations of Cymru gynt are fast disappearing, and the Castle alone remains to remind the country of the good old times when war was the delightful avocation of rich and poor.

Denbigh was the centre of old-time Welsh culture; and in the present century some Eisteddfodau of note were held within its walls; viz., the Eisteddfod of the Gordofigion, when the Rev. Hughes, Bodfari, took the prize for the best ode on "Charity." This decision and awarding of the prize excited a great disturbance among the bards, who believed that Dewi Wyn o Eifion, an unsuccessful competitor's awdl was the best. An Eisteddfod under the patronage of royalty was held here also in 1822, when the chair prize was won by the Rev. Evan Evans (Ieuan Glan Geirionydd), the subject being "Belshassar's Feast." It is here the "Baner ac Amserau," one of the best papers in Wales, is published; and from the printing establishment of Mr. Gee the Welsh "Encyclopedia" was issued.

Near the town are the remains of an old abbey supposed to have been built by Sir John Salisbury, Lleweni, who dedicated it to the Virgin. It appears also that the old knight was buried here, and it is supposed that it was the burial ground of the family till the time of the Reformation. The old parochial church called "Yr Eglwys Wen" is situated a mile from the town, and used to be the burial ground in old times, and it was here Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant) was laid to rest. He died April 3, 1810.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

 By Theologus.

V.

Although Lucretius was considerable of an evolutionist he was a believer in special creation in the case of man and other animals, but as the reader must have noticed he held that Mother Nature interfered to produce them in the same manner as they have since been reproduced from similar seeds and by similar means, viz.: some from wombs, some from ova, &c. In order to illustrate the natural idea which controlled Lucretius' mind we should draw attention to the word "crescebant," which was rendered "sprung up" by us in our last chapter. This "crescebant" should have been translated "grew" or "developed" rather than "sprung up," which proves that his idea was consistent with nature's way of reproducing life.

But here Lucretius introduces a strange thought which to him was very natural, viz.: that nature in her first efforts to create or introduce new species of living beings into this world showed a tendency to overdo or fall short of perfection, as man is liable to blunder more or less in his first or initiate attempts at performing new work. Although her work was good in the main, and successful in originating these higher forms of animal life, providing them so wonderfully with maternal means of

subsistence, tempering the elements to favor their tenderness and weakness, even furnishing improvised means to supply these young with milk, yet in the multiplicity of cares nature produced various monsters "that sprung up with wonderful faces and limbs, some lame from want of legs, some blind from lack of eyes, others dumb from a deficiency of mouths; others with limbs welded into one, and all manner of deformities and enormities." All these "prodigies and portents" were generated to no purpose, and nature very soon abhorring such mistakes and malformations prevented their increase, or corrected them in their reproduction, by proper checks and other ingenious provisions approximating Darwin's law of selection and survival of the fittest. These monsters and prodigies were handicapped in the matter of food and other disabilities which checked their increase, and in other cases led to extinction. As he states it himself almost in Darwinian words: "Many kinds of animal life, too, must have perished, not having been able to continue their species by propagation, for want of food and other causes." Nature alive to the good points in each animal would see to their development as well as to the

obliteration of defects and imperfections, by which means good species would continually improve and survive, and bad ones would deteriorate and disappear. However much we may smile at some of Lucretius' mistakes it must be admitted that he had wonderful good sense far beyond his age, because he often talks like a Spencer or a Huxley, and has some excellent general thoughts, although he blunders in the particulars. He denied the existence of such monsters as Centaurs, Chimæeræ, Scyllæ, made up admixtures of part of different species, and he supports his theory with arguments that are partly scientific and partly fantastic. The man that credits such superstitions, he says, may say as well, that rivers of gold or trees with pearls for fruit are possible.

These primitive people, nature's own children led lives after the roving manner of wild beasts. No one drove a crooked plough, nor knew he how to turn up fields with a spade, to plant seeds in the soil, or trim fruit trees with pruning hooks. They were dependent on nature's uncultivated gifts, acorns, whortleberries, and other rude kinds of nourishment, ample for hapless mortals. They had no knowledge of fire, had no clothing (not even skins); they dwelt in groves, hollow mountains and woods; and often sheltered their rude bodies amid the thickets. They had no regard to any common interest, observed no customs or laws higher than mere animal instincts; each one living by his own impulse and for himself. They

pursued or hunted savage beasts or game with simple missiles or clubs. Afterwards, they lived in huts, wore skins, used fire; and man and woman began to keep house, and gradually to become civilized. Around this first fire was kindled the love of home; around this fireplace the family was developed and the institution of society was begun. The discovery of fire was more important to the savage than the modern inventions of steam or electricity to the civilized man, for its benign influence was to him a veritable blessing and a salvation.

According to our author, also, man was primitively languageless, and he controverts the traditional notion that man was furnished with a ready-made language, which seemed to have been the views of Pythagoras and Plato. "To suppose, therefore," he says, "that any one man assigned names to things, and that men thus learned their first words, is to think absurdly. Comparing the human race with the individual, he came to the conclusion that human language was learned gradually, evolving from the simplest sounds and attempts at utterance; and previous to utterance, only using gestures accompanied with certain modulations of the voice, as "before horns are produced on the forehead of a calf, it butts and pushes fiercely with it." So language was not an endowment but a gradual development. Thus he accounts for civilization by gradual growth.

With the coming of Christianity and the consequent supremacy of

supernaturalism, the scientific spirit was swept away, and a long period of forgetfulness of the study of nature followed. Secular science was almost utterly neglected and even despised; men raised their eyes and minds heavenward, and were absorbed in celestial contemplation, until they were aroused by Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno and the revivers of natural science in the 17th century, who said to the Christians of their times, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" So scientists and naturalists recommenced where the old Greeks left off; they returned to the study of nature; and almost 200 years have been spent in overcoming the prejudices and jealousies of religion. The Roman Church did its utmost to crush scientific thought and research, and other churches have regarded the discoveries of modern science with disfavor and distrust.

There was one idea the Bible introduced which had a wonderful influence over the Christian mind, and which was diametrically opposed to scientific inquiry, viz.: anthropology. This anthropological conception of God and creation supplanted the Greek scientific idea of natural growth. The mechanical or manufacturing superseded the natural. This idea bred the strongest and bitterest prejudices against the scientific conception of creation. Creation became to the universal mind a making, a building, a modeling, and not a growth, and this led to all

manner of erroneous, unscientific and unnatural views of creation. Creation was interpreted in the light of the idea of God's absolute power, not in the light of nature's record. This led to the universal belief that the world was created in six days and out of nothing; that the earth was stationary and the center of the universe, and that the sun, moon and stars revolved around it as satellites or servient luminaries. Man was made and modeled from clay, inspired with life, and in his sleep he was cut open and one of his ribs extracted, out of which woman was made. This woman was tempted by a talkative serpent which resulted in the expulsion of both from Eden; and such was the prevailing ignorance of astronomy, geology, biology, &c., that the greatest Christian scholars and profoundest authorities in theology accepted these errors as complete facts and undeniable truths. The geocentric system of Ptolemy accepted as absolute truth by the church clashed with the astronomy of Copernicus, Galileo and others, and every effort was made to crush the new science as a dangerous heresy. Discoveries in geology came into conflict with the ecclesiastical system of creation, and the church did all in its power to discountenance and discount its teachings; and the study of life (biology) changed and modified the old ideas regarding the creation of man.

As soon as natural science began to be studied scholars discovered that the ecclesiastical views were er-

roneous, and although the teachings of astronomy, geology, &c., were clear and positive, leading theologians were loth to adopt the new light. Within the last 30 years a wonderful change has come over the minds of men. The mechanical or manufacturing manner of creation is no longer credited; the geocentric idea, the six-day creation, the talking serpent, and other notions have been changed and modified, so that they are no longer accepted in the old literal sense. All this has been accomplished by science. During the reign of ecclesiasticism science was trampled and crushed by ignorant prejudice, and even until the days of Milton natural science was utterly ignored. Milton's mind, even, was full of the old theories, and to him creation was direct and mechanical; and we look in vain in him for the scientific conceptions of the Greeks. According to him the world was created in six days, and everything came into existence in direct obedience to divine fiat, and all his descriptions are crude and abrupt.

Let there be light, said God; and forth
with light

Sprung from the deep.—

Be gathered now, ye waters under
heaven

Into one place—

Immediately the mountains huge ap-
pear—

Again the Almighty spoke, Let there be
lights

High in the expanse of heaven—

To give light on the earth; and it was
so.

Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas
And lakes, &c.—

And let the fowl be multiplied on the
earth,

Forthwith the sounds, &c.

Let the earth bring forth soul living in
her kind,

Each in their kind. The earth obeyed
and straight—

Out of the ground up rose
As from his lair, the wild' beast—

This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee
O, man!

Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils
breathed

The breath of life—

So even and morn accomplished the
sixth day.

The natural idea of growth is not there, but the crude conception of making, of forming mechanically. So the scientific and the ecclesiastical views were opposed; the one a natural growth, an evolution, the other a direct and abrupt making or forming; the one begun and completed in the course of six days, the other in millions of years; the one according to natural laws, the other in leaps and bursts contrary to nature. These opposite views could not avoid conflicting with each other, but authority alone cannot stem the flow of scientific light.



PILLS AND POWDERS.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

He who writes on the subject of longevity, and especially if he lay down rules and regulations to secure the same, will insure for himself an army of readers out of every walk in life, providing they find out where his productions appear. For, notwithstanding the manifold curses heaped upon this old world daily, yet the young, the middle-aged, and even the feeble, tottering, old folks, desire that their living relationship with it last as long as possible.

Some years since, when the noted French physician Brown-Sequard, discovered his so-called "Elixir of Life," and promulgated the same to an anxious, gaping world, he instantly became renowned simply because his subject was an universally interesting one, and a subject that can arrest the credulity of mankind probably the quickest of all.

Brown-Sequard is dead, and his Elixir simultaneously secured the same quietus, if indeed, it had not for some time previous, mixed itself with a Lethean draft. Much the same may be said of Prof. Koch's Lymph and Dr. Edson's Aseptoline, with the exception that these last two are more in keeping with scientific discoveries, and have realized to some extent what was professed for them.

Time doubtless will come when these will have been perfected, and other new discoveries made, with which as weapons, the world will be enabled to cope with diseases as well as exterminate many of the prevailing ones.

* * * *

The best medicine in the market for the prolongation of life is common sense, pardon me however for saying—in the market, because this rare and exceedingly valuable article is not a commodity of the world's marts; unless we have it with us constitutionally coming into the world, we shall never possess it, which doubtless was the belief of the old preacher when he stated that common sense was vastly more important than grace, for, said he, you can procure grace by going in the right manner about it, but if you haven't common sense, God help you!

The average length of life has been considerably lengthened in the last fifty years, by means of the evolution and improvements made along sanitary lines, as well as the world's better understanding and appreciation of the laws of health, &c., and still there is almost any amount of room for development even among the best of classes.

The potency of common sense in this connection will readily be appreciated when it is stated that we all come into this world with a certain amount of vitality, no more and no less; that being the case, it is obvious that the greater the care not to squander and waste it, the longer it will last barring accidents, and vice versa. For instance, you buy a barrel of vinegar and place it in the cellar; if by carelessness and neglect the spigot is left insecured and as a consequence a constant dropping therefrom occurs, the inevitable result is that the contents will disappear much sooner than if rigid care and economy had been practiced. So it is with life, there is nothing more potent to secure longevity than common sense in the constant use, care and protection of it in strict accordance with the laws of nature and health.

* * * *

In this enlightened age and country, where everybody has the opportunity of at least to learn to read and write; and where information concerning almost every conceivable thing is so cheaply dispensed by the newspapers, magazines, &c., all of its citizens should understand themselves sufficiently as to put themselves in the right relationship with the mandates of both their own constitution and those of nature. But, paradoxically as it may appear, it does seem, that the higher the civilization the greater the tax imposed upon life is, and the use and waste of

it is characterized by intenser prodigality.

The great wonder is, by the manner of living now prevalent among many in our midst, that people live as long as they do, it serves to show how tenacious nature's hold is upon life, and how she will fight for its maintenance and repair.

The writer well remembers when once he declared to an audience—that it never occurred to the Creator's mind for a child to die, that God's idea was for mankind to die of old age—a complete wearing out of the machinery; there was hardly anyone of the so-called orthodox members of it who believed him; and yet, such seems most decidedly the case, for methinks that any death short of old age is the result of the violation of laws by some means, at some time or another.

* * * *

For the benefit of those who look upon the matter in hand from a philosophical and a practical point of view, here are a series of rules for longevity, set forth by Sir James Sawyer, a noted English physician, who says that by their practice one should reach 100 years:—

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bed-room door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wind.
6. No cold tub in the morning,

- bath at the temperature of the
 7. Exercise before breakfast.
 8. Eat little meat, and see that it
 is well cooked.
 9. (For adults). Drink no milk.
 10. Eat plenty of fat, to feed the
 cells which destroy diseased germs.
 11. Avoid intoxicants, which de-
 stroy those cells.
 12. Daily exercise in the open air.
 13. Allow no pet animals in your
 living rooms. They are apt to carry
 about disease germs.
 14. Live in the country if you can.
 15. Watch the three D's—drink-
 ing water, damp and drains.

16. Have change of occupation.
 17. Take frequent and short holi-
 days.
 18. Limit your ambition.
 19. Train your temper.

The general sound, tone and sense of the above will readily appeal to every mind interested in the case, and while some of the rules might be somewhat modified and others equally potent added to them, yet each one can soon find out the extent of their adaptability to himself. Allow me to add three more D's to the above, which are applicable under all circumstances and they are Dirt, Debt and the Devil.

BATTLE OF MANILA.

By George Coronway (Shenkin Shadrach).

[This poem was sent to the Dewey family, and was gladly received. It will be used in the Dewey Family History to be published this fall.]

Prelude:

'Twas on the first of May,
 When Dewey led the way
 Into Manila bay,
 And faced the foe;
 Our hero was aware
 Of all the perils there—
 But what did Dewey care,
 When told to go?

Entering the Bay.

'Tis now the dead of night,
 There's not a star in sight,
 Our ships bear not a light
 On either side;
 The waves roll gently by,

The breezes gently sigh
 A peaceful lullaby
 Unto the tide.

Each seaman holds his breath,
 And all is calm as death—
 Save that now travailth
 The laboring screw;
 'Tis God alone doth know
 What fancies strange do grow,
 What visions come and go
 Now 'mong the crew.

But hark! that loud report—
 It comes toward our port—
 They're firing from the fort—
 They've seen our sparks!

Their challenge we defied,
And quickly we replied—
A volley from our side
Soon stopped their barks.

With boldness high divine,
On steamed our gallant line—
Defying fort and mine
Heroically;
At last they reached the bay,
Our colors flying gay,
All ready for the fray—
To win or die!

The Battle Morn.

The Spaniards' blood ran cold,
Their wrath they could not hold,
To see the Yankee bold
So early there;
Ere rose the morning sun,
The battle had begun,
When loud the foeman's gun
Rang through the air.

Then Dewey, ever brave—
Our champion of the wave—
The well known signal gave,
"Avenge the Maine;"
Loud from many a lung,
The fiery signal rung—
While proud Olympia flung
Death into Spain!

Again our vessels cheered—
Majestic they appeared,
As to the front they steered,
With warlike sway!
And, heedless of the mine
That lay beneath the brine,
Swept by the Spanish line,
And Cavite!

Terrific was the fight,
Appalling was the sight—
Each side, with main and might,
Fought brave and well;

Our squadron's mighty guns,
Manned by our gallant sons,
Belched forth their ready tons
Of shot and shell!

The flagship of the foe,
Was shattered 'neath the blow,
Her captain was laid low,
Her fatal deck,
Alas! was covered o'er
With dead men by the score—
She sank, to rise no more,
A fatal wreck!

From larboard and from port,
We sent, with loud report,
A death note to each fort
And ship of Spain;
The enemy was crushed,
His every gun was hushed—
Our tars, with victory flushed,
Loud cheered again!

We never lost a son,
A vessel or a gun—
The fight was nobly won—
Long live the brave!
Our Stars and Stripes to-day
Are flying proud and gay,
Above Manila bay—
Long may it wave!

Hail Dewey, bold and true,
Hail all his captains too—
And don't forget the crew—
Loud hail them all!
Have pity for the brave,
Who sleep beneath the wave,
Within their ocean grave—
God rest their souls!

Do Thou! O, Lord of hosts,
Guard us from idle boasts,
And fancies vain;
Soon may this tempest cease,
And may the day of peace
Return again!



THE ASCENSION.

By the Rev. John Hugh Morgan, England.

Acts I: I-II.

The event that forms the connecting link between the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles is the ascension. In the former we see how the earthly life of Jesus, ending with the ascension, secures its consummation and continued efficacy; in the latter, how his heavenly life, commencing with the ascension, has its outcome and proof in the words and works of the Apostles and early churches. Glory falls from the throne to which he was exalted, not only backward upon his own personal ministry, but also forward upon the ministry of his apostles, or rather his own ministry acting through theirs; for his work did not end with the ending of his earthly life. He is still working. A more correct title for this book than "The Acts of the Apostles," would have been "The Acts of Christ Through his Apostles." The ascension divides his work as our Saviour into two stages; in one it is the goal, and in the other the starting-point. It is plain, therefore, that the exaltation of our Lord was a necessary sequence of his humiliation, and equally essential to our salvation. It was necessary in order to prove that he had finished the work which the Father had given him to do, to re-

sume the reins of government over his church, to dispense the gift of the Spirit, to perform in person the office of intercession. "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. 7: 25). The transcendent importance of the event invests with solemn interest the circumstances in which it took place, described more minutely in this paragraph than in either of the Gospels. The scene is Olivet, which had also been the scene of Christ's agony. It was the last gathering of Christ and his disciples, who had been scattered after his death, and appears to be distinguished from all other meetings which followed his resurrection by the design to secure the presence of the whole company. It was needful and fit that his disciples should be actors in this last scene, in order to witness to it, but also to receive in a formal manner those charges and commands which were his last will, and their teaching and work were really apostolical only in the degree they fulfilled that will. In equipping them for the ministry he was but exercising his rightful functions as priest, prophet and king, upon the com-

plete possession and exercise of which he was about to enter. What would become of his "estate" in the church and the world without these divinely authorized executors of his testament?

The instruction to tarry in Jerusalem must have been disappointing and trying to their faith; it was there the beloved Master had been so ill-treated, it was there they had betrayed such shameful cowardice; that place of all others had associations which they would wish to shun; but "the Spirit was to glorify the existing economy by descending on the disciples at its metropolitan seat, and at the next of its great festivals after the ascension of the church's head; in order that out of Zion might go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem" (Isa. 2: 3) (Cr. and Ex. Com). This trying command was sweetened by a promise which carried in its embrace a wealth of comfort. For the enlarged and more difficult service required by the new circumstances in which they were about to be left, an enlarged measure of the Spirit would be necessary. Christ had already bestowed the gift upon his disciples, "When he breathed on them and said, receive ye the Holy Ghost" (S. John 20: 22); but he now promises it in an abundant measure. After the Son of God had come, the outpouring of the Spirit was the greatest promise to be fulfilled, and it was natural that he should conclude his teachings upon earth with the formal and emphatic announce-

ment of it. He is about to withdraw his own physical presence, which indicated a wonderful nearness of God to us; but he promises a closer fellowship of God with man in the ministry of the Holy Ghost. The incarnation unites God to the race, the agency of the Spirit unites God to the individual soul.

The question which followed was strongly tintured with the popular notion of the Messiah as deliverer and king of the Jewish nation. His return to life had rekindled their hopes; although, on the other hand, their carnal views had by this time been greatly modified, and the kingdom they expected was the Theocratic kingdom, to be realised in the Messiah. The question as to the time of its establishment was legitimate in the degree it expressed strong faith in the sureness of that result, and intense longing to see it; but illegitimate, as it expressed a pious sort of indolence that anticipates future blessings, but refuses to cope with present difficulties, and a meddling curiosity that pries into the mysteries of God. It is fit that the king of kings should have his arcana. He conceals many of his designs and movements, in order to excite watchfulness, check curiosity, give free scope for human agency, and prevent such an absorption of thought in the future as the full view of its scenes would produce. After this word of admonition, however, he cheers them with a promise, which embraces in its scope the whole course of church history, and

opens a missionary prospect through the ages, leading up to the glory of the Millenium.

His ascension took place in the presence of many witnesses. It is not affirmed that anyone saw him rise from the grave; the evidence of that fact would be better established by seeing him after he had risen. But it was important that the ascension should take place in the presence of witnesses, as there could be no means afterwards of verifying it. If he had vanished secretly, leaving no trace of the direction he had gone, the disciples would not have credited the fact so firmly, nor witnessed to it so boldly. But he ascended in open day, surrounded by many spectators, who were engaged at the time in lively conversation, and who followed his ascending form with a steady rapt gaze. "Since his resurrection," Lange remarks, "Jesus during the forty days had appeared frequently to his disciples; but every time he vanished suddenly, and as unobserved to their senses, as he appeared. 'And their eyes were opened, and they knew him, and he vanished out of their sight' (Luke 24: 31). But at this time he granted to his assembled Apostles a clear and calm view as he went towards heaven, to give them, as his eye-witnesses, as far as that was possible, absolute certainty that he belongs no more to earth, and dwells no more upon it." Their thoughts would have a more heavenward tendency after they had seen him ascend to heaven.

The cloud which at length en-

closed his form, and concealed it from view, increased the mysterious grandeur of the scene, and also precluded the idea that he had vanished only for a while, and would speedily re-appear. He made the cloud his chariot (Ps. 104: 3). Stars signalized his advent, clouds his departure. God had often descended in a cloud, now he ascends in a cloud. Whether the angels in human forms who came so seasonably to deliver a message of blended reproof and encouragement were, as some surmise, the angels who were commissioned to witness to the resurrection, and who came again to shed further light upon it, in conjunction with the grand event that had just transpired, we are not informed. "There was a world of angels," says Matthew Henry, "ready to receive our Redeemer. Now he made his public entry into the Jerusalem above. We may suppose these two loth to be absent then; yet, to show how much Christ had at heart the concerns of his church on earth, he sent two of those that came to meet him, back to his disciples, who appear as two men in white apparel, bright and glistening; for they knew, according to the duty of their place, that they are really serving Christ when they are ministering to his servants on earth."

Angels were the first preachers of Christ's birth and resurrection; here they are also the first preachers of his ascension. Their words unite the ascension and second advent, and certify that not only will our glorified Lord come in the day of judg-

ment, but he will come as the same, and in like manner. They rebuke immoderate grief at his departure, destroy the hope of his speedy return, open out a glorious source of consolation, and point to zealous action as the best cure for idle specula-

tion. When we stand gazing and trifling, the thought of the second coming should admonish us; when we stand gazing and trembling, the thought should encourage and comfort us.—“Echoes of the Word.”



RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

By Lewis Leyshon.

There is something extremely pathetic and appealing to the universal heart in Cervera's daring but unfortunate attempt to escape from Santiago harbor on Sunday, July 3, and although Schley's success in frustrating the attempt and annihilating the fleet is what every American admires, yet as an afterthought the civilized mind re-acts in the grey-haired admiral's favor, and we quickly and ungrudgingly present him with our cordial sympathies and wish he was something better than a Spaniard. But although in Cervera's case running the blockade was signally unsuccessful, and the result disastrous to Spain, there are other instances where attempts have been fortunate, and the escaping parties received with universal plaudits. The story I am about to relate is one case in point.

In love matters and their entanglements, many blockades have been laid with the avowed purpose of protecting tender hearts from the contra-

band advances of undesirable young wooers—that is undesirable to the eccentric parents. How oft have homes been surrounded with barbed wire fences to keep the enemy out? How oft the entrances to homes have been skirted with Morro Castles, and undermined with terrible threats and menaces, in order to scare the young Romeos away? How many heroic Hobsons have taken their lives in their hands, and dared the artillery of parental indignation? It may interest the reader to know for the first time that the word “hero” is derived from the Greek “love,” and heroism was first shown in love's enterprises, and love in some sense or another always inspires deeds of daring. We always dare to get or gain something we love and admire.

Manoah Jones was a well-to-do farmer, who by dint of untiring industry and economy had accumulated considerable means, but he had one serious failing which greatly in-

terfered with the even tenor of his happiness. He was a religious eccentric; he had a certain mania for religion; and some of his friends and neighbors had all the trouble in the world to keep him from sacrificing all his property and savings on the altar of religious contribution. He was crazy on foreign missions; and an adroit address depicting the darkness of foreign lands, and their need of spiritual light would make him ill at ease until he had contributed a good sum towards helping the cause. If it had not been for his more considerate neighbors, he would have given all his means away to societies in New York and London, and left his wife and only daughter penniless and helpless. His wife and a sister of hers largely partook of his religiosity, but his daughter seemed to have been fed on something more secular and worldly, for she always opposed the old man's craze, and had often dared him to his face, even accuse and upbraid him of madness.

Another characteristic of his mania was to have his daughter Tabitha marry a minister. He thereby thought his money and property would be devoted more directly and appropriately to religious purposes, and so Tabitha was besieged by Manoah, Mrs. Jones and her sister in a most annoying manner, and was never allowed to see a young man of a secular avocation. The advances of young ministers who visited the church on Sundays on probation were supported by flank movements on the part of parents

and the aunt; and any favorable signs or symptoms of success in their wooings were interpreted with gladness. But in some mysterious manner Tabitha had been seen and conquered, and had been conquered before the besieging army had known it. During the proceedings of a Union Pioneer Meeting, Tabitha had seen a young man from town of the name of Jeff. Davis, who fairly hypnotized her. The first letter he wrote her was seized by the old aunt and censored, and thenceforth the avenues leading to the presence of Tabitha were closely watched. She could not go to town unchaperoned by the aunt, and young men were signaled away—in fact, every means was adopted to make the blockade effective. All the time this was carried on, the board of love's strategy was sitting and devising some way of running this cruel blockade.

One superb morning in August an old man apparently about 60 years walked in the yard and accosted the old farmer in a most polite and gentlemanly manner, and in a few minutes had him interested in all kinds of mission work at home and abroad, and the gentleman was soon cordially invited inside, where he had a very warm reception. He was introduced to Miss Tabitha, and had an interesting conversation with them all around, during which he talked exclusively on religious questions, in which Old Manoah seemed wholly absorbed. Before his departure the good old gentleman begged leave to present the young

lady with a beautiful hymn book as a memento of his visit, hoping she would find within it great comfort and consolation.

"Page 265 you will see what has been marked out as something very comforting, and what will guide you, as it will certainly guide and lead me," said he.

Tabitha turned to page 265, and a slight blush lighted up her beautiful face, for it was then suddenly the message and the personality of the stranger were revealed.

For days subsequent to this interview, Old Manoah, Mrs. Jones and Aunt Beck were continually reminded of this pious stranger who showed such unmistakeable signs of piety and heavenliness, and a couple more visits would have succeeded in turning the old man's head to any project to assist any religious undertaking. Old Manoah had not the slightest suspicion of religious counterfeiters; and a mere reference to godly affairs and a happy use of time-honored Biblical quotations from the prophets, especially those bearing on missions, or on the coming of the Millenium, would have paralyzed the strings of his purse. In fact, the family never felt so touched at the departure of any friend, and they were really sorry they had not asked his name and address, so that they could have further sought his acquaintance. When thinking over the unexpectedness of the stranger's visit, and the sweetness of his company and conversation, the old man often loved to suspect that the stranger was really

not an ordinary mortal, but an angel, like those who visited Abraham under the oak tree which shaded his tent of yore. The old man had half believed for years that he was an especial favorite of the Most High, and that he was in fact leading a kind of Enochian life.

In about two weeks after the incident we have just described, early in the morning, Aunt Beck startled Old Manoah and Mrs. Jones with the excited intelligence that Tabitha was lost, and had not been seen for the long space of an hour. Tabitha was hardly allowed to leave Beck's anxious presence; but this morning early she feigned sickness and went down stairs ostensibly for the purpose of fetching some medicine which was kept by the family as a panacea. Not returning within a reasonable limit of time, Aunt Beck became nervous and followed Tabitha, but after exploring every nook, corner and cupboard on the ground floor, and after strolling in the garden and reconnoitring over the hedge, she became alarmed, and when re-entering the house she fairly screamed, which startled Mrs. Jones just then emerging from her bedroom!

No time was lost in forming an exploring party to search every suspected locality convenient for suicide or for seclusion during spells of peevishness or morbidness; for Tabitha had been noticed of late to manifest a humor for retiring to pout, meditate, or nurse some unknown whim under the spreading apple tree in the extreme west cor-

ner of the garden, or in the hazle
patch beyond the barn. With pale
faces and accelerating heartbeats,
they hastened to these favorite
places and around hedges and bush-
es, but Tabitha's skirt was not vis-
ible.

After a vain search the party re-
turned into the house to sigh and
groan and gaze into hopelessness,
interspersed with words such as
"Poor Girl!" "Dear me! what shall
we do?" and the old man would oc-
casionally interject "Great God
(Duw mawr) so notable for thy
mercy, thou knowest where Tabitha
is, bring her back! All three of us
old ones are no good without the
girl (yr eneth fach)." Never was
such a miserable morning spent.
Never such touching sense of be-

reavement! Never such despair as
bowed those grey heads!

Early in the afternoon a carriage
drove up to the gate, and Jeff and
his bride (Tabitha) stepped out as
light and smiling as two sunbeams,
and before they had half crossed the
yard, the heart-broken triad had es-
pied the girl, and were hurrying out
to welcome "yr eneth" back from
death. The three embraced her at
once, and her return was such de-
light that the groom's presence was
quite ignored. As soon as she was
released from the triple embrace, she
lost no time in introducing her
young husband with the felicitous
enphemism, "Dad, I've changed my
name!" "You are welcome," said
the old man, "as long as you don't
change your home." And they made
their home with the old people!



INVINCIBLE!

Spain, in a fit of chivalry,
Thought she was Queen of land and sea;
She stepped quite high and boasted loud,
And menaced till she scared the crowd!

She thought that with her armaday
She well could beat her foes away;
And just as prelude to the game
She sunk a ship—the Maine by name.

That was the signal of defeat,
For Dewey sunk her eastern fleet;
And Schey in brilliant style sunk more
Of them along the Cuban shore!

But Spain so proud a la Quixote,
Thinks all her ships are still afloat;
She may seek peace and lick the dust—
Possess her "honor" yet she must.



HANES Y CYMRY yn Swyddau Winnebago a Fond du Lac, Wis., dan nawdd Pump o'r Ysgolion Sabbothol, a than olygiaeth y Parch. D. Davies, M. A., D. D. Argraffwyd gan Gwmni y Globe, Oshkosh, Wis. Pris 75c.

In 1896, fifty years after the settlement of the Welsh in Winnebago and Fon-du-lac counties, some broached the question of celebrating the jubilee of the first advent of the Welsh into that part of the country, and a committee was appointed to arrange a Jubilee celebration under the auspices of the Welsh churches. This committee met in Salem, Oshkosh, October 27, 1896. Rowland Davies was elected chairman; John Edno Roberts, secretary; and Josiah Roberts treasurer. Several meetings were held to discuss matters and make arrangements. It was resolved to hold Jubilee meetings during the summer of 1897, and a number of settlers were appointed to prepare papers relating to the history of the settlement. This entertaining book is the result. Those several histories have been compiled and edited by the Rev. D. Davies in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, and a large number of views and portraits have been added which make the pages more interesting to the inhabitants of said counties. The book gives reports of the Jubilee and the contents of the papers read and addresses delivered. We cannot commend such undertaking too highly; and it is an idea which may be utilized by other Welsh settlements in this wide land.

TELYN TUDNO: The Poetical Works of the Rev. Thomas Tudno Jones (better known as Tudno), edited by D. Rowlands, B. A. (Dewi Mon). Price 75c. Utica, N. Y.

This volume was published in response to the request of the numerous friends and admirers of the author, and there is no doubt of its being a precious addition to our lyric literature. It is a selection of his smaller pieces, with extracts from his odes. It is preceded by an enjoyable sketch of his life, with portraits of the author, and views of the home he was born in, and his resting place. As a competitive poet Tudno had a successful career, having been victorious in many contests. In Chicago, in 1893, he was second on the subject "Jesus of Nazareth," which honor was won by Dyfed of Cardiff. His defeat in Chicago was a misfortune which embittered his feelings. The Eisteddfodic or the competitive is not a sound and infallible test of merit, as adjudicators are not always worthy judges, or above suspicion of partiality. The abolition of this manner of producing literature would be a blessing to us as a nation. The classics have been of spontaneous and voluntary origin, not excited by the spirit of competing rivalry. This "Telyn Tudno" is really a beautiful book in appearance, typography and contents, which is a continuous song, the music of a poetical soul.

"The Geninen" is as entertaining as ever with a good number of articles on subjects of interest. Among the articles are the following: "The Law of Moses and the Prophets," by the Rev. Emrys ap Iwan; "Monwyson," by the Rev. Richard Morgan; "The Welsh Celt and the Pulpit," by the Rev. R. Gwylfa Roberts; "Welsh Literature During the Last 60 Years," by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A.; "Welsh Schools," by Prof. John Rhys; "Self Culture in Relation to the Renaissance in Wales," by Sir Lewis Morris; "Welsh Surnames," by Mr. T. E. Morris, B. A.; "A New Danger to Wales," by Gildas, &c.

Another characteristic of the Celt is his strong desire to penetrate the Beyond—the invisible. Perhaps the profoundest instinct of the Celtic people is their desire to associate with the unseen. The Celt wants to know what is beyond the sea, beyond the stars, beyond the grave. He always has dreamed of a promised land, and in his mythology he talks of a happy land and happy isles and other places of charming nature. The Celt always lived in the spiritual rather than among the facts and material things of this world. No people can enjoy religion without this conception of the spiritual.—Ceninen.

The July number of the "Drysorfa" has a fine portrait of the Rev. Evan Jones, Carnarvon, with a sketch of his life, by the Rev. R. Humphreys, Bontnewydd; "Wales and Her Children" is a good article by Cranogwen; and following come papers by Anthropos and the Rev. D. Evans, Tregolwyn, and a paper by the Rev. William James, Aberdare, on the church, its ordinances and ministry.

"Y Traethodydd." This number opens with an article on Isaac Roberts' book, entitled "A Selection of Photographs of

Stars, &c.," with information concerning the instruments and the methods employed in the pursuit of celestial photography, and is followed by an article on Christianity and the Inductive Method, wherein is shown the defects of the method when applied to the truths of Christianity. The other papers are "Frances Willard" by T. R. Marsden, and "Pulpit Eloquence," by Dr. Karl Lentzner.

It is evident that the invasion of the Church of England by the Romish Church is causing considerable anxiety among leading Churchmen. A number of bishops met recently to discuss this question, and it was apparent that they were displeased and worried over the Popish practices which prevail in the church. There is not the slightest doubt but these Popish clergy in the Church of England are transgressing the laws of their church, but prosecution is out of the question since it entails such expense. The only remedy is disestablishment and disendowment.—Trysorfa.

"Cwrs y Byd" has several sharp, straightforward and practical articles on social failings which are generally overlooked. "Nelle Gwynne and Her Offspring" is worthy of perusal; "Y Cwrs, y Drefn," has some strong and timely remarks; it seems to be a little hard on the Grand Old Man; "Byron and His Dog" is really good. This monthly is really necessary to keep some things going among the Welsh.

"Cymru'r Plant" for July is as full of instructive matter for children as usual. The illustrations are beautiful, and the selections are choice and a few extremely pathetic, viz.: "Those who Helped Jesus" (with accompanying verses) are strikingly pleasing. "Short Memoirs" also are beautifully pathetic. Nothing better could be placed in the hands of children.

There is considerable room for improvement among our Welsh hymn writers, and those who edit hymn books might call in the assistance of those that know a little of rhyme and rhythm. "Cwrs y Byd" gives the following lines as an instance of poor rhymes:

Myrdd o fy mrodyr anwyl sy'
Yn gorphwys yn y nefoedd fry,
'Nghyfeillion gore sydd mewn hedd
Yn canu'r ochor draw i'r bedd.

No such doggerel should have been allowed to encumber a respectable hymn book, but very often a little sentiment will get the best of our good sense.

The July "Dysgedydd" opens with a sketch of the life of W. E. Gladstone, by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle. The other articles are "The Welsh Congregational Union," and the "Union Meetings" in London. "The Duties of the Sunday School in Relation to the Increased Educational Advantages;" "Congregationalism and the Principles of Christianity," by John Jones, Albert Lodge; "An Address," by the Rev. W. Gwenffrwd Thomas; followed by obituaries, reports and intelligence pertaining to Congregational matters.

Beautiful was the French description of Mr. Gladstone's death:—He died with head erect. His death was a coronation of his life, for he was more than a conqueror; and a natural consequence of his honorable life was his funeral, which will be long remembered in the annals of Britain. Our country has not seen for a while a more beautiful scene than the consummation of his life in death.

In the August "Harper's" George W. Smalley presents the first of a series of "Reminiscences and Anecdotes" of Mr. Gladstone, whom he met frequently in private life during the years of Mr. Gladstone's most important public work.

Mr. Smalley's appreciations concern the intimate matters of daily life and intercourse, which show a man's character more clearly perhaps than his measured utterances in public. The impression one receives is of a real man with qualities of great strength and ability, and at the same time with the defects of those qualities.

—:o:—

GLADSTONE'S SELF-CONFIDENCE.

When he had once made up his mind it was no longer accessible to argument or fact. A judge will grant you a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence—never Mr. Gladstone. He once explained why at some length, and with a frankness he could display when he chose. The talk had turned on the length and vigor of his life. He said:

"Of course it has been an anxious life. I have had to take many decisions, often decisions of the highest importance in public affairs. I have given each one of them the best attention I could. I have weighed arguments and facts, and made up my mind as best I could, and then dismissed the subject. I have had to make a great many speeches, and have made them as well as I knew how, and there an end.

"But if, after I had taken a decision or made a speech, I had begun to worry over it and say to myself, 'Perhaps I ought to have given greater weight to this or that fact, or did not fully consider this or that argument, or might have put this consideration more fully in my speech, or turned this sentence better, or made a stronger appeal to my audience—if I had done this instead of doing my best while I could and then totally dismissing the matter from my mind, I should have been in my grave twenty years ago.'

What answer can be made to that?—From "Mr. Gladstone," by George W. Smalley in "Harper's Magazine" for August.

SCIENTIFIC

HIS RECREATIONS.

What habits and recreations contributed to William Ewart Gladstone's surprising longevity? All his life he practised temperance, favored out-door exercise, and cultivated cheerful social relations. When at Oxford he worked at study four hours in the early day, then went for exercise—walking or boating, or other athleticism; in the afternoon he attended classes and lectures, and in the evening gave hours to solitary reading. And the same methodical division of work and recreation distinguished him all through life. He played cricket and foot-ball during his studentship, but his favorite recreation then was sculling and riding. Has he not laid to the root of many a tree, and are not his achievements as a woodman celebrated in many cartoons? In Hawarden Castle there is a larger collection of axes, as well as of walking sticks, which were presented from time to time by political admirers.

A PHILIPPINE INDUSTRY.

The shell industry is one of the most interesting pursued by the Philippine islanders. They take the great marine shells known as sea conchas, which are very plentiful in the China sea, boil them so as to kill the mollusk which lives inside, remove the meat, and then saw and carve the shell into all sorts of useful shapes. The shell is a very handsome white, with a light pearly luster on the outside and an iridescent gold within. According to the size of the shell and the way it is cut they turn out bowls, plates, cups, saucers, vases, large and small spoons, ladles, button boxes, card cases and receivers, pinholders, match boxes and other house-

hold objects. Labor is very cheap, the natives getting from five to ten cents a day. A handsome table-spoon can be bought for one cent, and a dozen for a dime. The wife of a former merchant at Manila has a collection of over a thousand pieces, which she says did not cost over \$30. The shells are very durable, and much stronger than china or porcelain.

ANIMALS THAT DO NOT DRINK.

There are in the world several kinds of animals, says "Cosmos" (June 18), that have never swallowed a drop of water in all their lives; these include the lamas of Patagonia and certain gazelles of the far East. A parrot lived fifty-two years in the London Zoological Gardens without drinking a drop, and some naturalists think that hares take no liquid except the dew that sometimes forms on the grass that they eat. A considerable number of reptiles—serpents, lizards, and certain batrachians—live and prosper in places where there is not water at all. We are also told of a kind of mouse that lives in the arid plains of Western America, notwithstanding the complete absence of moisture. Finally, there are even in France, in the neighborhood of Lozere, herds of cows and goats that almost never drink, and which nevertheless produce the milk of which the famous Roquefort cheese is made.

BAD SMELLS.

A single sniff of highly concentrated prussic acid will kill a man as quickly as a shot through the heart, says the Boston "Transcript." The odor of a bad egg is due to the presence of sulfuretted hydrogen, and the objection-

able perfumes of sewers and bone factories are attributable chiefly to the same gas. Chemical laboratories are famous for bad smells. Berzelius, who discovered the element called 'selenium,' once tried the experiment of permitting a bubble of pure hydrogen selenide gas to enter his nostrils. For days afterward he was not able to smell strong ammonia, the olfactory nerves being temporarily paralyzed. Selenium gas has the odor of putrid horseradish. Tellurium is even worse. There is a story of a physician whose patient, a lady, refused to take an absolutely necessary rest because she was so fond of being always on the go in society. He gave her a pill containing a small quantity of tellurium, and her breath was affected by it to such an extent that she was not able to appear in public for a month. She never guessed what the trouble was.

—o:o—
A SHEER WASTE.

Millions of dollars are wasted on bells, that would build churches, schools, hospitals, and asylums, all to create a noise and to distress those who are so unfortunate as to be located near them. They are an aggravating nuisance, and pay a tribute to heathenism, the customs of which they perpetuate. Among Catholic churches there is the absurd custom of blessing the bells when they are first suspended. It is quite a ceremony in some countries; but we know of bells the priest blessed that some people in the community curse ever afterward, and we could hardly wonder that those given to this bad habit did expend a little of their surplus temper in this way. We know a church in which a bell strikes every fifteen minutes, and each striking is preceded by a monotonous little tune. When it strikes, it shakes the beds of people who live adjacent. All this is done in the name of religion. Some

idiot composed a tune about ringing "the bells of heaven." We trust there are no bells in that "divine abode," and if there are we can hardly wonder that some people are not making better preparations to get there.

—o:o—
PAPER BULLETS.

There used to be a saying in the old dueling days of a generation past, says "The National Druggist," that "every bullet has its billet." Now, if we may believe a statement in "Der Militararzt" (a German journal devoted to army medical matters), the time has arrived when a billet, even a billet doux, may be converted into a bullet. The journal named states that a French army surgeon has invented a bullet made of compressed paper, covered by a thin sheet of highly polished aluminum. The new bullet, it is claimed, is less expensive than those in use; it makes equally as good targets at any range, and the wound made by it is, surgically, clean, healing with far greater ease than wounds made by any of the missiles now in use. Thus, while the number of wounded may be no less, the labor of the surgeons will be lightened by the absence of septic conditions.

—o:o—
FOOD FOR TYPHOID PATIENTS.

The experiment of a St. Louis physician with typhoid patients is cited in favor of the banana as the best food in that ailment. The explanation given for such preference is that in that disease the lining of the membrane of the small intestines becomes intensely inflamed and engorged, eventually beginning to slough away in spots, leaving well-defined ulcers, at which places the intestinal walls become dangerously thin. It is well known that a solid food, if taken into the stomach, is likely to produce perforation of the intestines, bad results naturally following. This

being the case, solid foods, or those containing a considerable amount of innutritious substances, are to be avoided as dangerous; the banana, however, though it may be classed as a solid food, containing, as it does, some 95 per cent. nutrition, does not possess sufficient waste to irritate the sore spots, and nearly the whole amount taken in to the stomach is absorbed.

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CHARLES DARWIN.

"This philosopher, who changed the aspect of science, and who proposed to man one of the finest and most probable conceptions of uniformity in the universe, had a slow mind, a confused memory; so much so, that it was always impossible for him to retain a verse or a proper name more than a day or two. Devoid of imagination, he avowed, in his incomparable and sincere modesty, that he had not had sufficient critical powers to venture to judge the work of another. Suffering without ceasing, always weary, he lived, winter as well as summer, in the country, and fatigue so quickly knocked him up that he was forbidden by his medical advisers to receive his friends. He only worked with vigor one hour daily, from 8 to 9 a. m.; then he joined his family, and had the papers or a few pages of a novel read to him; at half past ten he returned to his study, and remained there till noon, when he was at the extreme limits of his strength.

Few men so delicate as he was have been able to accomplish such a large amount of work. The indolent complain, and justly, of becoming very quickly tired, and of not being able to fix their attention for any length of time on the same subject. Darwin suffered more than most people from this exhaustion of will, this paralysis of attention. But he had realized, by instinct, how much

happiness one may draw out of one's misfortunes. He realized that such as he—weakly, domestic people, full of manias, slaves to their habits—may change these defects into virtues, change their moroseness into salutary meditation substitute involuntary attention, the pursuing of a single idea—a hobby, in fact, for willing attention, of which they are incapable."

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THE VITALITY OF SEEDS

Every farmer and gardener knows that seeds are not injured by frost. Experiments have shown that their vitality is not affected even by long exposure to the most intense cold obtainable in the laboratory. In a paper read recently before the Royal Society, Messrs. H. T. Brown and F. Escombe give the results of experiments made by them to determine "how far the germinative power of a considerable variety of seeds is affected by long exposure to the very low temperature produced by the evaporation of liquid air." The seeds were inclosed in thin glass tubes, and, having been gradually cooled, were kept for 110 hours at a temperature of from 183 to 192 degrees centigrade, or from 297 to 315 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. The seeds experimented on included representatives of the grains, of beans, geraniums, convolvuli and lilies, in some of which seeds the reserve material consists of starch, in others of mucilage. After they had been slowly and carefully thawed, a process which occupied about 50 hours, their germinative powers was compared with that of other portions of the seed which had not been subjected to the treatment, and no difference was perceptible. The seeds which had been frozen germinated, and the resulting plants, which in most cases were grown to maturity, were equally healthy in the two cases.



It was stated at the Quarterly Association of the Calvinistic Methodists of North Wales that 167 Protestant children attended the Roman Catholic school at Holywell and in the district.

The old Welsh people regarded hospitality as one of the cardinal virtues, as it was essential that a good cook should be retained in a responsible and respected position in the household, it was laid down in the ancient laws "that the life of the cook was estimated by the laws of hospitality, at the worth of a hundred and twenty other men!"

The Cambrian Society at Johannesburg has completed a most successful year, and the accounts presented at the recent annual meeting showed a handsome surplus. Steps will be immediately taken to arrange for an Eisteddfod next year on a somewhat larger scale than the very successful one held on Good Friday.

It looks as if the world is coming to a standstill over the Welsh coal strike. Here is the latest symptoms of universal paralysis: The naval manœuvres this year will not be on a large scale, and reasons for this are obvious. The South Wales coal strike has seriously affected supplies, and the number of officers available is not as large as some suppose.

Quaint Thomas Fuller describes Dolgelly as follows: "The walls thereof are three miles high. Men go into it over

the water, but go out of it under the water, and the steeple thereof doth grow therein." The walls are the surrounding mountains. You enter the town by a bridge and come out under an aqueduct, and the only bell was formerly hung in a tree which grew in the churchyard.

The proposed light railway from Portmadoc to Beddgelert and Rhyd-ddu is now in a fair way of being accomplished as far as preliminary arrangements are concerned. All the public Councils interested have granted the loans asked for, and probably the next step will be the inquiry by the Light Railway Commissioners, which it is expected will be some time in August.

Cuba is nearer to Wales than most of us think. One of the inlets of Ramsey Island, opposite St. David's Head, in Pembrokeshire, bears the name of Cuba Bay. It is to be hoped that America won't mistake it for the real thing. With this fear in their hearts, the local Cubans are thinking of changing the name to "Uncle Sam's Slit," or "Yankee Doodlemouth," or something like that.

"Y Gloch" (The Bell), the new Church of England weekly started a few weeks ago at Carmarthen, will toll no more, at any rate not as a weekly. Its sonorous tones may be heard again, it is stated, about once every three months. The committee of the "Gloch" have discovered that among Welsh Churchmen there is no demand for a free organ in

which laymen, as well as clergymen, may air their views and ventilate their grievances.

The fine elm tree which stood at the entrance to the village of Trefriw, in the Vale of Conway, has been cut down and sold for less than £5. The tree, which was traditionally believed to be some hundreds of years old, had a girth of fifteen or sixteen feet, and was when cut down found to be quite sound.

Shoni Jones was live in Dowlais,
And he work in Pwll Nantwen;
But he went on strike so foolish—
Followed other foolish men.

Shoni, he was big believer
In the goodness of "home-brewed,"
And he always had his sleever,
Tho' you never see him "slewied."

When the works and pits was idle—
'Cause that blicoming strike was here,
Shoni's thirst he could not bridle,
For he still would have his beer.

The apprehension which the Compensation Act has created among aged and infirm workmen recalls a story of "Dai Stwdge," of Dowlais. Dai, in spite of the name given him, was one of the salt of the earth. Circumstances compelled Sir Ivor Guest to reduce the number of his workmen, and he ordered the discharge of several old men. An official served Dai with a notice. "Tell your master," said Dai, indignantly, "that he is worse than the devil" (*waeth na'r jawl*). "Mind what you say, Dai," replied the official, "I am sure to tell him." And he did, and so struck was Sir Ivor with the awful characterization given of him by a man whom all the neighborhood respected and even feared, that he paid Dai a personal visit. "Dai," said he, "why did you tell the gaffer that I am worse than the devil?" "Did you, sir," replied Dai, "ever hear of the devil giving the sack to his old work-

men?" The notices to the old men were cancelled.

Realising the dreary monotony of the life the London Welsh poor lead, Lady Rendel, who ever proved herself an ardent friend of Wales and the Welsh has kindly undertaken to open a home of rest for their benefit. "Welcome" is the very appropriate name Lady Rendel has given to the small red brick house, prettily situated in its own garden (with a playground for the juveniles) on the breezy Surrey uplands, within sight of the rolling downs, whose pure winds bring back health and vigor to enfeebled frames. Here Lady Rendel will receive those whom she calls "her poor Welsh friends," and relays of half a dozen children and one or two couples at a time, taken from the grimy London surroundings, will be enabled to lead a happy country life in this holiday home.

It is a curious fact, worthy of note, that the Calvinistic Methodists in London, so strong otherwise, have no "Inglis Cos." An experiment made some years ago failed. The same is true of the "Corph" in the United States, where it has not a single English Church. Perhaps the simplest explanation is the truest. The Welsh abroad, whether in England or in any other country, once they lose grip of their native language have practically no other bond of union. Welsh sentiment may be cultivated for a time after it has ceased to be of any practical value, but only as a fetish to give character to monstrosities like an English *Eisteddfod*. These remarks are applicable outside Wales.

It is stated in old pedigree books that Cromwell was a descendant of the ancient family of the Williamses of Aberpergwm, Neath Valley, and that some of his relatives used the name of "Williams alias Cromwell" for several

generations; and there was a monument in the time of Iolo Morganwg at Neath Abbey, to the memory of Richard Williams alias Cromwell. When the Protector came to Wales he wrote a letter to Leyshon Williams, of Aberpergwm, reminding him of his consanguinity, and requested a supply of corn and hay for the troopers' horses. This was flatly refused Cromwell; and the next message he sent to Aberpergwm was in the shape of cannon balls, some of which are still preserved in the mansion; and as the country people had fled, the soldiers had it all their own way and made themselves far more free than welcome on the occasion.

Welsh girls are coming to the front. It was only the other day, remarks a London correspondent, that Miss Elizabeth Philipps, the sister of Mr. Wynford Philipps, M. P., was elected the First Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge. The honor was the more marked because Miss Philipps was an Oxford girl, having taken a first class in Modern History as a student of Somerville Hall. Now an even more brilliant success is announced. Miss Myvanwy Rhys, the elder daughter of the Principal of Jesus, has just taken a first-class in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. Few Welshmen have attained this distinction; Miss Rhys is the first Welshwoman to do so. It is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Rhys on the success of hereditary talent.

A Welsh word which has been falling out of use and now revived is "Neithior," meaning a marriage supper. It is

used (writes a correspondent) more than once in the Welsh New Testament. For instance, "The marriage supper of the Lamb," spoken of in the Book of Revelations, is in Welsh, "Swper neithior yr Oen." A prolific writer on Welsh topics, who is truly great at etymology, in speaking of the "neithior" which followed Mr. T. E. Ellis's wedding the other day, derives the word in question from "Neith" and "Ior," the names of two mythical personages who long, long ago were joined together in matrimony. Very mythical indeed must these personages be—so mythical that they probably are nothing more than the fruit of the writer's imagination. If he had turned up his Latin Vulgate he would have found in "The marriage supper of the Lamb," already referred to, to be in Latin "*Coena nuptiarum Agni*," and "neithior" is nothing else than a corruption of this very word "*nuptiarum*."

Madame Patti used to keep her "Press notices," but these after a while filled so many volumes that she discontinued collecting them. One cutting from a Chicago newspaper is as follows: "Madame Patti, the eminent vocalist and farewellist, will come to us for positively the last time next year. All who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on trip, for Patti never says good-bye twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her high 2,000 dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woful ignorance of the heights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who uses only one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."



PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

PUGH RICHARD PRICE.

Mr. Price was born at Ddolbach, Llanuwchllyn, near Bala, North Wales, September 22, 1862; baptized in infancy by Rev. Rees Thomas (Rhys Mynwy), Congregational pastor of Llanuwchllyn's old church, and in June, 1864, when Pugh was but two years of age, the family emigrated to America, taking up their abode at Locust Grove,

of Turin, N. Y.; and in June, 1886, secured a position at the State Hospital, Utica, N. Y., where he remained to the time of his death, having enjoyed the confidence and good will of all, and occupying a position of trust and responsibility; the highest testimony being borne to his integrity and uprightness in the discharge of his duties. Dr. Blumer, Superintendent of the State Hospital, speaks of him in these terms:



Pugh Richard Price.

Collinsville, N. Y. In 1877 he was received into full membership of the Welsh Church of Collinsville, by Rev. James Jarrett, at that time its pastor, and continuing to the end a worthy and consistent adherent of the church of Christ. When 21 years of age he became clerk to Mr. Richard Owen, merchant,

"Pugh was upright and true; a splendid character; I shall miss him very much." Hon. S. M. Lindsley writes: "Pugh was a good boy and a good man, a worthy son of an honored father; I respected him, as all did who knew him; he had the confidence of every one."

Although he enjoyed but slender advantages in early life, still, by improving his time and opportunities, he attained to a position of honor, he having the management of the State Hospital, store, and but a short time previous to his death had passed the civil service examination for the position of assistant steward in the same institution.

In 1894 Mr. Price was married to Miss Kate E. Lawson of Augusta, who survives him. Much sympathy is felt for her in her widowhood, as also the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Price of Port Leyden, and sisters, Mrs. Frank Squires of Lyons Falls, and Mrs. Thomas Quigley of Utica, and only brother, John E. Price of Utica. The cause of his death was appendicitis, which took place at Faxton Hospital, Utica, June 15.

The funeral took place from the Memorial Presbyterian Church of Utica, of which he was an honored member, on Saturday morning, June 18; services conducted by the pastor, Rev. D. W. Bigelow, D. D., and Rev. Lewis Williams. The large audience present, over 100 employees of the State Hospital being in attendance, testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held. The service was most impressive; and the officiating clergymen, speaking from a long acquaintance, bore a precious testimony to the sterling qualities, the consistent life and Christian character of the young man who was about to be laid in his early grave. So lived and so died Pugh R. Price. While we extend heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved families, we commend this young man to the youths of our day, as one whom they can copy and follow, as he followed the Great Master. The interment took place at Vernon Centre, where our dear friend sleeps in Jesus "until the day dawn and the shadows flee.—G. Lamb.

Mrs. Mary E. Thomas, nee Mary E.

Lutz, the wife of Mr. David Thomas, merchant, Emporia, Kas., died after a long sickness, and was buried at Maplewood Cemetery. Mrs. Thomas had undergone an operation which was unsuccessful. She was a kind-hearted, loving Christian woman, well liked and highly respected by all. She was never strong, and during all her painful sickness, she evinced the gentlest spirit, and the most remarkable patience. She was born at Circleville, O., Feb. 13, 1851; married to Mr. David Thomas at Emporia, Kas., December 31, 1878, and died at Denver, Col.

About ten years ago, with a view of benefiting Mrs. Thomas' health, they moved to Las Vegas, New Mexico, where they resided in their beautiful home; but all efforts failed to bring about the desired result. The best medical assistance was sought but to no purpose. Recently she was advised to undergo an operation, which ended in death at Denver, July 1.

Mr. Thomas is a native of Wales, having been born at Llwyndy, Llandilo; is descended from a good old family. He came to the States, was in Brooklyn two years, and started in business of his own on Genesee St., Utica, N. Y. In 1875 he came to Emporia, and engaged in business, where he became prosperous. He has the sympathy of his many friends in his sad bereavement.

H. J. Whitby.

The late David Jones of Philadelphia, Pa., was born November 21, 1825, at Pontardulais, in the parish of Llandilo. S. W. His father, William Jones, was a blacksmith, and kept a shop at that place for 40 years. David learned his father's trade. His father died in 1840, and his mother followed in 1846. He emigrated from Birmingham, Eng., and settled in Philadelphia in June, 1849. In 1852 he married Margaret Davies, and they lived a happy life until 1895, the year of Mrs. Jones' death. Three

children survive: Annie, who lives at the old home in Wharton St.; Benjamin, in New York, and Mrs. Sailor at Chicago. Mr. Jones died June 10, and was buried in Mount Moriah Cemetery, June 13.

The Christian influence of his godly parents followed him all the days of his life. On arriving at Philadelphia, he with a few others made an effort to organize a Welsh church; but in 1861 it fell through owing to financial difficulties. At that time he united with the South Presbyterian Church, and very soon was elected elder, which position he held until his death. He joined the Welsh society in 1856, acted as steward for 33 years, and was elected vice president in 1892. Mr. Jones was a typical Welshman, always taking especial interest in Welsh matters, and always prepared and eager to help and champion any movement for the promotion of any Welsh undertaking. In no home in the land would a worthy Welshman receive a more hearty welcome than at the home of David Jones. He was a lover of Welsh literature and history, and he was considered an authority on matters pertaining to the Welsh in the city. D. T. D.

June 2, 1898, Mrs. Elizabeth Reese, the beloved wife of Mr. Isaac Reese, an eminent manufacturer and a large employer of labor in Pittsburg, departed the present life, at the ripe old age of 74 years, 3 months and 11 days. She left a husband and five children—two daughters and three sons, to mourn her loss. She was the sister of Mrs. Hopkins, Lawrenceville, Pittsburg, who is over 80 years of age, and still strong and well. Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. Robert and Mary Bebb Jones, Bellan, Llanbryn-mair, North Wales. At the youthful age of 13 years she was received into the full church fellowship by the Rev. John Roberts, father of the two famous Welsh preachers, widely

known as J. R. and S. R. In the year 1842 she and her parents came to America, and settled down at Brady's Bend. In the year 1844 she was united in marriage with Mr. Isaac Reese, Pittsburg. Having come to Pittsburg to live with her husband she identified herself with the Congregational Church, Fifth Ave. where she remained a faithful member for the long period of more than 54 years. She retained her membership not by fits and starts, but by one continuous unbroken line of faithfulness, yea, until her heavenly Father took her from the church militant here below to the church triumphant above. She was a niece of the noted Welsh bard, Rev. Josiah Jones, Gomer O. She was also a descendant of the late Governor Bebb, Ohio, who was the first governor to stump against slavery in this country. June 4, 1898, a memorial service was held at her late beautiful home on Shady Side, and the next day (Sunday) her remains were laid to rest in the Allegheny Cemetery. J. I. J.

On another page we publish a poem by Mr. George Coronway, entitled "The Battle of Manila," which he forwarded to the Dewey family. In reply he received the following: "Permit me to extend thanks. Your poem shall find a place in the Dewey Family History, to be published this fall. I shall take great pleasure in reading your effusion to such of the Dewey family and their friends as I may meet on the occasion of my coming visit to Westfield, Mass."

A. M. Dewey.

Dr. Wrenford, of St. Pauls, Newport, whose kindly feelings towards the Calvinistic Methodist Assembly have caused such a flutter among the ecclesiastical devotees, was a personal friend of Frances Ridley Havergal, and it was to him she submitted the MS. of that now world-known hymn, "Take my life and let be." The esteemed vicar still

has the original manuscript in his possession.

Sir John Jones Jenkins went into the wrong division lobby recently. It was his intention to follow Major Wyndham-Quin, Mr. Tudor Howell, and Colonel Pryce-Jones, and support the amendment for the induction of Welsh-speaking clergy into Welsh livings, but, entering the House in haste, he was shown into the Government lobby by the official Whips, and it was not until after the dinner hour that he discovered his mistake.

Two Welshmen got wrecked on a desert part of the Irish coast. They wandered some miles into the country, wondering whether it was inhabited or not. When they saw a man hanging to a tree one said to the other delightedly, "The country is civilized, anyhow." Then they met three drunken men, and their joy knew no bounds: "Why, this is a Christian country, too!" They had come from the land of Sunday Closing, and knew!

Welsh *Eisteddfodwyr* and the patrons of Welsh art will be sorry to hear of the continued indifferent health of Professor Hubert Herkomer, R. A. He has, acting upon medical advice, gone to Italy to recruit. His connection with the *Gorsedd* of the Isle of Britain is well known, having his attention first drawn to this interesting ceremony while on a visit to Ruthin, in North Wales, of which place his wife is a native.

When the Spanish Armada was on its way to invade England, David Gwynn, a Welsh mariner, then prisoner of war and galley-slave in one of the ships, secured the possession of two of the ships, and, with 460 fellow-passengers, escaped to France. Gwynn found his way to England, and was highly commended

by Queen Elizabeth. Gwynn was the first to fight the Invincible Armada.

Caradog (Caractacus) is said, by an old Welsh writer, to have caused all the trees of *Siluria* (Gwent and *Morganwg*) to be burned, in order to convince the Romans that he could fight in an open field as well as in the wood. "Not a stick was left in the country large enough to hang a flea."

A second edition of the racy "*Cofiant*" of "Dafydd Davis, Rhydcymerau," is out. The first issue of 2,000 copies was sold in a few weeks. To the new edition the author, the Rev. James Morris, of Penygraig, has added several fresh pages and introduced many new features.

A writer in the "*Evangelical Magazine*," reviewing the Rev. D. Watters' book, "*Sermons by Welshmen in English Pulpits*," professes to be much struck in reading the volume, "with the homiletic gifts of Welshmen and their power of seeing the inwardness of a text."

It was Shon ap Nathaniel who carved the old oak chair in which Nellie Farnen was enthroned at the press bazaar. It is necessary to say this, as some people may not recognize the old Welshman in the name given him in a London paper, namely, the Hon. A. P. Nathaniel.

The guitar given by Shelley to Jane Williams, wife of Captain Edward Ellerker Williams, together with the lines, "*Ariel to Miranda*," has been presented to the Bodleian Library.

Mr. D. Lleufer Thomas, of Swansea, has been commissioned by the authorities to revise the Welsh names on the new ordnance maps of the Principality.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

EAGLE AND THE STARS AND STRIPES.

should like to call attention to one of our London churches, says a writer in the "London Spectator." Little Trinity in the Minorities, though very interesting both to English and Americans is not, I think, so generally known as it deserves. The church in question has been the burial place of the Dartmouths. Before the Washingtons left England and these two families were united by marriage. On the wall of Little Trinity church may be seen the Stars and Stripes as the coat-of-arms or banner of the Dartmouths, and the eagle as the coat-of-arms of the Washingtons. It was intended to become the flag and the emblem of the great nation across the Atlantic.

A FINE LEGAL POINT.

At a party at Mr. Roberts' the other evening Major Baldwin rapped the company into order and stated that a party who had recently come to his office and asked a question on a legal point which he was unable to answer. As the district attorney was present, and as the question and answer would interest the company, one present he would repeat the question, which was, "Could a man in North Dakota marry his widow's sister?" The district attorney promptly answered that he could if he wanted to, and the company concurred in his decision. But when the major quietly remarked that this was the first time he had heard that a dead man could marry, there were explosions of laughter,

which continued for several minutes.—North Dakota Republican.

A LITTLE JOKE.

In a New Orleans cafe a group of men were discussing the victory of the American fleet at Santiago when a stranger stood within ear shot of the group and listened to the patriotic expressions. Finally, he said, in a rather mournful tone of voice, "Well, boys, you may talk as you please, but I would give my right arm to see the Spanish flag floating over New Orleans." There was a mad rush for the newcomer, and for some seconds the air was full of swinging arms. As the stranger ruefully regained his feet and pulled his battered remains together he attempted a smile that faded into a ghastly grin, and he whined out: "You fellows are too quick. That's my little joke. I am blind."

HOW HE DIED.

An Irishman is too nimble to be caught when he doesn't wish to be apprehended. Cardinal Manning delighted to tell the following story as an illustration of the national elusiveness:

An Irishman, the son of one who had been hanged, having been asked how his father died, thus eluded the admission of the fact:

"Sure, thin, my father, who was a very reckless man, was just standing on a platform haranguing a mob when a part of the platform suddenly gave way, and he fell through, and thin it was found that his neck was broken."

SPANISH HUMOR.

But as a humorist, the Spanish captain at Manila who requested a cessation of hostilities while he went ashore for more ammunition is entitled to the cake. The Petrel, of Dewey's fleet, chased a gunboat up the Pasig River. Seeing he was cornered, the captain of the Spanish gunboat went to the Petrel in a small boat, under a flag of truce to make terms. The American captain told him he must surrender or fight. "We are willing to fight," replied the Spaniard. "Please allow us to send for ammunition, because our store is exhausted."

:o:

P. T. Barnum used to tell a good story of Elias Howe, the sewing machine inventor. The 17th Connecticut Regiment was in Virginia, in November, 1862, suffering great discomfort because the men had not been paid off. Private Howe advanced \$13,000 due them. Howe sat at a table handing out the money when a clergyman asked him for a subscription toward a new church. "Oh," said Howe, "this is war-time." "Yes," the clergyman replied, "but we need churches and hope you will give us something for St. Peter's." "St. Peter," said Howe; he was the fighting apostle, and cut off a man's ear." "Yes," "Oh, well," said Howe, "I'll give you \$50 for St. Peter, but just now most of my money is being spent on saltpeter."

In an address at Boston, Will Carleton, the poet, in speaking of women's clubs and societies, said: "I always thought that if my wife joined them that I should not live with her." There was a long pause and vigorous applause on the part of the men. Then Carleton added slyly, "very much." Then the ladies laughed. He explained that since his wife had joined and they had such splendid times when she came back and told about it, he had urged her to

belong to everything she wanted to, and that life was twice as rich.

The other day a young woman was rambling along one of the Long Island roads. She was dressed smartly, she thought, and when she met a small bare-legged urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it she did not hesitate to stop him. "You are a wicked boy," she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs." "Oh, she don't care," replied the urchin, edging away; "she's up in your hat."

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael, said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy, is it, Father?" responded Michael, "and your Riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!" "So I was, Michael, rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."—Sacred Heart Review.

W. S. Gilbert, the English dramatist, found himself the other day in company with three cycling clergymen lunching at a country hotel. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."

Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, is no doubt, one of the best known names in modern Welsh church history, but, in spite of this, the fame of the great Churchman has not spread outside the Principality. Indeed, a professor of Church history and English literature at Lampeter, when the rector's name was once mentioned to him, asked "who Griffith Jones, Llanddowror, was."

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THE CAMBRIAN

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Aberystwyth.
Llanbadarn Church.
Aberystwyth Castle.
Devil's Bridge.
University College of Wales.

MAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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THE CAMBRIAN.

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XVIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 9.

THE CAMBRIAN CHAIR.

By Dr. James Francis Jones, Marietta, O.

A few months ago, Hon. W. D. Davies of Sidney, Ohio, expressed a desire to see a chair established in an American College or University that should devote itself largely to the interests of Welsh history, biography, language and literature, and he also signified his willingness to become personally interested in founding such a chair, and a movement be inaugurated for that purpose.

As a result of his suggestion a meeting of representative gentlemen was called at Cincinnati to formally inaugurate a movement to establish the chair. The meeting was held at the banquet which followed and was well attended. At the business session due deliberation was had as to what should be the general plan of procedure, looking to the most speedy realization of the end in view. A motion was finally offered by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago for the sake of simplicity, and to avoid a cumbersome organiza-

tion which might trammel rather than expedite the work to be undertaken, "That the enterprise be put in the hands of a committee of seven gentlemen known to be personally interested in the project, and so located geographically that frequent meetings might be held without undue expenditure of time and money, said committee to have power to organize State and local committees as the interest of the project might demand."

The motion prevailed, and a committee was appointed, which is composed at present of Hon. W. D. Davies, Chairman, Sidney, Ohio; Homer Morris, Esq., Secretary, Cincinnati; Dr. J. Francis Jones, Field Secretary, Marietta, Ohio; Hon. Anthony Howells, Treasurer, Massillon, Ohio; Ebenezer Bowen, Cincinnati; Thomas H. Jones, Lima, Ohio; Rev. Daniel I. Jones, Cincinnati. The purpose of the proposed chair is to give instruction in Welsh history, biography, lan-

guage, literature, and other Celtic and cognate subjects. It is further proposed, however, that "attention shall be given, as time and means permit, to original research into the influence of Welsh thought, culture and achievements upon civilization; to the study of the ethnology and archaeology of the race; to the study of the local history of Welsh communities, and to the collection and preservation of the art, music and literature of the nation."

It is hoped to establish the chair with an endowment of \$50,000, and it is expected that the incumbent shall be as "efficient and desirable a person as the salary paid will command."

The committee is impressed with the very strong sentiment which obtains throughout the country favorable to this movement. It is much stronger indeed than was at first anticipated. A large number of letters have been received, which express the prevailing attitude towards the project.

The success of this enterprise depends upon the securing of \$50,000 as an endowment for the chair. At first blush, it would seem ridiculous to hope that such a sum of money can be raised for this purpose; but upon mature reflection it would seem more ridiculous to even doubt the ultimate result of an initial effort on our part as a nation to secure the required endowment. A few suggestions may be here offered in justification of so optimistic a view.

As good authorities estimate

that there are a million persons of Welsh birth or descent in this country who would become interested in this movement, if thoroughly informed regarding its purpose and character, a nickel per capita from this number would endow the chair. There are scores of persons of Welsh blood in the country who could easily endow the chair, single handed and alone, hundreds who could subscribe the major part of the amount. A fraction of the amount of Welsh money that is annually donated to various philanthropic objects in this country, if focused in this one direction, would endow the chair. Within the last five years, 1892 to 1897, over ten million dollars have thus been disposed of by persons of purely Welsh names. Not unfrequently, persons find themselves, at the close of life, so circumstanced that they have no relations to leave their money to. In this event they generally donate it to some object in which they are personally interested, and many a person would make a provision for this chair in his will if solicited to do so.

Ten persons subscribing \$5,000 each, or 100 persons subscribing \$500 each; or 500 persons subscribing \$100 each; or 1,000 persons subscribing \$50 each; or 10,000 persons subscribing \$5 each; or 50,000 persons subscribing \$1 each, would contribute the total amount required. By availing itself of one or more of these suggestions, the committee proposes to secure, as speedily as possible, the required endowment.

ABERYSTWYTH.

 By Antiquarian.

The town of Aberystwyth is so situated from its being situated at the confluence of the rivers Rheidol and Ystwyth. Roughly speaking, it may say it is half way between David's and Carnarvon, in the county of Cardigan. Taking the Bay of Cardigan. Taking the Bay of Cardigan representing a big bow, the arrow would rest on the town of Aber-

ystwyth bar was often choked up so that the smallest vessels could neither enter nor leave, and those entered could not sail out till the rivers Rheidol and Ystwyth had risen to flood them out. In old times, this town depended on fish and some exports, such as lead, silver, tin, &c. It seems that no attempts had been



Aberystwyth.

ystwyth. Although it is now a place of considerable importance as the seat of a Welsh University and a summer resort of considerable attractiveness, in old times, it was a small fishing port, with all the inconveniences of a bad harbor. During half the season, the

harbor was often choked up so that the smallest vessels could neither enter nor leave, and those entered could not sail out till the rivers Rheidol and Ystwyth had risen to flood them out. In old times, this town depended on fish and some exports, such as lead, silver, tin, &c. It seems that no attempts had been made through the ages to improve the harbor, from lack of enterprise, or from the consideration that the harbor was good and convenient enough to meet the export and import commerce carried on there. However, in the last century, com-

plaints were made against the difficulties and disappointments connected with the harbor, and attention was drawn to improvements. Although several large fortunes had been made in the mines of Cardiganshire since the time of Queen Elizabeth, Hugh Middleton, in the reign of James I., having cleared as high as £2,000 a month, which he spent in improving London's supply of water, and Bushel having accumulated such wealth that he could afford to furnish Charles I. with a regiment of horse, and loaned him £40,000, yet hardly anything was done to rid this little fishery of its troubles. Charity hardly ever begins at home.

It is fabled that the whole of Cardigan Bay was, in the good old times, as is supposed before the Christian era, a vast lowland extending out flush with Pembroke and Carnarvon, but during the ages the sea continued to so encroach on this beautiful and rich heritage, that the people undertook to keep it out by dykes, as is done in Holland. As is supposed, this dyke had a floodgate which Seithenyn was appointed to guard, but he being addicted to drink, was one night overpowered by intoxication, and suffered the sea to overflow the Lowland Hundred (Cantref y Gwaelod). When this principedom was deluged, extensive lands and cities and towns to the number of sixteen were submerged. In order to flee this flood, the people rushed into the hilly parts up the County of Arvon, and the modern

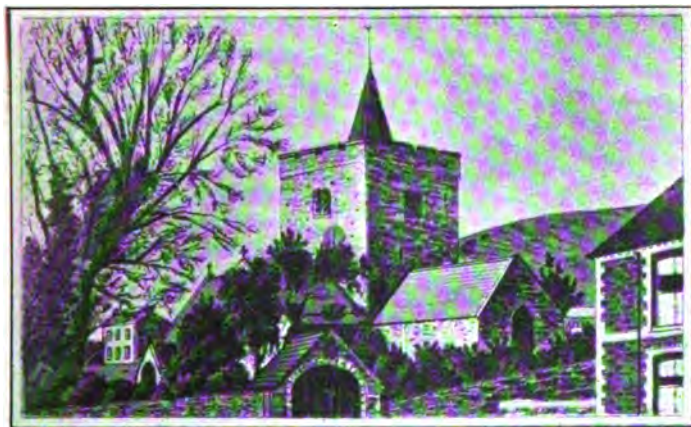
portion called Cardiganshire. This submerged empire was thus converted into fisheries for shoals of herrings innumerable, for which Cardiganshire has attained world-wide renown. This bay now supplies Wales and a great portion of England with "fresh herrings, all alive." The Lowlands Hundred was the kingdom of Gwyddno Garanhir. So Aberystwyth is situated in the presence of a great disaster, and a visitor of a mythological turn of mind would imagine in the winds that he hears the sighs of the disinherited prince. There is an old saying of Gwyddno's Bowl, which if enough for one was put in it, enough for a hundred would be got from it. This probably refers to the Bay itself, which resembles a bowl, and which for one generation of Cardis drowned has furnished the world with a hundred (thousand) generations of fresh herrings.

Connected with Aberystwyth there are many points of interest, namely the Old Castle, Llanbadarn Church, Alltwen Cliffs and the Caves, Pen Dinas Hill, Devil's Bridge and Waterfalls, Borth Sands, where the great Taliesin, the Chief of the Bards, was buried, and last but not least, the University College of Wales.

Llanbadarn village and church stand a mile and a quarter to the east of Aberystwyth, in the vale of Rheidiol. It consists of a straggling line of cottages, with an open space, which in old time served for a public square and market place.

Llanbadarn is the Welsh form of Pater-
nus, an old British saint who settled
there after receiving his education at
Llantwit Major in Glamorgan. He
was the son of a certain Petranus
and his wife Guena, natives of Brit-
ain, who after his birth separated.
The father immigrated into Ireland,
where he lived a life of fasting and
prayer. From Llantwit Major,
Paternus moved to this village,
where he formed a congregation.
Llanbadarn Fawr in old British
means St. Paternus
Great's Church.

was discovered. The ancient town
of Aberystwyth, which stood west of
the Castle, called Llanbadarn Gaer-
og, and fortified with walls, is now
covered by the sea. Gilbert, the
son of the Norman Earl of Strigil,
who had received Cardiganshire
from King Henry of England,
mustered all his forces together, and
subjugated the county. In order
to strengthen his position, he built
a fortress near the mouth of Ys-
twyth, and another on the Teifi at
Kilgerran. Up to the time of Crom-
well this fortress was a thorn in the



Llanbadarn Church.

Aberystwyth Castle, once formi-
dable, but now in utter ruins, stands
at the head of the present town, upon a
rocky head which projects into the
Mere. Mere fragments remain to-
day of the once powerful strong-
hold, viz., portions of two towers,
north and south, and a part of a
tower about 40 feet on the north-
east with an archway. In 1845,
the ruins were partly explored, but
nothing of any historical interest

was discovered. The ancient town
of Aberystwyth, which stood west of
the Castle, called Llanbadarn Gaer-
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well this fortress was a thorn in the

Charles and his Parliament, it remained in the possession of the Parliamentary forces for some time, and was finally destroyed, having been probably ruined and blown up by them.

The Rheidiol and the Ystwyth present the visitor with striking

Pen Dinas Hill situate between the rivers Rheidiol and Ystwyth, above their confluence, is an elevation which played a prominent part in the old times. Investing forces, in Norman times and in the civil wars, used it for a vantage ground to attack the Castle; and it is sup-



Aberystwyth Castle.

scenes and romantic spots, alternately flowing between deep banks, and tumbling over precipices and rocks. The surrounding hills also afford points from which the mountain ranges of Merioneth and Carnarvon, with the white peak of Snowdon towering over all, may be seen. From the Castle may be viewed the magnificent curve of Cardigan Bay.

posed the Parliamentary army bombarded it from this position, and afterward reduced it to its present state of dilapidation and ruin. After a pleasant stroll along the southern beach, is reached the Alltwn C.iff, from which material for the building of the Pier was got. It is the limit of the port of Aberystwyth on the south, as Constitution Hill or Craiglais, is on the north. Another

object of interest on the way to the Cliff is the ancient fortification called Tan-y-Castell, on the north side of the Ystwyth. This is also supposed to have been an old British fortification, used as an auxiliary position of defence in connection with the Castle; this commanding the vale of Ystwyth as the Castle did the Rheidiol. Connected with these points are also others of interest, especially the cave called "Twll Twrw," or Thunder Hole, by reason of the noise caused by the rushing of the tide through it. An excursion along the margin of the cliffs of Alltwen towards Morfa Bychan, and as far as Llanrhystid, is always enjoyable on account of the boldness of scenery.

Devil's Bridge would naturally excite an idea of weirdness in the mind of the ordinary reader, and he would expect to find a spot so named worthy of its builder and owner. The origin of the name is obscure, several tales having been invented to account for it. The scenery surrounding this locality, the dread abyss, the narrow perpendicular and awe-inspiring chasm, the rushing of the stream between rocks as if to Gehenna below, might have suggested to some one that the terrible aspect of the scene was more suggestive of the workmanship of the Evil Spirit, than of a more well-disposed genius. Who but a mischief-loving Spirit would have sojourned amongst these impassable rocks, and amongst these waters, precipitating through mys-

terious chasms on an headlong career that is bewildering? This bridge is situate up the valley near where the rivers Mynach and Rheidiol commingle, from which place called Cyfarllwyd, a sharp descent leads directly to the Havod Arms Hotel, at Devil's Bridge. It is more appropriately called the Bridge over the Mynach. It consists of a single arch between 20 and 30 feet thrown over another of less space than 20 feet, which spans an awful chasm. The lower arch is supposed by some to have been built by the monks of Strata Florida, although a certain writer thinks that the feat was accomplished by the Knights Hospitalers, since several of the surrounding chapels are known to have been dedicated to St. John, their patron saint. Higher up is a still more tremendous wonder—the Parson's Bridge, a scene that is magnificent and awful.

Borth Sands and Plas Crug are also points of interest, along with others too numerous to mention within the limited space of this article. On the way to the first a fine view is gained on the summit of the hill of Plinlimmon and the mountains of North Wales. Not far from Borth Sands also is the supposed grave of Taliesin, the Chief of the Bards. Plas Crug is situated on the banks of the Rheidiol, upon a rocky mound, from which the name is supposed to have been derived. A fortified mansion stood here in old times, which had an un-

derground communication with the Castle and the sanctuary of Llanbadarn. It is said to have been the residence of Welsh princes, and amongst them Llywelyn the Great. Owen Glendower is also said to have resided here during the investment of the Castle in 1404, then in possession of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V.

But the two chief attractions of to-day are the University and the Beach—its means of education and



Devil's Bridge.

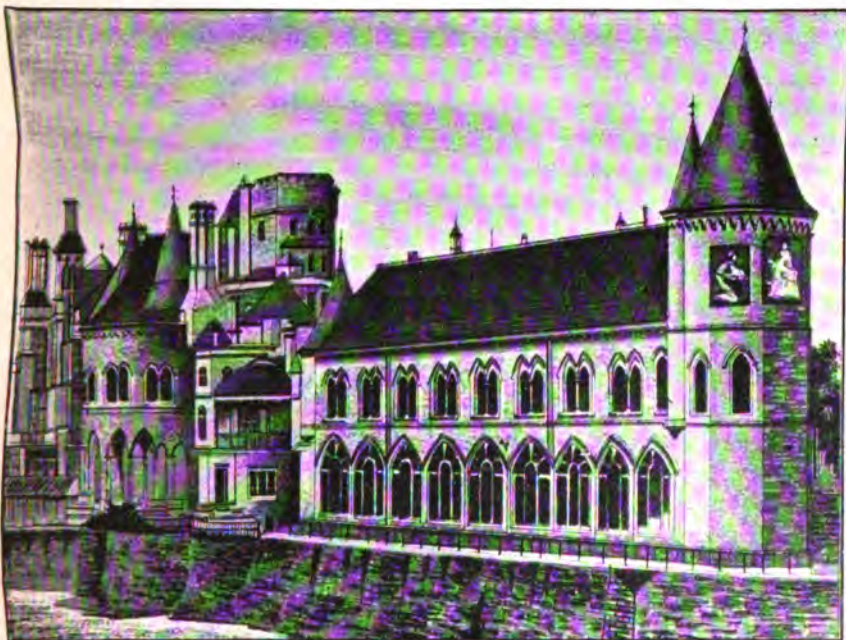
sea bathing. This University College of Wales, though young as an institution, has attained considerable renown, for the good work and results already accomplished. It is claimed that no other college in the United Kingdom can show a better list of successes in the educational world recently than the Aberystwyth College. Sir Hugh Owen has the principal honor as one of the founders and promoters of the

University. The idea of its establishment was first entertained in 1854, but it was not completed before 1872, when it was opened as a purely unsectarian and national institution. The intention of its promoters was to make it "a national institution maintaining the completest freedom from all ecclesiastical preferences;" a secular institution for promoting the mental culture and development of the nation. An appeal was made to the nation for subscriptions, and it is notorious that the great landed proprietors of Wales, with some exceptions, failed to respond. The best contributors were the late David Davies, Llandinam; Mr. Lewis Davies, Fernald; Mr. Samuel Morley, and some other generous Englishmen. Those who have for ages devoured the rent and resources of Wales had nothing to give towards the educating of the people. In 1872 the promoters bought the Castle Hotel, which had been erected, at the cost of £80,000 for the accommodation of visitors, for the low sum of £10,000, and was converted into the present College. It has already done wonderful work. Its motto is excellent—"Nid byd, byd heb wybodaeth;" and it is to be hoped that the torch lit here will be passed around Wales.

As a health resort and its conveniences for sea-bathing, it is also popular and attractive; and during the summer months Aberystwyth is as lively as a bee-hive, and many

a sojournment for a few weeks
 refreshing and renovating. Aber-
 ystwyth is favorably situated mid-
 way between the "wrong end" of
 Wales (as Mrs. Piozzi said of G'a-

morgan) and Anglesea, the mother
 of Wales, which is now a little anti-
 quated. Aberystwyth is the centre
 of Welsh renaissance.



University College of Wales.



A RED ROSE.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

Thou heart of flame, a sunset's coal,
 Perhaps thou wert in days gone by,
 Like a wan nun with snow-white soul,
 Kneeling beneath the vaulted sky.

Then thou broke thy holy vow,
 And lost thy birthright to above;
 A soft wind kissed thee on the brow,
 And thou blushed to show thy love.

SACRIFICE AND SONG.

By Max Norman.

We are taught now-a-days that nature has produced all things from the simplest seeds by the law of evolution, which is the will of God; so there is nothing strange in teaching that sacrifice has developed into song, and suffering into music. Has not the altar evolved into the modern church organ? We believe it; and the following discussion may help the reader to appreciate the reasonableness of this hypothesis. Martin Luther once said that the Roman Catholic mass would be superseded by music, which shows in part that this great fact had dawned on his mind; and although the thought must have shocked the ordinary Catholic as something impious and sacrilegious, yet the time will come when the Christian altar of the Middle Ages shall have given way entirely to the church organ and the choir. If the Church had closely followed the teachings of the Master, and comprehended the true spirit and purpose of his life and death, the altar would have been swept away with his resurrection, because the utterance "It is finished" meant that the altar would be no longer a necessity, for the one great Sacrifice had been offered which was sufficient without the necessity of being theatrically repeated in church performances. A sacrifice is a reality which cannot be per-

formed by unreal means. An altar is a monument of spiritual ignorance, and when Christ said that the hour was come when those who worshiped God would worship Him in spirit and in truth, he meant that the service symbolized by the altar was thenceforth the only one acceptable. The church that builds an altar must relapse into the darkness which makes the altar service reasonable and necessary, and also sink back into a pre-Christian state of mind.

It is certainly interesting to observe that where the altar stands in the Roman churches the organ is located in Protestant chapels, and this is not an accident but an inevitable result of the law of evolution. The history of the evolution of sacrifice points to this consummation as the very fruit of the sacrificial tree. Song is the triumphal realization of the long and fearful struggles of the human soul through the wilderness of ignorance and moral darkness into the freedom of light and truth. Song is the outpouring of the joy of victory; and it is only natural that the triumph-song should be sung where the fight was fought; that not only the struggle should emanate in song, but that the altar should be converted into an organ.

Sacrifice means an attempt to

God, and throughout the and dark ages of the past, man, ant and fearing, has en-ored by all means suggested by undeveloped mind to conciliate. This idea of indignant gods, s easily angered, or rather al- s in angry moods, unless con-ually appeased and propitiated sacrifices and gifts, has been the use of much shedding of blood among the children of men. This rverse conception of the Power at creates and rules has been the y spirit of sacrifice. In every na-on and in every age, this fear of od and the anxiety to placate Him as been the inciting cause of the performances of religion; in some nse it has been the curse as well the blessing of human life.

The savage man had savage gods; d to please and conciliate them as no easy matter, for the ferocity the gods was only a reflection of s savage nature. As the man's ture was brutal, his gods would ly be propitiated by brutaility. his in the darkest and primeval es would institute frightful relig- as sacrifices, such as human offer- gs and savage rites of the most re- lting kind. The workings of the age mind would be mistaken for e desires or the will of the gods, d so man's ferocity would be used work out the horrible principles his salvation. Religion would be atly modified by the degree of ture, mode of life and the pro- ts of the soil of different nations. ce and warlike people would

have ferocious and blood-thirsty gods, who could only be pleased by continuous human sacrifices. At the head of the patron god of the Aztecs was the frightful Huitzilopochtli, the Mexican Mars (the god of battle). His temples were the most magnificent; and in every city in the empire his altars were drenched with the blood of human sacrifices. It is said that Cortes was once allowed to behold this god, which had a broad face, wide mouth, and terrible eyes, covered with gold, pearls and precious stones, and girt with golden serpents. Close by him were braziers with incense, and on the braziers three real hearts of men who that day had been sacrificed! The emperor made war on all the neighboring states in order to furnish victims for these sacrifices. It is said that 20,000 victims were annually immolated in those temples.

Greeks and Romans sacrificed human victims from the earliest times to the age of their decadence. The practice of slaughtering human beings in honor of the gods, or to placate them, flourished to a frightful degree among the Germans and Celts; and such gods as Baal and Moloch were devourers of human flesh. It was for ages universal among the nations of the earth; but since the advent of Christianity the spirit has declined and disappeared among truly civilized peoples of to-day.

It is worthy of note however, that this crude idea of pleasing God, the

idea that God is exacting and bigoted in his views, and that he demands perfect doctrinal beliefs from man, and that the church through its clergy or confessions are the standard of infallible truth, has through the ages been the cause of frightful forms of persecution and cruelty. The Inquisition differs in form, but not in spirit, from the bloody performance which honored the Mexican Mars, and the God of Torquemada, or the fanatic persecutor in the church of Rome was a monster of the Baal Moloch or Huitzilopochtli type; and Protestantism appeared in time to save Christianity from relapsing into utter barbarism.

Persecution is inspired by the perverse notion that God is a sectarian, and the only way to please Him is to hunt and persecute those who do not accept and profess the doctrines which God is supposed to favor. The worst forms of sectarianism and bigotry were ascribed to the inscrutable Spirit, and a policy of injury, insult and torture was supposed to be very acceptable to the Father of Mercies! This was the same old spirit which in the darkest ages of human sacrifice had been swayed by the frightful creed that the only way to please God was to offer Him gifts of human blood.

The Mexican priest and the Roman Inquisitor were the product of the identical spirit, and their conceptions of God were the same. The persecuting spirit is the ante—and the anti-Christian spirit, and it will disappear with the altar. The altar is the implacable enemy of toleration; and bigotry all through the ages has flourished around it. The Christian spirit declined with the revival of altarism in the dark ages, and Toleration grew outside the church. The cultivation of toleration demands the obliteration of the altar. The revival of ritualism in our times is a temporary relapse into altarism, which will be short-lived, for we are rapidly and inevitably moving out the twilight of the intellectual and spiritual darkness which has made sacerdotalism a power. It is very suggestive that one of the first things Protestantism did was to replace altars with tables of wood and movable, and the mass as a sacrifice was abolished. The altar and its cult was done away with. Luther was right. The altar will disappear, and the seat of suffering through ages untold will be converted into a musical instrument to peal forth a triumphal song! The altar will become an organ, and mass will be turned into music!



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

Alarm and Pursuit.

Gryffydd Ap Llewelyn was not surprised at the suddenness of Idrys' murderous attack on than he was at the manner in which he made his escape. For when he and Prince Trahaiarn were in blank astonishment at the other, while wonder mingled with alarm marked the faces of those around them. But Idrys had scarcely reached the door when all made a simultaneous rush in the same direction, the king true to his habit of instinct taking the lead. Unfortunately for him as he passed out into the court yard he stumbled and fell over the prostrate and unconscious form of the doorkeeper, and those closely following him falling over each themselves, fell in a heap around him. The other members of the royal family together with their attendants having caught the general alarm crowded into the hall in order to witness this scene, while the king was closely followed by the three knights deceived by Idrys' ruse ran from the out-houses in much terror, failing to grasp the situation, all helped to increase the already too great confusion. Giving rise to some very vigorous expres-

sions the king was soon on his feet again, commanding, chiding, and fuming at everybody as his excited nature prompted him; and while Trahaiarn with a few of the court officers and guards continued the pursuit, Gryffydd returned into the hall to restore order there. With an imperious wave of the hand he unceremoniously dismissed all from the hall except the queen and princess, and wiping the sweat from his heated brow, he burst forth in invectives against the treacherous Idrys. Anxious as Aldyth and Nest were to learn what had happened, they knew his mood too well to crave an explanation so long as his resentment lasted. But they did not have to wait long, as the king's temper abated as quickly as it was aroused. While he related to them what had transpired, the queen looked more terrified, if possible, than before, and said to herself that such a thing could never happen in England. But the princess nestled close to her father, as if to shield him from further danger, and tears of gratitude filled her eyes when she learned how the fatal blow was averted. Trahaiarn had always held a high place in her esteem; now he was a hero in her sight.

There being signs of the pursuers' return, Gryffydd now urged the queen and princess to retire to their rooms, and as they left the hall Prince Trahaiarn and others entered, bearing a corpse.

"Ha, ha, ye have given the treacherous villain his deserts," exclaimed the king, thinking the corpse to be that of Idrys.

"Would that we had," said Trahaiarn, as his followers laid the body on the floor; "but as it is, not only is the base attempt upon the life of the illustrious Gryffydd unavenged, but also the murder of two of the guards and the head-hunstan, whose body we have here."

A cloud of disappointment passed over the king's face, and with a strong effort at self-control he said,

"The loss of half my kingdom were preferable to the escape of that vile traitor, but by St. David, he shall not elude my vengeance long. That faithful servant, whose honest heart is now forever stilled, furnishes another reason for searching every inch of my domain, if need be, in order to find him. But said you not that two of the guards are also slain? By heaven, it seems passing strange that one man in his flight should find time to dispatch so many, while his numerous pursuers were unable to overtake him. Methinks Rhuddlan Castle is not yet rid of all traitors."

Feeling the injustice of this insinuation, Trahaiarn colored a little and hastily explained,

"The son of Llewelyn is as wise

as he is brave, as reasonable as he is generous. Let him understand that these murders are committed by others than the detestable Idrys. Nor would we have given up the pursuit so soon had we any hope of success. Of the thick darkness you know too well; of the hopelessness of pursuit when the pursued is mounted, and the pursuers on foot you are also aware. But let my lord the king add to these disadvantages the harrassing arrows of hidden confederates, and consider whether our failure is a sign of treachery or not."

"Thy heart, brave prince, will overlook my rashness in speaking so unadvisedly, for have I not this very night received ample proof of thy loyalty? Thy timely aid shall not be forgotten. You too, my friends, deserve praise rather than censure. Your fidelity shall be rewarded. But in the meantime this treason must be looked into and receive due punishment. The hand that has been uplifted with murderous intent, and the hand that has treacherously shed the blood of these my brave subjects must suffer for these crimes. Let the dead be removed to their quarters, and in due time be honorably buried. Tomorrow, if the saints permit, we will seek to avenge their death."

It will be seen that the king makes no mention of the doorkeeper. The reason for this seeming indifference is that he was more scared than hurt, and was soon back at his post again. And now that he had had

to recover his breath and comity, he announced in as a tone as ever, the arrival of the Ithel, and Idwal, the family

prince had just returned from a long trip to Conway, where he had been called on pressing business relating to the royal household, stopping for a moment at his residence in the center of the town of Rhuddlan, he had found the castle there, still in a resentful mood, and had persuaded him to accompany him to the castle. Neither of them knew what had transpired in the king's hall until they were informed by the porter; nor did they stop to ask many questions before entering the hall. Had Idwal known the pains to analyze his feelings, as he and the prince turned to let the servants pass out, he would have discovered that he was more pleased than sorry at what had taken place, at least so far as his own was concerned, for it meant that he was again without a rival. Perhaps it was this more than anything else that enabled him to play so well a little later for the consolation of his royal master, to remember so many instances of his own chivalry and remarkable deliverance. He was prudent enough, however, not to utter anything to his disadvantage. He had his van-guard ground once more, and he was determined to keep it.

When the time to retire arrived, the chief actors in the exciting

scenes of the evening sought their various quarters, and next morning before the first peep of day the vicinity of the castle was the seat of unusual activity. Three searching parties were organized from the king's reserve, with Prince Meredith, Prince Trahaiarn, and the chief marshal respectively at their head. At daybreak the three parties left the castle; that led by the prince royal going east, that led by the chief marshal going west, and that conducted by Trahaiarn following a southerly direction. As the last named party took the most important course we shall confine our attention to it.

Before making a thorough search of the region in which he now found himself, Trahaiarn decided to proceed first to the hermit's cave, and secondly, in case he should find no clue to the whereabouts of Idrys there, to the Cathedrai of St. Asaph. He was led to make this decision by his knowledge of the fact that no criminal, however culpable, would fail to find refuge in any of the churches or monasteries of the period, providing he had money enough to bribe the officials. Nor was he very hopeful of success in his present enterprise, knowing as he did the character of those with whom he had to deal; yet he thought that a chance word or expression might give him at least a hint of what he desired to know. After two or three vain inquiries he led his followers at a rapid rate in the direction of Cefn, and arriving

in due time in front of the hermit's cave, he sought to attract the attention of the recluse. That individual, however, seemed to be in no hurry to appear, for it was not until the prince had exhausted his voice nearly as completely as his patience that he deigned to respond; nor was he in a very amiable mood when he came to the mouth of the cave, as his words showed.

"Who is it that dares to disturb a servant of God at his devotions? These be precious times indeed that even the seclusion of the forests fails to insure freedom from interruption. But the servant is no better than his master; for Christ was tempted of the devil for forty days and forty nights in the wilderness."

Somewhat amused at these remarks, Trahaiarn replied,

"You may consider yourself fortunate, holy father, if the devil of interruption be the only one that molests you. There are those who have reason to believe in the existence of worse devils; Gryffydd Ap Llewelyn, for instance, on whose mission I have sought your abode."

"And does his majesty think me one of them, that he sends thee with a band of soldiers to this sacred spot?"

"It is rather his desire, holy father, to have you cast out one that has made himself particularly obnoxious to him of late," said the prince insinuatingly.

"Ah, indeed!" said the recluse, "and where might that devil be? Perhaps thou canst tell me that."

"Be careful, sir priest, else I might shorten your tongue by cutting off your head," exclaimed Trahaiarn, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword. "You know whom we seek, and where he now conceals himself."

"When thou ceasest to speak in riddles, like Samson, I may hope to find a key to thy meaning," was the reply.

"And when you cease to wield, like Samson, the jaw-bone of an ass," said the prince, frowning, "I may hope to listen to some degree of reason. I suppose you have never known a vile rascal by the name of Idrys."

"Idrys is a common name; yet all I have known, who responded to that name, laid no such claim to being rascals as some bearing other names may."

"Ah! I forgot that you deal only with saints! Yet perchance you have in your time heard something to the effect that while some have entertained angels unawares, others have seen angels in a devil's garb. Perhaps also that you have not wholly forgotten a murderous villain who left your abode in the guise of a bard on Christmas morning!"

"A bard! Ay, ay, I do remember now that a bard from — Ah! from where did he say he came?"

"From the North," said the prince sneeringly.

"From Cornwall," continued the recluse. "A bard from Cornwall sought shelter under my roof, as many a weary traveler does, and I

as a Christian, refused him not comforts as I had to give. The saints forbid that I should turn away from any who have claim to my hospitality."

When perchance your tender heart has again lavished upon him your valuable attentions, and will further show its goodness by admitting yourself and five of my followers to his presence," said the prince, anxious to bring the interview to an

if it be any satisfaction to thee, mighty prince, to see the interior of my abode, I shall make no objection, providing thou does first show me the king's warrant; but if thou art not the object of thy search, I will excuse me not for thy disappointment."

As a matter of form the prince presented the hermit a royal warrant, and after he had read it, followed him into the cave attended by a number of his soldiers. As they entered, the recluse said something in confirmation of the crime set forth in the warrant, and expressed his willingness to do all he could to bring the offender to justice. He rebuked the prince for not informing him on his arrival of the nature of the offense that had brought him there, as that would have prevented many bitter and unnecessary words. Trahaiarn, however, was not carried away by this change in the attitude of the hermit; on the contrary, he, after a fruitless examination of the cave, he and his followers resumed their steps northward, he

was more convinced than ever that that wily individual knew where Ildrys was concealed. Yet as he had seen nothing amounting to positive proof, and as the recluse had not committed himself in the least, he could not adduce anything of a criminating character.

Upon reaching the bridge that spanned the river Elwy near St. Asaph, the prince struck upon what seemed to be a real clew to the direction which the traitor had taken in his flight. A countryman whom he accosted at this point said that as he was leaving the "Red Dragon" (meaning the tavern previously mentioned) between nine and ten o'clock the previous evening a horse and rider sped by "like a flash of lightning." He wondered what mad freak could have induced any one to ride so fast on such a dark night, and he kept wondering until he happened to hear that very morning of the treacherous attempt upon king Gryffydd's life. He had no doubt now but that the rider of the previous evening was the murderous knave whom they sought, and that he was secreted by the monks in Basingwerk Abbey.

While Trahaiarn listened attentively to all that the countryman said, the only thing that he considered worthy of attention was the statement that a horse had been driven at full speed through St. Asaph, and this was contrary to his conviction. But he was determined to find out how much truth there was in this statement before fixing on any fur-

ther course of action. He argued that a horse galloping through a town with unusual speed on a dark night was bound to attract the notice of more than one person, and his argument was correct. Upon reaching the town he found that several others had heard what they now supposed to have been the murderous Idrys and his horse fleeing past their homes. This point settled, he now acted on the supposition that the rider instead of continuing on his way to Holywell and seeking an asylum in Basingwerk Abbey, had dismounted a little beyond St. Asaph, and had sought the Cathedral on foot, leaving the horse either in the hands of a confederate, or to find his way home alone. Of course he was mistaken. As the reader already knows, it was not Idrys but a confederate that galloped through the town, and he had no need of ecclesiastical protection.

A short distance to the west of the Cathedral stood the episcopal palace, a rude structure after the style affected by the dignitaries of the period. In one of the rooms, which had the appearance of an office, the Bishop of St. Asaph sat looking over his accounts, and with a pleased expression he read as follows:

"Edwin Ap Iorwerth, with a penitent heart, gave Bishop Rhoderic a church and twenty-seven acres of land in exchange for the kingdom of God, and in behalf of his father's soul.

"Iago Ap Owen, sick unto death, sacrificed his house and one hun-

dred and sixty-two acres of land to God and Bishop Rhoderic, that he might receive respectable burial and a crown of life.

"Howel Ap Morgan and eight of his family, being under the ban of the church for violating her protection by causing Dean Beli to be murdered in the nave, forfeited all their possessions rather than endure the ills of excommunication."

Here the bishop was startled by a timid knock on the door, and impatient at the interruption, he unbolted the door, and in a haughty voice demanded to know what was wanted.

"Prince Trahaiarn from King Gryffydd's court craves an audience with your reverend lordship regarding a most pressing business," said a novice greatly embarrassed.

In this announcement the proud prelate saw a possibility of further financial gain, and the flattering prospect robbed his voice of its harshness as he replied,

"Let the prince be conducted to me at once."

Hastily laying his account book in a drawer, he went to another room and seating himself in a richly carved oaken chair, resting on a low platform under a niche of the same workmanship, he awaited the entrance of the prince. A glance at an oaken table beside him assured him that his mitre was there, and a hurried examination of his richly embroidered episcopal robe satisfied him that it did not conceal his beautiful vestment, or that the fringe which ornamented the neck and

had lost none of its attractive-
 That he might not appear to
 prince to be waiting for him, he
 handed a chaplain, who now
 from behind a desk a short
 from the episcopal chair, to
 nue the reading of the treatise
 he had begun the day before.
 chaplain obeyed, and as he ut-
 the first sentence, Trahaiarn
 ushered into the room. Pre-
 ng to be much absorbed in
 he heard, the bishop paid no
 tion to the prince, and the
 er, thoroughly trained to his
 , continued to read as if he was
 ous to everything but his duty.
 ng the awkwardness of his
 ion, Trahaiarn involuntarily
 shed, and the wily prelate affect-
 a start, quickly turned his head
 his direction, but deigned not to
 k until the chaplain had reached
 end of a paragraph. Never a
 t friend of the proud dignitaries
 wrongly called themselves the
 assadors of Christ in that cor-
 age, the prince found much
 culty in keeping his Cambrian
 d from reaching the boiling
 t. It was with some degree of
 asm that he therefore said, when
 bishop was ready to listen to

lest I presume too much in
 king that either my face or my
 e be known in this reverend
 ence, it may be best to state that
 name is Trahaiarn, and that I
 ere on the king's business."
 Then," mentally remarked the
 op somewhat disappointed, "my

wealth will be none the greater for
 his being here." Aloud he said,
 "Thy name is better known than thy
 business; but my memory is not less
 capable of retaining the one than
 my ears are of listening to the other.
 Thou sayest thy business is touch-
 ing the king?"

"To be exact, reverend father,"
 said the prince making an effort to
 be pleasant, "I said I was here on
 the king's business, and most ur-
 gent business it is."

The chaplain now leaving the
 room, the bishop signified his readi-
 ness to listen to what the prince had
 to say. Accordingly Trahaiarn gave
 a detailed account of Idrys' treach-
 ery and escape, and closed his nar-
 rative by asking if the traitor had
 sought protection of the bishop.

"The offender has neither asked
 nor received protection of me," said
 the prelate, "and I am glad he has
 not; for had I given him refuge in
 the house of God, duty would com-
 pel me to shield him, however much
 my reason would condemn his
 crime. The protection afforded by
 the church is far too sacred to be
 violated, and woe to him who, like
 Howel Ap Morgan, is led by his
 thirst for vengeance to trespass
 upon holy ground and desecrate the
 sanctuary by shedding the blood of
 him whom God would succor."

"I question not the right of the
 church to grant protection to the
 weak and distressed," the prince
 ventured to observe; "yet having
 neither the training nor the pre-
 judices, I mean the qualifications, of

a priest or bishop, I cannot regard with approval the abuses which, in my humble judgment, are far too prevalent in these times; nor can I persuade myself to believe that an institution intended to promote Christian principles and virtues is justified in offering itself as an asylum for traitors and murderers, and thus foster crime."

The bishop was not a little shocked at this free expression on the part of Trahaiarn, and for a moment he could not decide whether to rebuke his presumption or to pity what he called his ignorance. Then he made a compromise by couching a rebuke in a bit of fatherly advice. The good will of Gryffydd Ap Llewelyn, he thought, was better kept than lost; therefore he would treat his representatives with patronizing consideration.

None the wiser for his interview with the bishop, the prince now left the episcopal palace, and rejoining his followers he extended the search to various localities in the neighborhood, but with no success. About sunset the searching party returned to the castle, tired and hungry, and found that the other parties had met with equally bad success. Even the monks of Basingwerk, it was said, denied any knowledge of the offender or his whereabouts. It was decided, therefore, that no further open search be made; but that the trusted friends of the king keep their ears and eyes open for any clew that might be accidentally given. This was not the course that would

have suited the king best; yet under the circumstances he saw no alternative.

CHAPTER VII.

A Strange Hospital.

Being rid of Trahaiarn and his band, the hermit indulged in a suppressed but hearty laugh at their expense, and being well assured in his own mind that they would not return, he left his gloomy abode and entered one of the other caverns in the immediate neighborhood. Unlike his own, this cavern was so small at the mouth that, but for the well worn path leading to it, no one would have thought it to be tenanted. As the hermit well knew, however, it harbored a band of outlaws that had long been a terror to that whole region. At this time also it afforded an asylum to an individual who was in no way identified with the outlaws, and it was to see him rather than the denizens of the woods, with whom by the way he was on the best of terms, that the recluse entered their haunt. No one challenged him as he merged into the cave, but presently upon reaching a group of rough-looking men who were making merry over plundered meats and drinks around a fire of logs, the captain of the band remarked,

"So the hounds have departed no wiser than when they came. I must say that you succeeded admirably in throwing them off the trail. I am still of the opinion, however, that it

mistake not to have led them to his wasp's nest to furnish them the diversion at their expense." "Too many diversions are more dangerous than wholesome," said the hermit. "You see what Idrys came to by his bold adventure. I led the searching party into your hands I fear your temporary triumph would end in Gryffydd's using his whole army against us. Better as it is."

The hermit now proceeded to a recess a few feet from the wall and bending over the unconscious form of Idrys, who lay on a bed of rushes with his head nearly covered with bandages, he remarked to the robber chief who had followed him to the spot,

"I think his chances of recovery are small, and they will be still less if I leave him here with you. I must remove him to my quarters here. There he shall have all the attention and care he needs.

"I make no pretention of knowing anything about the healing art," said the outlaw; "but it appears to me that his removal just now would be more injurious to him than the uncontrollable levity of my men, and it mends matters, think you, to change quarters for a few days?"

"It would be too much trouble," said the hermit. "Besides, it is unnecessary. He can be safely removed to my cave, and I choose to do it done immediately."

The robber chief seeing that further argument would be useless,

commanded two of his men to bear the injured man to the hermit's abode on a crude stretcher extemporized for the occasion. Rough and cruel as these men were they could at times be as gentle as women, and the recluse had the satisfaction of seeing Idrys presently placed on his own bed by their strong hands. When they were gone he busied himself for a while with the patient, and as he changed the bandages on his head he muttered something about it being a marvel that he was alive, and a fortunate circumstance that he had fallen on the snow that had drifted at the base of the precipice. Though the would-be regicide had received other injuries, none of them were so serious as the ugly gashes cut in his head by fragments of rock loosened by his fall. His life for several days seemed to hang in the balance, but at length the hermit's skill and unceasing care caused a favorable change, and he began rapidly to improve. The return of consciousness was slower than the hermit had hoped, and there were times when he feared that his patient would never recover his mental soundness. There came a day, however, when Idrys awoke to a realization of his surroundings. The hermit was at the time gazing abstractedly into the fire, and his patient had been silently studying his features by the light of the fire for several minutes, when he startled him by quietly remarking with a smile.

"So I am not dead after all."

"Dead!" exclaimed the hermit leaping to his feet and seizing Idrys' hand with unbounded joy; "by St. Winifred, thou hast more life now than thou hast had for some time. Thou hast been very near death's door, however. Indeed, when I found thee shortly after thy fall, and for several days after that, I thought thee a doomed man."

"That I am not dead, then, holy father, is due to your consummate skill and patient care," gratefully replied Idrys.

"Say rather that the saints have graciously spared thy life and have aided thy recovery, for no skill or care of mine could have helped thee had they been indifferent to thy fate."

"It is gratifying to think that they have not abandoned me. For a while I had a different impression. Methought I was a dead man and in a place of torment, and that you were the king of the lower regions."

"I inferred as much from some of thy ravings; but thou hast not been nearer Annwn than that fire, and it was it that gave color to thy delirium. Let it all pass from thy mind now, and try to seek further sleep."

"I will gladly do your bidding, but you must first satisfy my curiosity. Have the hounds been after me?"

"Ay, Prince Trahaiarn at the head of a hundred men or more paid me an early visit on the day after thy fall, with a royal warrant for thy arrest."

"And you threw the accursed

whelps off the trail! By my faith, you are a master magician. That hateful upstart, to whose base interference alone I own my failure, will have to rise earlier to be a fit match for you. But how did you succeed in sending him away without his prey?"

"Easy enough. I had thee carried to a neighboring cavern, having a suspicion that almost amounted to conviction that my own quarters would be subject to a close search. Then when the search was over I had thee brought here that I might properly care for thee."

"And well, holy father, have you performed your kindly office; yet if my present feeling be a fit criterion, my bruised frame still needs a few finishing touches. Therefore I will aid your skill by going to sleep."

When Idrys after a long refreshing sleep awoke he found Hoel sitting on the ground beside his bed, and recognizing him as the man whom he had seen with Einion Ap Howel at St. Winifred's well, and who had accompanied him to the Red Dragon on Christmas eve, he said,

"What! you here again Hoel? I am glad to see you. I hope however, that you have not come to invite me to accompany you to St. Winifred's well, for I am sorry to say I am not so nimble as I was when we first met."

"Suspecting that you were not quite equal to a pilgrimage to the shrine of our patron saint," was the reply, "I have come rather to give

you the benefit of the healing waters where you are. You may not recognize this drinking horn, but it is the very one from which you drank that day at the well, and a good draught from it will aid your recovery. There is more in that earthen vessel, and you can take it as occasion demands. Our friend, the hermit, will see that you shall not die of thirst, and our patron saint will accompany each draught with her blessing."

"I perceive that your faith in St. Winifred's well is as strong as ever, and that your enthusiasm has not abated in the least," said Idrys, taking the proffered drink. "Your thoughtfulness, I assure you, is not unappreciated."

"I would have brought you some several days ago had not our friend, the hermit, insisted on trying the efficacy of 'Our Lady's Well,' which is only a short distance from here. He is now convinced that it has no virtue compared with St. Winifred's well."

"Do you keep a supply of this water always on hand?"

"Not always. But I shall try to have some on hand by the next time you fall; and if you will inform me in good season just what precipice you expect to fall over next, I shall make it a point to have a large cushion or a hay-rick to receive you."

"How now! what is all this talking about? Shame on you, Hoel, for speaking of another fall before our friend has had time to rub his shins since he had the last. How are you,

old boy? I fear you came nearer breaking your neck after all than shedding the tyrant's blood."

These last words were spoken by Einion Ap Howel, whose entrance at this juncture was as welcome as it was unexpected. It was by no means his first visit to the hermit's cave since Idrys' fall. It was the first time that Idrys had seen him, however, since he had recovered consciousness.

"I warrant you that Hoel has not failed to remind you of our first meeting," said Einion with a smile.

"No, nor of the virtues of St. Winifred's well," replied Idrys.

"Ha, ha, that is a never-failing topic with him. But has he also informed you that he is the king of these forests, and that he and his subjects are a greater terror to these parts than Owen's ravens were to their tormentors?"

Idrys glanced at Hoel and shook his head.

"Then I am glad to be able to impart that bit of gossip to you myself," continued Einion. "Had you ventured to this region on any other errand than that which brought you here you would doubtless have discovered that fact ere this yourself, and to your sorrow. As it is, he is your friend, and as your friend he met your foe, Trahaiarn, at St. Asaph's bridge on the day after your fall, and started that hateful bloodhound on a false scent."

"Good! I hope that the base sycophant followed it to destruc-

tion," vehemently remarked Idrys with a scowl.

"He followed it rather to salvation," said Hoel with a coarse laugh, "for I saw him enter the palace of his righteous lordship the Bishop of St. Asaph."

"You forget, Hoel, that the bishop's palace leads to perdition as well as to salvation," said Einion; "for his reverence has the key to each, and wields the one that suits his humor best. But there is this advantage; his humor is always good, no matter what the weight of one's sin might be, provided the gold placed in his hand be heavier."

"Then pray that your gold may never be lighter than your sins, if you would keep the bishop in good humor, and yourself from your just deserts," remarked Hoel with a chuckle, and a wink at Idrys.

"If my sins were half as heavy as your own," retorted Einion, "I would go and hang myself. But being of saintly habits I have half a mind to go to a monastery."

"Or to a nunnery," suggested Hoel with a mischievous laugh.

"Just now I would much rather have to go to Rhuddlan Castle," said Idrys, "and see if the usurper wields his tongue with more readiness than he did his sword the night of my adventure."

"Fortunately I have already ascertained what you would know," said Einion with mock solemnity; "for being a loyal subject I hastened with sympathy and congratulations as soon as I heard of the attempt

upon his life. Nor did I fail to listen most attentively to a detailed account of the crime from his majesty's lips, or to heap invectives on the head of the dastardly fellow who was guilty of such baseness."

Interrupted at this point by an outburst of uproarious laughter, he threw off his mock solemnity and continued in a lighter vein: "By St. Winifred, it would have been highly amusing to you both to watch the face of our illustrious king as he threatened vengeance on the slayer of his head huntsman. Little did the despicable tyrant know that the hand which grasped his own in token of fidelity as I was leaving, was the very hand that had slain both the courtier and the guards."

"By my faith, Einion, you are the most consummate hypocrite that ever trod the earth," ejaculated Hoel.

"And yet he is scarcely a match for the wily son of Llewelyn," said Idrys. "By all the saints, I am half convinced he could on occasion smile the devil into believing him to be a saint."

"And that, I doubt, would be more agreeable to the ambitious Gryffydd than to be sung into perdition by another hypocrite in the guise of a bard," said Einion.

The sound of approaching footsteps was now heard, and the next moment Hoel's lieutenant arrived on the scene. Idrys immediately recognized him as the red-headed, able-bodied individual he had seen at the Red Dragon on Christmas

His appearance now was even formidable than on that occasion and declared him the cruel wretch that he was. Calling his name aside he said in a deep harsh voice, sufficiently toned down by his desire for secrecy not to be easily heard by any except Hoel, "Well, we have returned without mishap as usual."

And as usual loaded down with my horse, I hope," was the reply.

Have you ever known of a hunt in which Iolo Goch did not catch the game?" asked the lieutenant with a frown.

"By my faith," said Hoel with a tantalizing smile; "that, for instance where Betty Lân gave you a blow on the ear instead of the honey-suckle lips when you attempted to kiss her under the mistletoe."

"Tut, tut, Llewelyn's ghost take the man! I suppose I shall not hear the last of that for the next twenty years, unless someone present you with a torque of hemp! Do you intend to hear my report?"

"Why, man, have I not been waiting for it till my patience is nearly exhausted? If you dally much longer I will have you strung up to the first tree we come to."

"This torque of gold suits me much better than a torque of hemp now; though its rightful owner would, no doubt, be only too glad to give me the latter in its stead. Is not that a beauty?"

"Ay, by St. Winifred, and a most beautiful one! Let me have it. There! does that look?"

"It now graces the neck of a true chief, though Cadogan of Talacre might not think so. But he ought to be thankful that we did not cut his throat in relieving him of so valuable an ornament."

"He may not fare so well another time. But is that all you have to show for your trouble?"

"No, we left Cadogan poorer by fifty head of cattle, also, and a score of his best horses."

Much pleased with his lieutenant's report Hoel now dismissed the latter, and not long after left the hermit's cave accompanied by Einion Ap Howel. Idrys thus found himself alone, and began to meditate further mischief. His late mishap instead of cooling his ardor made him more anxious than ever to avenge his father's death. But the unsuccessful issue of his first attempt made it necessary for him to adopt a new scheme. He was trying to think what role he should next adopt when the hermit entered the cave.

"What! art thou alone?" said the latter with a look of surprise. "I left Hoel with thee while I paid a short visit to St. Asaph."

"Hoel left a moment ago, doubtless on some pressing matter of business, as Iolo Goch came to consult him about something," was Idrys' prompt reply.

"I cannot blame him for not staying longer," continued the hermit, "for I promised to return much sooner than I did; but I was de-

tained by unforeseen circumstances. Has any one else been here?"

"Ay, Einion Ap Howel came to show me his beaming countenance once more."

"Did he tell you how matters stand at Gryffydd's court? Of course, he is still loyal to the core!"

Idrys answered by repeating what Einion had said, while the hermit listened with due gravity.

"Thou wilt not again return to the king's hall," remarked the recluse when Idrys paused. "Thy narrow escape from the lion's den may be a warning to thee of a worse fate shouldst thou be found there again."

"I was thinking when you entered," rejoined Idrys, "that Gryffydd and I shall meet again; but how

and where I have not yet decided. You can aid me in this matter. Before I resume the task I have undertaken, however, I must go home for a few days."

Nothing could have pleased the hermit better than this determination on Idrys' part to make a further attempt on the life of the king. Nor was he less willing to give him the aid of his counsel than of his surgical skill. While Idrys continued to improve in health and strength, therefore, another plot was hatched to the satisfaction of both. And when the would-be regicide at length left the cavern, it was with the conviction that he would soon have an opportunity to execute his plot.

[To be continued.]

A PUZZLING INCIDENT.

By Tom Jeffreys.

In January, 1895, I happened to be in a town in Pennsylvania, one Sunday evening, and having two hours on hand which I did not know how to use, I thought I would visit one of the churches, and not knowing which to go to, I took a stroll down Church St., or at least what should be so denominated, since there were at least half a dozen there all in a bunch. Half way down, I was passing a heavy castellated kind of a building which looked more

like an armory or a jail, with a kind of a square hole for an entrance; when spying in, I discovered a fine interior, all lit up in beautiful style! I was at once attracted by the brilliant appearance of things inside, and said I to myself, "I believe I'll enter this sesame."

There was one peculiarity about this church which I noticed as soon as I had entered; there were no ushers, no one to receive strangers or visitors, and no one seemed to care

anybody. The church was three
full, and I observed that every-
came in, and went straightway
his or her seat, as if he or she
ked automatically. Nobody
ned to know anything about
e other body, and once seated
one settled down to a spell of
fference as to all the others.
ry one looked towards the pul-
and the congregation seemed to
as far as their looks went, like
n, the handle being where the
cher and choir stood, although
r places were yet vacant. In a
ute or so, the presiding lady at
organ wriggled herself into the
and started a voluntary which
a composition wherein the com-
er had been trying his hand at
g up all the chords possible
in the allotted space. These
ntaries are musical grounds for
e harmonization, for devices and
asies in chord production. I
t know how it got to be named
untary," if not on account of
easy-going, go-as-you-please
ement. Immediately the mem-
of the choir came in successive-
nd took their seats, followed
another side entrance by the
ster, with a Bible in his right
l which contained his sermon.
oon as he was seated, the choir
g an anthem in a very artless
not one of them seeming to
v or care much about time and
. The organist played so loud
the choir could not help being
y in order, although a man
sang soprano was perceptibly

out of tune in spite of the violence
with which the organist was trying
to control him. As soon as the an-
them was disposed of, the minister
rose up, and read a hymn which
the congregation was respectfully
requested to sing. Alongside of
me was a tall, lean, pious-looking
gentleman, who participated heart-
ily in the singing, and sang entirely
with the spirit; for we had hardly
performed three bars before I was
derailed, the old fellow singing a
kind of bass of barbarous pitch. It
was a blessing to the general sing-
ing that his vocal effort was con-
fined to a few surrounding pews, or
he otherwise would have caused a
musical disaster. I have often
boasted that I can accord with al-
most any kind of a singer, but this
old eccentric soloist struck notes
which I had never heard before or
since, and with the greatest ease
and innocence.

After the singing, the preacher
read a short chapter, and bowing
his head, he prayed mechanically
for fully ten or fifteen minutes.
When he had been praying a good
while, I happened to turn to look
at the clock, and I noticed the figure
of a woman in the gallery acting in
a strange manner. She appeared
well-dressed and respectable, and
had before her an audience of say
30 or 40. I became at once deeply
and curiously interested in her
doings, and would look back once
and again, although I did not think
it advisable to devòte all my atten-
tion to her antics. Presently, the

preacher ceased praying, and gave out another hymn, which my friend sang again with his usual originality and self-complaisance. During the singing I did not revert my eyes once, although I was sorely tempted.

During the delivery of the sermon—or rather the perusal thereof—I was constrained to turn and look occasionally up the gallery, and every time I would see the strange woman busy with her hands mysteriously gesticulating and manipulating in a way which puzzled me very much. Was she insane? Was she a poor demented neighbor, who was allowed to amuse herself in this strange fashion, as long as she did not disturb the service audibly? The preacher did not seem to notice her! The congregation paid no attention whatever to her strange actions! The upstairs part of the audience was as civil and orderly as could be, and none of them seemed to be amused or to smile at her extraordinary conduct!

So I reasoned that she was mad, and devoted my whole time to the sermon.

When the service was over, and when passing out through the door, I happened to recognize a face which I had not seen for some time, and having shaken hands with him I mean with the man, not his face, cordially, and made inquiries about his family. I pulled him one side, and glad of the opportunity of unbosoming my trouble, without risk of blundering, I said in a whisper, "Here! who was that crazy Meg upstairs?" He smiled amusingly and added confidentially:

"Those in the gallery are from the Deaf and Dumb School, and she is their teacher."

The good woman whom I took to be demented was actually translating the service into signs, and was silently praying and preaching, while all was being delivered audibly to the portion of the congregation "who had ears to hear." I learnt a good lesson.



TWO SONGS.

I sang a song for the world to hear,
The world went on with heedless ear;
I sang again for my heart alone,
The world then heard the mighty tone!

Idlewood, Pa.

T. C. D.



FIELD OF LETTERS

BEST FUDDUGOL Elsteddfod
ver, 1896, "Eangder, Dyfnder,
elder," by Rev. D. P. Griffiths
(og), Binghamton, N. Y.

poet is supposed to revel in
outside fact and experience, and
the muse never had a better op-
portunity of gratifying its desire to
r. In this subject it had infiniti-
all of known and unknowable
to itself, to stray up and down
space unbounded and undestroyed
e." We believe the subject would
been more neatly expressed
Eangder," because "Depth and
h" are contained in space. This
k is justified by our poet inas-
much as he in each chapter wanders in-
the same common space. This poem
fail to interest those minds who
magnations of an elevated char-
There are many excellent pas-
in it, and it closes with stanzas
will strike every mind as really
superior merit. Price 50c., to be had
of the Author or from Drych Office,
N. Y.

the "Cerddor" for August, D. Jen-
Mus. Bac., writes about "Learning
Songs on Sunday," and has some
cal suggestions. Then follows
s to Singers," by D. Emlyn Evans.
e "Sundries" we find good and
needed remarks on the growing
among the Welsh of singing sacred
gubrious music in weddings, such
rest in the Lord," &c. It would
hard to discover what originates
a fantastic notion. A wedding is
only not a funeral service. "Jo-
Hughes, the Child Harpist," is an

interesting memoir, and revives the
story of a musical genius.

It is certainly a sign of moral corrup-
tion when the distinction between
sacred and secular things is ignored.
It points towards a sad deterioration
of spiritual taste, and its victims should
await with anxiety and awe the in-
evitable results. One of the most con-
spicuous social facts of the day is a
desire to clothe immorality with the
garb of sanctity. This accounts for
our sacred concerts, and the other
sacred amusements with which the ut-
terly worldly wish to replace religious
services and means of spiritual culture.
Soon we will have Sacred Base Ball
Games, Sacred Theatrical Perform-
ances, and Sacred Drinking Bouts, &c.,
&c. This new-fangled sanctity is mere-
ly means to elude and dodge the moral
law.

"Tyst Dirwestol" is devoted to the
cause of temperance, total abstinence
and prohibition. The contents are as
follows for August: "Temperance," by
Canon W. Williams, B. D., Carmarthen;
"Foreign Tales and Parables," by Em-
rys ap Iwan; "Why I am a Total Ab-
stainer," by Dr. J. J. Ridge; "Monthly
Notes," by Plenydd; "Total Abstinence
and Hard Work," by Charles Wakely;
"A Warning to Parents," &c., &c.

The August number of "Dysgedydd"
contains the paper read from the Chair
of the Welsh Congregational Union at
Memorial Hall, London, recently, en-
titled "Our Denomination in the Light
of Evolution;" "Along the Shores of

the Mediterranean," by Prof. E. Anwyl, M. A., Aberystwyth; Sunday School Lessons; Reviews, Denominational Hints, Reports, &c.

"The ancient walls of the city are rapidly crumbling, and Wales now-a-days is awaking from a deep sleep of ages, and she is henceforth to face ideas and thoughts which have hitherto been strange and foreign to her. We find English, German and American literature scattered and thrust on the attention of all; new opinions and practices presenting themselves to our young thinkers. Education, elementary and advanced, is fast creating a New Wales, when our young men and women will be different to what they used to be; and we already behold a revolution coming, when solid and substantial things alone will be left."—Dysgedydd.

"The Living Age" has lately printed, in its issue for August 6, an article on Social Conditions in America, translated from the leading Italian review, Nuova Antologia. The writer, G. M. Flamingo, shows a wider knowledge and a better discrimination than most foreigners treating this subject, and his views are cordial and sympathetic.

"Down Dewey's Way," a new song by J. Courier Morris and J. W. Parson Price is already becoming popular in many places on sea and land. It is sung by crews in the navy, and is played by several bands—Fancuill's Marine and Military Bands. The melody is simple, but bright and sparkling, the chorus rousing, and the piano-forte accompaniment brilliant and inspiring from the first measures, foretelling the fine effect of the last lines of the chorus—

"For Yankee guns have taught the
Dons,
They have no right Down Dewey's
Way."

It is easily learnt, and effective when sung or played.

Mr. J. W. Parson Price who wrote the music stands high as composer and instructor. We should be greatly pleased to hear of the success of this song in which J. Courier Morris and J. W. Parson Price collaborated, and we trust "Down Dewey's Way" will have a good sale.

Dr. Moritz Busch, who has been sometimes described as Bismarck's Boswell, and who enjoyed terms of special intimacy with the great Chancellor, is the author of an important paper on Bismarck and William I., which will be published entire in "The Living Age" of September 3. It was written with a view to publication after Bismarck's death, and it contains so much that was communicated to the author by Bismarck himself that it is almost autobiographic.

The "Cronicle" as usual has an excellent variety of papers, articles, and skits on different subjects of passing interest. "Denominational Notes," by Kenion; "Story of the Month;" Variety Column," Obituaries, &c.

Under the heading "The Pulpit and War," the "Cronicle" discusses the question as to whether war is justifiable, but it does it in a shy and half-hearted manner. War is certainly terrible and destructive, but it is evident as long as there is a nation like Spain on the face of the earth, war will be a necessity. Such pride and arrogance, such cruelty as Spain has practiced for ages, and is disposed to practice as long as she is possessed and moved by her spirit of ignorance and arrogance, can only be crushed, and its victims saved, by violence; and we can assert this without fear of contradiction that America with a three months' war has taught Spain a lesson which three hundred years of moral suasion could not have accom-

Spain is a criminal of the type, and war is the only means to be made effectual to correct it. We would not parley with a murderer, or a wild beast, why with Spain? With Spain could not be justified!

Contents of "Cwrs y Byd" for August are as follows: William Jones (Gwent)—a sketch of his life and portrait; A sermon by a layman; and a sermon in the Life of Thomas Rees, of Llandysul; The Course and End of Things, by the Editor; Correspondence, Poetry, &c. Even the most select are selected to serve the aim and purpose of this Monthly.

Considerable attention is directed to our Colleges; and, very soon, a change of some kind will alter them before long. We often wonder how we would love to draw the world closer together, suggest at the same breath that ignorance are those who make the most of their differences; and yet we do not keep up our denominational quarrels, with the sole purpose of perpetuating sectarianism. When the world will have seen the value of the message in preaching the gospel, we will think less of sectarianism. No College or University will serve the purpose of "Cwrs y Byd."

Welsh book-readers are willing to quarrel about Wales, but they don't have to swallow Welsh words in their English. Writing of "Torn y Llan" the latest story from the pen of the author of "The Welsh Singer," the "Welsh Sun" says:—"This is an idyllic picture of village life, and bids fair to do for the Principality a school of novelists, before whom they at the kallyard will have to pale their effectual fires. The story, for the usual of which a glossary is recommended, has for its cen-

tral scene a sailmaking establishment, and is chiefly concerned with four characters. There are two women, one of whom marries the wrong man, while the other does not marry the right one; and two men, one of whom marries the wrong woman, who ought to have been married to the other. They are all properly high-minded, and indulge in no love-making beyond repeated "Nos da's," "da iawn's," and "bach's," with frequent interpellations of the Welsh, which is not in the least necessary to give local color to a story that certainly has some merits. Indeed, it is necessary to enter a decided protest against the indiscriminate way in which the words of a strange tongue are dragged into a novel presumably intended for English readers. If this book is intended for the Principality only, it might be all in Welsh, and the Saxon could read it in a translation; as it is it is neither the one thing nor the other. Allen Raine has not improved on his [her] "Welsh Singer," and we are inclined to think that this is an earlier and more amateurish work which is offered to the public under the shelter of a pronounced success.

The third number of Mr. Beriah Evans' autobiography of "Dafydd Dafis" is issued from the Wrexham Press, and like its predecessors, contains several pungent and laughable cartoons. The frontispiece represents Hwfa Mon and Morien engaged in a scramble for the Archdruidship in the presence of the luminaries of the Gorsedd, with Lord Tredegar keeping back the seer of Treforest at the point of the sword. Apart from its humor this group is remarkable for the excellence of its portraits, and so also are the other sketches, one of which shows the member for East Glamorgan as the "New Schoolmaster" cajoling the "truants" Messrs. Bryn Roberts and D. A. Thomas, M. P., back to "the class."

SCIENTIFIC

A new aluminum alloy, called vestadium, is credited with remarkable properties. It is claimed to weigh only a third as much as aluminum of the bulk, and to be the strongest of the light metals, and the most readily used. It is, moreover, rustless, resists sulphuric acid, takes a fine polish, never tarnishes, and requires no cleaning.

A hybrid between wheat and rye, produced some years ago by Dr. Rimpau, and since improved by Herr Behrens by repeated selection, now appears like remarkably fine wheat, the grain as well as the ears being much more like wheat than rye. It is not yet known whether it has the desired hardness of rye, so that it can be grown where wheat does not flourish.

The lack of inventors in lands of constant sunshine doubtless accounts for the small use that has been made of the vast supply of sun-heated energy. An Italian oven, which is simply a mirror-lined wooden box, at the bottom of which is a small copper boiler receiving the rays concentrated by the mirrors, a glass cover serves to retain the heat in the boiler. With this apparatus any kind of food can be quickly boiled, stewed or baked, and any degree of heat desired may be reached by making the box of suitable size.

ABOUT HAIRS.

A writer in an English weekly journal, as quoted in "The Medical Record," "says that it is a curious fact that red-haired people are far less apt to go bald than those with other colored hair. The average crop on the head of a red-haired person is only 29,200 hairs. Ordinary dark hair is far finer, and over

three dark hairs take up the space of one red one; 105,000 are about the average. But fair-haired people are still better off; 140,000 to 160,000 are quite common number of hairs on the scalp of a fair-haired man or woman. A curious calculation has been made, to the effect that the hairs on the head of a fair-haired person, if they could be plaited together, would sustain a weight of something like eighty tons, equaling that of five hundred people."

IT IS THE SHOCK.

"The hardest work a gunner is called upon to do," says "Popular Science News," "is to stand the tremendous shock. The forces exerted by the gases in expanding seem to radiate in all directions from the cannon, as ripples are caused by dropping a pebble in a pool of still water. As a matter of fact, it has been discovered that these lines of forces are exceedingly complicated affairs, and play very queer pranks about the cannon. As a result few people know just which is the safest or the most dangerous position for a gunner to take beside his gun. In the case of the great 13-inch guns on our monitors, a position back of the gun is much easier than, one nearer the muzzle."

WHITES AND BLACKS.

Of late we find that the mortuary reports of some of our cities are of marked interest. In March, 1898, the death-rates for whites in Baltimore was 1 to 852; for negroes, 1 to 385. In Nashville, for the month of March the death-rate for whites was 1 to 855; for negroes, 1 to 480. Statistics of other cities with a large colored population show

results. It is a question, notwithstanding all the efforts which are being made to improve the condition of the colored race by education and facilities for remuneration, the colored race, as a race in the United States, is doomed, by the operation of a natural law, to such a reduction of its number that, like the American Indians, in time only a few will be left.

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ART IN SPAIN.

alone will never make a great artist. Ask the masters of to-day, and in the next century will be regarded as geniuses, to what they attribute their success and they will tell you they said to me, "work! hard! make a supreme effort to overcome all obstacles."

The young men in Spain are not educated on such principles. They devote the greater part of their time at the gaming table, and then complain of the many obstacles in their pathway to success.

Art schools, where a good education for drawing should be laid, are inferior to those of France, Germany and America.

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RUBBER FROM CORN.

Specimens of the new rubber substitute made from corn are being shown on exhibition. The *Chicago Railway and Engineering Review*, says "The Railway and Engineering Review," Chicago. It is made from the oil derived from corn, and vulcanizing in connection with a small quantity of crude india-rubber, a substitute is produced which, for certain purposes, is equal to the best gum rubber at a greatly lessened cost. The new rubber is claimed to possess the essential qualities of Para rubber, including resiliency. The manufacturers claim that the fact that corn does not oxidise readily makes this

product of great value, since it is not affected by oxidization so that products manufactured from it will always remain pliable and not crack as those made from other substitutes. This substitute for rubber is very dark brown or black, and it easily rubs off in light-brown rolls.

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A WONDERFUL NEST.

In the natural history museum at Soleure, in Switzerland, may be seen a bird's nest made wholly of steel wire, says "Cosmos." There is at Soleure a considerable number of watchmakers, and in their yards are pieces of cast-off or broken watch-springs. This debris a bird thought proper to use for the construction of its nest. One day a watchmaker observed in a tree in his yard a very queer-looking nest. He examined it closely, and saw that it had been made entirely out of watch-springs. It was more than a decimeter (2.5 inch) wide, and was perfectly adapted to its object. When the brood had been raised the nest was taken down and given to the museum, where it is a striking example of the adaptiveness of birds in taking advantage of circumstances in building their nests. "Cosmos" has already described crows' nests built with telegraph wire, and others near factories, made with pieces of iron taken from the work-rooms.—Translated for "The Literary Digest."

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EMPLOYMENT FOR NEGROES.

In the present crisis, when the question of protection to the islands we are setting free from a despotism which has shown no improvement since the Middle Ages is troubling the minds of our statesmen, may not the solution be found in the adaptability of the negro for active service in the tropical regions of the West Indies and the Philippines as a soldier? There are now in this

country nine millions of colored people, and in our army five thousand negro troops, who have shown their bravery in Indian wars, and who are immune to yellow fever. There are no braver men than trained negroes, and under white officers, whom they are accustomed to respect, none who would do better work in the tropical regions which are coming under our control. Why not increase the five thousand to twenty thousand, and with them garrison our new possessions?—Medical Times.

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CORSETS IN RUSSIA.

Bogoljewow, the newly appointed Russian minister of public instruction, has begun the duties of his office by issuing a drastic order to the effect that corsets must not be worn by young women attending high schools, universities, and music and art schools; they are to be encouraged to wear the national costume. The minister says that he has spent much time in visiting girls' schools, and has made the discovery that the corset as an article of dress is distinctly prejudicial to the health and physical development of the wearers.

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MANUFACTURED IVORY.

A clever imitation of ivory is extensively manufactured from the fruit of a palm-like shrub called *Phytelephas macrocarpa*, says "The Engineer" (London). This fruit grows to about the size of an apple, and has a very hard, white kernel. Worked in the lathe, this ivory can be passed off as the genuine article, the resemblance being so great that it is sold at the same price. It can also be covered just like genuine ivory. To M. Pasquier, of Liege, is due a practical method of distinguishing the two varieties of ivory. It is the following: Concentrated sulphuric acid applied to vegetable ivory will cause a

pink coloring to appear in about ten to twelve minutes, which can be removed by washing with water. Applied on genuine ivory, this acid does not affect it in any manner.

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PAPER FLOORS.

Paper floors are increasing in popularity, which is readily explained by the many advantages they possess over wooden flooring. An important advantage consists in the absence of joints, whereby accumulations of dust, vermin, and fungi dangerous to health are done away with. The new paper floors are bad conductors of heat and sound, and, in spite of their hardness, have a linoleum-like soft feel to the foot. The cost is considerably lower than that of floors made of hard wood. The paper mass receives a small addition of cement as binder, and is shipped in bags in powder form. The mass is stirred into a stiff paste spread out on the floor, pressed down by means of rollers, and painted with oak wood, nutwood, or mahogany color after drying.

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ACETYLENE A CURE FOR CANCER.

The latest development of the use of acetylene is on the medical side. It has been employed in the treatment of the terrible disease known as cancer, and, it is said, with results which have not only been highly satisfactory so far, but which almost seem to indicate that an actual cure for the complaint has been discovered. The importance of this cannot be overestimated. There appears at least to be no doubt that acetylene is the most efficient agent against cancer known at present. The method of its application is perfectly simple. The cancerous surface is coated with carbide of calcium and then moistened all over with water.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

The Church of England is now divided into three parts—Protestant, Catholic, and Father Ignatius.

The craze for substituting pedantic Welsh place-names for established English names is of long standing. "Capel Ceugant Iuddewig" was the Welsh name given to the old Welsh chapel at Lewin Crescent, London.

There are in the parish of Ffestiniog no fewer than 37 places of worship, with only 22 public houses. The latter are in a proportion of one for every 650 of the population.

It is pleasing to hear that Welsh flannel is being made of a finer texture. Though matchless for wear, the old flannel shirting in Wales is a survival of the hair shirt of the ancient monks. To wear it for a week is quite as much penance as to walk with pease in one's boots.

The "Musical Times" for August is being foul of some of the Eisteddfod competitions at Festiniog. In speaking of a sight-singing contest it says that, in spite of the tonic sol-fa, the attempts are so ludicrous that the singers sometimes ran off the stage laughing at themselves.

Orchestral music as an accompaniment to choral or congregational singing is rapidly gaining favor in Nonconformist chapels in Llanelly. Four or five chapels in the town now have orchestras of their own, the latest choir

to acquire this addition to its instrumental music being that of Lloyd Street Welsh Congregational Chapel.

It is interesting to note that the High School for Welsh Girls at Ashford, Middlesex, maintained by the Honorable Society of Ancient Britons, is second not only in England but in the British Empire in the number of those who have matriculated at the University of London during the past 12 months.

Phrases have played a big part in the Welsh coal strike. "Plenary powers" may be said to be responsible for about ten weeks of it, and now "minimum and maximum" are wearing an ominous look. "Mr Chairman," called out a delegate at the last conference, "will you please explain to us the difference between this minimum and monument?"

How difficult it is to keep the balance of power among the Welsh denominations! "I know the Welsh by this time," says an editor of an English Nonconformist paper. "I have done more for the Welsh denominations than any other English editor, but every week I receive complaints of partiality. I am so used to it now that it has ceased to trouble me." "Who shall be greatest?"

One who has experience of both the English and Welsh coalfields says that the English miners' leaders are a finer and abler set of men than the Welsh

leaders, but that the Welsh colliers, as a class, are more intelligent, and better dressed, and more reverent than the English miners. As an illustration of the Welsh colliers' reverence for holy things, he says they swear less on Sunday than on other days.

As all the world knoweth, the Hirlas is a drinking horn, and every bard is bound by the laws of Bardism to partake of its contents. When the next Gorsedd is held in Cardiff the horn will be handed round to the bardic fraternity filled with mead. It will be interesting to watch how teetotal bards like Mr. Lewis Williams will square their conscience with their patriotism on that occasion.

The anti-Ritualism campaign in North Wales will serve to draw attention to the growth in Welsh clerical circles of what may be called "Catholic" ideas, and a decided taste for ritual. Though overwhelmingly evangelical as compared with England, in Wales Eucharistic vestments are now in use in 47 churches, incense in seven, altar lights in about 100, the mixed chalice in 41, and the eastward position in about 200.

Festiniog has notched a record in making a profit of £500 on the National Eisteddfod. It is a bit soon, perhaps, to speak of this sum as the actual profit, as the expenses have a knack of creeping up long after the Eisteddfod has ceased to be, but it seems pretty certain that Festiniog will come out well on the right side, thus sharing with Llanelly in the honor of being able to turn the mammoth Eisteddfod into a financial result. It is right to add, however, that, while the expenses at Festiniog were only £2,000, at Llanelly they were more than twice that sum.

Many years ago a stranger entered a farmhouse in Gelligaer, Glamorgan. He was most hospitably welcomed, and in a short time the board was laden with good things. But when he sat down to them, what was his surprise to find his farmer host taking down a harp and commence to play with exquisite skill some of the melodies of ancient Wales. The guest went away no little pleased at such unusual entertainment—such a feast for both mind and body. The farmer harpists of Gelligaer were at one time numerous. Mr. Davies, of Cefn Issa, who died suddenly some little time back, was the last of the kind.

The division of the prize in the Chief Choral Competition at the National Eisteddfod this year may not improbably have the same effect on the Cardiff Eisteddfod, as the ancient rivalry between the celebrated Llanelly and Dowlais Choirs had upon other eisteddfodau in the past—that is an increased competition in the Chief Choral contest. Neither Carnarvon nor Bwlth is satisfied with the divided honors, and mutual challenges to meet and fight it out again at Cardiff have already passed between the two gladiators. For the Chief Choral Competition at Cardiff next year three historical choirs are already practically assured, while Holyhead can hardly be expected to give up so easily the palm of victory to its old rival at Carnarvon.

It is related that a Welshman living in Birkenhead, feeling dissatisfied with the state of his health, resolved to consult a Liverpool specialist. "You must dispense with all kinds of intoxicants," remarked the physician. "I have never tasted any," exclaimed the patient, with much surprise. "In any event you must eschew the use of tobacco in every form," ventured the medico, whereupon the astonished patient assured his

end that he had never indulged in that habit also. "By the way," proceeded the doctor, "What religion do you profess?" "I have been a life-long —," was the patient's answer. "Oh," replied the doctor; "that explains the titant in your blood." Now, which nomination did he name?

The distant prospect from the site of the Eisteddfod pavilion at Festinlog is surpassingly grand. Hills and mountains rise in range after range as far as the eye can reach. In all directions one sees but summit beyond summit bidding the horizon to grace their brows with its halo. Now giant peaks clad with a quavering, diaphanous, steel-blue haze close the view to mortal ken; and anon a thin, white mist veils these lofty heights and makes them yield to more lowly rivals. It is a superb picture of the uplands of Meirion; and all indeed would he be of soul who could pass by a scene so touching in its majesty. To give it life, the moving shadow of passing clouds marches like mighty hosts along the slopes from range to range. Seen in the infinite variety of their beauty, the sublime and rugged grandeur of these hills cannot fail to impress the mind and penetrate the soul.

The watering-places along the West coast of Wales feel the effect of the al strike very keenly. Aberystwyth, Aberayron, New Quay, and other such favorite summer resorts, which are generally patronized every year by South Wallians, already lack a feature which has a considerable charm and attraction for the Saxon visitant. During their annual respite from labor at the seaside these hardworn sons of toil went to fill the evening air with the sweet and melancholy strains of their native melodies. Year after year the music of the happy and good-natured bellers delights the ears and gladdens

the hearts of thousands of strangers. This year, again, there is al fresco music in abundance, but it has a sadder note. The singers, alas, do not feel themselves unconfined and free, for they now sing for dear bread, and not from buoyancy of spirits.

Dr. Zimmer criticises us as freely as he praises. In theology, he says, Welsh thinkers of the orthodox school are able to hold their own, but as a rule those who can produce good work do so in English, because the circle of readers is larger. Welsh criticism he regards as weak, for the Cymro has no judgment; but he mentions Dr. Lewis Edwards, Mr. J. Morris Jones, and Mr. Chas. Ashton as striking exceptions. The bardic poems, again, are "worthless," though the professor admits that the writers are doubtless better employed in fabricating them than if they were at the beerhouse. Wales, however, is rich in hymns and lyrical poetry, in fact Dr Zimmer thinks that the lyrics of the last 150 years alone repay the trouble of learning Welsh. Next in importance come novels, such as those of Daniel Owen, whose ripest work was not "Rhys Lewis," but "Gwen Tcmos." As a depicter of character he ranks Owen as the equal of Dickens. The professor afterwards discusses the Cymru Fydd movement, and other phases of Welsh nationalism. The second lecture of the series will deal with the Irish movement, and in the third Dr. Zimmer will say something about Welsh education.

Llandovery is one of those few Welsh place-names whose derivation is not a hopeless nut to crack. Stretched out to its full length, the word would be Llan-am-ddyfri, which, being interpreted, means the llan (church) situated in the midst of waters or streams, a derivation which fairly hits the situation. Llandovery has loomed large in

the history of Welsh literature and Welsh learning for some centuries. There Vicar Prichard sang and preached. In his time Llandovery had more lawyers and publicans than saints, and in one song he invokes the town to repent of its sins. At Llandovery also, Mr. William Rees set up his printing press, from which issued some of the best specimens of the printers' art that have ever appeared in this or any other country. Lastly, Llandovery was the home of the "Haul" for many years, and in the immediate neighborhood lived "Brutus," the Addison of Welsh literature.

There was at Merthyr Tydfil in pre-Reformation days a house of the Cistercians or White Friars. Its site is now occupied by a smithy, which bears even now the proud title of "The Friars' Forge." Opposite stands a dismal alley called the Isle of Wight. Why this group of squalid dwellings should be so named, except it be on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, is a thing which puzzles most people. Very probably the true explanation is to be found in the supposition that here stood the estate or patrimony of the Friars. It should not be forgotten that in days gone by the Welsh word *ynys*, or island, was applied not only to land surrounded by water, but also to monastic patrimonies, enclosed and separated from the outside world as they were. So the Merthyr Isle of Wight is simply folk-etymology for the Isle (or patrimony) of the White (Friars).

Never was a town gifted with such a variety of names as that of Abertawe, in Glamorganshire. In a poem written by Lewys Glyn Cothi, in the fifteenth century, it is called *Caer-wyr*, the meaning of which is the Fortress of Gowerland. Mr. Dillwyn, in his contributions towards a History of Swansea, gives 11 specimens of the variety in which the

name of Swansea has been spelt from 1188 to 1738, when, on the 3rd December of that year it was spelt in the form it is now written for the first time. In addition to the instances given by Mr. Dillwyn, it is also spelt in another form in the "Charter of Creation" granted by King John, a copy of which is in the Charter Rolls, and therein it is written "Swaynelhe." Again, the derivation given by different authorities to the English name is as varied as the way in which it is spelt. Camden observes that it arose "from the number of porpoises then frequenting the bay, as if *Swein* or *Swine* Sea." Dr. John Jones, in his "History of Wales," says that it was derived from the Welsh *Morganwg*, which signifies "the White Sea, personified, and is correctly expressed in the word Swansea." Another authority will have it that its derivation is from *Sweyne*, a Danish pirate who infested these coasts, and *Eye*, an inlet—*Sweyne's inlet*—as the early mode of writing the word clearly proves. But this argument might be used for Camden's theory, and the true meaning must remain a mystery.

O:O

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

The event which possibly attracted the greatest attention at the Eisteddfod was the great choral competition, and this took place in the course of the afternoon. Owing to the interest that has always been centered in the contest, and the large following which each of the choirs draw to the Eisteddfod, some doubt is thrown upon the wisdom displayed by the executive in altering the date from towards the end to the first day of the gathering. Whether the alteration has been justified remains to be seen; at any rate, the attendance while the competition was going on was extremely large and gratifying, and the utmost enthusiasm was displayed by the vast concourse of spec-

The competition was open to world, and four choirs ranging in numbers from 120 to 150, the prize was £150. Five choirs entered, but four put in an appearance, namely, Holyhead Harmonic Society, Bullth Choral Society, Carnarvon Choral Society, and Bullth and District Harmonic Society. The duties of adjudicating were undertaken by Mr. Joseph Bennett, Dr. Joseph Parry, and Dr. Roland Parry. The members of the Bullth Choral Society were the first to take the platform, and the precision with which they rose sent a thrill of admiration through the audience, and from that point they, if the term may be used, never looked back. They first sang Spohr's work, which was marked throughout by wonderful precision, and given with considerable degree of artistic expression. Both in this and in their other pieces the enunciation was perfect, the volume of tone good, and the parts finely balanced. The Bullth and District Harmonic Society came next, and early gave evidence of their ability to reach the standard set by their confreres from the same city, want of attack, and absence of coloring being strongly marked in those which went against them in their performance. The Holyhead Harmonic Society, on the other hand, ran the Bullth Choral very closely, and left little issue as to what the adjudicators' award would be in considerable doubt. In every respect the society's performance was a most admirable one. The Carnarvon Choral Society were the last to appear before the audience, and their appearance was the signal for a loud outburst of applause, as an indication apparent to the expectation that they would receive the coveted award.

THE DECISION.

Bennett's friends in England some-
times asked him why he went once or

twice a year to the mountains of Wales to hear music. He, they said, was familiar with the best singing in Germany, France, and Italy, to say nothing of England and London, and he replied, "This is a matter that I won't discuss with you, but if you will come into Wales with me I will pay expenses; you will come back knowing perfectly well why I go." (Applause). He should say to them, if they again spoke to him on the matter, that his last journey to Wales brought him into contact with two choirs which sang, to his mind, most magnificently, and sang two pieces in the most perfect, delicate, refined and exquisite manner. There was not a flaw, and his colleagues agreed with him that the singing of those two pieces was as perfect as anything he ever heard done by the once famous choir in London, called after the name of Henry Leslie. That choir was remarkable for its perfect finish and delicacy in everything they undertook in the way of madrigals, part songs, and similar pieces. He should be able to tell his London friends that Henry Leslie in all his glory never exceeded what had been done there that day. (Applause). He asked them to believe that that was no flattery; he was in the habit of speaking his mind, as some of them knew. (Laughter and applause). There was another choir which also sang two pieces with enormous energy, strength, determination, and grip, so that they had in one choir all the delicacy of a Damascus blade; in the other all the strength and the energy of a Nasmyth hammer, so that the two covered the whole ground. (Applause). Dr. Parry followed with an elaborate criticism on the performances, and concluded with the announcement that the adjudicators had decided, owing to the remarkable excellence of the singing, to divide the prize between the Bullth Choral and Carnarvon Choral Societies.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

The death is announced of the Rev. Thomas Hughes, the well-known Welsh Calvinistic Methodist minister, late of Machynlleth, which took place lately, in his 96th year, at Bod Ivor, Holyhead, the residence of his daughter. Mr. Hughes, who was the oldest minister in the Principality, had been preaching for 77 years. A native of Trawsfynydd, Merionethshire, he began life as a schoolmaster, and at the request of the late Rev. Richard Jones, of Wern, he undertook the charge of a day school at Festiniog, where he remained until he commenced preaching. In the year 1823 he left Festiniog, having been accepted as a candidate for the ministry, and settled at Llanelltyd, near Dolgelly, and two years later he removed to Machynlleth. It was as "Thomas Hughes, Machynlleth," that he became known to the churches of the Calvinistic Methodists throughout the Principality. In the earlier years of his ministry he was one of the popular preachers of Wales, and his services were in great demand at the associations and special meetings of his connexion. He was a very good poet, and was known in bardic circles as "Glan Pherath." The published volume of his poetry, entitled "Y Garnedd Arian" shows that he was one of the masters of the Welsh Cynganeddion, and also an able writer of blank verse. In the year 1837 he published a work which had a large sale, viz., his Life of the Rev. George Whitefield. He was a frequent contributor to the Welsh press, and in recent years he wrote several chapters of reminiscences.

Morgan Rees Williams (Alaw Brycheiniog), who died June 8, at Cefn Coed,

near Merthyr Tydvil, S. W., was born in 1844, at a small cottage near Cwm Capel, Penrhiw, of which there is now no trace. His education, meagre at its best, was like many another's, who remembers Cefn about fifty years ago, when no advantages were to be had for young children. When about six years of age he was sent to a school kept by one Nancy Havard, under whose training he remained for about a year. At seven years of age he was removed to a school of higher fame kept by Mr. William Protheroe, or better known locally as "Bill Morgan Prydderch;" and at eight he was sent to the school of the Rev. Owen Evans, the Unitarian minister. He remained in the latter school a year, and was obliged to commence working when only nine years of age. From a boy Alaw was musically inclined, though all the help he ever received in his career was three months' tuition by the late "Teuan Gwyllt," when that most accomplished musician was minister of Caepantwyll Chapel. Alaw's great sacrifices on behalf of the youth of Cefn and vicinity have been most unselfish, and never sufficiently recognized. It is no exaggeration to say that the present generation of musicians there owe their training to the painstaking and stintless efforts of Alaw, and nearly all such training was the work of love. He was a voluminous writer, some of his compositions having become very popular, and his anthems are used in all the chief musical festivals throughout the length and breadth of Wales. He was a brother of Index.

The many admirers of Mr. Ffrangcon Davies will regret to learn that he has

ded to take up his residence in Ber-
where he will devote himself to
reuth performances.

n Irishman who has just settled
n in Cardiff has written home to
the Welsh are very queer people.
st of them,' he says, "have two
ames and no Christian name, and
e of them, like Jimmy Michael,
e two Christian names and no sur-
ne."

According to the "Cerddor," the late
Brinley Richards used to be called
nationality Richards," owing to the
quent use the zealous old musician
e of the word "national." Every-
g was "national" with him, and he
e of "national music," "national
rument," "national anthem," and
n. People with nationality on the
n are still alive among us. At any
, they often employ the word in a
idiotic fashion.

ne of the most humorous addresses
vered at the Gorsedd of the Bards at
tinlog in the late Elsteddfod, was
speech of Mr. Isaac Foulkes (Llyfr-
), the editor of the Cymro, of
rpool. He appeared to have much
ence over the goat within the mys-
circle. The sagacious beast slept
e other speakers addressed the as-
bly, but it stood up and looked at-
ively in Llyfrbryf's face during his
al observations.

uring the next fortnight a book that
ld prove interesting to all Welsh-
a will be out of the press. It is
ed "Welsh Characteristics," and for
contents several authors—six in all
e responsible, viz., Mr. Wallis
es, of the University College, Aber-
wyth; Mr. Edwards-Tirebuck, who
written the preface; the Rev. J.
ven Jones, Brecon; the Rev. T.
rd Jones, Pencader; Mr. T. A. Levi,

barrister-at-law; and Mr. Bodvan An-
wyl, of Chester.

Preaching the Gospel must be a
lucrative business in London. Last
week several lots of property were sold
in Carmarthenshire, and among the
buyers was the Rev. J. Morgan Gib-
bon, of London, who paid £5,010 for a
farm. Now that the reverend gentle-
man is a landlord it may be that his
views on Christian Socialism may have
to undergo some modification.

Publicans are a long-lived race in the
parish of Eglwys Ilan, midway between
Llanishen and Caerphilly. On the way
by which thou goest over the moun-
tain there is a small straw-thatched
"public" where mine host has turned
the tap for over forty-five years, and is
still as cheerful as his own beer. He
succeeded his father, his grandfather,
and great-grandfather in the post of
Boniface, and, probably, the links run
up to Noah. It is supposed that the
builders of Caerphilly Castle got their
"cwrw cwplau" at this establishment.

Even Mr. Labouchere blesses the ap-
pointment of Mr. Bebb to Lampeter.
Thus:—"The election of the Rev. Llew-
elyn Bebb to the principalship of Lam-
peter College will meet with general ap-
proval. He has been most popular and
successful at Oxford, and he is in every
respect a strong man, and endowed
with remarkable powers of organiza-
tion. Mr. Bebb has been conspicuous-
ly successful at Oxford in training
students for the Church of Eng'nd.
He is a fine scholar and a learned theol-
ogian, besides being an ecclesiastic
of decidedly progressive views."

Mr. D. A. Jones, who took the prize
at the Festinlog Elsteddfod for the best
Flora of any county in Wales, is head-
master of the board schools at Harlech.
Mr. Jones selected his native county of

Merioneth, and his list of the plants of that rich and varied district is the best on record. He is an enthusiastic and laborious botanist, his forte being classification. Last year he was elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society, at the special recommendation of Professor Farmer, of South Kensington. Mr. Jones is an authority on the flora of the Welsh mountains.

Mr. Hugh Price Hughes's grandmother was the daughter of a Jewish banker at Haverfordwest, and she had two sisters. One of them married David Charles, of Carmarthen, and thus became the grandmother of the late David Charles Davies, the principal of Trevecca, and moderator of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. The other married a Plunket, and became the grandmother of the late Lord Plunket, the Primate of the Irish Protestant Church. A curious history—the heads of three great religious bodies to be descended from these Jewish sisters!

In the course of an address from the Logan Stone, the Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D. (Cynonfardd), who arrived from America lately, in order to preside at the Elisteddod meetings, said that he appeared there with a brotherly greeting from the Welsh people of the Far West, whose love of their native land and language was undying though estranged for both. He maintained that in order to be a patriot a man need not remain in his native country, nor need he even adhere to his language, if there were unsurmountable obstacles in the way of his doing so, but it was certainly desirable that every Welshman while retaining knowledge of his own tongue should not neglect the cultivation of other languages.

Dr. Marcus Dods, in acknowledging the vote of thanks addressed to him for his recent address at the Theological

College, Bala spoke of the benefits derived from the Welsh Church by them in Scotland. This church had given them the inestimable services of Dr. Edwards, the principal of the college, who was an exegete of the first order, and had at one bound taken his place in the front rank among exegetes in this country and in Germany. He then referred to their having secured a Welshman (Dr. Henry Jones) as successor to Dr. Caird in the philosophy class at Glasgow, and a man who rivals his predecessor in all those things that made him successful.

Canon Silvan Evans, the celebrated Welsh lexicographer, is now a very old man, over 80 years of age, and the work of compiling the new Welsh Dictionary is of so large and detailed a character that it is hardly to be hoped that he will see its completion. He realizes this fact quite as clearly as his friends, and has made provision accordingly. To a large extent the task of classification is now performed by the Chancellor's son, Mr. J. H. Silvan Evans, M. A., under his father's supervision, so that, if the veteran scholar should be compelled to relinquish his enterprise, it will be carried on upon the same lines.

It is said that what "Mabon" sang to charm the Austrians and stimulate the French and Belgian delegates to give freely was "Clychau Aberdyfi":—

"Os wyt ti'n fy ngharu i,

Fel 'rwyf i'n dy garu di;

Dydo un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, neu chwech,

Meddai glowyr glewion Cymru."

Or, "If you love me as I love thee, give one, two, three, four five, or six, says the heroic Welsh collier." The result was 600 florins!

Mabon should have prepared a revised version of the song for Austria, something after this fashion:

y'ch chwi'n ein caru ni,
 el ry'm ni'n eich caru chwi,
 a un, dwy, tair, pedair mil,
 glowyr glewion Cymru.
 n will think of this at the next
 convention.

year's chaired bard, Mr. R. O.
 ("Elfyn"), is one of the few
 who have won the chair of the
 l Eisteddfod. It is twelve years
 nother layman gained the like
 don, the last being Mr. R. Davies
 og"), who was "chaired" at
 on for his ode on "Hope." The
 Gwylfa Roberts, of Portdinor-
 e crowned poet of this year's
 l Eisteddfod, is a native of Pen-
 awr, and ten years ago he
 as a quarryman on the Pen-
 ountain. He has had a success-
 eer. About three years ago he
 dained to the Congregational
 y at Portdinorwic, as successor
 well-known "Griffiths, Bethel."
 won about half a dozen provin-
 tteddfodic chairs, but the win-
 the crown was his first victory
 National Eisteddfod. About two
 go he published a volume of his
 nder the title of "Drain Gwyn-
 hich has had a large sale.

s the true story of how Dr. John
 rst came noticeably before the
 It was at a Calvinistic Metho-
 nthly meeting held at Ponter-
 monthly meeting in those days
 the scale of a small cymanfa,
 arge crowd had gathered around
 a, spacious chapel. In the grave-
 hind the chapel was a tall lad-
 h its head resting near the door
 attic, leading up almost to the
 f the chapel. The assembly
 the chapel became horror-struck
 g a small boy riding astraddle
 le, evidently bent on riding so
 le length of the chapel. Happi-
 alone was unconscious of the

danger of his position, and after awhile
 the bold "horseman" rode backwards
 towards the ladder, and descended safe-
 ly and highly proud of his feat. The
 feat became a great tradition among
 the boys of the village, and John Rhys
 has been riding astraddle the temple of
 fame ever since.

An amusing story is told in the "Hub"
 of how Professor Herkomer was judged
 by a Welsh journalist. It will be re-
 membered that rumors were circulated
 some little time ago as to a serious
 cycling accident which had befallen the
 eminent artist in Wales. As a matter of
 fact, it was the bicycle, and not its
 rider, which got slightly injured in the
 escapade. Meanwhile a Conway report-
 er had wired a magnificently terrible
 account all over the country, with the
 result that Professor Herkomer was de-
 luded with letters and telegrams, and,
 relating these facts, the artist said:—
 "I never rested until I cornered the re-
 porter, and, would you believe it? when
 I asked him why he had not taken the
 trouble to inquire fuller particulars,
 he retorted, "It would have been too
 late." Naturally, I pitched into him,
 whereupon he plaintively shook his
 head at me, and said, "Ah! I see you
 have not the soul of a journalist!"

The appearance in the Church Times
 of an article in praise of Griffith Jones,
 of Llanddowror, has induced Mr. How-
 ard Evans, of the Liberation Society,
 to remind that High Church organ of
 what type of Churchman Griffith Jones
 was. Referring to the prosecution of
 Jones, he says that among the charges
 brought against him were that his
 parents were Nonconformists, that he
 had never been rightly reconciled to
 the Established Church, that he had
 distributed 24,000 copies of Matthew
 Henry's Catechism, that nine-tenths of
 his communicants were Dissenters, and
 would attend only his church, that all

the teachers in his schools were Dissenters, and that he explained away the precious doctrine of baptismal regeneration. "By all means," says Mr. Evans, "let us do honor to the memory of such a broad-minded Churchman as Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror."

Thirty years ago no one was better known in North Wales than "Morgans Bach y Dyffryn." He was in great demand in Calvinistic pulpits. It was he who collected a vast amount as a sustentation fund for Bala College, where his portrait has just been unveiled amidst much eclat. His son, the Rev. R. H. Morgan, delivered an address on the occasion. His father's Welsh Bible, he said, was much thumbed from Genesis to Revelation. He never cared much for Augustine's "Confessions" nor the "De Institutione" and similar works; but he more than once mentioned the keen zest with which he had devoured in an incredibly short time "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Robinson Crusoe." During his last illness Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" was read to him, and the humor of which he thoroughly enjoyed. Although deeper works were also read and digested, the above proves that heavy preachers are not above light literature.

It has long been a complaint among the ever-increasing English wing of the Calvinistic Methodist denomination that there is not obtainable a full and comprehensive history of the rise and progress of Welsh Methodism. The sketch published years ago by the Rev. W. Williams, of Swansea, excellent though it be as a handbook, merely

skims the surface, as it were, and beyond this very little has been attempted. It is now announced that an English version is to be prepared of the voluminous "History of the Methodist Fathers," published by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, Cardiff, and Mr. W. Morgan, J. P., Pant. The translation has been undertaken by the Rev. D. M. Phillips, of Tylorstown, and his work will be published in serial form in the Forward Movement Herald.

Of the Welsh Nonconformists, the Methodists now lead the way in the number of degree-men, but when the late Dr. Lewis Edwards received his M. A. degree he became an object of great curiosity to many members of the Corff. At a Cardiganshire Cymanfa an old deacon insisted upon sleeping in the same room as Mr. Edwards, as he 'wanted to see how an M. A. slept, and great was his disappointment to find that he slept like any other mortal. The Corff had hardly become accustomed to the M. A. when the late Dr. Harris Jones, of Trevecca, returned from Germany, and fixed his residence in Cardiff, flourishing a Ph. D., in addition to his Glasgow M. A. He was simply lionized through the Principality. But that Ph. D. was a greater puzzle to the deacons than the M. A. One announced the doctor to preach as "John Harris Jones and Phylip Dafydd;" another said, "Mr. John Harris Jones will preach here next Sunday. He is a wonderfully great man. He is an M. A. of Glasgow and Ph. D. of Gehenna." For some reasons, the degree of D. D. has not excited great curiosity, except in one case, when, through a mistake in the address, it went to the wrong man and stayed there.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

ONLY ONE MORE OF THEM.

Here is the latest small boy story, told at a dinner the other night. The new rector gazes mildly at the small boy in the Sunday school and says, "My dear little fellow, have you read the Thirty-nine Articles?" "No," rejoined the small boy, "but I've read the 'Forty Aleves.'"—*London Figaro*.

o: o

Dooley, the Irish photographer of Chicago, says: "Ye can't make a Cuban understand that freedom means th' same thing as a pinitchry sintince. Whin we thry to get him to wurruck I'll say: 'Why shud I? I haven't committed anny crime.' That's goin' to be y' trouble. Th' first thing we know I'll have another war in Cuba whin we begin distributin' good jobs, 12 hours a day, wan sivinty-five. Th' Cubans ain't civilized in our way. I sometimes think I've got a touch iv Cuban blood in me own veins."

HUMORS OF SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

It appears that in an elementary examination in English which was lately held in a school near New York two sentences were given out to be corrected by the younger scholars. The first sentence was to be corrected as to its subject matter, and the second sentence as to its syntax. These were the sentences:

"The hen has three legs."

"Who done it?"

When the papers were handed in it was found that one of the examinees

had apparently regarded the sentence as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows:

"The hen didn't done it; God done it."

o: o

GLADSTONE AND THE FRENCH.

Harold Frederic cables that "the story that almost the last intelligible words spoken by the dying Gladstone were in their own language moved Frenchmen deeply, and this sensitive vibrant race has at the close of this week put aside its grievances, and almost yielded to the impulse of sympathy and respect for the land of Gladstone's birth." That a few words spoken by a dying man should thus stem the current of national hatred and vituperation is a striking illustration of Gladstone's power over men—but then, that nation is the "sensitive and vibrant" French.

o: o

FISH THAT WEAR CLOTHES.

The ocean contains several fish which clothe and adorn themselves. The most conspicuous of them is the antennarius, a small fish frequenting the Saragossa sea, which literally clothes itself with seaweed, fastening the pieces together with sticky, gelatinous strings, and then, as it were, holding the garment on with its fore fins.

o: o

COMPETITION.

Down in Oklahoma there is a town where two rival bakers offer special inducements to attract custom. When

Schmidt offers a cut in prices, Dupont outdoes him the matter of accommodation. One day the French baker had this sign painted on the side of his house—"Seven loaves for twenty-five shillings." The German could not furnish more loaves for that sum without inviting bankruptcy to the feast, so he appealed to the public in another way, by putting in his window this startling notice—"On Saturdays customers' own vitals will be cooked."

—o:o—

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

Habla V. Espanol? Perhaps not. It is a very pretty tongue, however. There is Latin in it of course. Then there are Punic, Gothic and Arabic. In these elements reside its construction and its history. Spain means "hidden." A long time ago the Carthaginians discovered the country. When the Romans discovered it, too, they threw a toga over it. The Visigoths stuck their gutturals there. The Moors brought their filigrees and arabesques. Latin was beaten in with the hilt of the sword, Gothic with a trowel, and Arabic with a scimiter. From those three assaults the Spanish of to-day is the result.—Edgar Saltus.

—o:o—

DIET OF THE ARTIST AND LITERARY MAN.

The learned German physiologist Moleschott said in reference to the diet of the artist and litterateur: "Well baked bread and lean meat, combined with young vegetables and such roots as are easy to digestion, and contain a considerable proportion of sugar, form a wholesome diet for thinkers and poets. A large quantity of leguminous seeds, heavy bread, rich pastry and greasy meat create those irritable, morose, and almost always slender statesmen who have permitted melancholy

thoughts and gloomy imaginations to eclipse all happier views of life in them, so that they have come to consider rods and fetters as the most important promoters and protectors of civilization. A large body and fleshy face may be suitable for monks and gluttons longing for repose, but are not adapted for men of intellect. Abundance of fat in the blood of the brain paralyzes thought and hangs lead upon the wings of the imagination."—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

—o:o—

DO AS OTHERS DO.

The native servants in Hawaii are prone to address their mistresses as they hear other members of the household address them, not infrequently calling them by their first names. An English woman determined on her arrival in Honolulu that her servants should never call her Mary, and instructed them carefully in the presence of her husband. One day, when she had visitors, her cook put his head in at the drawing-room door and politely inquired: "What vegetables for dinner to-day, my love?" He had heard her called that, and seemed proud of remembering not to say Mary.

—o:o—

"BULLY" FIGHTERS.

If the Spaniards could kill as many American soldiers as they can Spanish bulls, the peace protocol might read the other way. In the bull fights of Spain there are over 4,000 bulls killed yearly. In all the larger towns there are bull fights nearly all the year round. From one to ten bulls are killed in each of them, and a bull generally kills from one to six horses. A Madrilenian writes to the New York Evening Post that he has counted 325 notices of bull fights in papers of one date at Madrid. In small towns and country districts there

all fights, in the corrals of which
 tements are made, and these run
 any hundreds. The daily papers
 about Spain always contain from
 a column to several columns of
 ht news.

—o:o—

A GOOD TIMEPIECE.

Information comes from a man
 enport: "Seven years ago I left
 est, containing a gold watch,
 g on a fence while mowing the
 yard. A young pet calf wan-
 up and proceeded to eat the ves-
 allow the watch. I gave up the
 for lost, of course, and gave it
 ther thought. A short time ago
 lf, which had become full grown,
 aughtered for beef. The watch
 ound in such a position between
 gs that the respiration of the
 closing and filling had kept the
 winder wound up, and the watch
 only lost about seven minutes
 the seven years." The man in
 port rivals Herodotus, the inven-
 the ring and fish story.

—o:o—

STILL REMAINS.

Young lady stopping temporarily
 a German family has been made
 occasionally the pro-Spanish
 cies of some of the people. One
 g at dinner a young Teuton,
 ng to his glass of beer, attracted
 attention of the company present
 ily remarking to our representa-
 e this glass of beer; the dark
 represents Spain, solid and sub-
 al, while the froth represents the
 d States."

" was the quiet reply, "but I no-
 ne United States is on top."
 over his confusion the young man
 ly drank his beer only to be fur-
 aughed at by the statement, "and
 drinking the United States still
 ns."

THEY ALL HELP.

As Twm o'r Nant, the Welsh wit, was
 returning home from work, he met the
 Vicar, who asked him what he thought
 of the sectarians then beginning to
 molest the church.

"I have no opinion," says Twm.

"Yes, you have," added the Vicar;
 "a man like you must have something
 to say about everything."

"Well, I tell you," says Twm, "the
 Wesleyans gather them to the fold, the
 Baptists wash them, the Calvinists
 pick them, and the Church fleeces
 them."

—o:o—

HOW IT'S DONE.

Rev. Sam Small makes many pictur-
 esque observations. "When the devil
 wants to do some work in high so-
 ciety," he says, "he dresses up like the
 biggest dude you ever saw, and puts on
 a tall collar that looks like a white-
 washed fence around the fair grounds.
 When he gets at the farmers he rigs
 out like an old hayseed, tells that it is
 time a new party was started, and then
 they, with a few other flat-headed fools,
 combine to capture the government.
 The day after election they want to
 know where the man who fooled them
 is, but he ain't around. Talk about
 besetting sins—bosh! It's we who be-
 set the sins, not the sins us. You never
 saw a bottle of whisky or a keg of beer
 chasing any man around the town; but
 you've seen lots of men chasing them."

—o:o—

A QUEER USE FOR TOBACCO SMOKE.

Dromedaries are said to be particular-
 ly fond of tobacco smoke, and can be
 made to do almost anything while un-
 der its influence. Travelers, it is assert-
 ed, rely more on tobacco smoke for
 their control over these huge beasts
 than anything else. When travelling on

long journeys the dromedaries are in many cases required to travel night and day without rest, and they are kept up to their tasks by smoking cigars. The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigar-holder. This is inserted in the mouth of the animal, the cigar being lit and pressed into the hole. The dromedary closes its eyes and puffs away through its nostrils until the cigar is burned away. The indulgence appears to refresh it, and the keeper has no difficulty in persuading the animal to plod on without further rest.

—:o:—

A MEXICAN SUNDAY.

As an illustration of how the people of our neighboring republic have been influenced by this Spanish institution we have an account of the manner in which Easter Sunday was celebrated in the City of Mexico. Five thousand of the people desecrated that holy day by witnessing a cruel and bloody fight between African lions and a Mexico bull. The first lion to encounter the bovine was a particularly savage beast that a short time before had killed his trainer. With a view of increasing his ferocity and thus insuring a savage fight for the enjoyment of the spectators, the lion had been deprived of food for a week, but the fierce and maddened bull made short work of the half-starved brute. The toro's victory pleased the audience, and vent was given to howls of delight. Another lion was let loose in the arena, and again the bull advanced to the charge. This time the fight was a savage one. The bull was severely wounded, but its fierceness and strength enabled it to triumph over the king of the African desert. "The lion was gored unmercifully and taken from the ring in a dying condition," say the dispatches.

THE WELSHMAN'S PEDIGREE BOOK.

Every Taffy is descended originally from the Welsh Kings, and in the Welshman's pedigree book occurs the following:—About this time was the flood, and this book was compiled some time about that period. When the water covered the earth a Welshman was cruising in a small boat on board of which he of course carried with him his pedigree book, his precious document. He met Noah in his ark, and hailing the latter and claiming relationship requested him to remember the fact, and on that account to take him in. But Noah declined, and after a long parley the Welshman disputed with Noah's obtuseness of the claims of kindred, and his insensibility to the honor of connection with a Tudor, and said, "If you won't save me and take me on board, take my pedigree!" To which Noah consented and opened the window for its reception. Taffy threw in his pedigree and sailed away in his boat, and this is how the book was saved from being destroyed by the flood.

—:o:—

Have the restorers of the Gorsedd and other bardic paraphernalia, overlooked this item in the report of the Conway Eisteddfod of 1861? "Gwilym Cowlyd" was installed in the bardic chair, but the chair used on the occasion was "one which had been given to the Bards of Britain by Queen Elizabeth, and had been kindly lent to the committee by Lady Mostyn, whose property it now is." How is it that this piece of common bardic property is not a perennial fixture of the National Eisteddfod, instead of newly-varnished things of egregious modernity?

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

By Prof. W. W. Davies, Ph. D. (Halle).

Italy had its great schools of Padoa, Padua, Florence, Lerno, Bologna and Naples; France its Sorbonne; and England its Oxford, centuries before the first German university was founded. These however were not universities in the proper sense of the word. Padoa, which was established in the eleventh century, taught nothing but medicine; the school of Bologna founded a hundred years later, with its 20,000 students, devoted its whole energy to the study of ecclesiastical law; while Paris with its 30,000 students, paid little attention to anything except theology.

Germany had a few unimportant universities before the time of Luther; among them may be mentioned Prague, founded in 1348; Heidelberg 1386, Leipzig 1409, and Tübingen 1477. None of these, however, had reached great eminence before the Reformation. But since Luther's great work began they have been steadily growing, so that at present they may be said to

be unsurpassed. They are the pride and glory of the Fatherland, exerting a wonderful influence not upon Germany alone, but directly and indirectly upon the whole civilized world. Many of the leading educators in every land have been trained in these universities. Hundreds of young people from all parts of Europe and America have been, and are still enrolled among their students, which is a sufficient proof of their superiority. "The resort to a German university," says Sir William Hamilton, "has in general been always mainly dependent on its comparative excellence." American colleges are especially indebted to the German Universities. The works of celebrated German professors find a ready place in all our libraries, both public and private. Our text-books, in almost every department, acknowledge their dependence upon German help; justifying a remark of Prof. Gildersleeve of Johns Hop-

kins, who says: "Just now all that is expected of the average classic philologist is a meek reproduction of foreign wisdom." This is also true of other departments, especially of philosophy and theology; most all our heresy trials of late years result from the importation of the theories and dogmas of the rationalistic and destructive critics of Germany.

A German university differs much from an American college. Perhaps one of the greatest dangers of the latter in our time is the desire to ape the methods in vogue at the former. The Germans have carried the lecture system too far, and have made too little of the recitation. This however, is being gradually corrected, for of late years, there are some professors who compel the student to recite much as in the colleges of this country. I noticed this change in Halle and Berlin two years ago.

The German university has four faculties or departments: Theology, Law, Medicine and Philosophy. Under philosophy are classified all subjects which do not properly and strictly belong to one of the first three. Consequently the majority of students at a German university are preparing for some one of the learned professions. The American college, on the other hand, is a high-grade preparatory school for general culture. Thus it becomes evident that the requirements for admission are much higher than those in the

best American colleges. What Madame de Stael said, nearly a hundred years ago, is almost as true now as then: "Education in the German universities commences where it ends in the universities of other nations." German students are admitted only after having passed the vigorous final examination of a gymnasium, which is both oral and written, lasting about six days, and covering the entire work done at the gymnasium. One day is set apart for the composition of two essays, one in German, the other in Latin. Both must be written without grammar, lexicon, or any books of reference. The requirements in Greek and Latin are not as high in these latter days as they used to be. Even the dissertations are now, at least many of them, written in German, English, or some other modern language, and the disputations for the final degree are held in German instead of Latin. According to Matthew Arnold, the certificate received at the final gymnasial examination corresponds to the English degree of B. A. Prof. Doellinger of Bonn, said in his address, "Sonst und Jetzt," that the American colleges occupy a midway position between the German gymnasium and the philosophical faculty of a German university. In certain lines, as in Greek and Latin, the American college graduate does not compare favorably with the graduate of a German gymnasium.

A boy, in order to enter a German

gymnasium, or a first class Real Schule, must be at least nine or ten years of age, "must be able to read correctly, write a tolerable good hand, write from dictation without gross mistakes in spelling, must have some knowledge of arithmetic, and be somewhat drilled in the doctrines of religion." The course in the gymnasium is nine years. There are six classes. One year is spent in each of the first, and two years in each of the last. The discipline in the gymnasium is very rigid, and heavy work is required of every pupil.

Once matriculated in the university, the student is a free man. In the gymnasium every study is compulsory, in the university all is elective; in the former he must attend every recitation, or account for his absence; in the latter he may do just as he pleases; in the former he must submit to periodical examination, in the latter he may dispense with all examinations. But, of course, graduation without one final examination—lasting about three hours, and purely oral—is impossible. This untrammelled freedom to study what and when one pleases, how and when one desires, is regarded by learned men as the secret of German scholarship. As there is absolutely no supervision, he may either profit by the instruction of the most eminent men in the world, or he may waste his days in idleness and riotous living. Yet with all this liberty, and the temptation to indolence, a worthless student is the exception.

Two things make such freedom possible in Germany: 1. No trifler can ever hope to complete the rigid course at the gymnasium or Real-Schule, and pass the final examination which opens for him the doors of the university. These worthless fellows are disposed of before reaching the university. 2. Should a trifler succeed in some way to enter the university, it would be almost an impossibility for such a person to be graduated; then again, when we remember that none but graduates can enter any of the learned professions, or even secure a good position in the service of the government, we see that a German student is after all almost compelled to study.

The courses of study are both numerous and varied. Instruction is given in almost every department of learning. The professors are always graduates of both gymnasium and the university, always specialists, though as a rule, not narrow nor one-sided. Most all of them reach their positions gradually, after ample proof of their fitness, thus they are fully equipped for the work they have elected to accomplish. A German professor is never expected, much less required to teach anything outside his special line of work. Though the number of students at some of the universities is very large, yet they average less than twenty to each professor or instructor. In the summer semester of 1896 there were at the University of Berlin 5,368 matriculated students, and 3,835 more allowed on

certain conditions to attend lectures; the total number of teachers of all grades was 377. The students were distributed as follows: Theology, 486; Law, 1,812; Medicine, 1,258, and Philosophy 5,368; unclassified or visitors, 3,835. Leipzig had 212 professors, and 3,157 students, and Munich 177 professors, with 3,736 students. Halle comes next, having 136 professors, and 1,567 students. In the number of theological students Halle comes next to Berlin, and has 437.

There are three grades of professors in the German universities: Ordinary or regular, Extraordinary or adjunct or assistant, and Private Docents or tutors.

Of late years most all the German universities have had their doors

about half open to women. This is especially true of the larger ones, which are supposed to be more liberal and cosmopolitan. It depends almost entirely upon the individual professor whether or not women may sign for his lectures. Without his consent ladies cannot attend.

The cost of living in a German university corresponds very nearly with the expenses in this country. One can live more cheaply at the Berlin University than at Harvard or Yale, as cheaply at Goettingen or Halle as at the Ohio Wesleyan or Hamilton College. The cost may be still less at Tuebingen or Jena, making it possible for one to pay all expenses and live well on less than \$250 a year.



IN SORROW.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

His heart was filled with grief and woe,
A grief so great no one could know;
But as upon his way he went
Beneath a brother's load he bent.

He soothed a wound and spoke a word
That God and all the angels heard,
And lo, there stole into his breast
Sweet Heaven's calm eternal rest.

IN THE FAR NORTH GOLD COUNTRY.



IN the many articles which have been published in the daily papers of conditions on the Yukon, and generally in the gold fields of the far North-western territory, there is so much of explicitness—of the details of existence there—the following paper prepared from notes taken by Arthur E. Seymour of Utica, N. Y., during his return from the gold territory must interest and have some value. Seymour was in the Klondike when gold seeking was at its height, and he used a naturally keen faculty of observation to excel-
 advantage.
 At the beginning of his visit he considered what should have been noted—in the fact that the government attaches, when the rich-
 the land became known, used official advantage for their per-
 benefit. Even the mounted of the region secured leaves
 presence and conducted their to the most likely territory,
 securing what seemed rich before the average miner
 the territory, its laws and its ns, could turn himself about

and determine what to do. While this may have been an annoyance and an injury to the prospectors who went to the Klondike in the first wild rush of gold seeking, it can have been but a minor vexation after all, and of but small weight when considered in comparison with the vaster field which has since been covered. Besides, the fields of the future lie well within American territory, and will be under our own jurisdiction. Not only is it thought that there is more gold on the American side than there is on the Canadian territory, but our mining regulations offer the greater opportunities to the adventurous spirits who face the inevitable discomforts, and accept the risks to life which the career involves. Thus while in the Klondike region within British lines the prospector can stake out but four claims, on American ground he can stake out as many claims as he pleases, provided each claim is on a different creek, or river, or so that it admits of others taking claims between his. A purely antimonopolistic regulation is this recognized American mining law. Then again, under British law the claimant must spend three months on each claim to make his title valid, while under the American provision from 10 to 30 days on each claim is sufficient. The

Crown reservation of alternate claims is another regulation which hampers work in Dominion territory, so that even if we had less gold on our land it would probably be more profitable to seek it there than to look for a trifle higher percentage over the line where the conditions are more onerous and costly. But there is every reason to believe that Alaskan ground is auriferous to a higher degree than the Canadian land, and all the indications point to a diversion of development next year to American territory and a comparative neglect of the beds on the Canadian side of the line. The Crown fee of \$16 a year for each claim, the \$10 a year license for each miner, the ten per cent. of gold taken out as a reserve for the Crown all operate against any further rush to Canadian territory. It is so much simpler for miners, under the American system, to elect a recorder of deeds, pay him from \$2.50 to \$5.00 for each claim staked, and then take the gold out and keep it, that even if our own country were poorer in the metal, which it certainly is not, the absence of high-priced red tape would make it more inviting as long as it was known there was any gold there at all.

With plenty of opportunities for informing himself thoroughly, it is Mr. Seymour's opinion that all the gold that has come out of Alaska and the Northwest territory thus far has been from about 100 worked claims. Thousands of claims have been staked out, but those only were

worked which the miners found to be the richest, and from which they could most readily take enough to pay the heavy expenses, and that, too, in the legal time required to hold the claim. This done, the policy has been to lay idle and wait for the capitalist to come along, buy an interest, and develop the property. That the capitalist does appear and that money is always waiting to be invested in good claims is matter of common observation. To make an authentic estimate of the gold mined in the Northwest territory is a difficult matter, but Mr. Seymour had the advantage of an acquaintance with the toll agent of the territory, who collected the ten per cent. claimed for the Crown. Up to June 18 and 19 of the current year he had collected between \$400,000 and \$450,000. Allowing for one half the gold taken out escaping this toll, and this is admitted to be a fair estimate, the output would be about ten million dollars for the season of 1897, then closing. It is apparent that the drift of gold seekers now will be toward American territory, where gold and provisions are more easily obtainable, and where there is less tariff. Dawson City is no longer a popular point with people bent northward, nor will it be a profitable place to which to journey. Within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles every claim is taken now. In fact, early last spring there was a stampede from Dawson City down the Yukon to Eagle City. The lat-

ter was a new camp, which on June 15 last consisted of two tents and a cabin, but this winter there will be between four and six thousand miners there. Eagle City is at the mouth of Seventy Mile river, which, with all its tributaries, has proved rich ground for the gold hunter. In this region a prospector can in from two to three weeks stake out from nine to twelve eligible claims, and on

point toward which travel will trend again without doubt. It was a successful mining center, the largest log cabin city in the world, when the first reports from the Klondike sent people rushing over to Canadian soil. The mining camp proper is eighty miles back from the town, and some of the section is made up of summer diggings. The results there range from \$12 to \$20 per man



The first war news being read from the top of the A. C. Company's unfinished provision store in Dawson City.

his arrival back at camp sell a half interest in his property for from \$3000 to \$5000. The interests disposed of in this way are "sold blind"—that is neither party knowing their actual or approximate value. The buyers are those who have either arrived too late to prospect, or who are disinclined to face the risks and hardships of the stampedes which occur when new territory is reported as being "rich."

Circle City, Alaska, is another

per day, and labor has been very scarce. On June 17 of this year, an offer was made to the entire passenger list of the steamer on which Mr. Seymour was journeying, to take the 150 men on board and pay them \$10 a day and board. The people owning the claims were ready to take a thousand men at the same rates, and guarantee them four months of steady work. Circle City during the coming winter will have a population of at least 5,000 men.

Here are located the United States offices dealing with the mining interests. United States Commissioner Crane, of Chicago; United States Marshal Dunn, and Collector of Internal Revenue Smith are at Circle City, and very popular men these are with all in the northern region.

A new camp on American terri-

and the land seemed lined with gold. The "wash up" was one-third better than the prospecting had indicated. Nothing to speak of was taken out until January 15 of this year, and the "clean up" of four claims, Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9, on Little Manook creek, was between \$125,000 and \$140,000; and to this must be added the



Northern view of the eastern half of Dawson City, showing in the foreground the river boat *Hamilton*, Captain Hill of Seattle.

tory, and one to which much of the next migration will trend is Rampart City, more commonly and properly known by its native name of Manook. Mr. Seymour was a member of one of the three expeditions frozen in the ice 125 miles below Manook in September of '97. The expeditions left their boats and pushed on to the new camp. Rumors of its richness had reached them, but the fact was better than the report,

benefit to the miners of their sale of half interests. In this camp are many prominent personages who have invited the vicissitudes of mining life in the wilds of the Northwest. Here is ex-Governor McGraw of the State of Washington, now a wealthy man, thanks to his good fortune on Little Manook. Here is General Carr of Seattle, equally fortunate in the same locality. Here is Captain Mayo, the

French Gulch Bench Claims. The most valuable Bench claims in the Klondike District.



oldest pioneer in Alaska, and the best liked American in the whole Northwest. Captain Mayo has the provision and supply stores at Rampart City, and has interests in claims all over the gold bearing region. Here, too, is Frank Canton, the United States Marshal in charge of the district. Canton's name has not been heard much lately at home, but he it was who brought to bay, and also to justice, the famous, or infamous, Dalton gang of stage and bank robbers a few years ago. On May 1 of this year a new strike was made near Rampart City. It is known as Idaho bar, and is an old river bed gravel lead near the top of the mountain. It developed \$2.80 to the pan. It is far from water, but notwithstanding this it will be well worked during the coming winter. Then Rampart City, instead of its population of last winter of about 1,000 souls, will have from 8,000 to 10,000 miners, and its name will be known the wide world over.

It is to the Koyukuk river, however, that all the people in the Northwest are looking now for marvelous developments, and to that section will be the grand rush during the coming winter and next spring. The Koyukuk river lies to the northward, and runs parallel with the Yukon, emptying into the Yukon just above Nulato. The Koyukuk is easily navigable up to Arctic City, but beyond that a boat must not draw over 18 inches of water. Tramway bar and the north fork of the Koyukuk is where the

natives, with the most primitive means and in native indolent fashion have been getting out from \$900 to \$1,200 each in a short summer stay, and it is with this gold so obtained that they have been coming in to the posts to buy lead for shot and guns for shooting it.

One hundred and fifty miles below Rampart City is what is known as the Gold Mountain district, where two coal mines were opened last winter by the party sent by R. B. Taylor of the Corn Exchange Bank of Chicago. These mines will pay by-and-by, but it will be when labor is cheaper. The gold prospect in the Taylor or Gold Mountain District has proven well worth working, and hydraulic plants are to be sent to work the claims.

In going into Alaska the inexperienced are liable to make so many mistakes that it is worth while drawing on Mr. Seymour's notes for information on this point. It is safe, he says, to pattern after the natives generally. These jog along 35 to 40 miles a day over the snow trail, carrying loads, without apparent inconvenience, but their life is decidedly systematic. They do not dress heavily for such a climate, and they eat regularly, cooking all their food thoroughly. Furs are not an essential, nor even a desirable part of Alaskan dress. Extra heavy underwear, woolen socks and German hand-knit stockings over them, blanket-lined overalls, a chest protector, a sweater, a drill garment made by the natives, and covering

head and body to the knees, this garment being called the parkie, two pairs of heavy mittens, and a native cap, fit one for work or travel. Sleeping bags are not suited to our people, and woolen or flannel blankets are preferred both for warmth and for the facility with which they may be wrapped and carried.

In the matter of food it is found to be advisable to carry more delicacies and fewer staples than the adven-

cocoa, sardines, and odds and ends of that kind which go to make life bearable, and to give change of diet in sickness or in health.

As to climate, the winters, of which so much that is dreadful has been written, are less to be dreaded than the summers. A temperature of 70 or 80 degrees below zero there is less felt than a temperature of 10 degrees below zero in a damp coast climate here. Avoid-



Alaskan dog team, fully equipped for stampede. "Temperature 48° below zero."

turers of last year took with them. Bacon, flour, hams and food of that character can be had at nearly every store and cabin in Alaska. Mr. Seymour took to Manook a thousand pounds of flour, on which he paid a freightage of ten cents a pound, and at Manook he found that he could buy flour for precisely what it cost him to get his in. In other words, he lost the cost price of his flour by taking it with him. He advises people to take with them plenty of condensed milk, tongue, pickles, potted chicken, jams, jellies, chocolate,

ance of alcoholic stimulants and excess in smoking is essential to health, and these two points observed, there is little to fear from cold. But in spring and summer, when the mosquitoes come, danger and discomfort appear. With the first thaw the moss is carried into the streams, and the water is polluted. There is a source of danger. In early May the first mosquito appears, later on a smaller one, and by the beginning of June a huge fly pervades everything. These are bad, but with July the grand army

of mosquitoes advance and occupy all the air. Ordinary netting is no bar to them. One must be supplied with cheese-cloth or bob-netting for protection. Men have been seen groping about for hours in blindness from mosquito bites, and strong miners have sat down and cried with pain under their stings. The natives take heroic measures against the pests, and fire the woods on the mountains to drive them off. Vast areas of fine timber have been thus destroyed.

It might readily be imagined that in such a country there was little religion; but it is really the reverse. There is plenty of it, and it is of a practical kind too. Sunday observance is of the strictest character, and neither gambling nor drinking is tolerated. In Dawson City Gold Commissioner Faucett for the Crown leads the Church of England service. At Fort Yukon, Rev. Mr. Hoxey, a Church of England clergyman, looks after the people. At Circle City, Rev. Mr. Prevoost, Episcopalian, cares for souls, and he also visits Rampart City to reinforce Captain Mayo, who is an ardent Episcopalian. The Russian Catholics are looked after by Father Kortablkitska, at the Russian Mission Station of Alaska. The Roman Catholics have Father Barnum and a band of sisters, located at Holy Cross Mission Station, Alaska. All of the missionaries have a wonderful control over the natives.

The ailments which affect people in Alaska are dyspepsia, scurvy,

typhoid fever, pneumonia and Bright's disease of the kidneys. Nearly invariably these attack the men who do not cook their food properly, and who are careless in their mode of life. For any disease in Alaska the natives have one remedy, and it seems to be as efficacious with our people as with them. They take the top branches of the spruce tree chop them fine, and boil them until the liquor is a dark brown color. When this is cool they drink it freely, and it must be said for the medicine that it works wonders. Scurvy especially flies before it as before a magician's wand. And, after all, it is nothing new, for the Russian army has long used it, according to the Encyclopedia Britannica. This same treatment also effects a positive cure for kidney trouble where the pain is so great in one's back as to cause total disability. The spruce can be found in the States in marshy localities, the same as in Alaska, and looks not unlike the tamarack.

The man going to Alaska should first know that he is young enough and strong enough to withstand hardship, courageous enough to face danger, and proof against homesickness. He must be sound of wind and limb, and possessed of cool judgment. He should know how to cook, and he must be willing to work and work hard. But no white woman should go. Certainly not an unmarried woman. Practically there is no inducement for them to go, and the surroundings they find there are far from congenial to feminine delicacy.

PILLS AND POWDERS.

Rev. D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

To rightly interpret and correctly understand what Solomon meant when he said, "There is no new thing under the sun," one is oftentimes at a loss to know. For, in this day of superabundant creative geniuses and prolific inventions, not a week, if a day, passes without the appearance of apparently new things.

Some years since, a medical practitioner in Western Pennsylvania, evidently thinking himself superior to Solomon, introduced what he was pleased to term a "New Gospel of Life," the true science of living, &c., adding chaos to the already excessively perplexed rational beings who are encumbered with stomachs. The doctor's theory is that we do not need any food in the morning until we have been up and around several hours, and become really hungry. In other words, that we do not need breakfast at all, and hence, must go without it; yes, literally skip the morning meal, and do away with that bill of fare, bother, trouble and all connected with it.

* * * * *

With this, the same as with every new fandangle thing introduced, it is taken up by that gullible portion of the race who embrace everything as it comes along simply because it bears the apparent stamp of the so-called new thing. Nevertheless, it

must be admitted, that many who have adopted this new plan say they feel so well, enjoy the two meals—luncheon and dinner—more than they ever did; but, whether this is a belief originating from enthusiasm over a new thing, or a fact experimentally proved by an earnest desire to secure that which is best for mankind, is a question yet to be answered.

However, this can readily be acknowledged, the plan is an economical one, and simplifies household matters to a high degree of satisfaction to the mistress and cook believers in it. It is said of one radical reformer for this new regime that he has become so imbued with the idea that it is the only true hygienic way to live, that his family have the greatest difficulty to convince him it is still quite virtuous to eat breakfast if they wish to.

* * * * *

To introduce this new cult, and bring it to a practical working point in any household infringes greatly upon its hitherto systematic mode of living, and consequently requires an additional fund of patience and of the spirit of sacrifice. For, it would amount to a miracle almost to have both father and mother adopt the same idea regarding it simultaneously, while Mr. Big Brother would

doubtless be willing to try it if he did not have to start to business so early in the morning; however, coffee and rolls are about all he wants under the circumstances. Miss Sweet-and-twenty of course is different, somehow, she has never cared much for her breakfast, and if there is so much virtue in this new thing as its disciples claim for it, she will try it.

While Master Hungry Boy, ruminating over the fact that breakfast will soon be a thing of the past, sulks, and wants more to eat than ever, and is determined to make practical use of the opportunity while he has it. It does seem to me, that in order to be able to bid good-bye to this old-time, gray-haired, honored and hitherto seemingly indispensable institution, in a gentlemanly and heroic manner, one should have some kind, yes, a huge kind of compensation, the forthcoming of which the writer cannot at present spy anywhere on the horizon.

* * * * *

The vast majority of people, it is true, are much more in danger of over-eating than they are in eating too little. The system also, in a remarkably short period, will accommodate itself to the habit of eating two, three, or more meals daily, providing they are taken with regularity, and if eating between meals is scrupulously avoided. Applying the touch-stone of common sense to all things, as already stated in a previous article, is undoubtedly the best method possible of arriving at the

truth and what is best for you and for me in every sphere of life.

It is generally understood, at least among thoughtful and observing people, that the stomach requires rest to recuperate from its imposed labor of supplying the necessary gastric juices for the proper digestion of foods, and the longer the rest between meals, the better the work will be performed, providing these rests be equalized as near as possible, and not one excessive rest between the dinner of yesterday and the luncheon of to-day, as is the case with the no-breakfast-people.

There is nothing so detrimental to both relish and appetite as the habit of eating between meals, a habit that will sooner or later destroy the stomach, and will in all cases shorten the period of life, and yet, there are people—intelligent people in other things—who will persist in so doing to their sorrow and pain, notwithstanding all that has been said to them to the contrary.

* * * * *

With a constitutionally weak stomach, and that one greatly impaired by the formidable enemy "La Grippe," the writer in his own case has strengthened and restored it to a higher point than at any previous time in his life by the following simple method, and that when all the medicine in the pharmacopia indicated by such a condition had been tried and failed.

After the morning's ablution, a pint or more of water is gulped rushingly at one breath into the stomach,

by so taking passes through the stomach, giving it no time to excrete, and at the same time washes away the mucus. At least half a pint of water is taken before each meal, and a pint of any kind during the day, then one cup of coffee after breakfast, water after the mid-day meal, and one cup of tea after the evening meal.

Profuse draughts of water are taken daily between meals, and a glass before retiring. No efficacy is ever claimed for the tea and coffee, it might have been better without any at all, but the above moderate quantity cannot be injurious save to extremely delicate people.

To drink the indicated quantity of water would doubtless be a task to the average person, and very few indeed can drink a pint without once taking breath, but by practice one can train himself to so drink a quart, and the habit of drinking a large quantity daily can by perseverance be made a fixed, permanent habit in a short time.

Eat slowly, drink none whatever with your meals, masticate your food properly, eat at regular times, and that three times a day, be cheerful over your meals, and the sure result will be a good appetite, and a keen relish, though they be as far from you at present as the Philippine Islands are.



BE ON THE GUARD.

By J. D. Morgan.

Guard well thy deeds—one action may
Lead on to habit strong;
If good, it starts the proper way;
If bad, it leads thee wrong.

Guard well thy words—they may contain
A keen and cruel dart;
If kind, they may relieve the pain
In some desponding heart.

Guard well thy thoughts, for it is there
Both words and actions start;
Then let it be thy constant care
To watch thy wayward heart.

Let all thy thoughts, thy words and deeds
Be ruled by truth and love,
And thus pursue the path that leads
To endless joy above.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

 By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Presages of Love and War.

Winter with its severe and long-continued cold, like Idrys' treason, was now only a memory, and April showers chased each other at intervals all day long, while the brisk south-westerly breezes occasionally drove before them the fleecy clouds, like so many sheep, as if to give men casual glimpses into the blue, ethereal sky from which the sun sent forth its bright rays with messages of renewed favor and life to the earth. The trees and flowers seemed determined to have an early spring, for even the horse-chestnuts were already adorned with their delicate sprays of five-fingered foliage, and the larches showed a wealth of verdure that surpassed in freshness that of every other tree; while the hedgerows teemed with celandines and crowfoots with a liberal sprinkling of primroses, and the copses were carpeted with hyacinths, daffodils, and wood-anemones. The tall, sturdy evergreens which in the long winter loneliness had looked down on the bare forms of their leafless companions were now put to shame by the verdant robes with which they clothed themselves. The swallows

also, attracted from their winter quarters by the allurements of spring, were already busy catching the rapidly multiplying insects flitting around the honey-bearing blossoms. Then as the season advanced, the fields, literally covered with daisies, celandines, and other varieties of wild flowers, charmed many a delighted eye and heart; the fruit trees attired themselves in raiment of blossoms more delicate in texture, more exquisite in color, and more rich in perfume than that of the most lovely of princesses; and a thousand feathered songsters filled with joy and gladness made the woods resound with their soul-stirring strains, while groups of merry children laughing, singing, and playing did their part towards heightening the effect of nature's grand panorama.

Nowhere was spring more lavish of her charms than in the Vale of Clwyd, and no part of this delightful vale was more beautiful than that in which stood Rhuddlan Castle. The Princess Nest certainly felt so as she strolled into the royal garden accompanied by Enid, her favorite maid, and lingered to admire the flower beds.

"What a supremely pleasant day this," remarked the princess as they entered the garden. "This warm sunshine makes everything look as though it were clad in heaven's own beauty. And, Enid, see these charming flowers! How artistically Madoc has arranged them."

"I am glad that the fair daughter of the illustrious Gryffydd is pleased with the arrangement," said the head gardener who now unexpectedly appeared on the scene. "These varieties of crocus make a very attractive border as you see, the yellow, blue, white, and cream-colored properly distributed producing a most pleasing effect. They have sprung from a number of bulbs I received not long since from France, and are later varieties than those you saw earlier in the spring. These tulips which will ere long blossom to beauty are also new varieties. They were brought from the Orient by Morgan the chaplain on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land."

"It was very kind of him to bring us something new, and I do hope they will blossom soon. I am very anxious to see how they look. In the meantime I shall continue to admire these old-fashioned flowers. There may be more beautiful varieties than these snow-drops, jonquils, crocuses, and hyacinths, but I shall never lose my fondness for them."

While Nest was speaking Trahaiarn accompanied by his squire, entered the garden, and the princess, turning back was toward them, no

sooner paused than her maid imparted the welcome intelligence to her in a whisper. Nest continued to talk with the gardener, however, as if she had not understood what her maid had said, until the prince and his squire joined them. Then she returned Trahaiarn's greeting with a degree of cordiality that encouraged him to ask her to take a stroll with him to a neighboring field, whose flowery carpet of yellow and white seemed so inviting. It was for this purpose that the prince had come to the garden, and as the princess consented to accompany him they were soon moving away in the direction indicated by Trahaiarn, while the squire and the maid followed them at a respectful distance. Nest was at her best; never had she appeared more beautiful or better pleased with herself and her surroundings. Nor was she slow to see that her tall, handsome companion was also in the best of spirits.

"During your sojourn in Normandy," said she as they paused a moment to admire the scenery, "did you see anything half so charming as our Vale of Clwyd?"

"Normandy can boast of much natural beauty," was the reply, "but I do not now remember to have seen anything to rival this. But why not ask me if your famous vale has a rival in Powysland? Can it be that you think fair Cambria has but one beautiful spot?"

"Cambria has but one Vale of Clwyd! Our bards have long pronounced it the glory of Wales."

"The awen (muse) sometimes soars too high on the wings of fancy, so high indeed as to lose sight of the truth. In this case, however, methinks there is just ground for enthusiasm, and in this warm sunshine with this pleasing scene before me, I have nothing but admiration for what bards have praised."

As he spoke the prince picked a few daisies, and while the two resumed their walk he arranged them into a neat boquet, which he presented to Nest with the remark,

"You have asked my opinion concerning this charming vale; now what think you of one of its many beauties?"

"It is a common charm of a most uncommon spot; yet it is a thing of beauty. I love it because nature loves it, and has strewn it with lavish hand at our feet," said the princess.

"It is indeed a common flower, but though common it is a fit symbol of a rare virtue. There never was a truer picture of innocence. These 'gilt-cups' upon which we so carelessly tread might also be symbolical of some virtue; but the wisdom of the ages says that they bespeak ingratitude."

"Might not what you call the wisdom of the ages be the folly of some unsuccessful suitor who thought beauty ungrateful?" said the princess, stooping with a smile to pick a number of celandines.

"The 'gilt-cup' is not devoid of beauty, and is of the color of gold, and gold is often ungrateful," was the reply. "Hence might it not be

that these yellow flowers were first regarded as symbols of ingratitude by some poor bard who had vainly courted the hand of wealth?"

"I can easily imagine what you say to be true, for even bards are mortal like ourselves. But, to change the subject, have you ever heard the legend respecting the origin of the daisy? If not, I will tell you, though I am afraid I shall do it poor justice."

"Yes, let me hear it, please. There is nothing that I like better than an interesting story, except indeed it be—I was going to say the story-teller."

Had the prince glanced at the princess as he made this remark instead of looking straight before him, as if he had meant no compliment, he would have seen a blush on her cheeks. When he did look at her it was gone, and he heard her say,

"A Saxon minstrel who once strolled into my father's court, sang a song he had learned on the continent. He said the song was based on the following legend: The presiding deity of the orchards, whom the ancients called Vertumnus, saw Belides, one of the dryads, dancing, and falling desperately in love with her, pursued her, but to no purpose. Belides cared not for his love, and wishing to escape, she was at her own request turned into the little flower we call daisy, but which the Romans called Bellis."

"The legend is very beautiful; was the song equally so?" asked Trahai-

plucking a daisy that grew at
et.

was, and I wish I had learned
aid Nest.

do I, for I have no doubt that
uld sound sweeter from your
than from the minstrel's. I am
ndulging in flattery; you have a
voice and sing well."

ook! yonder comes a caval-
I wonder what it means! Ah,
st be the Earl of Chester com-
o seek my father's assistance
ain his possessions."

ou have rightly guessed, for
er horsemen are Saxons if my
deceive me not."

s discovery caused the prince
rincess to hasten back to the
, and for a moment they for-
he pure enjoyment that they
felt in each other's company,
were lost in the general excite-
attending the announcement
gar's approach. Shortly after,
anished earl arrived with his
e, and the king gave him a
ely welcome. Once more the

hall and larder were taxed to
utmost capacity; once more
on of Llewelyn was in his best
. Next to the excitement of
, Gryffydd loved nothing bet-
an a crowded hall and an op-
portunity to share with friends or
gers his unbounded hospitality.
comparative quiet of the past
weeks had been a heavy tax
his restless nature; hence he
the arrival of his father-in-law
genuine pleasure. He saw in
only a means of diversion, but

the prospect of war with the tradi-
tional enemies of Cambria.

After a short visit to his daughter
Aldyth, Algar in accordance with
the rules of the court was seated
between the grand falconer and the
prince royal near the king, while his
attendants were distributed accord-
ing to their rank, over the hall. Al-
though in name only an earl, he was
virtually a prince, and was a formi-
dable rival of the wily Harold. Like
his royal son-in-law, he was below
the middle height, quick of temper,
and of restless energy. He was well
set, with rather sharp features; blue,
vigilant eyes; and long yellow hair
and mustache. His nervous move-
ments and gestures bespoke a dis-
position little calculated to keep him
out of difficulties. When he spoke
his voice impressed his auditors as
being rather sharp and hasty in its
tones. Like most of his attendants
he was clad in armor similar to that
of the Normans, and his warlike ap-
pearance pleased Gryffydd very
much.

"It were more fitting," said he
soon after he was seated, "had I paid
my first visit to my royal son-in-law
under more auspicious circum-
stances. But my lord, the king, is
not unmindful of the fact that we
cannot always have things our own
way, especially when our absence is
more agreeable to some than our
presence. England is too small to
hold Harold and Algar; hence the
wind that bends the reed which men
have misnamed king of England
swept me from the land of my fa-

thers into Ireland, and thence another wind, more favorable, has now blown me with eighteen ships filled with the bravest sons of the Emerald Isle to Cambria's friendly shores, to seek the further aid of the illustrious Gryffydd, which I trust will not be denied."

"Thou art welcome here, most noble son of Leofric, and my hand shall render the aid thou desirest as readily as my heart sympathizes with thee in thy misfortune," said the king with genuine fervor. "The ambitious cur which has of late snatched at thy heels and barked defiance at thy friends, needs chastisement, and he shall have it ere the sun set many times."

"The royal Gryffydd is ever generous," said the earl in a grateful voice, "and I knew that my mission here would not be in vain. Nor do I doubt that Harold shall receive such punishment as he deserves. Gryffydd ap Llewelyn is a name not to be despised even in England, much less where Cambrian rivers flow."

"I hope," says the king with a smile, "thou dost not hold any grudge against me for once depriving thy father of a brother, and thyself of an uncle; for having invaded my dominion Edwin received but the just reward of his presumption. Nor did he perish like a coward; I have seldom met a more powerful and valiant foe."

"I thought not of my uncle when I spoke," said Algar, "but now that thou, most noble king, hast quick-

ened my remembrance, I will confess that I received the news of my uncle's death, together with that of Thurkil and Elfget, and many others of our nobility, with anything but good grace. Nor was my heart wholly free from a desire to seek revenge. But the feeling has vanished long ago, and what I once regarded as a wrong now seems but due to the fortunes of war. There are those in England, however, who treasure up thy victories as evils to be punished with the high hand of war, and the strong help which thou hast so willingly and kindly vouchsafed me will but add to the fire of their hatred."

"If thou speak of Harold," said the king with flashing eyes, "I shall soon give him all the room for vengeance that his heart may wish. If Sweyn once found me willing to send hostages to the weak Edward, his haughty brother shall find me without a master. Nay, he has already found that I will not be trifled with; for have I not more than avenged the foul murder of my brother Rhys? By St. David, if I see not thy rival, noble Algar, tumble from his high horse, and thyself restored to thy rightful possessions, I shall never enter this hall again, and bards shall never again mention the name of the son of Llewelyn!"

While the king spoke neither word nor gesture escaped the attention of Algar, and such of his followers as were within hearing. Although but few except the earl had seen the intrepid Welshman before, his fame

often reached their ears. Now caught a glimpse of that un-
 ing spirit and that fiery passion
 h had so often proved disastrous
 s enemies. Morcar, the son of
 r, who sat near Trahaiarn, was
 ng those who now saw king
 ydd for the first time, and turn-
 to the prince after the murmur
 atisfaction which followed the
 's impassioned words had
 ed, he whispered,
 ad England such a king instead
 e pious weakling who loves to
 d his wealth on relics and
 ts, my worthy father were not
 an exile, nor Harold in such
 r."

"You speak truly," replied the
 ce, "and it is passing strange
 England has not long ago rid
 elf of such a worthless burden.
 bria values courage more than
 k piety in her kings, and had
 r country but half an eye the
 of Chester would now be king
 ngland."

And he may be yet," said the
 on much pleased; "but not until
 old's power be broken."

With Gryffydd ap Llewelyn for
 ally your father may soon crush
 haughty son of Godwin, and
 to mount the throne will be an
 task," was the reply.

And yet your most illustrious
 g may find Harold a stubborn
 for he is bold as he is strong,
 ning as he is revengeful, and
 artifice and threats he can force
 half of England into arms."

He must needs have all of Eng-

land at his command to be a fit
 match for the indomitable son of
 Llewelyn. Many have been his
 battles, and as many his victories.
 Iago ap Idwal, who had usurped his
 father's throne, fell beneath his
 sword, and Cynan ap Iago came
 with a great army from Ireland to
 wrest Gwynedd from his hands, but
 was forced to return whence he
 came after losing a multitude in bat-
 tle. Of his victories over such of
 thine own people as dared to oppose
 him or invade his possessions, thou
 art well informed. Let Harold the
 earl then beware of Gryffydd the
 king."

During this conversation that of
 the king and Algar had drifted by
 natural steps to matters more direct-
 ly connected with the English court.
 Next to the political ascendancy of
 Harold nothing galled Algar so
 much as the favor with which Nor-
 man adventurers and ways were
 looked upon among some of the no-
 bility.

"I blame not the confessor because
 his mother was a Norman princess,
 or because he spent most of his
 youth at the Norman court; but this
 worship of Norman coxcombs, this
 aping of foreign ways lie not easy on
 the Saxon mind and heart. I fear
 me that merry England shall never
 again see such golden days as she
 enjoyed when Alfred the Wise sat
 on her throne. Ah! a noble prince
 was he, and never failed to do the
 duties of his office. Bold as a lion,
 his enemies found him neither in-
 dolent nor asleep. In council he

was the chief, and his voice fell not to the ground nor filled the prudent with disgust. To him England was a mother to be honored with the highest service, to be protected from wrong, to be exalted to the throne of power, and to be cherished in her ancient customs. But why let my thoughts thus wander to the departed glory of my country? It but makes my heart ache the more to see a weakling on its throne and foreign intriguers in its court."

Thus spoke the earl, and Gryffydd half amused at his numerous gestures, and somewhat touched at his unfeigned earnestness, remarked,

"England is no more to be pitied for this hankering after Norman fops and fashion than for her senseless endurance of the weak instrument of her folly. Thou art a Saxon; canst thou not devise some way to get rid of this foreign innovation that grates so distressingly on thy feelings. In Cambria such frivolous coxcombry would find such cold reception that it would soon freeze to death, or if it should spring up like a mushroom it would die as speedily.

"Would I could say the same of England," said Algar with a sigh; "but the disorder has struck its roots too deep into our courtly life, I fear, to be easily gotten rid of. We have suffered the pious inclinations of the weak Edward too long to supplant our Saxon clergy with Norman ecclesiastics to enable us to find a speedy remedy. To a Norman he must make confession, a Norman

must be his spiritual adviser, and to enrich Normans he must build monasteries and confer estate! By the bones of my Saxon forefathers, I shall not be surprised if soon the meanest coerl should refuse to be absolved by any but a Norman priest, or speak to his fellows in anything but the Norman jargon!"

A genuine Welsh feast being now spread before the Saxon guests the earl soon found himself too much occupied with meats and drinks to think of the subject which he had just been discussing. Indeed his mood, at length, underwent such a change that he freely exchanged jokes with Gryffydd, and joined in the general merriment.

CHAPTER IX.

Armed Against the Foe.

Algar had been in Rhuddlan Castle but a few hours when beacons were lighted upon every crag and eminence within a radius of many miles, and during the next two days armed men hastened to Rhuddlan from all directions. Gryffydd viewed the constantly increasing numbers with the greatest delight, and turning to his father-in-law he proudly said,

"Thou seest, noble Algar, how readily fair Cambria sends her sons to thine aid. But these constitute but a tithe of what thou shalt presently see. Ere many hours thine eyes shall behold the men of Gwentland, whose skill in archery the boastful Normans may well envy, and the men of the Deheubarth,

se spears are unequaled for the
pness and temper of their steel-
ds. The lion is not more agile in
ing upon his prey than these
d warriors in falling on an enemy.
e raging torrent is not more ir-
sistible than they are in the heat
battle. If thy Irish allies be made
like stuff we shall rend the heart
England as lightning rends the
k."

As the earl listened to these words
e cast a sweeping glance over the
awny warriors who crowded the
ea in the vicinity of the castle, and
anned the Welsh chiefs around
m as if to ascertain whether they
ally possessed fighting qualities.
ained to regard armor as one of
e necessities of a warrior, he was
elined to look with disfavor if not
h contempt upon the white tunics
d bare bosoms of the Welsh; yet
spite of this he was compelled to
mit to himself that these brave
d fierce-looking men would be
midable foes to meet in battle.
like their Saxon neighbors, the
Welsh thought it incompatible with
rage to wear armor. Even
Gryffydd was not free from this pre-
dice, and as he stood by the mailed
m of the earl there was but little
ference between him and his
ned subjects, except the golden
clet which adorned his head, the
all corselet of gold which covered
e center of his breast, and the
ain of twisted gold links which he
ore around the neck in common
th other princes. A few of the
unger princes, among whom was

Trahaiarn, had outgrown the pre-
judice by coming in direct contact
with Norman culture, and were now
clad in Norman armor, much to the
chagrin of the older chieftains.

"By St. David," said one of them,
glancing at Trahaiarn, "I fear me
that Cymru has seen her best days.
In these degenerate times every up-
start of a prince must affect a coat
of mail and an helmet of steel. In
the good old days of yore a young
man preferred a shroud to a suit of
armor. I think it high time to put
an end to this foreign foppery; and
by 'r lady, were I the king these vain
striplings would soon feel the weight
of my scepter."

"Calm thyself, Owen," said an-
other; "for they do but copy after
our neighbors. Like ailment seeks
like remedy. The snail, which has
no heart, carries its castle on its
back, and shrinks into it when
alarmed; but the lion unprotected
defies danger. The true sons of
Cambria need no protection but
their courage, no defense but their
shields. Look at our valiant
Gryffydd! By St. Winifred, that
iron head-piece of the Saxon earl
would be crushed like an egg-shell
by a single blow of his mace ere he
had time to swing his axe, and I my-
self—thy pardon for blowing my
own horn—would send a spear
through his cuirass ere he could
scratch my skin with his sword."

True to their natural instincts the
tongues of the Welsh chieftains gave
expression to their thoughts as read-
ily as their hands avenged an insult.

Self-interest or cunning alone could bind their tongues; fear, never. Gryffydd's trained ear, though he was engaged in conversation with the earl, overheard their remarks; but knowing that they were lost on his father-in-law he showed no signs of displeasure. Indeed he was more pleased than otherwise with their sentiments, and would, doubtless, have humored their whims had the occasion permitted. But his attention was too much divided between Algar and new arrivals to take any special interest in matters of minor importance. Nor were these arrivals more numerous than he desired them to be. The coming of every chief meant more men and additional force. As his eye swept over the armed multitudes encamped around him, he felt as though he already heard their victorious shouts. He wished that the night, which was now fast approaching, was past, and that he was at the head of his moving forces once more. Nature, however, was in no greater haste to gratify the desire of a warlike king than the wish of the prattling child who would be fatherless before the setting of the morrow's sun.

When, at length, the time to begin the march arrived, the head of the army, including Algar's allies, started in the direction of Chester. Gryffydd and Algar with their attendans, all mounted, in due time assumed a position in the line of march which would be central when all the troops were in their places.

"Methinks our enterprise promises

well," said the earl, addressing the king. "Heaven frowns not upon us, the earth with-holds not her approval, and a strong army supports our cause. Thy valiant men, most excellent king, march with the eagerness of hope and the firmness of a noble resolve. By St. Dunstan, a hound takes not more naturally to the hunt than a Welshman to a quarrel with a Saxon."

"The hearts of the oppressed forget not the wrongs they have suffered, noble son of Leofric," said the king. "The past clings to us as the ivy does to yonder tower; nor can we shake it off, but it grows with each successive year. If I tell thee that the past has naught but causes for resentment and revenge for us, I shall tell thee nothing new. Thou art not ignorant of our history. Caesar found no England on this isle, and the last of the Romans who trod our shores heard naught of Mercia. But the first invaders of our land had scarcely reached their own ere other greedy eyes surveyed our fertile plains. To see was to covet, and to covet was to seek to gain possession of land. By the aid of traitors, thousands of Cambria's bravest sons were mown down as grass; others were subjected to a fate worse than death, while their possessions were greedily taken, and by whom? The Saxons! With no pretext but greed for our territories and a desire to crush us unto death we have been forced inch by inch into our present limits through rivers of blood, and by whom? The Saxons!

inces have been assassinated, words have languished in dungeons and the common people have the hand of oppression heavy upon them. The authors of all these are the Saxons! They know weakness, they are not slow to buy our dissensions and divisions but they have not found us an easy prey. Even a worm that is crushed upon dies not without revenge, and Cambria which has the strength of a lion and the arm of a warrior will not let her foes destroy her any more, or let her wrongs go unavenged. Hence I will be frank to thee, noble Algar; I render assistance to thee at this time the more willingly because by aiding thee I may partly requite the evils we have suffered at the hands of thy enemies."

"I gladly do I accept the aid of this illustrious son of Llewelyn," said Algar; "but is it right to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children?"

"When the children walk in the footsteps of their fathers," the king replied.

"Was it a greater sin for my ancestors to rob thy forefathers of their possessions than it was for the Celtic tribes to invade the land of a race whose remnant is still left among us?"

"And for these reasons; the oppressed people whom my Celtic ancestors found on these islands were a low and feeble race, fit only to be the slaves of a better race. But the Saxon ancestors found not an

inferior people, else why after so many centuries are we still unconquered? Furthermore, Hengist and Horsa gained not their territory by force of arms as much as by cunning and treachery. The beauty of the fair Rowena made a greater conquest than her father's sword; the long knives of the Saxon lords murdered more chiefs than the Saxon swords could slay in a thousand battles by fair means. And where is the Welshman who can remember that fiendish plot without a feeling of intense hatred for such a treacherous brood?"

An ominous glare in the king's eyes showed that he at least remembered the plot to which he referred with no pleasant feeling; nor did Algar listen to his words with a calm spirit. The thought of the impossibility of his forcing Harold into terms favorable to his restoration without Gryffydd's aid, however, helped him to self-control. Therefore without showing any resentment he said with a forced smile,

"I fear me, most noble king, that thou wilt presently charge me with having designs on thy kingdom in giving thee my daughter Aldyth; for according to thine own admission her charms are not to be despised, and there are those in England who think her more comely than the fair daughter of Hengist."

"Thou mayest have had no designs upon my kingdom," said the king striving to throw off his ill-humor, "but thou certainly hadst an eye to a son-in-law that could not only de-

fend himself but could succor his father-in-law in times of need. There be those who may not thank thee for it; but he assured Gryffydd ap Llewelyn is not among them. If thou be as well satisfied with thy son-in-law as I am with thy daughter, we shall not quarrel about thy designs."

The king here glanced over his shoulder in the direction of the castle as if to catch another glimpse of his wife and daughter, but as the castle was now left far behind, he saw nothing but a marching column whose rear was lost in the distance. The numerical strength of his forces pleased him well, and looking forward again with a satisfied air he and the earl resumed their conversation.

A short distance behind the king and Algar rode Trahaiarn and Morcar, who had taken a strong liking to each other, and had spent much time together since the arrival of Morcar's father. Though nearly of the same age and size, they differed widely in complexion, the prince being quite dark, and the prospective earl being very light. They had, however, many tastes in common, and there were but few pauses in their conversation during the march. The campaign upon which they were entering, together with some of the localities through which they passed, naturally turned their thoughts to military subjects; hence soon after they left the castle, Trahaiarn, pointing to a tract of low land stretching northward toward the sea, said,

"Yonder is the marsh of Rhuddlan, where Offa, king of the very Mercia from which your father has been so unjustly driven, fought Meredith, king of Dyved, and Caradoc, king of Gwynedd. There also their blood mingled with the clay, and their spirits took their flight. The battle in which three kings perished was no child's play, and it is rightly immortalized in song, the most plaintive song ever sung in our courts. You, no doubt, have heard it. No? Then you shall hear Idwal sing it when we camp for the night. His voice melts the heart, and his harp unlocks its flood-gates. But I have made you a rash promise; he will not sing it to-night. It were easier to hurl Snowdon into the sea than to persuade him to sing 'Morfa Rhuddlan' before a battle; for he would deem it a bad omen."

"Then victory declared against the Welsh?" asked Morcar.

"Ay, but not until the marsh was strewn with Saxon corpses as well as Welsh. The sun set that day upon the bloodiest of battles. All Cambria knelt in prayer for the success of her sons, but she prayed in vain. Not that her sons betrayed her, for their blows were as deadly as their hearts were brave, but the last rays of the setting sun looked upon the lifeless forms of Meredith and Caradoc, and having lost their leaders the Welsh retreated only too soon, for the shout of victory was scarcely heard ere Offa, pierced with an arrow, fell."

"Our 'Chronicle' then, rightly

as a victory on that day; but if memory serves me well, Offa fell in that battle, for even a king die but once, and he had been a year when that battle was fought."

"Ha, your Saxon chronicle did show partiality to Offa in making exchange the earthly for the heavenly crown too soon. Our Welsh chronicles treat not Caradoc well, for they make him wield an iron sceptre two years longer."

"I am not that they treat him not so well, for if Caradoc loved his earthly crown as kings generally do, and as I might did fortune so order, he was not loth to wield it two years longer. Nor was Offa the Brave so foolish as Edward the Confessor to exchange a crown of gold for a crown of glory. I despise not such things; but heaven comes not the more to him that gives to prayer than to him that business claims, than to him who serves his Master well, than to him who neglects his prayers. If a king be a monk let him to the cloister; if he be a king let him to the field; and heaven and earth shall be richer for it."

"The marsh which suggested these speculations was soon left far in the rear as the army marched at a rapid pace, and many were the exclamations of wonder and delight which the beautiful scenery through which they passed occasioned. The Saxons considered that even England contained nothing more enchanting, and the Irish allies admitted that the paradisaical beauty of

"Ould Ireland," they had seen nought more deserving "A wink from the sun."

"Come now, Dermot," said Einion ap Howel, addressing an Irish lord at his side, "you will not have the impudence to claim that the Emerald Isle can boast of anything so fair as this."

"Impudence is it!" was the prompt reply. "Faith an' ye had the impudence to kick Cynan ap Iago from this vale clear into Cork, and king Awloedd comforted the poor exile with his prettiest daughter. Sure, now, ye can show nought fairer than that!"

"Hush! speak not so loud," said Einion with well-feigned apprehension, "if you wish to see Ireland again. There be those who have power to hurl you into Anwn (the shadow land), and Gwyn ap Nudd, the king of that region, has a pack of dogs most fond of hunting in these parts, and it may please his majesty to set his dogs on you instead of giving you his daughter."

"Faith, an' his dogs may find a tenderer hide than mine," said Dermot. "An' by St. Patrick, ye may tell his majesty that he shall not find me alone by meself; for—an' I tell it ye as a secret—me sword is as ready as me tongue."

Einion was greatly amused at the retorts of his fellow rider; for the Irish were no less ready with their wit then than now. Nor did he lose an opportunity to introduce subjects provocative of witty remarks. Nor indeed was this always necessary, for

the Irish lord found material for fun even in the most solemn subjects.

In the meantime the army was rapidly approaching the English border, and late in the afternoon a halt was made not far from the walls of Chester, while a number of foraging parties were sent out in various directions beyond the border. These parties, however, in compliance with the earl's wishes, did no unnecessary damage; but simply exacted supplies for the support of the army over night. The same policy was maintained after the army started southward along the border, Algar wishing to retain the goodwill of the Mercians. When Herefordshire was reached, however, the soldiers instead of being placed under restraint were allowed to kill, burn, and plunder to their heart's content. Houses were plundered; fields wasted, orchards destroyed, live stock driven away, everything combustible burned, and such of the inhabitants as were overtaken were put to the sword. When at length the wholesale destruction ceased, and the army encamped in the vicinity of the city of Hereford, the king invited Algar into his tent, and the two after expressing their delight at what they deemed a good beginning, arranged that an attack be made on the city early on the next day. Each had his particular reason for continuing the work of destruction. Algar not only wished to gratify a personal grudge that he had against

Rolf, the Earl of Hereford, but also thought that ravaging his earldom would have a tendency to force King Edward, who was Rolf's uncle, to restore him to his former dignity and position. Gryffydd, on the other hand, considered the Norman earl the enemy of the Welsh because he was lord of the marches, and rejoiced in the opportunity to punish him as well as his subjects, whom he had plundered at least once before, for no reason other than the enmity existing between the Welsh and English.

In the course of the evening several of the southern chiefs arrived bringing with them a large accession to Gryffydd's army. With one of them came a knight clad from head to foot in costly armor, and attended by a number of mailed warriors. He was introduced to the king as an Armorican lord, who wished to be identified with the army during the campaign. He talked but little, and left the royal tent as soon as the king pronounced his services acceptable, refusing to make a longer stay on the plea of a much needed rest. Either unintentionally or by design his tent was pitched not far from that of Einion ap Howel, to whom he was presently formally introduced by the chieftain with whom he had arrived, and they seemed to take immediately to each other, for not long after both entered Einion's tent, and remained together for hours.

(Continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

"Cymru'r Plant" for September has the usual number of short pieces in prose and verse for children. Frontispiece: The Children of Capel Garmon; "Yn y Gwynt ar Ben y Brynllau," "Plant Ierpwl;" a National School in Patagonia named after Treorci, Rhondda Valley; "Machynlleth" (illustrated); "Brittany," &c. As bright and instructive as usual.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" for September as follows: "The True Church," by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones; "Richard Mills," by the Rev. T. Mordaf Pierce; "The Imagination," by Richard Jones; "The Times and the Bible Society;" "Mr. Gladstone," by the Rev. Fariel Rowlands, M. A.; "Lleweyn Fawr" (a poem), by the Rev. Thomas Jones; Literary Notes, Books, &c., &c.

It is not Britain alone that mourns Gladstone. When we remember the thunder of his protests against the cruelties of Bomba in Naples, the Bulgarian atrocities, the horrible deeds of that arch assassin, the Turk, and his labors for the oppressed in all parts, and the way he raised his voice in the cause of justice for humanity, we may with propriety say that the world mourns its greatest and grandest citizen. Although dead, he still speaks. The controlling principle of his life was serving God by helping the cause of man. His great reward was peace and honor, which the blessed Lord had abundantly prepared for him.—Traethodydd.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for September has

an excellent portrait of the Rev. Thomas Gee of Denbigh, the "Grand Old Man" of Wales, also a portrait of William Rowland, Cwrtycwm, Cardigan, an eccentric old timer. The contents, as usual, are interesting, among which are the following: Dr. Bernardo and Prayer; an Arabic Fable; Gems from Shakespeare; A Beautiful Story about Mr. Gladstone, and a good selection of choice poems.

"Y Drysorfa" for September: "Paul's Teaching and Christ's," by the Rev. Joseph Evans; "The Late Rev. Edward Matthews, Reminiscences," by the Rev. Evan Evans, Pennant, "The Rev. David Lewis, Llanstephan," by the Rev. James Morris, Penygraig; "Miracles," by the Rev. Thomas Powell; "The Educational Renaissance;" Monthly Notes, Sunday School Lessons, &c., &c.

It seems that the National Eisteddfod of Wales, held at Festinlog, was a success. We have no desire to report the proceedings or give a list of the successful contestants. Our purpose in this is to tenderly upbraid some of our ministers and elders for antagonizing the institution as such that they cannot attend without pollution. We admit that the Eisteddfod is not what it should be; a good deal of nonsense is heard within it and about it. We were certainly astonished to hear the Principal of one of our colleges ascribing the peaceful conduct of the South Wales colliers on strike to the influence of the Eisteddfod rather than to the civilizing effects of the churches and Sunday Schools. We must admit that the Eisteddfod is

a means of instruction and entertainment, and that it is dear to our people; and it is our duty as an organization to make the proper use of it.—Drysorfa.

The September number of the "Dysgedydd" consists of the following articles and matter pertaining to the denomination: "The Rev. D. Morgan, Llanfyllin," by the Rev. Josiah Jones; "Michael Faraday," by the Rev. T. Carno Jones; "The Book of Enoch and the New Testament," by the Rev. M. C. Morris; "The Freedom of the Gospel," by the Rev. T. Roberts; News, Notes, Obituaries, &c., &c.

The leading features of the October Harper's are "The Santiago Campaign," by Caspar Whitney, illustrated from photographs by the author, James Burton, William Dinwiddie, and others; "On the Roof of the World," by Sven Hedin, illustrated after sketches and photographs made by the author; "Social Life in the British Army," Second Paper, by A British Officer, illustrated by R. Caton Woodville; "Our Future Policy," by the Hon. J. G. Carlisle; "Our Navy in Asiatic Waters," by William Elliot Griffiths, illustrated by C. D. Welton, Guy Rose, Harry Fenn, T. K. Hanna, Jr., William Thorne, Henry McCarter, and Otto H. Racher, and from photographs and prints; "Mr. Gladstone—Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and an Estimate," Third Paper, by George W. Smalley.

Contents of the "Cronicle:" Notes by Keinlon; "The Origin of the Human Race," by Principal M. D. Jones; "Congregationalism," by the Rev. D. S. Davies; "The Holy Kiss," by Thomas Jones; "A Way to Raise Preachers," by Keinlon; Monthly Notes, Poetry, News of the Denomination, Obituaries.

In a short article on Preachers the

"Cronicle" says: "There is a preacher who is a host in himself. We knew one of this kind who was a veritable steam-engine in trousers. He moves everything before and after him. He brooks no opposition. As soon as he comes to a place, the vicinity is seen to move as if shaken by an earthquake! He fills every office and position, and all others are mere helpers and volunteers. For a time his church is envied by the surrounding ministers and churches, until the great preacher's health fails and he is lucky to leave before his resignation is demanded." This class of evangelizers generally continue upturning and upsetting everything until "hoisted by their own petard."

"Cwrs y Byd" for September continues as independent as ever, and contains some enjoyable sarcasm. "Penrhiwgaed" is a comedy after the style of Aristophanes, and it certainly administers some good hits. Wales could furnish a fine field for the comic writer, although the Welsh do not seem to appreciate this phase of their life at present. "A sketch of the life of Thomas Rees, Llandyssul" (continued); "Christian Socialism;" Choice poems; "The way of the world," by the Editor, which is always very interesting and corrective. The independence and outspokenness of these columns are commendable. "Cwrs y Byd" is the foe of namby-pambyness in all its forms.

This the Editor's thought regarding the colliers' strike: "I do not hesitate to state positively that strikes will do no good until we have a general movement. Some good could be accomplished if the several trades-unions could be united to work in sympathy." It is doubtful whether the people may be relieved until they are elevated educationally and morally.

opening of the dramatic season
own the fulfilment, or half ful-
of one of the promises, or half
s, of the war. We have been
tes John Corbin in "Harper's
" to expect as a result of the
fflict, that our consciousness of
individuality and power would
rth rejuvenated; and the stu-
literary history never question
en the consciousness of national
ality and power leap forth red-
ed, it instinctively seeks expres-
the arts. England fought and
ed the Spanish armada, and the
Elizabeth followed. We have
and conquered two Spanish ar-
should we not also by rights
Shakespeare or two? Our sail-
soldiers are already on the look-
the bard to celebrate their prow-
if they find one Shakespeare it
wager that they will see two of

mountains, Heaven be thanked,
s, the Welsh, a home at last;
ve us an abiding place. It may
s feel, too, that though we
our spirit to the mountains, it
e that it found its one perfect
nd there it must still harbor, if
d have a heart and center for its
d energies, otherwise likely to
pated and lost, and the con-
and the material hubbub of the
world.—Young Wales.

in social and literary develop-
n America are cleverly satirized
Burton Harrison in her story,
uthor's Reading and Its Conse-
," that appears in the October
of Harper's Magazine.

United States in Relation to the
s's Return," by Caleb Davis;
nox Publishing Co., Euclid Ave.,

Cleveland, O.: Price 15c. The purpose
of this book is to adduce evidence to
show that the time of the revelation
of the glory of Christ is at hand, and to
spread the belief of this fact among the
Americans. This is shown largely from
the book of Daniel and other prophetic
means which are dexterously used in
its chapters. There is no doubt (as this
book shows) but that the United States
is destined to be the consummation of
prophetic promises hoped for by Chris-
tian peoples, and the defeat of Spain
may be the beginning of the good times
to come. Spain is the feet of the idol
of the old-world civilization; and the
United States as the stone that became
a great mountain.

The September number of the "Cerdd-
or" is interesting, and contains consid-
erable musical instruction and infor-
mation. D. Emlyn Evans advises and
comforts unsuccessful contestants at
Elsteddfods; D. Jenkins talks of the
proceedings of the National Elsteddfod
at Festinlog; Elsteddfodic notes by the
Editor; Reports of Concerts, Singing
Festivals, &c.

The "Cerddor" complains of the time-
dishonored custom of awarding prizes
to all manner of unworthy poems. Al-
though it is usual in Elsteddfodic pro-
grams to emphasize the article that no
unworthy composition shall be honored,
yet the standard of merit is so ordinary
that any vulgar rhymester has hopes of
success. This has contributed more
than anything to vulgarize poetry
among the Welsh.

In a recent number of "Cwrs y Byd"
Veritas had some very sharp remarks
upon church discipline within his ex-
perience: "It is not much I know of
church discipline, thank the Lord; but
this I know, that there are many Chris-

tians much more qualified to excoriate a hog than to handle the case of a fellow man. Others are possessed of meekness, but they are so ignorant and awkward that they hurt rather than heal; and it is sad to watch their bungling work. I do not believe," he proceeds, "in bringing every common scandal before the church, which should be investigated and disposed of as privately and inoffensively as possible by impartial and spiritual-minded Christians.

Among the Baptists and Congregationalists of Wales, the cream of their preachers go to England, especially to London, where they get higher salaries and more prominence and honor. Many of the leading preachers in London are Welshmen, born, bred and educated among the hills of Cambria, and it seems that the Cymric "dawn" (eloquence) is peculiarly acceptable to their neighbors, the Saxons. Some of these receive a salary of over a thousand pounds. This is as we may reasonably expect, a loss to the pulpit of Wales, but the wonder is that so many as excellent and able still remain in Wales, —Y "Drysorfa."

People who know are easily distinguishable from people who do not know; therefore, a writer who undertakes to write on any matter, should furnish his mind with facts from those who are known to know. It is commendable always when writing of things doubtful, to qualify statements as much as possible with "It is supposed," "It appears," "It is probable," or "It is said," &c. It is so easy, then, to correct one's self when one's misstatements run up against a fact. In the "British Weekly" lately a paragraphist said that the originator of musical conventions in Wales was the

Rev. Edward Stevens (Tanymarian), and this innocent assertion provoked a large number of claimants. It never rains but it pours. Fully two dozen were immediately named as co-originators of this religious saengerfest.

Contents of September "Cymru:" History of Wales (Between the two Llewelyns); on the Moelwyn Mawr, by Glaslyn; Dafydd ab Shenkyn, by Ellis o'r Nant; Sion 'Sgubor, by Ivon; The Language of Brittany, by the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A.; a Hint to Librarians, by the Editor; Breton Songs, by Gwylt Walla; In Llandrindod, by the Rev. J. M. Morgan; The Welshman's Defects, by D. R. Jones, Festinlog; John Clwnn John, by the Rev. J. S. Jones; Poems, Hymns, &c., &c. The "Cymru" as usual is very interesting, and there is no magazine among the Welsh more deserving of general support. It is highly Welsh in spirit and material.

The Welsh publishers seem to be busy at present. In addition to the serial life of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Owen M. Edwards's editions of "Drych y Prif Oesoedd" (by Theophilus Evans) and "Er Mwyn Iesu," an account of Continental reformers (all of which are issued by the Welsh National Press Company), Messrs. Hughes and Son, of Wrexham, another prolific firm, announce the early issue of two important works. They intend to bring out in seven monthly parts, at 6d each, from next October to March of next year, a popular edition of "Y Geiriadur Ysgrhythyrol a Duwinyddol," by the late Rev. Thomas Thomas, who is said to be the author of some of the most popular books in the language. The other work is "Y Deonglydd Beirniadol ar y Testament Newydd," by the Rev. John Jones (Idrisyn). This will also be issued in parts (1s. each), the first of which will appear in October.

SCIENTIFIC

Paraffin oil would hardly be deemed a desirable beverage by an epicure, but it is used in large quantities as a stimulant by Russian immigrants in this country. The habit is one that they acquire in their native land, and, strange as it may seem, they adhere to this form of intoxication even when other liquors are within the reach of their purses.

It is computed that when at rest we consume 500 cubic inches of air a minute, says "The Medical Record." If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour we use 800; two miles, 1,000; three miles, 1,600; four miles, 2,300. If we start out and run six miles an hour we consume 3,000 cubic inches of air during every minute of the time.

The largest map in the world is the Ordnance Survey Map of the British Isles, containing 103,000 sheets, and costing £200,000 a year for twenty years. The scale varies from ten feet to one-tenth of an inch to the mile. The details are so minute that maps having a scale of 25 inches "show every hedge, fence, wall, building, and even every isolated tree in the country. The plans show not only the exact shape of every building, but every porch, area, doorstep, lamp-post, railway, and fireplug."

That women are better than men all women and most men are willing to admit. Statistics lately collected show conclusively that they have better luck than men in the criminal courts. For instance, in 100 convictions, the number of women, in England and Wales, is but 18; in Germany, 18, in France 17, in Hungary 16, in Austria 14, in Belgium 11, in Russia and the United States 9, and in Italy 8. It is to be re-

membered, however, that not so many women as men are arrested, and that it is much easier to convict a man than a woman.

THE PASSING OF THE FLY.

It is announced that our annual harvest of flies is diminishing in number, and not less surprising is the reason therefor. A writer in "The Electrical Review" says "Entomologists report that of late years the annual crop of flies is decreasing rapidly and steadily. The almost universal adoption of electrical traction is credited with bringing about this desirable result. It has been stated that stables are the chief breeding places of flies, and as the street car horse has been emancipated the number of stables is consequently growing less; hence the failure of the fly to be born in multitudes, as in the past."

FALSE TEETH THAT GROW.

"Popular Science News" reports a new kind of false teeth invented by a Dr. Zamesky. "They are made of gutta percha, porcelain, or metal, as the case may be. At the root of the false tooth holes are made. Holes are also made upward into the jaw. The tooth is then placed into the cavity. In a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position. Dr. Zamesky has tried them on dogs and men, and with success, it is reported."

Those who entertain the idea that the vegetarian is a spindle-shanked, bloodless, insane sort of person," says the editor of "Good Health," referring to

the recent walking-match in Germany, "will be not a little surprised at this very practical demonstration of the possession of an unusual amount of brawn and physical endurance. The writer has never known a test of physical endurance in which vegetarians were matched against flesh-eaters under equal conditions in which vegetarians have not carried off the laurels. These victories have been won in the harvest-field as well as on the bicycle track and in walking-matches. The vegetarian generally arrives first and stays the longest."

—o:o—

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Speaking of the time of day at or near which most deaths occur, Finlayson, of Glasgow, says "*Le Journal de Medecine*" (Paris), believes that it is 6 A. M. His observations include 15,000 cases. "M. Beadles makes a difference between the sexes; he says it is 5 to 7 A. M. for men, and the evening hours for women. M. Schneider, of Berlin, less vague, in his affirmations, bases his statistics on 57,000 deaths, and gets 5 to 7 A. M., without distinction of sex. M. Raseri (25,474 observations) remarks that it is generally in the afternoon that people bid adieu to the fair land of Italy. Finally, M. C. Fere has collected 11,404 cases at the Salpetriere and Bicetre hospitals, and finds that they take place at all possible hours, but that there is a lull from 7 to 11 P. M."—Translated for "*The Literary Digest*."

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"Professor Behring has secured a patent on the manufacture of diphtheria antitoxin in the United States," says "*Science*." "This appears to be an unfortunate exception to the moral code which prevents medical men from making monopolies of the remedies they discover. Still it must be remembered that such a patent permits the prepara-

tion of the antitoxin under standard conditions, and will not of necessity increase the price. The remarks of the medical journals seem rather extreme, as witness the following from "*The Medical Record*:" 'Professor Behring * * * now thinks he is in position, with loaded syringe, to demand of every defenseless babe its money or its life. We do not believe the courts will legalize any such impudent attempt at brigandage.'"

"The Tibetans," says "The Missionary Alliance," "are the most preeminent praying people on the face of the earth. They have praying-stones, praying-pyramids, praying-flags flying over every house, praying-wheels, praying-mills, and the universal prayer, 'Om mani pad me haun,' is never out of their mouths. A German writer on Lamaism says of this sentence, which literally means, 'Oh, God! the jewel in the lotus,' that these six syllables are, of all the prayers on earth, the one which is most frequently repeated, written, printed, and conveniently offered up by mechanical means. They constitute the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words which the stammering children learn, and are the last sighs of the dying."

—o:o—

THE LAUGHING-PLANT.

According to the Montreal "*Pharmaceutical Journal*" for May, this plant grows in Arabia, and derives its name from the effects produced by eating its seeds. "The plant is of moderate size, with bright yellow flowers and soft velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds resembling small black beans. The natives of the district where the plant grows dry these seeds and reduce them to powder. A small dose of this powder has effects

lar to those arising from the in-
 tion of laughing-gas. It causes the
 rest person to dance, shout, and
 with the bolsterous excitement of
 adman, and to rush about, cutting
 most ridiculous capers for nearly
 our. At the expiration of this time
 ution sets in, and the excited per-
 falls asleep, to wake after several
 s with no recollection of his an-

—o:o—

SPEAKING CLOCKS.

Switzerland they have commenced
 ng phonographic clocks and watch-
 which, it appears, leave anything
 before accomplished far in the
 e. By merely pressing the button
 e new timepiece, it pronounces the
 distinctly. The alarms call to the
 er: "It's six o'clock; get up." There
 some which even add the words:
 y, don't go to sleep again." The
 can be changed to suit the buyer
 make the warning more or less
 atic. This application of the
 ographic principle is due to a
 h watch maker settled at Geneva.
 ntroduces into clocks and watches
 slabs of vulcanized rubber, on
 the desired words are traced in
 es corresponding to the hours and
 ons of hours.

—o:o—

THE GREAT ARE TIMID.

timidity an evil? We must not be
 hurry to answer yes, merely be-
 it means a state of discomfort in
 person affected. So far, no doubt,
 an evil; but it may be a necessary
 Probably if the world had had no
 es, it would have had no art. Art,
 lstol has recently been insisting,
 ntially a mode of transmission of
 g. But it is an indirect mode, a
 as it were, behind which a man

reveals his personality. The artist com-
 municates with his fellows not in his
 own person and face to face with them,
 but withdrawn from their gaze. This
 means that he is of the race of the
 timid. Hear Rousseau: "I should be as
 fond of society as any one else were I
 not sure of showing myself in it not
 merely to my disadvantage, but as quite
 different from what I really am. The
 course I have taken in writing and hid-
 ing myself is the only one open to me."
 Virgil, Horace, Benjamin Constant,
 Michelet, Amiel were all notably timid
 men. And, as we saw that timidity
 leads to meditation and analysis, it en-
 ters into the temperament of the philos-
 ophers and man of science. Per contra,
 a thoroughly stupid man is seldom
 timid.—London Daily Chronicle.

—o:o—

AN ANCIENT HOSPITAL.

At Baden, near Zurich, Switzerland,
 in connection with recent excavations
 at Windisch, the Roman Vindonissa, an
 ancient military hospital has been dis-
 covered, says "The Scientific American."
 It has fourteen rooms, which appeared
 to have been well supplied with medical,
 surgical, and pharmaceutical apparatus,
 including probes, tubes, forceps, cauter-
 izing implements, and even safety-pins;
 medicine spoons of bone, silver measur-
 ing-vessels, jars and pots for ointments,
 etc. Some coins were also found, those
 of silver being of the reign of Vespasian
 and Hadrian, those of copper bearing
 the effigy of Claudius, Nero, Domitian.

—o:o—

There exists in the town of St. Emil-
 ion, near Bordeaux, France, a whole
 church carved out of a single rock, of an
 early Romanesque character. It was
 carved some time during the eleventh
 century, but the exact date is unknown.
 It is 115 feet long by 80 feet wide.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Near the village of Radnor, O., and in view of the quaint little Welsh hamlet, which was the primitive home of the Watkins family, was held their first annual reunion September 8. Capt. J. W. Watkins, Delaware, O., is the father of the Watkins' Reunion Association, and has spent many months in his labor of tracing the family history, and so effectual has been his efforts that he now has a complete record of the ancestry of the family back to the year 1766.

Relatives had been arriving from far distant cities since the first of the week, and when the golden sunlight broke across the eastern horizon, driving back the shades of night, it brought good cheer to many relatives and friends who had long looked forward to this memorable event.

The committee on arrangements were somewhat disappointed that they were unable to hold the reunion on the old ancestral farm on account of the lack of shade, but were sincerely grateful to Mr. Pumphrey for the use of his beautiful grove, where they, the descendants of one of the oldest and most versatile families, spent the day in hearing and relating family reminiscences and history. Nearly four hundred names appeared on the register of attendance. Of these, one hundred and eighty-two were kindred—members of the family founded by Thomas and Watkin Watkins when they emigrated to the wilderness which then made up the valley of the Ohio.

Miss Helen Cherrington, a charming daughter of the clan, told the beautiful story of their settlement in Radnor; prayer was offered by the Rev. T. S. Griffith; verses read by the Rev. J. V. Stephens; and an address of welcome was delivered by Pres. J. W. Watkins, during which he related the following as the origin of the reunion.

In the years 1766, '68, '70, and '72 there were born in Llanerfyl, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, three Welsh boys and one girl. Evan, Thomas, Watkin and Mary Watkins, of whom we are the descendants. Evan and Mary died in the old country. The widow of Evan Watkins and her children came here and lived on what is known as the Lockport Jones farm. Watkin Watkins came to Radnor in the year 1806 and settled on the adjoining farm. Mr. Thomas Watkins came to Radnor in the year 1822.

Many others took part in the proceedings, and a chorus and a quartette furnished the music.

January 1st, 1898—Total descendants of Watkin Watkins, 194; dead 60; now living 134. Grandchildren—Total 67; dead 18; living 49. Great-grandchildren—total 92; dead 23; living 69. Great-great-grandchildren—total 19; dead 3; living 16. Estimate made on same average as above for all up to records received—many yet to get: Grandchildren—Total 210; dead 58; living 152. Great-grandchildren—total 295; dead 73; living 222. Great-great-grandchildren—total 61; dead 10; living 51. And

carried out for families not reported, could be, total 755; dead 188; living 7.

The next gathering of the Association will be in Prospect, the last of August, 1899.

It is reported that the tramp-preacher on the increase in Wales. His *modus operandi* is to have a dozen sermons on his string, with which he regiments, preaching the same old "gadwri" until his gospel becomes a read-bare story.

On his visit as assistant commissioner of the parish of Abernant, Carmarthenshire, Mr. Marchant Williams only discovered one charity, that of Thomas Howell. The donor belonged to a family which has had a long and honorable career. One of the Howells was in the domestic service of King James, and was the author of the well-known "disties" bearing his name. At one time the family belonged to the Church of England; in fact, the ancestor of the Howells-Abernant branch was a clergyman, while at present the race of Howells has supplied the chief pillars of the church in that part of Carmarthenshire.

Who can account for the strange vicissitudes of life? Syr W. T. Lewis' health is said to be shattered; Mabon is reported to be losing flesh, while David Morgan, the miners' agent, who while serving two months imprisonment with hard labor was gaining 2 pounds weekly and is happy!

I am very glad to hear of the movement toward establishing a Cambrian Professorship at Marietta College, O., and I sincerely hope it will be crowned with success. The contributions of Wales to human culture have been of great importance, and call for much more study than has yet been given to

the subject. If such a Professorship can be established and properly supported, it will be a most creditable thing to our country.—Professor John Fiske.

Carmarthenshire and Breconshire, writes "A Wesley," are not the only two Welsh shires who have furnished the Wesleyan Methodist Church with a president. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M. A., LL.D., a native of Pembrokeshire, was elected to fill the chair of John Wesley at the London Conference of 1880, and the Rev. Richard Roberts, a native of Montgomeryshire, was installed at the Newcastle Conference of 1885.

Llandrindod Wells has long been known as the rendezvous of popular preachers, and at one time no meeting or assembly could be carried on without ministerial aid. Now, it would seem, Welsh politicians are encroaching on the preserves. At a lecture given by the Rev. Eynon Davies lately, the chair was taken by Mr. Brynmor Jones, M. P., and the vote of thanks was moved and seconded by Mr. S. T. Evans, M. P., and Mr. Hugh Edwards, editor of "Young Wales," each of whom took the opportunity of discoursing on Welsh politics.

An hospital for Welsh pilgrims was at some ancient period founded and endowed at Rome. In 1579 one Owen Lewis, a native of Cowbridge, was in Rome, and he made a grant of some farms ten miles east of Rome, which he had purchased, for the support of the said hospital. (Vide "Strype's Memorials.") Some pilgrims from Wales are said to have visited this hospital in the fifteenth century.

There are depths of wisdom in the Vale of Glamorgan. "Our ancestors," writes an enthusiastic Welshman from that quarter, "never suffered from bald-

ness, because they always kept their heads uncovered. There were no hats or caps in ancient Britain, and the Welsh language to-day contains no native word for head-dress. Of course, we have 'het,' but that is a form of 'hat,' and 'cwccwll,' but that is an adaptation of its Latin original. As to penguwch, nobody heard of it before the beginning of the present century."

Probably the most remarkable Welsh dictionary was one published by Rowland Jones in 1764. His guiding theory was that all languages had sprung from Welsh. The following are specimens of his philology run mad:—"Cat—Welsh, cath. These words come from the two Celtic particles 'cadw' and 'ty'—to keep house; that is, the housekeeper." "Aristotle (the philosopher), from 'ar-is-teulu,' the lower country family." "Aurora (the morning dawn), from 'yr-awr-oera,' the coldest hour." "Helena (wife of Menelaus), from 'y-lana,' the fairest one." "Neptune (god of the sea), from 'neo-pe-ton,' i. e., 'nofio pen ton,' to swim on the top of the wave." Don't faint!

The idea of a Cambrian Professorship in some American College is a happy one. There are many races largely represented in the United States for which I could not favor a similar chair—races quite too slow to enter into the American amalgam. No such objections, however, lie against the Welsh. They are in full sympathy with all that is best in our institutions, and are enthusiastic Americans. They also serve to strengthen those elements in our civilization which are noblest, and stand most in need of reinforcement. We are intensely materialistic; the Welsh are profoundly religious, full of poetry, song and imagination. By conserving their race characteristics they

will serve to enrich our higher life, and to conserve our national institutions.—Dr. Josiah Strong.

Mr. Ernest Rhys contributed to a recent number of "The Sketch," a racy article on "The National Eisteddfod of 1898." "At Blaenau Festiniog," he says. "The lapses into tedium were fewer than ever; the vivid moments more frequent. Of these, some of the most memorable this year, to my fancy, occurred in the singing of that sweetest of old melodies, 'Y Deryn Pur,' by children's voices, and in the penillion singing to the harp on various occasions, and in the best passages of the dramatic music of poor Stephen of Tanymarian, as given by the Eisteddfod choir and orchestra." In concluding his article Mr. Rhys states:—"Partly, it may be, because of its local color and mountain setting, but largely, too, because of its enthusiasm, its mountain hospitalities, and its good nature, the city of slates did better, it is certain, with its first national festival than other renowned places have done with a tenth."

Here are some triads which appeared in "Blackwood's" fifty years ago:—The three mountains that everybody goes up are Snowdon, Cader Idris, and Penmaenmawr; three mountains that nobody will repent going up, Holyhead Mountain, Carn Madryn, and the Breidden, and the three mountains that nobody goes up, Plinlimmon, Arenig, and Carnedd Llewelyn. Three castles that everybody sees, Carnarvon, Conway, and Harlech; three castles that everybody ought to see, Beaumaris, Criccieth, and Denbigh, and three castles that nobody sees, Flint, Dolwyddelan, and Castell Prysor. Three wells that everybody should go and drink from, Holywell, Wygfair, and Ffynon Beuno.

The acceptance of the pit-head terms

means the abolition of "Mabon's" Day. This holiday was arranged in order that the workmen could have an opportunity once a month of meeting together to consider any questions which might arise between themselves and their employers, but meetings called for that purpose have in recent years turned out what a theatrical manager would call "frosts." The majority of the men have devoted the day to pleasures which are scarcely legitimate, or, in other words, the holiday has been very badly abused. The provisional committee did not raise the question of "Mabon's Day" being retained. It went by the board without discussion, and the emergency committee were surprised when they heard that the delegates insisted that this should be a *sine qua non* of a settlement.

Mr. Kossit, the anti-ritualist, when ridiculing the wafer-god of the ritualist Church of England, in a meeting at Cardiff, was interrupted by a Mr. Kirk, to whom he retorted sharply, "No, sir, no reverence for a wafer-god never! I as an Englishman will never give reverence to a god made of flour and water! A man who believes that God is a spirit can never give reverence to a bit of flour and water!" It is deplorable to think that there are many churches in England and Wales, who though professing Protestant principles have relapsed into the practices of the Middle Ages, the sham sacrifice of the mass, the confessional, candles, positions, ignorance, and multifarious superstitions. The Church of England needs a thorough cleansing.

In his article "*Diffygion y Cymro*" in the current number of "*Cymru*," the writer points out the following: His lack of the spirit of co-operation; his one-sidedness; his lack of patience and perseverance; his lack of enterprise;

his servility. These are often charged against the Welshman as being his leading defects, but are these not accidental rather than deep-seated in his nature? We believe that the direct cause of all these defects is his national seclusiveness and his private retiredness from the duties and realities of this world—this lack of worldly practicalness has been deepened and aggravated by his religious training. He seems to be shy to this world, because he is devoting most of his leisure to preparation for the next, and amusing himself with writing poems and singing hymns.

We believe the Welshman can swim, once he ventures into water, but through the ages he has been used to think that the little field of life called Wales, is enough for him. We believe that he could sail the ocean of life if he could be persuaded to spread his sail on the wide sea of the world, instead of pleasure-boating in *Eisteddfodau* and *Cymanfaoedd*. We believe also that he can fight a fair fight once he is shown that fighting the fight of life is not unchristian.

Mr. Bennett, of the "Daily Telegraph," had an exceptionally interesting article in a recent number of the "Musical Times" entitled "*My First Eisteddfod*." The *Eisteddfod* under notice is the Carmarthen meeting of 1867. The musical arrangements of that gathering were for the most part entrusted to Mr. Brinley Richards, who, without meaning it, gave much offence to the audience by engaging a large number of English artists. "I have said," concludes Mr. Bennett, "that *Llew Llwyfo* still lives, but how many of the little band of artists and journalists who were present through the scenes above described have entered the Silent Land! Edith Wynne, Janet Patey, Lewis Thomas, J.

W. Davison, Henry Lazarus, Brinley Richards—all these old comrades and friends have departed; surviving only in such memories as those I have just told."

The Porth Male Voice Party, led by Mr. Taliesin Hopkins, have taken the Isle of Man by storm, and have become the idols of the fashionable society of Douglas. This is their ninth week in the island, and they have been drawing large crowds nightly to the sands. They were invited twice last week to the Metropole Mansions, where a crowd of 100 visitors listened intently to their beautiful music, and subscribed handsomely to the relief fund. Every Sunday night the choir hold a sacred concert in the Grand Theatre, which is always crowded, and for the next fortnight they have been engaged to go on tour round the island, visiting Ramsey, Laxey, Pee, and Castletown, and, to crown all, the whole choir have been offered an engagement for thirteen weeks by Professor Alf. Woods to tour the large cities of England. This matter is now being considered. The choir have been able to send large sums of money to relieve the distress in the Porth and Cymmer districts.

Well, well! Tell not this in Gath. Welsh Calvinistic Methodism has produced, in addition to some Welsh bishops and vicars and curates too numerous to mention, a real live Roman Catholic archbishop. John Hughes, first Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, was the son of Richard Hughes, a collier, of Penydarren, afterwards of Dowlais. John was once a haulier, but took to attending night school at Dowlais, and the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist "selat." He was brought up a member of the Corff, and, agreeably to his father's wish, he was put in training for the ministry, and was sent to Trevecca Col-

lege. Pope Gregory XVI. was on the look out for Welsh scholars, and the "bachan bach o Ddowlais" was induced to enter a Roman Catholic school in Bath, thence to Rome, where he joined the Jesuits. His missionary work in America earned for him the highest honor in that field, and his memory is revered as one of the most distinguished Catholics of America.

It is rumored that the choirs from Brittany who propose competing at the Cardiff National Eisteddfod will sing all the test pieces to Welsh words.

From the Welsh Congregational official statistics it appears that the congregations in North Wales number 62,523, and in South Wales 222,905. The value of the property of the denomination is put at £1,356,359 9s. 11d.

There were reported to be staying recently at Llandrindod one bishop, twenty-seven clergymen, eighty-five preachers, two members of Parliament, one British consul from South America, one African millionaire, one general, and some thirty justices of the peace.

A Llandilo farmer was rather bothered with three weeks of continuous wet weather when he ought to be harvesting, but he noticed that each Sunday was fine. The farmer was a deacon, and in the prayer meeting he begged the Lord not to keep all the fine days to himself.

The Garden of Eden was, undoubtedly, at Llansannan, North Wales, if place-names are of any significance, for in the neighborhood are Bryn Adda, Maes Adda, Tyddyn Adda, and Llwyn Adda, names suggestive of an idyllic life, and conclusive proof of the Welsh origin of Adam.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

an old Welsh deacon used to pray, remember the dark places of the h, remember Rhydychen (Oxford)."

the Rev. David Davies, of Llanganten arage, Bulth, writes that Mr. David llams, brewer, of Bulth, will give 00 towards the Llewelyn Memorial if erected at Cefnybedd.

Welsh coal-owner who can't tolerate suggestion of strikes has broken up old grandfather's clock in consequence. Sir William Thomas Lewis is wedded to the idea of a scale that medical attendant is Dr. Scale.

movement is on foot in Liverpool also a memorial to the late Miss D of Bedford Street, a Welsh lady whose lifework was devoted to the furance of education. She had been a mber of the Liverpool School Board n the first, and at the last election r returned at the top of the poll.

the Monk of Llanthony, like General uth and Mr. Stead, knows how to p before the public. He has done an ate thing in getting a Greek Bishop nfer full priest's orders on him. o advertisement is excellent, thinks "Christian Commonwealth," and it badly needed, for the monastic es- ishment at Llanthony is decaying. her Ignatius is a splendid preacher, he has wasted his fine opportunities playing at mediaevalism.

rofessor Edward Edwards, M. A., of Aberystwyth College, one of the ree brothers of Llanuwchllyn," won h the Cambrian Railways Challenge

Cup and the Borth Challenge Cup at the annual summer meeting of the Borth Golf Club, which has just concluded.

The latest pedigree discovery is that George Washington was descended from Colonel Washington, who held Worcester for Charles I. This Colonel Washington's mother was a Brecon woman, which accounts for the fact that George never told a lie.

When an old-time Welsh clergyman used to visit the sick, the clerk would accompany him with the Bible in a green bag. "What have you in that bag, John?" asked the woman whose husband was sick. "The Bible, Mary." Mary burst into tears. "To think it has come to this," she wailed; "it is as sure a sign as a corpee candle. We had a Bible brought in when father died."

Miss Winifred Ellis, the sister of the Liberal Government's Chief Whip, is occupying herself by lecturing to her brother's constituents on domestic and dairy matters. Miss Ellis is able to speak Welsh fluently, and her lectures are consequently well attended. She has interested herself in her subjects for some time past, and has studied them both at Oswestry and South Kensington. She is very sanguine of improving the condition of the Merioneth agriculturists.

"Clwydfardd," the late archdruid, was once a bell-hanger. A friend said to him one day, "'Clwydfardd,' you resemble Calcraft." "How?" "C is the first letter of his name, and C is the first of yours. Hanging is his business, and

hanging is yours." "Quite true, but with this difference: Calcraft hangs the living to silence them, but I hang the dead to make them sing."

Some Welsh bard has embodied the desires of the average Irishman in the form of a Welsh englyn, which runs as follows:—

Llonaid cell o bibelli—a ffwgws,
Hoff agwedd i'w losgi,
A chasgen o iach whisci,
O Dad y mawl, dod i mi.

The englyn is attributed to Chancellor Silvan Evans, but there seems no authority for doing so.

A correspondent states that Mr. Ellis Pierce ("Ellis o'r Nant"), being dissatisfied with the arrangements in connection with the ceremonies of the Gorsedd and Arwest of the Glan Geirionydd Assembly, has severed his connection with the "Bards of the Principality of Wales," of which "Gwilym Cowlyd" is the "Chief Bard Positive." "Ellis o'r Nant" was the oldest member of the fraternity, except "Gwilym Cowlyd," and he filled the post of Recorder of the Gorsedd for many years.

Judge Parry, of Manchester, who has so narrowly escaped assassination, is a Welshman, not only by descent, but also in sympathies and in language. He usually spends his holidays at Nevin, in South Carnarvonshire, and was intending to proceed there soon. He often takes part in Welsh gatherings in Manchester, and has delivered an address to the members of the Liverpool Welsh National Society.

All things, remarks the "Carnarvon Herald," come to them that wait. Father Ignatius says that he has waited 38 years for the order of priesthood. Most of us do not wait for priesthods, it is true, but the majority of us wait

for something—we are all of us Micawbers, more or less—and those who wait may certainly do so hopefully after this, for 38 years is a period in which many things may turn up.

An appeal is about to be made to lovers of Welsh literature and music in behalf of the veteran poet and elateddodwr "Llew Llwyfo," who is now far advanced in years, and so stricken in health as to be entirely dependent on the sympathy of his friends. A similar appeal made a few years ago resulted in the raising of a fund whereby "Llew" has ever since been maintained in comfortable seclusion and enabled to continue those literary labors that have made his name famous wherever the Welsh language is spoken or read. That fund is now all but exhausted, and unless it can be replenished the poet must in a short time be left in a state of destitution.

The late Rev. Thomas Hughes, Machynlleth, whose lapses were, unfortunately, frequent, but whose remorse afterwards was terrible to witness, was once the guest of a Cardiganshire mining "captain," whose imbibing capacity was no safe gauge for any of his guests. After retiring, no sleep visited the eyelids of the conscience-stricken guest that night, but his groans at length woke the "captain." "What's the matter, Mr. Hughes?" he cried. "Oh! my sins, Captain — bach!" "Well, why the d— do you sin, then? I never sin, and sleep like a top."

From the true Nonconformist or Protestant standpoint, the title of "Reverend" is nothing but a "rag of Popery," but in Methodist obituaries of the famous Thomas Hughes, of Machynlleth, whose ministerial life, with some intervals of silence, exceeded in length that of the Rev. William Evans, of Ton-

ll, the title of "Mr." is studiously
ted. The daily papers have done
r by the old pulpit charmer, but
Methodists are getting quite Church-
n accounts of cymanfacedd of fifty
ago the title "Rev." is never put
e the name of a Methodist preach-
ut we read of "Mr. John Elias,"
Henry Rees," &c.

Professor Dan Prothero, the popular
h-American musician, who is at
nt on a visit to his native coun-
has just finished a cantata which
be published shortly by Mr. D.
ns, Mus. Bac. The cantata is en-
"St. Peter." The Welsh words
from the pen of the Rev. Vincent
mens, whilst the Rev. E. O. Jones,
, vicar of Llanidloes, is responsible
ne English translation. The work
take about an hour and a quarter
through. Some of the solos and
uses are in the best style of the
d composer, and no doubt will soon
ne favorites with Welsh cho rs.
work is of a sacred character.

gh Hughes, the Welsh artist, whose
ait has just been unearthed in
ystwyth, was known to fame as
Welsh Bewick, for in his skillful
ling of the graver he has been
ly compared to Bewick, the great
r of the art of wood-engraving.
nistic Methodists are particularly
ted to the artist, for he painted
y all the existing portraits of the
ers of the denomination. Hughes
elf was at one time a Methodist,
during his residence in London was
mber at Jewin Street Chapel. His
in favor of the emancipation of
Catholics, however, provoked the
r anger of John Elias, and, al-
gh his action was strongly defended
thomas Jones, of Denbigh, another
d divine, John Elias was the means

of bringing about his excommunication,
and also that of "Caerfallwch," the
lexicographer. After that period
Hughes does not appear to have been
associated with the "Corff." Hughes
married a daughter of the Rev. David
Charles, the elder, of Carmarthen, a
famous preacher and hymnist, and a
brother of the immortal Rev. Thomas
Charles, of Bala. A couple of other
paintings by Hughes, without his own
portrait, were also discovered by Mr.
W. W. Morgan, J. P., of Dowlais, one of
which represents a group of the family
of the Rev. David Charles.

A "London Welshman" lately wrote
on behalf of the wretched man now
awaiting that last touch of British
civilization—the hangman's rope—for
causing the death of a Margam game-
keeper in a scuffle:—

"Poachers have died in scores to main-
tain the sacro-sancity of our game pre-
serves; but is there any record of a
gamekeeper having been hanged for the
slaughter of a poacher, though many a
case has been reported of the flying
poacher receiving the fatal shot in his
back? No, it is a class law, adminis-
tered in a class manner, in defiance of
cruel wounds inflicted in the social con-
science. Will not the condemned man's
neighbors defy the Talbot influence, and
press Sir Matthew White Ridley to ad-
vise a reprieve?"

After a long illness, consequent on
ripeness of years, Mrs. Ann Owen,
mother of Bishop Owen, died at Aber-
gwill Palace. The deceased lady, who
was the widow of Mr. Griffith Owen,
woolen manufacturer, Abersoch, and
eighty-four years of age, had removed
with her eminent son to Abergwill from
Lampeter, and there continued to spend
the evening of life with the Bishop, who
had throughout the whole of his career

manifested such loving filial care towards her. The deceased lady, who was a splendid type of Gwallia's daughters, was a staunch Methodist up to her death, and regularly contributed to the cause of that connexion. The interment took place at North Wales amid the scenes of her childhood days.

In a tiny cottage, almost upon the crumbling walls of ancient Conway, there lives (says the "M. A. P.") a very old dame who was one of the nurse-maids in the Royal household during the infancy of the Queen's children. Although a staunch Welshwoman, under gentle pressure, she will condescend to speak of her beloved theme in English, with more than a dash of Welsh accent thrown in by way of embellishment. During her term of Royal service the Princess Beatrice was a child of tender years, and according to history—the old lady's faint recollections—a sweeter-tempered child has never existed. She was a very willful baby, in her aged nurse's opinion, and was always wanting—and generally getting—her own sweet way. When she really became quite unmanageable the facts were laid before her Majesty, and corporal punishment was inflicted by the Queen's own hand. No one else, save the Prince Consort, was allowed to punish the children by this particular method. Princess Beatrice, on the same authority, was a high-spirited child, yet extremely sensitive to either praise or blame.

Out of the thirteen coal-owners who signed the agreement which settled the great coal strike of 1875 only three survived to sign the recent agreement in S. Wales. Out of the seventeen who

signed on behalf of the workmen in 1875, only one remains on the men's committee, and he couldn't sign because he was then in gaol. The three masters are Sir W. T. Lewis, Mr. Archibald Hood, and Mr. E. P. Martin, and the other gentleman is Alderman David Morgan, while at that time the secretary to the coal-owners was the father of the present one—Mr. Dalziel. The "Mabon" of that period was Mr. Halliday, while as for "Mabon" himself, he was so little known in those days that his name was not spelt two days alike in the papers. He was Abrahams, Abrams, or Abram more often than Abraham, and his initials ranged in a week all the way from A to Z.

Among the soldiers wounded at Santiago, who were brought to New York by the Olivette, was Lieutenant John R. Thomas, jr., of the Rough Riders. He is the only son of John R. Thomas, formerly congressman from Illinois, but now supreme judge of the Indian territory, who was a captain at 19 in the war of 1861. His grandfather, also an only son, was Captain William A. Thomas, and served in the Mexican war. His great-grandfather, Nathan Thomas, was a captain in the war of 1812.

Mr. Edward K. Jones, the special counsel for the United States in prize cases, stands in the front rank of the younger set of prominent members of the New York bar. He is a native of Delaware, and after a thorough education, studied law in Washington, and was admitted to the bar at an early age. His father, Dr. Waitman Jones, was a noted physician and surgeon, and was descended from Welsh ancestors who settled in Sussex County, Del., before the American Revolution.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

Dr. Tanner has staggered the House of Commons by the following question which he has put to the President of the Board of Agriculture: "Whether the Board of Agriculture have any evidence to show that the solerostomum tetracanthum worm is capable of causing severe epizootic attacks, and that the modern and moderate antiseptic remedy, thymol, will be of service as a nematocide."

County Kerry and all the south of Ireland is excited over the cures wrought by the "boy doctor of Duhallow." His name is Timothy Dineen, he is 11 years of age, was born on a Good Friday, and christened on an Easter Monday, which gives him his power, and he is curing men and animals, but especially children. He is described as a very ordinary boy and not particularly bright.

There is a conundrum as to Mr. Gladstone. Of a word of eleven letters six signify what he loved, five what he hated; the whole word spoken quickly indicates where his enemies wanted to put him; spoken slowly it means what he was always trying to do. What is the word? Nothing can be simpler. Reformatory.

Mr. Dooley, who has conducted the humorous side of the war for the Chicago Journal quite as well as his beligerent countrymen have conducted the serious side, describes the Philippines as follows: "They are located over your left shoulder when you're facing

east. It's a poverty stricken country, full of gold and precious stones, where the people can pick dinner off the trees and are starving because they have no shepladders."

Vienna has been astonished lately by some daring steeple climbing. A steeple jack celebrated the beginning of the festivities for Emperor Francis Joseph's jubilee by climbing in the night to the top of one of the steeples of the Votive Church, 306 feet from the ground, by means of the lightning rods and architectural ornaments, and hanging on it a yellow and black banner twenty feet long. He gave a minute description of the manner in which he accomplished his foolhardy feat to the newspapers. A few nights later some one else imitated him by climbing the steeple and stealing the flag.

WOMEN NAMELESS IN COREA.

The Corean woman has not even a name; in her childhood she receives a nickname by which she is known in the family and by her near friends, but which when she arrives at maturity is employed only by her parents. To all other persons she is "the sister" or "the daughter" of such and such a one. After her marriage her name is buried—she is absolutely nameless; her own parents refer to her by mentioning the district into which she had married. Should her marriage be blessed with children she is "the mother" of so and so. If it happens that a woman has to appear in a law court, the Judge gives her a special

name for use while the case lasts in order to save time and to simplify matters.

—o:o—

Prof. Wilson of Edinburgh University, was recently appointed honorary physician to the queen. On the morning of his appointment he informed his pupils of the honor he had received by means of a blackboard in the laboratory, thus: "Prof. Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the queen." During his temporary absence from the room one of the students, to the amusement of the class, added the words: "God save the queen!"

—o:o—

HE HURT HIS GERMAN.

Mark Twain lectured some time ago in Vienna for the purpose of a charity. The celebrated humorist had declined most tempting pecuniary offers for lectures, but although he had been confined to his bed till the afternoon, his health having been very delicate all the winter, he spoke for three-quarters of an hour, telling three little stories to a crowded and distinguished audience. He spoke in English, intermixed with German—"not good German," he said, but his intention was good. Dr. Harowitz says that Mark assured his audience that he spoke the best and purest German till the previous day, when he met with an accident.

—o:o—

PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION OF ARIZONA.

We live in a land of high mountains, high collars and high taxes, low valleys, low neck dresses and low wages, big, crooked rivers, and big, crooked statesmen, big lakes, big drunks, big pumpkins, big men with pumpkin heads, silver streams that gambol in the mountains, and plous politicians who

gamble in the night, roaring cataracts and roaring orators, fast trains, fast horses, fast young men, roses that bloom the year round, and beautiful girls with rosebud mouths, sharp lawyers, sharp financiers, and sharp toe shoes, noisy children, fertile plains that lie like a sheet of water, and thousands of newspapers that lie like thunder.—Yuma Sentinel.

—o:o—

THE BRIDGE WAS AFFECTED.

Anecdotes of Bismarck continue to accumulate, and Sir Charles Dilke is responsible for a story of the great statesman's visit to London in 1843. While there he visited a famous brewery, and as his reputation as a beer-drinker had preceded him, his hosts presented him a huge tankard of old ale, which they felt confident would floor him. "I seized the tankard," Bismarck told Sir Charles, "and I thought of my country and drank to Prussia, and tilted it till it was empty. Then I thanked my entertainers—courteously, I hope—and succeeded in making my way as far as London bridge. There I sat down in one of the stone recesses, and for hours the great bridge went round and round me."

—o:o—

HE KNEW THE PUMP.

A Scotch lad was summoned to give evidence against his father, who had been accused of making disturbances in the streets. Said the bailie to him: "Come, my sweet man, speak the truth an' let us hear all ye ken about this affair." "Weel, sir," said the lad, "d' ye ken Inverness street?" "I do, laddie," replied the magistrate. "Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square—" "Yes, yes," said the bailie encouragingly. "And when ye gang across the square, ye turn to the right, and up the High street, and keep up High street till ye come to a pump."

little right, my lad; proceed," said theistrate; "I know the old pump." "Weel," said the boy, with the infantile simplicity, "ye may gang pump it, for ye'll nae pump me."

—o:o—

DEACON'S DETERMINATION.

No,' said the old deacon, "I ain't ne to de war—not ef I knows it! I a duty ter perform right heah. Dat is ter de Lawd; en de Lawd mus' carved fust, it ain't gwine ter be sich any war ez yous think fer, en it's ne ter take a heap er steady prayin' make de Americans win right off; en prayin' is y business I gwine at it, 'll keep it up twell de war come ter end."

But," suggested a brother deacon, "ose dey ketch you a-prayin', en try crush you ter de front?"

De man what does dat," said the deacon, with emphasis, 'will git his d—n chopped off—dat's whut!"

—o:o—

SORRY FOR THE SINNERS.

A little girl was graciously permitted bright Sunday to go with her mam-to hear papa preach. It was a time great rejoicing and responsibility, the little face was all alight with happy anticipation.

Now, it chanced that on this special session papa's sermon was of the "warning" order, and his earnest voice rang solemnly in the Sunday quiet. For a moment of breathless surprise and horror the little listener's soul was caught upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whom so much wrath was descending.

She rose excitedly to her feet, and, with wide, reproachful eyes just peeping over the back of the seat, called out in a fretting, chiding tones:

"What for is you scolding all the people so, papa?"—Pearson's Weekly.

CO-OPERATIVE APPLAUSE.

One night Sarah Bernhardt was playing "Fedora" to a crowded house. The poison scene, as usual, elicited a tempest of applause from the audience, but ere the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet had completely died away, loud peals of laughter burst forth from the upper part of the theater. The sober minded people in the boxes and stalls gazed reproachfully at the boisterous "gods," but in a moment they, too, began to laugh, for in the front row of the balcony, and in full view of all, stood two one armed men, who, unconscious of the amusement which they caused, were energetically co-operating to prolong the applause by clapping their remaining hands together.—Pearson's Weekly.

—o:o—

"FOR LADIES ONLY."

The humors of railway traveling seem in these days subservient to the tragedies as a rule, says a lady writer in "Sketch," but amusing situations will sometimes crop up, like mushrooms, in the most unexpected places, and it was in a carriage reserved "for ladies only," of all places in the world, that a comic occurrence took place under my immediate observation a day or two since. Attracted by this aforesaid reassuring label, a severe and unalluring elderly female proceeded to ensconce herself in a corner seat bound for Euston, when, happening to cast her eyes on the opposite cushion she espied "Captain Jones" writ large on various impedimenta scattered thereon. Snorting with maidenly rage, she at once proceeded to the door and invoked a passing porter to remove the offending masculine baggage. In the midst of a very voluble harangue appeared another formidable female seeking the shelter of "ladies only." She wore a poke-bon-

net and most uncompromising umbrella. Seeing the evicted baggage of "Captain Jones" in the very act of removal, she hurled herself upon it, and turned out in the course of some lurid explanations to be its rightful and enraged owner, "of the Salvation Army."

—O:O—

A Texas military company was engaged in practice at rifle shooting. The lieutenant in command suddenly became exasperated at the poor shooting, and, seizing a gun from one of the privates, cried sharply: "I'll show you fellows how to shoot." Taking a long aim, and a strong aim, and an aim all together, he fired and missed. Coolly turning to the private who owned the gun, he said: "That's the way you shoot." He again loaded the weapon and missed. Turning to the second man in the rank, he remarked: "That's the way you shoot." In this way he missed about a dozen times, illustrating to each soldier his personal incapacity, and finally he accidentally hit the target. "And that," he ejaculated, handing the gun back, "is the way I shoot."

—O:O—

TO SUIT ALL TASTES.

There was a loud voiced Cheap Jack at a country market recently. "Spelling books, ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted, for a little crowd had gathered. "This is the book for every one, the book for everywhere, the book, the book!" He tossed it up and caught it as it fell. Then he went on, "The book for everybody, see? Encyclopedia of 80 pages. Recipes for every dish that was ever cooked. All the new dishes that never were cooked. Formula for the toothache. Agreeable stories for old women. A treatise for young women on the art of getting husbands. How to cure bunions without amputation. How

to plant cabbages when the moon is not full. How to breed rabbits. How to interpret dreams. How to tell fortunes. How to get a divorce. How to reckon up the interest on a mortgage. The book for everybody!"

After all this palaver no one bought a single copy. The Cheap Jack looked over the crowd with disgust that could not be disguised.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he remarked, "I forgot to mention that in this incomparable book there is a blank page—for those who cannot read!"—London Tit-Bits.

—O:O—

A COLONY OF WIDOWS.

Mrs. Harriet M. Bemis, of Arabia, Nebraska, is founding a colony of widows for the north-western portion of her State, says an American contemporary. Mrs. Bemis says that land will be given to twelve deserving widows on condition that they cultivate it without male assistance. She will start them out with all the machinery they need, a sufficient number of cattle, horses, swine and poultry to serve as a nest egg, and money to last them until the first harvest can be disposed of. She admits that the climate is dry, but she proposes to instruct her wards in the operation of the Campbell system of soil culture, by which method experiments have proved that the rainfall of the section is sufficient to ensure bountiful crops. The nearest the women will be allowed to come to dealing with men is to sell their crops to them. If Mrs. Bemis should learn that a farm hand of the male persuasion has been employed about the premises, the farm will revert to her. Any member of the community who marries will also forfeit her title to a share of the property.

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1898

THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Bardic Gorsedd.

Manufacturers' and Agricultural Buildings.

Colonnade and N. W. cor. M. and E. Building.

Grand Court, looking East.

Birdseye View Grand Court (night).

Hereford Cathedral.

Prof. W. W. Davies, Ph. D.

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF 1898.

By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D.

This was the first time for the National Eisteddfod to be held in the county of Merioneth. The wisdom of holding such a massive institution in a town of the size of Festiniog was questioned very seriously by people who were not so familiar with the character and qualifications of the neighborhood as were the promoters themselves. One of the Festiniogians who presented the claims of the town at the joint meeting of the Eisteddfod Society and Gorsedd, at the Llandudno session in 1896, assured the patrons of the National that if they would come to Festiniog in '98, they would see the greatest Eisteddfod, the greatest success, and the greatest rain they ever saw in their lives. Everybody who visited the Eisteddfod in '98 was not prepared for heavy and constant rain, but in this we were very pleasantly disappointed. The weather was fair, with only few light showers during the whole week. The railroad facilities, visitors' accommodations, and all arrangements

by the various committees were as near perfect as anybody could expect.

FESTINIOG.

The inhabitants of the district have various names on the adjacent localities, such as Bethania, Llan, Duffws, Blaenau, Fourcrosses, Tan-y-grisiau, &c., &c.; but to the outside world Festiniog answers as a general name for the whole. The Eisteddfod was held in the section called Blaenau, and the pavilion was built in the beautiful park and recreation grounds, surrounded by New Market Square and Dorville Road. From the address of Dr. John Rhys at the Gorsedd, and of William E. Oakley, Esq., as president of the first meeting, we learn that Festiniog has a prominent place in the history and traditions of Wales, and also among the active commercial circles of the Principality. The names of places within its boundaries suggest that it was a place of note even in pre-historic times. For instance, Cwmbyw-

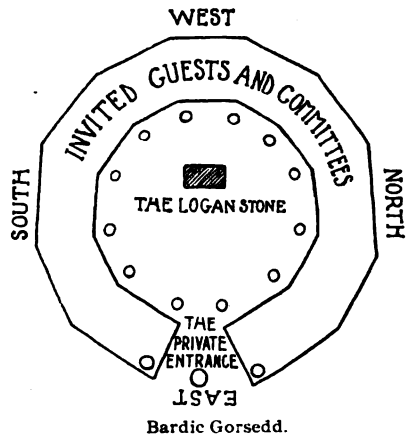
ydd, Maen Offeren, Bwlch Caradog ap Bran, Rhosydd Serw, Llyn y Morwynion (the Lake of the Virgins), where romantic history points out as the last resting place of the Maids of Denbigh who had left their homes and friends for the sake of love. Dr. Rhys referred to the Moelwyn range lying to the westward, the peak of one of which the giant Twrog levelled for the purpose of building for himself a court in Traeth Mawr, and from whose summit he cast the stone embedded in the porch of Maentwrog Church, which bears his finger-marks to the present day. On the north-west is Bwlch y Gorddinen, suggesting the funny tradition of the inhabitants of Dolwyddelen and the cuckoo. It is similar to the South Wales lore of the men of Risca!

The Festiniog of to-day is a thickly populated district, where, according to last year's returns, 5,347 men were employed in the slate quarries, who produced 172,515 tons of slates, valued at 531,002 pounds sterling. The schoolhouses and places of worship are large and modern. Three lines of railway enter the town from different directions. The scenery of the district will compare favorably with any part of the United Kingdom. And the hotel accommodations and service are admirable.

THE GORSEDD.

An important function of the National Eisteddfod every year are the morning sessions of the bards at the Gorsedd. These are presided over by the Archdruid Hwfa Mon. If

weather permits, the Bards, Ovids, and Druids march in their robes from the pavilion to the Gorsedd, which must always be held "in the face of the sun." The Logan stone forms the centre of the sacred circle,



upon which stands the Archdruid, and all who are privileged to address the Gorsedd, facing the East. At each of the twelve stones forming the circle stands a Bard. After the bugle call the Prayer of the Gorsedd is delivered, and is as follows:

Grant, O God, thy protection;
And in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, knowledge of the just;
And in knowledge of the just, the love of it;
And in that love, the love of all existences;
And in the love of all existences, the love of God;
God and all goodness.

The "sacred sign," according to some authorities symbolises the rays of divine light, while according to others it is composed of three mystic letters of the old bardic alphabet

(Coelbren y Beirdd), which form the only name of God.

The Gorsedd meetings at Festinog were very edifying and entertaining. Eloquent addresses were delivered by several of the leading poets and most eminent scholars of the nation. No feature of any importance was omitted in the gorsedd celebration on each of the three mornings. The bugle, the sword, the harp, the goat, and all the etceteras were there in good Welsh hwyl.

THE COMPETITION.

The real life and attraction of the Eisteddfod is centred in the competition. The list of subjects included, in addition to the regular Prose, Poetry, Music and Elocution, also the Arts and Sciences, viz.: sculpture and modelling; wood carving; domestic art; paintings—oil and water colors; bookbinding; etching; pottery; botany; metal work; design; drawings; geology; architecture; photography, &c. Also "spinning" on the public platform, and "slate splitting" in the open field.

The competition of the excellent male choruses has become an attraction both in North and South Wales. A special interest centred

in the brass bands contest in Festinog, and Saturday was set apart for them with only one price admission to any part of the pavilion. The degree of perfection attained by the prize soloists, both vocal and instrumental, is sufficient to secure for them an entrance into the best concerts of the Principality as soon as they carry with them the badge of the National Eisteddfod. No contestant is admitted to the stage until the critical judges are satisfied of the worthiness of the artist. Several of the popular singers of Wales have moved into lucrative positions as the direct result of winning prizes in the National. According to the general tone of the adjudicators in the various sections, the standard in 1898 was kept up to the highest notch, and the prize winners were worthy to be ranked among the first class in their respective lines. The Eisteddfod was a great success in every respect. The delegations from Scotland and Ireland, and the visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge added much to the interest and pleasure of the general public.

A DREAM.

One night I saw eternity
Distinctly in a dream;
It seemed as ne'er before to me
An ever flowing stream;
Without a fount from where it springs
O'r sea whereto it flows,
A never ending song it sings
Just as it goes and goes.

THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.



Manufacturers and Agriculture Buildings.

Copyright, 1893, by F. A. Rinehart, Omaha.

Had there been no Columbian exposition at Chicago, the Trans-Mississippi International exposition at Omaha would easily have ranked as the event of a decade in our history—omitting of course our foreign complications with their incidentals of heroism and gunpowder.

When the fair at Chicago was attracting its thousands, its tens and hundreds of thousands, it was matter of surprise, especially among foreigners, that so new a country comparatively, and so new a part of it absolutely, should make such splendid display—a display to effect which would have been beyond possibility in many older countries. Bearing this in mind, it is much more legitimately cause for wonder-

ment that the newer region on the Missouri should be able to exploit itself with so much evidence of ambitions realized, and such exhibition of actual wealth. In this display much allowance must be made for the energy so characteristic of the western land, and for the love of self-exploitation, without which the West would lack its most prominent and interesting quality. But, whatever the cause, here is the full-fledged exposition in a territory which less than half a century ago was almost a terra incognita, a bare plain known only to the Indians and to such adventurous souls as those who probed into the wilderness at the risk of their lives, and very often at the cost of their scalps.

In 1850 there was no Omaha. There was a trading post and a gathering place for Indians and hunters at Council Bluffs, on the east bank of the Missouri, and over the river, beyond the ridge of land which held the Missouri to its course on the Western side, a broad prairie which even the cattle ranges had not invaded. The buffalo was commoner than the long horn, and the Indian and Indian fighter were about the only things in human form to be found. Even they were scarce. Yet it is right on this ground that there stands to-day an exposition which in its costliness and substantialness is *prima facie* evidence of what tremendous strides man has made in the few years that have gone by since it was determined to make a town there.

It was on a very ambitious scale that Omaha was planned and built. It was laid out on rectilinear lines, with broad streets; and this very plan is one of its drawbacks, for when the wind comes in from the plains, as it often does with vicious force, these broad avenues, unbroken in all their length, give the storm full sweep, and the sandy soil, easily picked up by the swift gale, is blown into houses and eyes, into windows and nostrils and ears, with painful ease which would be impossible in a city whose streets were triflingly crooked, and the intersections of which gave some opposition. Still Omaha likes itself in spite of these elementary faults and elemental disturbances, and claims that its

beauty is ample compensation for its sand-laden windiness and scorching sunniness; and be it known that on no spot of earth on the globe can the sun shine with such glorious brilliance as it can shine on Omaha when it is in shining mood. Nor is there anywhere that the moon can put on a more beautiful face. Everything is on a large scale in and about Omaha, from sunlight, moonlight, windstorms, thunderstorms, and streets, to men and projects. Humanity seems to swell in Omaha, to grow bulkier as to form, and stronger as to fibre, physical and mental; and as to projects this exposition tells its own story.

Two hundred acres of land form the exposition grounds, and on this space are buildings that for size, beauty and availability for the purposes of their construction vie with anything which marked the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, or the White City of Chicago. In fact the motif, if we may be permitted the term, is much the same in trend and execution as the spirit which animated the Chicago enterprise, and took such fine form there. There is the lagoon with the Venetian boats; the Midway, divested of the coarseness which marked the Chicago Midway; the great white buildings ornate as architecture could make them; the Grand Court with its statuary in the open, and illuminated with electric lights to make as weird and startling an effect as a city of marvels built in dreams. No dream is this White City though.

The United States government gave \$200,000 to making an exhibit of the war and navy departments, the Smithsonian Institute and the Fish Commission's work. The State of Illinois gave \$45,000, of which \$20,000 went into the State's representative building, and the remainder for the cost of making duly prominent exhibition of Illinois products. Iowa gave \$35,000 for similar purposes. Montana gave \$15,000, and one of her citizens gave \$15,000 more, and altogether twenty-five States made legislative appropriations for representation. Thirty-six states and territories have space in the exhibition buildings, and the extent and diversity of the exhibits are something altogether too formidable for a magazine to treat in detail. They embrace art and science in their pure forms and in their application to manufactures, and it is hardly too much to say that in this interior city, almost in the center of a vast continent, there is shown about everything that grows or is made on the earth, that is dug out of the earth, or that comes from the waters of the earth.

The immensity of the affair and the wonderment which it suggests when it is seriously considered must be gauged by contrasts rather than by standards. Still, judged by the measure of either the fair of Philadelphia, or that of Chicago, it makes a brilliant showing, because to them the whole civilized world contributed displays and throngs of visitors, while the government gave

them practically unlimited facilities and credit, to say nothing of the large sums of money appropriated. The Omaha fair is a home made state institution, with comparatively insignificant help from the outside. It is in the contrast that it furnishes that its greatness appears. Here on the grounds are bands of Indians brought together under government supervision, and at government expense to make a study in ethnology. Many of these Indians are old men, principal men in their tribes, and more than one of these has roamed at his own wild will over the very ground on which he is now camped in the center of a civilization which has driven him to the wall. One of the uniformed police of the exposition, whose beat is near the Indian encampment, shows visitors who have been told of the circumstance, the place where his scalp was until some of these Indians, or their associates, removed it in one of their forays. Never was there more powerful contrast, and never were past and present brought together in more curious linking.

The bringing together of these groups, each representing one of thirty-five tribes, makes probably the last effort which will be made to show what the wild man of the continent is like, or, rather, what he was like before he was finally brought under the control of a stronger people. At the Omaha exposition the Indian lives as he lived while he was still fighting for his home and land, and the groups certainly form a sub-

ject for a great deal of thought, and objects of a great deal of close observation. Here are the Sioux and Apaches, Chippewa and Assinibois, Crows, Blackfeet, Chippewas, Pogens and Yanktons, with more than a dozen other tribes represented. The Rosebud Sioux are the men who were at the Custer massacre in 1876, and among themselves they talk with pride of what they esteem as one of the greatest battles and grandest victories ever fought and won by the red man over his white foe. And if the exposition and the Indian encampment are in such powerful contrast, how much more vivid the contrast becomes when the

miles of streets, 67 miles of which are paved and lighted, and all the rest graded; with fourteen conveying railways, making it a rare center of travel; with 95 miles of electric car lines; with 50 public schools and 11 colleges; with 120 churches and mission houses; with factories whose products run in the course of the year to a value of \$80,000,000; with an annual expenditure for public improvements of \$400,000; with everything that concerns it on the same large scale. Surely this is contrast enough to have been called the chimera of a crazed brain had any prophet foretold it.

The Omaha exposition com-



(Colonnade & N. W.) or M. & E. Building.

Copyright, 1898, by F. A. Rinehart, Omaha.

city itself is admitted to the picture, the land from which less than half a century since the Indians were dispossessed has come to be a place of nearly 150,000 inhabitants, with 600

menced with June, and ends with November, so fate wedged it into that very part of one of the most eventful years in American history, when there was everything to draw

attention from it; but the spirit that brought it into being, and the determination and enterprise which are so eminently characteristic of the Western people may be relied upon to compel a success in spite of such adverse circumstances. Perhaps, too, the intensity of feeling and the absorbing interest in war and territory expansion are not so observable

changes in our foreign relations. So the Omaha exposition has not been as seriously affected as it might have been. Moreover, having already felt what it is to be great and progressive, and knowing the possibilities in store for them, they have given themselves over to the making of their fair a grand one, to the exclusion of everything else as far as



Grand Court looking east.

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in the center and western interior as they are along the Eastern littoral, and in states whose interests are bound up with the commercial seaboard. It is not that the people of the center and west are less patriotic, but our foreign relations are not brought so closely home to them as they are to the people nearer the seaboard, and they are less vitally touched by foreign clashes or by

other things could be excluded. They cheapened railroad fares, cheapened the price of living, and kept their admission fees to the lowest possible rates. They made it possible to travel to the exposition at a cent a mile, and to live fairly well in Omaha at \$5 a week. They advertised their exposition lavishly, and let every one they could reach know its best features. They left

one nothing that they could do make it a good thing, and then at that fact before the country. It is this spirit of thoroughly developed, self-sacrificing enterprise which has built up the fair, which has built up Omaha, and which causes people to turn their eyes outward when they are looking for the phenomenal in town building and business making.

the people is considered, that it will give an impetus to the whole region affected. There will be more improved machinery used, more works of art bought, finer buildings erected, farms worked on better systems—in fact the impetus will touch everything the region has or does, and what is good for that one section is good for the whole country, so that we may expect of the Trans-



Birdseye View Grand Court (night).

Copyright, 1898, by F. A. Rinehart, Omaha.

What the result will be in the West of this Trans-Mississippi exposition is conjectural; but it is a necessary assumption, when the character of

the Mississippi Exposition that it will prove to have been a sound factor in a general advance.

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

—The real is but the shadow of the ideal.
—Life, like art, is nothing more than a combination of light and shade.
—The bravest are not those who are devoid of fear; every man should fear himself and God.

—Some people are not disposed to either love or hate; they simply ignore.

—The only opinions of people that we never withhold are the aversive ones.

—The man of to-day must have push if he wants to have a pull.

*THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

By Gen. Charles W. Darling.

Troubles with Spain began during the administration of Washington, and continued up to the slow acknowledgment of the independence of her former colonies, sometimes verging on serious hostilities. As early as 1788, with the connivance and active agency of Gardogne, the Spanish minister at Washington, an effort was made to detach the trans-Alleghany country from the Union. and in 1792, there was a serious difference of opinion and discussion as to the navigation of the Mississippi. In 1801, Mr. Charles Pinckney, then minister at Madrid, was instructed to urge on the Spanish government redress for sufferings from capture by privateers unlawfully cruising out of Spanish ports, and from unlawful condemnations by Spanish tribunals. The spoliation committed on American commerce were so heavy, and tribunals of justice and the government failing to give redress, a clear intimation was made that more effective measures must be resorted to. The importance of the question, Mr. Pinckney was told, would require all his zeal, patriotism and delicacy. Some efficient effort was due to the sufferers and "to the dignity of the United States, which must always feel the insults offered

to the rights of individual citizens." The irritations with Spain had been aggravated by her possessions on our frontier, by her national pride and sensitiveness, and by her ancient claims of precedence over other states.

The purchase of Louisiana from France, in 1803, excited a controversy between Spain and the United States which continued with more or less acrimony until the whole question of territory and boundary was settled by the acquisition of Florida. The acquisitions of Louisiana and Florida were almost inseparably allied, and our government, as early as 1804, sought, but in vain, the influence of the French government in favor of our construction of the treaty, and to help in the acquisition of territory east of the Perdido River. It would be a hopeless task to seek to unravel all the treaties made since that of Utrecht, 1713, which concern the extent and the boundaries of the various territorial divisions between Georgia and the Rio Grande.

In 1763, what was then known as Louisiana was divided between Great Britain and Spain. France lost by this treaty all her possessions in North America. In addition to

*The interesting history of the troubles of the United States with Spain, since the time of the Florida acquisition, was read by Gen. Charles W. Darling, before the Oneida Historical Society, Sept. 15th, the material having been gathered from historical Works printed many years ago.

ada, she ceded to Great Britain river and port of Mobile and all possessions on the left side of Mississippi, except New Orleans the island on which it was situated. The residue of Louisiana was ceded to Spain in a separate and secret treaty. The cession of Florida to Great Britain was the price paid for the restoration of Cuba to Spain. Great Britain divided the territory into East and West Florida, and in 1813 ceded them to Spain, and the provinces were known and governed by these names as long as they remained under the dominion of His Catholic Majesty. Spain, thus owning both banks of the Mississippi at its mouth and for some distance above, claimed the exclusive navigation below the point of the southern boundary of the United States. The refusal of the use of the lower river caused much and indignant feeling in the West. Kentucky and Virginia made vigorous protests against a proposition to concede Spain's right to close navigation. The angry dispute was terminated by the treaty of 1815, one article of which provided that the river should be open to the navigation of the citizens of the United States from its source to the ocean. Another article granted the right of deposit in the port of New Orleans and to export thence merchandise and effects on the payment of warehouse hire. By the treaty of October 1, 1800, between the French Republic and Spain, known as the Ildefonso treaty, Spain made a cession to France of the prov-

ince of Louisiana as at that time possessed by Spain, and "such as it was when France possessed it." When this cession occurred, Great Britain and the United States took alarm. Mr. Jefferson in his message, 15th December, 1802, said: "The cession of the Spanish province of Louisiana to France, which took place in the course of the late war, will, if carried into effect, make a change in the aspect of our foreign relations, which will doubtless have just weight in any deliberations of the legislature connected with that subject." With the sagacity of a statesman he saw how essential the property and sovereignty of the Mississippi and its waters were, to secure an uncontrolled navigation and an independent outlet for the produce of the Western States, "free from collision with other powers and the dangers to our peace from that source," and therefore he authorized propositions to be made for obtaining the sovereignty of New Orleans and of other possession in that quarter.

The abrupt closing of the port of New Orleans, without the assignment of any other equivalent place of deposit and the injuries sustained until the restoration of the right of deposit, suggested naturally the expediency of guarding against their recurrence by the acquisition of a permanent property near the entrance of the Mississippi into the Gulf. The first propositions were treated by France with decided neglect. "The French government,"

said Madison, "had manifested a repugnance to the purchase which left no expectation of an arrangement with France by which an acquisition was to be made, unless in a favorable crisis, of which advantage should be taken." The distress of French finances, the unsettled posture of Europe, the increasing jealousy between Great Britain and France, made "the favorable crisis," and Bonaparte, on 30th April, 1803, agreed to sell or cede his new acquisition to the United States. The words of the treaty were somewhat remarkable; but it is important, in view of subsequent discussions and negotiations, to bear in mind that in the transfer the identical language was employed that had been used in 1800, so that the government of the United States was subrogated, in express terms, to the rights of France and of Spain. Phillimore, in recording this "derivative acquisition" of territory, says: "It belongs to the province of the historian to record the ineffectual regret of deceived and injured Spain, and the sagacity of the United States in profiting by the troubles of Europe, both at this period and subsequently by the acquisition of Florida."

Spain remonstrated with France against the cession of Louisiana, and endeavored to prevent the execution of the treaty, being not unwilling to use pecuniary arguments if they promised success. Mr. Cevallos, the Spanish minister for Foreign Affairs, in an interview with Mr. Charles Pinckney, our minister at Madrid,

denied the right of France to make such a cession, alleging that in the preceding cession by Spain to France there was a secret article that France should never part with Louisiana except to Spain, and that if she ever wished to dispose of it, Spain should have the preemption.

This discontent of Spain increased her unwillingness to make a prompt and peaceable settlement of the vexed questions which had been pending for some years between the two countries, and which every month's delay increased in number and exasperation. In the instructions to Mr. Pinckney, March 31st, 1804, Mr. Madison made an elaborate argument to show that the eastern boundary of Louisiana extended to the Perdido. For many years the controversy was waged. The United States insisted that by the treaty of 1800 Spain ceded the disputed territory, as part of Louisiana, to France, and that France, in turn, in 1803, ceded it to the United States. Spain, with equal earnestness and persistence, maintained that her cession to France comprehended what was at that time denominated Louisiana, consisting of the island of New Orleans and the country west of the Mississippi. C. J. Marshall, in *Foster v. Neilson*, 6 Peters, 306, said: "Every word in that article of the treaty of St. Ildefonso which ceded Louisiana to France, was scanned by the ministers on both sides with all the critical acumen which talents and zeal could bring into their service. Every argument drawn from col-

ral circumstances connected with subject, which could be supposed elucidate it, was exhausted." Each y adhered to the original opinion purposes. The arguments, read fifty years have elapsed, do not, either side, seem so conclusive as leave no loop to hang a doubt n. The very forcible contention the United States, that France ng ceded the province of Louis- in full sovereignty, with all the ts which belonged to her under treaty of 1800, the United States eeded to those rights, was ended somewhat by the declaration alleyrand, that by the treaty of Ildefonso Spain retroceded no of the territory east of the Iber- which had been held and wn as West Florida, and that, in e negotiations between the two uments, Spain had constantly sed to cede any part of the Flor- even from the Mississippi to Mobile. In January, 1805, Mr. roe arrived in Madrid, having a commissioned with special ority to act in conjunction with Pinckney, and he remained over ar in the vain endeavor to effect tlement of the mattes in con- ersy. Coupled with the adjust- t of the Louisiana boundary and r matters in dispute, was a propo- sition to purchase the whole of ida for a sum of money which designedly left indefinite. In draft of a treaty for the accom- ment of the two principal ends for the payment of outstanding ns, was a proposition to have,

for a term of years, a neutral ground between the west of Louisiana and the Spanish territory, now known as Texas. The neutral territory was to be so limited or defined as not to deprive the United States of the waters flowing into the Gulf between the Mississippi and Colorado rivers.

The voluminous correspondence shows a strong desire on the part of the government at Washington to terminate amicably all existing differences, and to place the relations between Spain and the United States on a basis of permanent friendship. The extraordinary nature of the commission was a distinct declaration of the critical state of affairs and of the importance of the questions at issue. The United States claimed indemnification for damages done to peaceful and lawful commerce within the jurisdiction of Spain, and for the losses which accrued from the suspension of the right of deposit at New Orleans, as guaranteed by the treaty of 1795. A board of independent and impartial men was suggested, with authority to consider and to adjust counter-claims between the two nations. The gist of the negotiations, however, artful as may have been the attempt not to make too conspicuous, was the settlement of the western boundary of Louisiana and the acquisition of Florida. In the instructions to Mr. Monroe, April 15, 1804, he was, (1) to obtain the sanction of Spain to the late cession of Louisiana to the United States; (2) to procure the cession of territory held by Spain east

of the Mississippi; and (3) to make provision for the payment of American claims.

The masterly presentation of all the points mooted by our representatives is of interest chiefly to the historical student, because the United States has now undisputed ownership of the whole coast line from St. Mary's to the Rio Grande, and no question with a foreign power, based on the old contention, can possibly arise. The cases before the Supreme Court supplemented by the legislation of Congress, have settled the land contests growing out of sovereignty and ownership, which the United States anticipated and tried to prevent. In the progress of the negotiation, Rio Bravo was mentioned as a limit of Spanish, and the Colorado as the limit of American settlement. The President was very averse to the occlusion from settlement, for a long period, of a wide space of territory westward of the Mississippi, and to a perpetual relinquishment of any eastward of the Rio Bravo, and the relinquishment, if made, must be conditioned on the entire cession of the Floridas. It was in *arguendo* suggested to Messrs. Monroe and Pinckney that if Spain were engaged in or threatened with war she might be more willing to yield to terms, which, however proper in themselves, "might otherwise be rejected by her pride or misapplied jealousy." In an able letter to Cevallos, our commissioners said that as the United States surrounded Florida, except

where the ocean intervened, it was an object to possess it. The acquisition of Louisiana had minified the importance of the possession, but as long as Spain held it it would be a cause of jealousy and variance, for each nation would be compelled to have a strong force, and other powers would be interested in provoking a rupture. Florida being in the hands of the United States, all cause of inquietude and misunderstanding would be at an end, territories and police would be distinct, military stations would be removed from each other, and neither power would be interested in disturbing the concerns of the other.

On January 28, 1805, the commissioners submitted the project of a convention for the adjustment of claims and the cession of the Floridas. Florida was "known not to be fertile," and no land greed actuated the United States, for they had "territory enough to satisfy their growing population for ages to come." Probably this opinion, that the United States had, within their limits, what "it will take ages to fill," was caused by the fact, as stated, that "the territory on both sides of the Mississippi is yet a wilderness," and these arrangements, required by mutual interests, were important to be made "while it remained so." These sagacious men had not the vaguest conception of the boundless progress of our people, under the energy of free institutions. Reasons of safety and peace were the predominating influence for pressing

acquisitions. The "project" conceived what seemed to be a favorite in Washington, and which, in the light of subsequent events, seems almost visionary, not to say absurd. This was the establishment of an intervening neutral territory, to remain such for twenty years, and give time for ulterior arrangements." The submission of the proposed convention led to a prolonged and somewhat acrimonious discussion. At intervals, notes were interchanged. The Spanish Minister of State, Don Pedro Cevallos, by tone, language, utter indisposition to accommodate the business on just principles, annoying and studied delays, became offensive to the commissioners, who although "hurt" at the treatment they received, exhibited remarkable forbearance and tact. With persistence and iteration, with repeated avowals of respect and desire for peaceful arrangement, and with a commendable abstinence from all recrimination or menace, the contention and wishes of the United States were presented. On the 12th of May, 1805, the commissioners submitted the ultimate conditions on which they were authorized to adjust the points depending between the two governments, and they are here reproduced with some fullness as illustrative of the points at issue, and the exceeding difficulties of the protracted negotiations which finally added Florida to the Union. On condition His Catholic Majesty will concede the territory eastward of the Mississippi, and arbi-

trate the claims of the citizens and subjects of each power, according to the convention of August 11, 1802 (which up to this time Spain had refused to ratify), the convention will agree to make the Colorado the boundary between Louisiana and Spain, establish a district of territory of thirty leagues on each side of the line, which should remain neutral and unsettled forever, and relinquish the claim for spoliations committed by the French within the jurisdiction of Spain and the claim to compensation for injuries received by the suppression of the deposit at New Orleans." The propositions were absolutely rejected, and Mr. Monroe considering the negotiation concluded, asked and obtained his passports, that he might repair to London, where he was the resident minister. Before his departure from Madrid, he and Mr. Pinckney gave an account of their "unwearied and laborious exertions," and of the utter failure of the mission in all its objects.

The recapitulation of the history of the effort to adjust the differences has at this day, when we are quietly enjoying the fruits of this and subsequent negotiations, rather a humorous aspect. Candor, conciliation, urgency, moderation of language, patience, were met by pleas in abatement, pleas for delays, irrelevant discussions, imperious tone, exaggerated pretensions, and a general behavior that made it incumbent on commissioners to argue and protest that they were not the dupes of the

management of the Spanish diplomat. Mr. Pinckney soon resigned and returned home. In these hypercritical and iconoclastic days, it has become common to disparage that eminent patriot and statesman, James Monroe. An examination of his services in Spain shows exceptional qualifications as a diplomatist: prudence, self-restraint, courtesy, dignity, tact, energy, familiarity with treaties and international law, ability in argument, devotion to his country's honor and interests, marked in a conspicuous manner his public life in this most difficult of all courts. Judge Wharton, more familiar than any other person with our diplomatic history, says in reference to negotiations with England, "that in ability, candor and fairness, Mr. Monroe's papers stand in the front rank of diplomatic documents."

The government at Washington, deeply sensible of the importance of the post at Madrid, and of the urgency of the pending questions, appointed James Bowdoin, of Boston, as minister plenipotentiary, and afterward associated General Armstrong in a special mission respecting these delicate Spanish controversies. The object of the United States in reference to the Floridas was clearly made known to them, and equally as explicitly to George W. Erving, who, as secretary of legation, in the absence of his chief, being *chargé d'affaires*. Mr. Erving remained in Spain until August, 1810, when he returned to the United States. From the withdrawal of

Monroe and Pinckney to the arrival of Mr. Erving, in July, 1816, as minister, scarcely anything of a diplomatic character was accomplished between the two countries. The distracted state of Spain, the internal convulsions, and wars with other countries, made it impossible to accomplish anything in the two chief matters entrusted to our representatives. The hostilities between Great Britain and Spain were concluded by the treaty of peace, amity and alliance of January 14, 1809, when the twobelligerents became allies against France, a common enemy, and there ensued that famous peninsular campaign of Wellington, wherein he outmanoeuvred and defeated Napoleon's best marshals, and the more remarkable guerilla contests—a mode of warfare borrowed from the Moors—in which the skill and experience of the best trained officers and soldiers of France found more than a match in the desultory warfare of the indomitable Spaniards. The prosecution of campaigns required all resources, physical and intellectual. A struggle for dynasty and existence left little leisure or inclination for Transatlantic questions. There could have been no more unpropitious period for calm discussion and parting with territory. Besides, Spain was doubly irritated, the United States having been compelled to occupy Florida. This forcible seizure grew out of the claims for spoliation, the inability of Spain to maintain her authority in Florida and repress depredations and insurrections,

and the intrusive occupation by Great Britain of Pensacola and other portions of the province. The shifting events in Europe made the passing of Florida into the possession of another power not improbable, and it became imperative to seize and hold the country, subject to future and friendly negotiation.

In 1814, Mr. Anthony Morris, who had authority to receive "informal communications" from the Spanish government, expressed the opinion that East and West Florida could be purchased. He intimated that ten thousand dollars for *douceurs* would be "indispensable," as the different departments of the Spanish government were not sufficiently "regenerated" to allow great hopes of success without the use of means of this description. This suggestion elicited no consideration nor reply. In 1816, January 19, on the renewal of the suspended diplomatic relations, Mr. Monroe, as Secretary of State, suggested to Chevalier de Ouis that it furnished a proper occasion for the consideration of the differences in relation to the purchase of Louisiana and the contested limits. In March, 1816, Mr. Monroe informed Mr. Erving that Ouis had intimated that the Spanish government might be willing to cede its claim to territory on the eastern side of the Mississippi, in satisfaction of claims, and in exchange for territory on the western side. The United States proposed to accept a cession of Florida as a basis of the release of claims held by citizens of the United States against

Spain, and offered at the same time by way of compromise to take the Colorado River as the western boundary of the Louisiana purchase, although it had been previously maintained that that purchase extended to the Rio Grande. Mr. Monroe and Mr. J. Q. Adams held very strongly that the Rio Grande was the true southwestern boundary. Mr. Ouis declared these propositions inadmissible, went into elaborate repetitions of the discussions of 1802-1805, and demanded restoration of places occupied by federal troops. On July 19, 1818, Don Jose Pizarro, writing to Mr. Erving, said: "In one of our late conferences I had the honor to state to you anew His Majesty's readiness to cede both of the Floridas to the United States . . . in consideration of a suitable equivalent to be made to His Majesty in a district of territory situated to the westward of the Mississippi." In July and August, Mr. Erving, replying to the Spanish Minister of State, refers to "His Majesty's disposition to cede his possessions to the east of the Mississippi for a reasonable equivalent," and suggests instead of the guaranty of Spanish territory by the United States—a thing which could not be done—a better guaranty in the form of "a desert," or unoccupied, uninhabited tract of thirty leagues on the Colorado, extending up to 32 deg. north latitude, as "a barrier between the possessions" of the two countries. Negotiations between the two countries were suspended, by formal notice, until

satisfaction should be made for the proceedings of General Jackson in Florida, which His Catholic Majesty denounced as outrages upon his dignity and honor, and for which he demanded apology and indemnity. John Quincy Adams, in papers which are an enduring monument to his patriotism and ability, "carried the war into Africa," and charged and proved that it was "to the conduct of her own commanding officers that Spain must impute the necessity under which General Jackson found himself of occupying the places of their command." "The horrible combination of robbery, murder, and war, with which the frontier of the United States bordering upon Florida, has for several years past been visited, is ascribable altogether to the total and lamentable failure of Spain to fulfill the 5th article of the treaty of 1795, by which she stipulated to restrain, by force, her Indians from hostilities against the citizens of the United States." "Had the engagements of Spain been fulfilled, the United States would have had no Seminole war." Far from indemnifying the crown of Spain for losses sustained, the American minister at Madrid was instructed that the crown of Spain should indemnify the United States for the expenses of a war which Spain was bound to prevent.

It is difficult to realize the vexatious vicissitudes which attended this long-drawn-out negotiation. In course of time it at last became apparent, even to Spain, that Florida

must come under the sovereignty of the United States. The idea of its transference to another foreign power was not to be tolerated for a moment. Its continued retention by Spain, remote, proud, sensitive, jealous, involved in foreign wars and chronic internal turmoils, would generate ceaseless trouble and necessitate quasi-belligerent forces on the border. Indian incursions and depredations, unprevented by Spanish authorities, made it imperative to cross the line in pursuit, and for the punishment of the savages. "Masterly inactivity," a phrase borrowed by Mr. Calhoun, in his Mexican war speeches, from Sir James McIntosh, was too feeble a policy. The vigilance of Erving and other ministers was unceasing. Efforts to purchase were thwarted. Negotiations were begun and suspended. Procrastination was pursued under specific instructions to that end. The patience and forbearance and moderation of the United States had been wonderful. Even Mr. Adams restrained largely his irritability of temper and vitriolism of pen; but this patient submission was manifestly nearing an end. Mr. Ouis, seeing that procrastination as a game and a policy was exhausted, sent on October 24, 1818, to Mr. Adams, a proposition to cede all the property and sovereignty possessed by Spain in and over the Floridas, under certain conditions. The conditions were promptly rejected; a "final offer" on the part of the United States was made; matters grew worse, and belligerent measures

seemed imminent. Mr. Adams, October 31, 1818, used this significant language: "The President is deeply penetrated with the conviction that further protracted discussion . . . cannot terminate in a manner satisfactory to our governments. From your answer to this letter he must conclude whether a final adjustment of all our differences is now to be accomplished, or whether all hope of such a desirable result is, on the part of the United States, to be abandoned." After some letters, showing a wide divergence of views, on January 11, 1819, Mr. Ouis announced that by a courier extraordinary from his government he was authorized to give a greater extent to his proposals. On the 9th he submitted his projet, and Mr. Adams on the 13th responded by a counter projet. At this point Mr. Hyde de Meuville, the French Minister, at the request of Mr. Ouis, "confined by indisposition," had an interview with Mr. Adams and a full and free discussion of the two projets. Explanations and modifications were made, and on February 22, 1819, was signed in Washington "a Treaty of Amity, Settlement and Limits," which provided for the cession of Florida and "the reciprocal renunciation of certain claims as adjusted by a joint commission." The commissioner had power to decide conclusively upon the amount and validity of claims, but not upon the conflicting rights of parties to the sums awarded by them. *Comegys v. Vasse*, 1 Peters, 193. The spoliation claims

held by the United States against Spain were renounced, and the United States undertook to make satisfaction for the same to the amount of five millions of dollars.

The Rio Grande contention was given up, a majority of the Cabinet overruling Mr. Adams, and holding that the immediate acquisition of Florida was too important to be jeopardized, or "clogged by debatable demands for territory to the southwest." The intervening neutral territory, the uninhabited desert, the impassable barrier between the two countries, which, for so many years and so often was proposed and relied upon to prevent conflict of jurisdiction and of people, seems to have been quietly ignored. The Louisiana boundary was settled by following the Sabine, Red and Arkansas rivers as far westward as the 42 deg. north latitude, and pursuing that degree to the Pacific Ocean. In settling disputed boundaries, and, in fact, in making this treaty, the United States did not assent to the claim of sovereignty or ownership over the territory between the Mississippi and the Perdido. Both legislative and executive departments of the government, prior to 1819, treated territory west of the Perdido as part of the territory acquired from France in 1803, and in *Pollard v. Files*, the Supreme Court declared as the settled doctrine of the judicial department of the government that the treaty of 1819 ceded no territory west of the Perdido River.

The United States exonerated

Spain from all demands in the future on account of the claims of her citizens, and undertook to make satisfaction for the same to an amount not exceeding five millions of dollars. It is commonly stated that the United States purchased Florida for that sum of money. In the negotiation the Spanish minister objected to the article stipulating for the payment, on the ground that it would appear from it that in consideration of that amount Spain had ceded the two Floridas and other territories, when she would not have ceded them for \$20,000,000 but for her desire to arrange and terminate all differences with the United States. In 1805, Monroe and Pinckney, in their proposal to the Spanish government for the cession of Florida, said that Florida was not valuable for its land, and suggested that the sum paid "for the whole of the province of Louisiana furnished a just and suitable standard" as to what would be proper in paying for Florida. The area of Florida is 56,680 square miles, and Mr. Jefferson paid \$15,000,000 for all the country west of the Mississippi not occupied by Spain, as far north as the British territory, and comprising, wholly or in part, the present states of Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, and Colorado and the Indian Territory and the territories of Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Washington and Wyoming.

The treaty submitted to the Senate on the day it was signed, was at once unanimously ratified, thus giving

additional lustre to the birthday of Washington. Before the adjournment of Congress acts were passed authorizing the establishing of local governments over the acquired territory. John Forsyth, of Georgia, was appointed minister to Spain, and he carried with him a copy of the treaty and minute instructions as to the exchange of ratifications. So confident was the government of early action, the *Hornet*, which carried Mr. Forsyth, was ordered to remain at Cadiz a sufficient length of time to carry back the ratified copy. So anxious and so certain of speedy assent were the authorities at Washington, instructions were sent to Mr. Erving that it might be expedient for him to exchange the ratifications, if by any accident the formal reception of Forsyth should be delayed "beyond a very few days." Fearing the absence of Mr. Erving, on account of the infirm state of his health, or the non-arrival of Mr. Forsyth, a special messenger, with duplicate copies of treaty and instructions, was sent to Mr. Thomas L. L. Brent, the Secretary of Legation, so that he might exchange the ratifications. After this twenty years of negotiation it was supposed that the trouble was ended, but he who measures a Spaniard by the ordinary standard will find himself, in the end, grievously disappointed.

Long experience has been condensed into a popular proverb, "*Del dicho al hecho va mucho trecho.*" From the saying to the doing is a great distance. The *Hornet* returned

the summer, not with the ratification but with recriminatory dispatches because of the unexpected inexcusable delay. Spain did not give her assent. She offered various evasive excuses and pretexts. She might promptly have disavowed the treaty as in excess of her instructions. She did not. She consented to the negotiations. She knew what had been done, and seven months passed before she uttered a word of complaint. When it became known that Spain refused to confirm the treaty and interposed frivolous excuses for her conduct, much indignation was aroused, and harsh measures had advocacy in the press and in Congress. It was well said the secession was no new thing, and that the agreement, from preliminary negotiation to final consummation, was as well known in Madrid as in Washington, at least so far as substance was concerned. President Monroe said in his message that Spain had severed a relation between the two countries which would justify any measures on the part of the United States which a strong sense of injury would command. A proper regard for the rights and interests of the nation might dictate. Adams contended that Spain was under obligations of honor and good faith, and in a letter to the chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina—author of the case, "I had rather be right than President"—asserted the "perfect right" of the government to compel specific performance of the en-

gagement and secure indemnity for the expenses and damages which grew out of the refusal of Spain to ratify. Intemperance of language and proposal was met by wise counsel, and the proposed immediate military occupation was defeated. After weary years of patience and of earnest effort to avoid war, very fortunately the country was not precipitated into it by the hot heads and Hotspurs. It was well determined to await the logic of events, and not hazard the gaining of what must surely, like ripe fruit, fall into our hands. General Jackson once said, "Geography controls my politics," and so the geographical position of Florida made it inevitably a part of the Union. Count Aranda, when he was Prime Minister of Spain, as far back as 1783, distinctly foresaw and acknowledged the necessity of the acquisition.

The irritation felt at the repudiation of a solemn international compact excited general attention, and it was felt that a war might produce grave international complications, and transfer not only Florida but Cuba and Texas also to the United States. France and Great Britain remonstrated with Spain, and she realized that the temporizing and procrastinating policy must give way to positive and definite action. On the 24th of October, 1820, the Cortes having previously authorized and advised, the king, Ferdinand VII., approved and ratified the treaty. Such was the slowness of communication in those days, that

four months elapsed before the ratification was known in Washington. (I have received instructions from the State Department by post in eleven days.) The time fixed for joint ratification, six months, having expired, the treaty was re-submitted to the Senate and ratified a second time, 19th February, 1821. On the 22d—again connecting the hallowed day with Florida—the House of Representatives gave their assent to the necessary legislation.

Thus an acquisition long sought for, essential to our internal quiet and to save us from foreign intermeddlings, strifes and conspiracies, was consummated. For nearly a quarter of a century the negotiations were pursued in Spain or in Washington—sometimes interrupted by fretful suspension of diplomatic intercourse, by the revolutionary disturbances in Spain, by English and French wars, by Spanish tenacity for American possessions, and the incurable propensity not to do to-day what can be deferred until to-morrow. No one can read the

correspondence in full without a high appreciation of the patriotism and ability of Madison, Monroe, Pinckney, Adams, and Erving. Their state papers show patience, forbearance, courtesy, dignity, tact, power of argument, familiarity with international jurisprudence, and intense loyalty to our institutions. It is not easy to comprehend the disadvantages under which our able negotiators labored in the earlier periods of our history, when our rights as a member of the family of nations were ignored or grudgingly conceded. The credit of the Florida success is enhanced when we consider the personal and national characteristics of the Spaniards. With unquestioned courage, chivalry, scrupulous observance of etiquette, they are vain, proud, sensitive, distrustful of foreigners, obstinate in their opinions, and possessed of a most patience-wearing disposition to procrastinate. The stoical fatalism of the Moor seems in some of its forms to have been bequeathed to his conqueror.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

An Arrow and its Work.

A short distance from the tent in which Einion and the knight held secret converse two of the king's guards stood talking together. Both were above the medium height, and were well-proportioned. They also had seen much service, being tried soldiers.

"It was three years ago," said one of them, alluding to an occurrence that had left a deep impression on his mind; "but that terrible experience has haunted me ever since. The king's army was encamped about three hours' march from Leominster, and thick clouds of smoke were still ascending from the smouldering ruins of the many houses and barns that we had set on fire that day. Near us were dense thickets, from which the cry of the owl was occasionally answered by the howl of the wolf or the grunt of the wild boar. I was then in the service of Bleddyn, the king's half-brother, and was among those detailed to picket duty that night. My post was at the edge of the somber forest south of the camp, and although the sky was clear and the stars were shining bright, the shadows were so thick around me

that I could scarcely see my hand held close before my face."

"By St. David," said the other guard, "I am glad I was not in your place, for I believe I would have died of fright. Not that I fear any living man; but I care not to dance the flesh off my bones in a fairy circle, or be ridden to death by a goblin."

"I do not consider myself among the most superstitious," continued the first speaker; "but I confess that I was far more cowardly than brave that night. As I paced to and fro glancing apprehensively from one side to the other, my mind seemed to be haunted with all the fairy tales and ghost stories that I had ever heard. *Twm ap Iago*, I thought, was allured into the fairy circle in just such woods as those which overshadowed me. I imagined I saw him dancing madly within the enchanted ring, and that I was so touched by his pale wan look that I plucked him out of the ring only to see him mouldering away as soon as he tasted food. Then I thought of the Lady of the Wood, which to me seemed more terrible than fairies. I remembered the experience of Einion ap Gwalchmai, when he met her in the woods of Treveilir,

and asked myself, 'What would you do, Emrys, were you to see her beautiful face and form, and her hoofs peeping out from under the border of her elegant dress as he did, or heard her say to you as she did to him, Thou must follow me wherever I go so long as I continue in my beauty?' "

"Ugh! I know what I could do; I would ask her in the name of heaven what she wanted with me. Einion must have sent his wits wool-gathering else he would never have permitted the goblin to cast a spell around him and cause him to leave his wife for so long a time. By all the saints, I would never turn my back on Gwenllian were twenty Ladies of the Wood to appear to me."

"Words are cheap, Iorwerth; much cheaper than deeds. It is so the world over. Had you been in Einion's place you would have done as he did; or had your wife been in his wife's place when the goblin appeared to her as a richly appareled knight, and made love to her, pretending that her husband was dead, she would not have cast him off. Believe me, we are all weaker than we are aware. At least I was that night. I tried to think of something more agreeable than ghosts and goblins; but I tried in vain. My mind seemed to invite the Lady of the Wood more than all others of the unearthly tribe to torment me, and I was thinking of the monstrous and hideous witch that Einion saw when he desired to see the Lady of

the Wood, after he had put the half of the ring his wife had given him under his eyelid, when the noise of footsteps breaking dry twigs but a short distance from me in the dark forest sent my blood leaping. Then a deathlike silence followed during which my heart seemed to beat as loud as a forge hammer, and I strained my eyes almost out of their sockets trying to catch a glimpse of the cause of the noise. Again there was a movement, and I could scarcely tell whether the footsteps or my own heart-throbs sounded loudest. My hair now stood on end, and my legs trembled so violently that I could hardly stand. I was sure it was the Lady of the Wood, or some monster even more terrible from the shadow-land, and I expected something most fearful to happen every moment. 'Halt!' said a voice that I scarcely recognized as my own. How that word escaped me I have never been able to tell. It must have been the soldier in me that spoke; but however it happened the footsteps again melted into silence, and I remember reasoning that it was something that had ears as well as feet, and that the word I uttered, terrified as I was, had some effect upon it. Then in some unaccountable manner my fears took another turn. It was not the Lady of the Wood I feared now; I was sure it was an enemy bent on mischief! I had been foolish to let the dread thing approach so near, and it might mean assassination—a fate to be deplored more than a thousand deaths

open battle. Once more there was a movement in my direction, while my trembling hands held bow and arrow in position, I retreated in a warning voice, 'Halt! What goes there?' but this time with no effect. The noise was now but a few spears lengths away, and after another vain warning I let the arrow fly in the direction of the sound, and

the scream, startled me with the query, 'What is it, Emrys?' In reply I simply pointed in the direction of the body; but he failing to see my gesture repeated his question impatiently. 'There,' said I, 'it is there!' 'But what is there', said he. 'Have you taken leave of your senses, man?' 'Something or somebody has taken leave of life,' I re-



Hereford Cathedral.

thrill scream of agony pierced my ears, followed by a heavy thud."

Here the speaker paused, placing his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out the terrible vision that now harrowed his soul. Then he continued in a husky voice,

For a moment I stood as if turned to stone, and perhaps would have remained in that stupefied condition much longer had not the corporal of the guard, attracted to the spot by

plied. We then stepped cautiously forward, and the corporal touching a soft object with his foot stooped over it only to recoil with horror and gasp, 'God have pity on your soul, man; you have slain an innocent girl!' I was dumb, and my head was in a whirl. I, Emrys ap Gwrgant, had deprived one scarcely more than a mere child of life!"

Again there was a pause, and both speaker and auditor brushed tears

from their eyes. In war they could be cruel, but now they felt as fathers, not as soldiers. Smothering his emotions once more the guard resumed his narrative.

"There is but little more to be said. The corporal, assisted by one of the reserve, carried the body to a tent about a stone's throw from the picket line, and a little later when I was exchanged, I hastened to the presence of the dead, accompanied by two of my comrades. Though still somewhat unnerved, I felt that I must see the innocent victim of my awful blunder. I could call it nothing else, although I had but performed my duty as a soldier. The dear child was more to blame than I, perhaps; but crazed by the terrors of war, she had fled from a home that was now a ruin, and led by instinct more than by reason, she was more bent upon wandering back to those whom she loved than upon heeding my warning. When we entered the tent we found her lying on a pallet of straw with her heart pierced and still. She had seen scarcely fourteen summers, and her face as the light from a rush candle fell upon it revealed such beauty as the fair Rowena might have possessed, but it was marred by a look of intense agony. Ah! what smiles had played on that face! What bright visions had chased each other in that young mind! What joys had swelled that little heart! Somebody had embraced that slender form with the arms of love. Somebody had imprinted the kiss of love on

those sweet lips and cheeks. Somebody had stroked those golden locks with the fingers of affection. Thus I thought while for a moment I looked through my tears on the fair Saxon face. Just then I forgot that I was a Welshman, and that she belonged to a hated race, and I would have given the world, had it been mine to give, if I could have summoned her back to life long enough to ask her forgiveness. But I did what I knew could be done; I prayed to St. David that he might ask her to forgive me; and when daylight came, my comrades and I dug a grave where she fell, and laid her in it to sleep the long sleep, while the birds poured forth their sweet strains as if to her memory."

At the conclusion of the narrative the two guards maintained absolute silence for a short time. Each stood as if a spell had been thrown around him; each communed with his own thoughts as if they were too sacred to be clothed in words. Then the one who had listened to the narrative, after one or two vain attempts at clearing his throat, said to his comrade in a voice that betrayed no little emotion,

"You cannot forget your past experience, no more can I get rid of a presentiment that has haunted me since this morning. The more I have striven to throw it off the stronger it has grown. Now I am convinced I shall never see Gwennifer and the children again. I shall be killed before another sunset."

"Tut, tut, man, you must not per-

mit an illusion to cast a gloom over your mind," said the other. "You have passed unscathed through more than one fierce battle. Why should you think of death now when nothing more than a mere skirmish awaits us? It must be that you did not get your usual sleep last night, or perhaps the good things you found among the spoils weigh too heavily on your stomach."

"Believe me, Emrys, it is no illusion. Something tells me I shall not leave this field alive. Heaven knows that I do not prize my life so little that I am anxious to part with it, or my wife and children that I can think without a pang of leaving the world without seeing their dear faces once more."

The flow of words was here checked by the flow of emotion; but it was only for a moment. Then the guard continued,

"You will probably live to return to Rhuddlan; therefore I wish you would tell Gwenny that I never loved her as I do now, and that I believe God will help her take care of the children. Tell her also that the locks of hair she gave me the other day are dearer to me now than all the gold in the world. I have but one more request to make. If you can find my body after I am dead take my sword and give it to little Arthur, and tell him to cherish it as a gift from his father, and when he comes of age, to use it in defense of old Cambria against all intruders."

"Your requests shall not be in vain," was the reply, "If I survive

you. But why speak in this melancholy strain? The prospects of your life were never more flattering. Tomorrow night we shall laugh over your presentiment."

Nothing can seem stranger to a man than to hear another, in the enjoyment of perfect health, and in view of no unusual danger, speak of death as hovering near him. The guard addressed as Emrys realized this as he listened to his comrade; yet living as they did in a superstitious age, when disbelief in ghosts and goblins was the exception rather than the rule, he believed more firmly that the presentiment would come true than his words seemed to indicate. Nor did he fail to acknowledge to himself that his friend was in a worse plight than any in which he had even been.

The midnight hour at length arrived, and Emrys and his friend with two others were assigned to their respective posts near the royal tent, that of Emrys being on the side next to Algar's tent, and his friend's being on the other, next to Trahaiarn's. As they were in the center of the camp, each, so far as any immediate danger was concerned, thought himself perfectly safe. Several watch-fires burned in various parts of the camp, but as the night was as misty as it was dark they could be seen at no great distance. One of these watch-fires was kept burning in front of the king's tent, but owing to the shadow of the tent no less than the mist, Emrys and his friend paced almost in total dark-

ness. They could hear each other's tread, but they were not near enough to see each other distinctly. Around them the soldiers lay peacefully dreaming, most of them on the bare ground with little or no covering. Inured to the hardships of army life they slept as soundly as if on feather beds. Nor was there anything to break the stillness of the night but the unpleasant sounds made by a few snorers here and there, and the light noise made by the sentries as they paced to and fro.

Armed with a spear and a shield, each guard attended to his duty, wrapped in his own thoughts. Nor would it be difficult to say what the thoughts were in the case of one of them at least. Overshadowed with his presentiment his mind recurred again and again, now to the dread future, and now to the dear ones at home. He saw once more the dearest of wives as she was on the day when he made her his own, with a face so bewitching and hair of gold, the envy of maidens and the prize of his heart. He heard once more the sweet tones of the voice which knew so well how to comfort and cheer. Then sweet little faces so innocent, so true, seemed to gather around him again with smiles so charming and eyes so bright. Once more little Arthur seemed to mount on his knee, and say with a gentle caress, "Papa, I love 'oo." In the wake of these memories the tears would flow, and drawing his sleeve across his eyes he frequently brushed them away. He could weep in the dark

without being told that he was weak. Meanwhile he paced mechanically to and fro, now at the side of the king's tent, and anon a little to the rear. He seemed to be oblivious to things around him, for a slight sound which brought Emrys for a moment to a stand-still made no impression on him. For once in his life he was off his guard while on duty. His own impending doom made him forget that the king might be in danger. Emrys heard him for the hundredth time slowly and with measured tread approaching the farthest end of his prescribed course, as he tried to divine what the sound he had heard meant; then an arrow whizzed close by his ear while his comrade fell heavily to the ground. Instantly a thousand thoughts seemed to crowd into his mind, and a multitude of conflicting emotions seemed to rush into his heart; yet he managed to raise an alarm that roused the whole camp within hearing, and that immediately brought the reserve to the spot. Emrys stammered an explanation of what had happened as he led the captain of the guard with a few others to where his friend lay; then he was completely overcome by his feelings when he found that he had been pierced through the heart. Nor were the other guards unmoved by the sight, for the murdered soldier was a general favorite. Emrys alone, however, knew of his presentiment, and of the promise he had made to him a few hours before—a promise which he duly fulfilled.

Of course the murder of the guard is generally understood to have been a part of a plot to assassinate the king, and there were many conjectures as to who the traitors were. Most, however, were wide of the mark, while a few, among them once Trahaiarn, guessed more accurately; yet even they could produce no evidence that they had fixed on the right persons. Nor was anything done that night in the way of investigation, the matter being deferred till morning. It was thought advisable, however, to set twelve instead of four to guard the king's tent during the rest of the night, which was entirely unnecessary since one of the traitors was already a considerable distance from the camp, and the other, who was none other than Einion ap Howel, meditated no further evil at present. It was he that had shot the arrow at Emrys, and it was Idrys, who had been introduced to Gryffydd and Algar as the Armorican lord, that had murdered the other guard. This was the day after Idrys' followers had secretly left the camp to meet at an appointed place where Idrys rejoined them after the alarm was raised.

CHAPTER XI.

Woe to the Vanquished.

"What! here already Einion? Any man, thou hast once at least led a march on old Sol. But thou hast never been a good hound, and if thou mistake not thou hast scented the

ravening wolves that prowled around my tent last night."

"The noble son of Llewelyn has too generous an opinion of his unworthy vassal, especially in this instance, as the trail is so plain that a dog without either scent or sight could follow it. My lord, the king, remembers the Armorican lord who with his followers arrived last night?"

"The treacherous villain! why didst thou not bring him here, that I might spit upon him, and place my foot upon his neck, and fling his black soul to Annwn!"

"Can the fowler catch the bird that has escaped from the nest? No more can the Armorican lord be brought before the royal Gryffydd."

"Merciful heavens! and have ye permitted that traitor also to escape? By St. David, I will have you all hung as conspirators! But not before I learn when he left the camp."

"I only know, my lord king, that he has left; but there be those, who perchance, may know the time he and his followers fled the camp. Cadivor ap Collwyn with whom he arrived methinks is not missing."

Acting upon this suggestion of the wily Einion, who evidently desired to turn both the king's wrath and suspicion to another quarter, Gryffydd immediately sent an officer with an escort of four men to bring the innocent chief before him.

(Continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

Were it not for the fashion which has recently become prevalent of denying the title of the Welsh people to be called Celts, I think I should take for a text this time the remark of Renan's, that it does not seem as though in any epoch of its history the Celtic race had any aptitude for political life. "It does not appear," says he, "that the people which favor it are by themselves susceptible of progress. To them, life appears as a fixed condition, which has no power to alter. Endowed with little initiative, too much inclined to look upon themselves as minors and in tutelage, they are quick to believe in destiny and resign themselves to it. Seeing how little audacious they are against God, one would scarcely believe this race to be a daughter of Japheth." But whether we be Celts or not, I do not hesitate to say that the ideality and impracticability which is usually considered characteristic of Celtic nations is very much in evidence in the history of the Welsh people also.—Young Wales.

Throughout the Welsh-speaking portions of Pembrokeshire, not more than 15 to 20 per cent. of the total number of wage-earners in agriculture would, I think, be members of any benefit club; and the same statement would perhaps equally apply to the greater part of the two neighboring counties also.

Nowhere are laborers more indifferent to the advantages of Friendly Societies than in Anglesey (where malingering had a large share in destroying such clubs as did exist), and in that county the percentage of outdoor pau-

pers amounts to 4.6 and 5.6 in the Anglesey and Holyhead Unions respectively. Comparatively little use of clubs is also made among laborers of the Pwllheli Union.—Young Wales.

Contents of "Young Wales" for September: Technical Education in Wales, by L. J. Roberts; The Agricultural Laborer in Wales, by D. Ll. Thomas; Christian Literature, by Professor R. Lentzner; the Welsh Coal Dispute, by Gwilym Hughes, Cardiff; Our Sunday Note Book, by William George; The Quest of Mabon and Faithful unto Death. Frontispiece, Mabon, Esq., M. P.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for October is as interesting as usual with choice bits for children, as well as people of maturer age. It opens on a portrait of the Rev. W. R. Jones (Goleufryn), who lately departed this life after a career of usefulness. It has other attractive illustrations, short essays, sketches of Welsh celebrities, and poems.

"Cymru'r Plant" also should be widely patronized by Welsh youth. The children of Wales could not spend their pennies to better advantage and profit to themselves than by subscribing to such monthlies as "Trysorfa y Plant" and "Cymru'r Plant." They show excellent good taste, and furnish the young with beautiful reading.

"Y Cronicle" for October has the usual variety of articles, essays, skits, sketches and poems. The Denominational Notes, by Keinion, is an essential part of this instructive monthly, fol-

ed by a variety department; the Independent Fathers, by the Rev. W. J. Morris (this being the seventh sketch); History of the Month, by the Editor; and Notices.

Under the caption "Work for the winter," the editor makes the following sensible remarks: "By the time these notes are in print, all shall have returned from their vacations, from the mountains and the seashore. Let us hope that the members of our Sunday schools, our churches, our church choirs, will be as eager to resume operations as they were to go away to enjoy themselves, and that they will show the same longing to accomplish some Christian work. Doubtless, the churches in North Wales are crippled by the great strike, but let us keep in mind the great promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Let us depend more on the spiritual side of Christ's work. I know a minister who declined a call from a church until the members promised not to raise money to help the good cause by means of lectures, concerts, tea parties, bazaars and other secular devices. He invited his people to give to the Lord for His sake, and not in response to mechanical schemes. There was some opposition to his plan for a while, especially on the part of the ladies who were enamored of the mercenary and restaurant ways of replenishing the church treasury; but the more Christian way proved successful, and the members would not think of turning to the old style."

The contents of "Drysorfa" for October are excellent in material and variety. The Rev. William Evans, M. A. (Pembroke Dock (with portrait); the Welsh Calvinistic Hymnal of the 18th, by the Rev. Thomas Levi; Reminiscences, by the Rev. B. Hughes, St. Asaph; The Teaching of Christ and the Teaching of Paul, by the Rev. Joseph

Evans, Denbigh; Monthly Notes, Editor's Table, Obituaries, &c.

We are not writing this to criticise all the proceedings of the Baptist Union Convention held at Aberdare, but to draw attention to one resolution passed, viz., that a deputation be sent to all the English Baptists who are free, to request them to return to the fold of restricted communion. Close communions do not permit the unbaptized by immersion to partake of the Lord's Supper with them; and the Welsh Baptists are all of this restricted class. Not even the most godly and the most celebrated among the Calvinistic Methodists, in fact, not even the Archbishop of Canterbury, if present amongst them, would be allowed to sit and commune with them. This not only shows extreme narrow-mindedness, but also a noxious inconsistency. Unimmersed ministers are allowed to preach in Baptist pulpits, and take part in all their meetings. Baptist ministers will also often visit churches of other denominations, and preach and pray for the success of the cause, calling their members "brethren;" and yet they draw a line at the communion table!—Drysorfa.

"Cwrs y Byd" in addition to being independent and non-sectarian, is largely devoted to the cause of labor. It always evinces a deep interest in the condition of the laboring classes, and is not afraid to express its views regarding the scandalous relations (no better than barbarous, very often) between the capitalist and the workman, especially the landlord and the hard-pressed farmer and the agricultural laborer. All Welsh monthlies and periodicals ought to turn their attention more directly and more positively to advocating the rights of the common people. What is the good of religion, education, art, culture, &c., unless they are practically interested to elevate and relieve

the oppressed and down-trodden masses? Unless they help, they become an increased burden.

Why do not our philosophers introduce into the midst of society something truly practical, something that will benefit really every child. Libraries, museums, gymnasiums, expositions, and other amusements deserve our thanks, but make them reachable to the masses. A man recently attended a lecture on Astronomy, and for a while he was interested in the way the lecturer described the heavenly bodies, Jupiter and Saturn, &c., when suddenly somebody in the back of the hall in mournful tones, shouted, "Gentlemen, where can I have a piece of bread? I haven't had any since yesterday!"—"Cwrs y Byd."

The "Cerddor" has the following articles among others of interest: Musical Enthusiasm among the Welsh, What is it? "Once Again, Dear Wales," by D. Protheroe, Mus. Bac.; Our Musicians (No. 32), by D. J.; Reviews, Reports of Concerts, Eisteddfodau, Musical Festivals, &c. The "Cerddor" keeps up its high standard of ability and usefulness.

Anent the great multitude that crowded to hear the choral competition at Festiniog, the "Cerddor" says: "What went they out for to see? Did they go out there to show their love of music, or rather to witness a musical contest? We are afraid they went there to enjoy the pleasure of the excitement of the fight." This is shown also, by the fact that these fighting choirs after each contest, collapse, or rather, are mustered out, until the next call to arms. There is not sufficient interest among the Welsh to establish choirs for the sake of music alone. These contesting choirs are volunteers or musical Rough Riders, who although they are excellent musical fighters, are yet not

regulars, carefully and permanently trained and devoted to the art.

"Dysgedydd" for October has the following articles, etc.: The Minister in the Light of Christ's Example, by the Rev. W. Parry Hughes, B.D., Dolgelley; The Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin, by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; A Review of the books of the preceding age, by the Rev. D. Griffith, Bethel; Married Life, by the Rev. T. Roberts; Sunday School Notes, Mission Intelligence, &c.

The October "Geninen" is a splendid number, and has an excellent supply of articles on interesting subjects and questions of the day: The Vale of Clwyd, by Isaac Foulkes; The Spiritual Tendency in our History and Literature, by the Rev. Elvet Lewis; The New God, by "Truth Against the World;" In Memory of Departed Celebrities; The Settlement of the Normans in Wales, by the Rev. J. Rhys Morgan, D. D. (Lleuwrwg); Is the Welsh Language Dying? by Mr. J. E. Southall; Pembrokeshire Diet, by Mr. Thomas Rees, M. A.; New Testament Criticism, by Professor Young Evans; Welsh Calvinism and the Church in Wales, by the Rev. David Jones, B. A.; The Eisteddfod and the Gorsedd, by the Rev. Ben Davies; Slate Quarries and Quarrymen, by Glaslyn; The National Eisteddfod at Festiniog, by Gwerinwr; Parts of Wales, by Watcyn Wyn; Correspondencies, poems, poetical relics and curiosities, &c., &c.

In his article on the spiritual characteristics of the Welsh people, the Rev. Elvet Lewis proceeds: Science has not been permitted to talk (siarad) in the Welsh language except in spiritual terms. Geology led Hiraethog and helped him to behold Emmanuel, the centre of creation. The first book on Evolution among the Welsh applied the

ples to theological doctrines, viz.,
 all, incarnation, the atonement and
 resurrection. Every science, hither-
 has entered Welsh literature
 gh the theological ingress, and it
 not appear that we will have an-
 way of introducing science for a
 e at least. This spiritual idiosyn-
 has taken possession to a large
 at of our place-names; our chapel
 es have expanded over whole dis-
 —being bestowed on works, and
 on saloons! And what is our Elis-
 od but a kind of religious amuse-
 ? Biblical and theological subjects
 given the bards to rhyme on; and
 essayists are expected to be expert
 ogians if they wish to compete in
 e with any show or success. If a
 y literary theme is offered, the
 etitors become suspicious and shy
 . If Elisteddfodic committies are
 enough to make the experiment.
 contestants are likely to handle it
 it were heathenish, or in other
 s, they will know very little about

According to an article in the "Dys-
 dd," England has at last, been
 sed to a sense of the great danger
 threatens the church through the
 achment of the Ritualistic party.
 this protesting movement, we are
 indebted to the church authorities
 selves. The archbishops and the
 ps seem to be helpless and in-
 erent. The rescuing party comes out
 e lay portion of the establishment
 by a layman, John Kensit, book-
 r, of Paternoster Row, London.
 Kensit has been for years a mem-
 of the Protestant Alliance, and has
 also carefully watching the move-
 ts of the clerical party. Once or
 e he protested against the empty
 mony of electing bishops who had
 previously appointed by the
 rnment. In the London School

Board election, last winter, he was can-
 didate as an Independent Protestant
 against the Church nominee, supported
 by the ritualistic element. His can-
 didacy drew considerable attention, and
 although defeated, it became evident
 that he had a host of supporters, and
 that the cause he championed was in-
 creasing in popularity. A little in-
 censed by his defeat, he announced that
 he was determined to grapple with the
 ritualistic evil and impede its progress
 by every possible means. Good Friday
 he attended one of the most ritualistic
 churches in London, and when the
 priest was parading a cross for adora-
 tion by the people, Mr. Kensit was so
 shocked that he snatched it, for which
 he was tried and fined for disturbing
 public worship. His plea was that the
 priest was the offender, his practices
 being contrary to the Book of Common
 Prayer; and so the papistic ceremony
 which he disturbed could not be public
 worship according to law. The ruling
 was in his favor. This served to make
 him bolder. He attended other churches
 for the purpose of protesting against
 these clerical masquerades. By this
 time, his followers were increasing, and
 thence forth, the movement has
 gathered strength, and promises in the
 near future a thorough victory over
 this un-Christian and un-English cler-
 ical invasion. He has instituted a reg-
 ular campaign of protestation through
 English and Welsh towns, exasperating
 the clerics, and affording the people
 considerable instruction and amuse-
 ment. His views and teachings are
 correct, but his performances are not
 always commendable, although the
 daring of the clergy and the indifference
 and hebetude of the bishops call for
 some efficient way of meeting with op-
 position the second advent of popedom.
 This modern Luther will eventually
 bring about the disestablishment and
 the liberation of religion in England.

SCIENTIFIC

A German biologist, says "The Medical Record," has calculated that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die, and are succeeded by new ones every day. At this rate, assuming the correctness of the German's guess, we get an entirely new brain every sixty days.

Two French mechanics have placed an electric motor upon the shaft effecting the necessary movements of a sewing machine. Freed from the driving belt and pulley, the machine is very compact, and a small current drives it at speeds which may be varied from 180 to 1,500 revolutions per minute.

An electric reading apparatus has been devised for the blind by a French electrician. It consists of a comb just covering the height of the letters, and having five small points or teeth, which emit momentary sounds of different pitch as they cross the lines forming a letter. The succession of the sounds is thus made characteristic of the letter. If the teeth were made of selenium, the electric current would vary as the intensity of the light varies, and any one of several devices could be used to transform the variations into sounds.

SOMETHING ABOUT PAPER.

The Chinese made paper from fibrous substances, especially from wool and cotton, at a very early time—at least two hundred years before Christ; but Western Asia did not have any fibrous paper until about 704 A. D., when the Arabs began its manufacture. The oldest paper manuscript now in existence bears the date of 866 A. D., a treatise on the sayings of Mohammed. Much of the first paper was made from the

papyrus plant. The earliest known European use of paper is about 1250 A. D. The first known manufacture of paper in Europe was by the Moors of Spain.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON SUGAR.

Although real maple sugar is in England a scarce and rare luxury, yet in parts of our American territory the sugar-maple is still one of the most plentiful of trees. A tribe of Indians in Manitoba depend, indeed, for their very existence on this sweet sap, which they collect in birch-bark vessels, and evaporate by throwing hot stones into it. Venison and rabbits and ears of corn are boiled in the sap, and thus treated will keep during the winter. Sugar sap is also extracted by this tribe from the silver-maple and box-elder. In the winter of 1887 a number of these Indians were found to have been living on nothing but pine sugar for over four weeks.

A CONTRIBUTION.

In a recent lecture in London, Sir Robert Ball said that on a most moderate computation scores of tons of meteoric matter were added each day to the previous mass of the earth. Meteoric particles were found on Alpine snows, in Atlantic ooze, in the motes of the sunbeam. "Grains of corn owed something to the gentle rain" of meteoric matter, as well as to the gentle rains of a more familiar description. The loaf as it came to the table contained within it particles which had voyaged for uncounted thousands of centuries of time through illimitable millions of miles of space. Thus to

provide the actual material of our bodily frame, the remotest realms of space had been laid under contribution. 'The life of everyone present was at that moment in intimate association with particles that had been brought hither by shooting stars.'

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ITS ORIGIN SEEMS TO BE FOUND IN EARLY RELIGIOUS OBSERV- ANCES.

What is the origin of tattooing? Religion, which has so much power over peoples, and which proves so obstinate in preserving ancient customs, has certainly contributed to maintain it among the more barbarous part of our populations. We see a quasi official proof of it at Lorette. Those who cultivate a devotion for a saint believe that by engraving his image on their flesh they will give him a proof, a clear testimony, of their love. We know that the Phœnicians marked the sign of their divinity on their foreheads (Ewald, *Judaischen Alterthum*, iii). In the Marshall islands they have to ask the permission of the gods to tattoo themselves, and the priests alone in New Zealand perform the office of tattooing (Scherzer). Lubbock adds to this that a woman who does not wear a tattoo mark cannot enjoy eternal felicity. The women of Britain tattooed themselves in obedience to religion (Pliny, 33).

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CARRIES AN UMBRELLA.

The frilled lizard is found in Australian woods, being tolerably abundant in north Queensland and the Kimberley district of Western Australia. It lives on beetles such as are found on the tree barks. It has some characteristics of which Nature tells. It is about three feet long, measured from head to tail point. What makes it remarkable con-

sists of two things—its hurried walk and its fighting anger.

It carries a sort of natural umbrella top about its neck, which it elevates suddenly with an alarming effect, even to ordinary lizard killing dogs, scaring them as an umbrella opened in the face of a charging bull. Hence it is called the frilled lizard. Its teeth are not of much use as a defense against a vigorous animal, but when it fights it uses its long, lithe tail in a way to bring long bruises on one's hands—in fact, could it be properly trained, it might serve as an automatic switch, which, like the magic rub-a-dub-dub stick, would at the word administer a thrashing to the disobedient child.

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HEALTH PRESERVERS.

Nothing is more efficient to prevent intestinal disorders through the changing season than the wearing of abdominal bands. A physician says that he never lets a friend or a patient go abroad without a supply of them in his trunk. Now that they are obtainable at most shops, there is no excuse for not adding them to the traveling or stay-at-home wardrobe. It is a regulation of the British army in India that every soldier shall wear a woollen band. The government supplies the bands and considers it the best sort of investment, cases of cholera among the band-wearers being almost unknown. At a department store where the bands are sold the clerk asserts that the demand is steadily increasing, showing that the use of them in this country is being appreciated. A common complaint among tourists, particularly bicycling tourists in Europe, is what the French call "fatigue de Pestomac," and for this ailment, which is indigestion produced by over-exercise, nine out of ten continental physicians will recommend the bands.

A VALUABLE PLANT.

A plant is cultivated in New Zealand with great care and on a great scale, says "Cosmos," which has the singular property of destroying the moths that infest vegetation. This valuable plant is the *Auraglia albens*. It is a native of South Africa, but is easily acclimated wherever there is no frost. It produces a large number of whitish flowers of an agreeable odor, which attract insects. On a summer evening may be seen bushes of auraglia covered with moths, which by the following morning have quite disappeared. The action of the flower is entirely mechanical. The calyx is deep and the nectar is placed at its base. Attracted by the sight and powerful perfume of this nectar, the moth penetrates into the calyx and pushes forward its proboscis to get the precious food, but before it is able to do this, it is seized between two solid jaws that guard the passage, and that keep the insect prisoner until it dies.—Translated for "The Literary Digest."

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SAWDUST.

Sawdust, says "The National Druggist," in spite of the various uses to which it has been put in the arts and industries, still constitute a waste product, in America at least. It has recently been found, however, that not only the sawdust, but all the refuse of saw-mills may be advantageously utilized in the manufacture of calcium carbide. For this purpose the dust, scraps, slabs, etc., are carbonized by a rapid and simple process, and in this condition furnishes a charcoal especially valuable in this direction. The charcoal is run through an apparatus for reducing it to a fine powder, and this latter is mixed with an equal quantity of quicklime, and the mixture submitted for ten hours to an electrical cur-

rent of intensity sufficient to melt iron. The production of the carbide commences at once, and in the stated time is complete, the resultant material being in masses convenient to go at once into commerce.

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THE UNIFORM OF THE SOLDIER.

The returning regiments, clad in all kinds of costumes, have aroused considerable curiosity on the subject of uniforms in general. It is said that the Emperor Valerius Maximus ordered the Roman soldiers to wear red, so they would not be frightened at the sight of their own blood, and even now red forms a conspicuous part of the uniforms among the French and British forces. Red has been ruled out of our own army of recent years, except for facings, largely upon the theory that the color was too conspicuous to carry into the field. This is not, however, strictly true, if we rely upon experiments made by the European military experts. German rifle range practice has shown that a blue target is hit three times, while a red target is hit once. Other interesting tests have been made with a view to determining the distance that soldiers are visible; and out of a squad of ten soldiers clad in gray, scarlet, dark blue, and green, dark gray was the color that remained longest in view; next came the dark blue with the dark gray, while scarlet was the second to disappear, being excelled only by the dark gray.

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A common house fly is not very rapid in its flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second, and send it through the air 25 feet, under ordinary circumstances, in that space of time. When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it can increase its rate of speed to over 160 feet per second.



Pennant describes his book as "a complete tour of the most civilized parts of Wales." It is a pity he did not describe the other parts.

Swansea Bay is said to resemble that of Naples more than any other in Europe. Then Cwmavon Mountain, with its conspicuous smoke-stack, does duty for Vesuvius.

There is only one chapel in Gomer, Ohio, and to this place of worship people of all creeds, races, and many colors go. Fortunately, they are all Welsh.

An old house in Builth is pointed out to this day as the one where Llewelyn Pritchard, the author of "Twm Shon Catti," lived for many years, eking out a poor existence by the sale of books. And the distance of a good constitutional walk from the old shop brings one to the side of the Eppynt, famous for its connection with Cardiff as the birth-place of Penry the martyr.

There is only a bare tradition to show that Handel composed "The Messiah" after a visit to a Llangethic cymanfa. The fact, however, that he composed that immortal work in a fortnight proves that he must have received a tremendous "hwyl" from somewhere.

It is a fact worth noting—although it is not altogether to the credit of an ancient institution—that Mr. Thomas Gee was never inside the circle of the Gorsedd till last summer in Festiniog.

There the Archdruid caught sight of the Denbigh patriarch in the crowd, and called him into the sacred circle.

A letter received recently from Mr. J. E. Thomas, who is a Welshman and the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society at Rome, states that 30,421 copies of the Bible were sold at the depot under his supervision during the last year. Mr. Thomas says that the greater number of them were sold to Romans living in the city.

Gluck, the German scholar, said, after consulting Dr. Owen Pughe's Welsh dictionary:—"I was stunned, my hair stood erect, my voice stuck in my throat. The dictionaries of O'Reilly and Owens seems to have been compiled solely for the purpose of satisfying Celtomania. They can, by these aids, explain words and names in every language."

The witty old preacher, Griffith Jones, Tregarth, was met one day by a celebrated Welsh lawyer, who, wishing to get some fun out of the old preacher, asked him:—"I have heard that the Pope and the devil are going to law, Griffith Jones. Which of them will win the suit, think you?" "I don't know, Mr. R.—. The Pope has more money, but the devil has all the lawyers."

By the death of "Ivon" Wales has lost a delightful story-teller. "Ivon" was one of the leading figures in the National Eisteddfod of 1865 at Aberystwyth.

He was an excellent writer of Welsh—classical and colloquial. His wide knowledge of native folk-lore was unsurpassed. "Sten Sioned," one of the most pleasant little books of Welsh stories, was the product of his own pen and that of his life-long friend, Canon Silvan Evans.

"Bring up this child in the way he should go," said the minister at a christening; "perhaps he will become a Christmas Evans or a John Elias. What is his name?" "Mary, sir," answered the mother.

"Now, boys," said Kilsby, addressing the Bala students, "aim to become great preachers; and if you see that you can't be great preachers, marry girls with money; and if you can't do that, God help you!"

The University College at Cardiff seems clearly destined, from its location in the heart of the only populous district in the Principality, to outstrip her sisters at Aberystwyth and Bangor in at least one sense. The number of day students at Cardiff last session was 431—263 men, 163 women; at Aberystwyth, 358—198 men, 160 women; and at Bangor, 259—176 men, 83 women. Cardiff therefore already exceeds Aberystwyth by 73, and Bangor by 172.

Few chapters in the history of Indian missions are more interesting than that of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists among the Khasia and Jaintia hills. It is (says the "Manchester Guardian") a well-worked mission, and one of the most economical. Some of the native preachers are likely to be sent to Bala for their theological training under Principal Edwards. There are certain objections to that course which appear on the surface; on the other hand, each native student will be an "object lesson," whose presence in the Principality

should deepen the interest of the Welsh people in their Indian missions. It is also stated that the American Churches propose to do the same for their theological students. Dr. Edwards's dream may not be realized of one college for Wales, but if Bala becomes the home of Indian and American students the reality will be greater than the dream.

It was once the general custom in Wales for gentlemen to farm out their children, like hounds, for nurture. The advantages of such a system were great. It fostered love between gentry and peasantry, and thorough familiarity with the people gave a young nobleman a solid, broad base for his future rule. He would learn the vernacular, and it is a coincidence that when the custom ceased to be observed a marked estrangement became noticeable between the Welsh gentry and the people. Thomas Pennant was one of the last Welsh gentlemen reared on that good old plan.

Although the solid history of the See of Bangor begins at the Norman Conquest, it can go further back than this comparatively modern origin. There was a Bishop Deiniol or Daniel, to whom the Cathedral was dedicated, who died A.D. 584. The names of a few other early prelates are also known, including that of one who accompanied Prince Howel Dda to Rome. During the earlier history of the diocese the Churchmen of Bangor more than once resisted the intrusion as prelates of those who were not Welsh.

Felix Remo, a Frenchman, thus rhapsodises on the antiquity of Welsh music:—"When the world was yet chaos, music took root in Wales. Despising Noah's ark, Welshmen possessed a ship to themselves during the time of the deluge. The melodies sung by

ing David, the prophet, were Welsh, were also the warlike airs made use in the wars of Troy. King Arthur, the Round Table, was a Welshman; conquered Europe, lived 600 years, and composed a symphony," &c.

When the late Thomas Hughes, Machynlleth, was preaching in a country chapel on a Sunday afternoon, he noted that many in the congregation were dozing during the sermon. The man paused for several seconds, and then went on quietly to relate an anecdote to this effect:—"Once upon a time there was a man who kept many pigs, and one of the pigs was so different from the others that horns grew on its head." Several of the sleepers closed their eyes. "Ah!" said the old man. "I thought so. You are all ready to listen to a lie, but when I preach to you God's gospel truth you sleep and are like the pigs themselves."

This is the "Cardiff Times" opinion of the "Drych:" "The 'Drych,' the Welsh-American organ published in America, is one of the best weekly papers the United States of America possess. It began to appear in 1851, and has been gathering strength ever since. In the quality of its matter and the purity of its style, the 'Drych,' with possibly only one exception, stands second to no other Welsh journal published in the Principality. Its short leaderettes and special articles, which have for many years been a great feature, attract widespread interest, and are not infrequently reproduced entire in the columns of the vernacular papers of the Principality."

The Welsh "hwy!" requires much fanning. When it comes, the sermon changes from a solo to a chorus. The method of developing it is called "gorthl" (feeding) by means of exhortations from the audience, begin-

ning with an emphatic "hm," then "le," "da iawn," "diolch," "gogoniant," and ending in a general "wbwb," as old Tonyrefail used to say. The "hwy!" during the singing of a prayer has a certain blending and melting fittingness, but in a sermon you seldom hear an argument set to this music.

Welsh Nonconformity has suffered terribly from what an English writer calls the "pains of a new idea." Great pain was caused by the fashion of turning the hair, instead of keeping it like the straw thatch of a cottage. Then the umbrella shocked the faithful as a display of sinful pride. The late Rev. John Davies, Congregational minister of Cardiff, nearly lost a call once by wearing a black ribbon to his watch, which cost him two pence. The late Dr. Thomas Rees, of Swansea, interceded for him, and received the black ribbon as a present. The Sunday bicycle now is the painful idea.

One of the most prominent and romantic characters of the Chartist Riots of 1839 was recently laid to rest among the hills of Kentucky in the person of Lewis Baxter, the bugler of the movement at Llanidloes. It was Baxter's "corn hir," as the bugle was then called, that summoned together the clans on the memorable 30th of April, 1839, when the officers of Lord John Russell were forced to seek refuge in the Trewythen Arms Hotel, which they held in vain against the fury of the rioters. To recount the scenes of those stirring days of his youth was the greatest delight of Baxter in his old age.

The growth of social life and municipal spirit in Wales has been comparatively rapid of late. One of its more useful forms is the provision of good house accommodation for the working classes. At many centres the municipal

authority has profited financially by the erection of workmen's dwellings, and at the same time provided a public boon. An interesting experiment in this line is being made by Mr. Chidlaw Roberts, at Dolgelly, where good houses are none too plentiful. He is building 32 new houses for working men on the best modern sanitary principles, and already the applications outnumber the houses. In the older seaside resorts of Wales there seems to be in this matter a fine opportunity for the genuine speculator.

The "Goleuad" is at least not wanting in courage. It goes for our great men quite pluckily. Recently it had a shot at Chancellor Silvan Evans in connection with his great Welsh-English dictionary, complaining of some quotations selected by the canon to illustrate the literary use and meaning of words. It takes, for example, the words *Dirwest*, *Dirwestwr*, *Capel*, and *Cape'wr*. The meaning is given quite exactly and impartially; but the illustrative passages after the meaning certainly suggest a desire to cast aspersions upon Nonconformity and Nonconformists. The "Goleuad" reminds the Chancellor that the object of his great work is to give the meaning of Welsh words, and not to incorporate with them his own ecclesiastical views. It is common knowledge that the chancellor, although thoroughly Welsh in sympathy, is fearfully "Churchy," and it is just as well that he should be warned against mixing up Chancellor Evans the parson with Chancellor Evans the lexicographer.

A very useful edition of the Welsh classics is a volume being published by Mr. Isaac Foulkes. The first consisted of "Y Bardd Cwac," the second volume out now, is a complete edi-

tion of "Llyfr y Tri Aderyn," by Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd. The editor states that the spelling, etc., of the original edition, the only one published during the life of the author, have been followed as far as possible. Readers will consequently find unfamiliar Welsh in places, but the editor hopes that they will be repaid for any extra trouble by having the work as Morgan Llwyd himself left it. The price is only 3d., the paper and print are good, and the size is crown 12mo. Cheap books such as these ought really to popularize the Welsh classics.

For about seventy years the Calvinistic Methodists evinced a deep attachment to the Book of Common Prayer, and the leaders had to resort to a subterfuge in order to wean the affections of the people from the old book. The book was used in Llangeltho Chapel until about eighty-five years ago. Mr. Richard, Tregaron, and Mr. Williams, Lledrod, put their heads together to devise a plan, and they fixed on David Jones, Dolau Bach, a newly-converted Llangeltho man, of much courage, to "break" the people in. He was asked to recite a chapter from the Bible at the point when the "lessons" were to be read, and while old Davydd Sisyllt, who had acted as clerk in former services, was hunting up the "places." Mr. Williams called upon David Jones to recite the eighth chapter of Proverbs. Mr. Williams then prayed and preached, and the Book of Common Prayer was used no more at the chapel. It was a bit of a wrench, and was not made without pain nor remembered without regret.

The most popular Welsh historical romance in English is George Borrow's "Wild Wales," in which the proportions of fact and fiction are about equal.

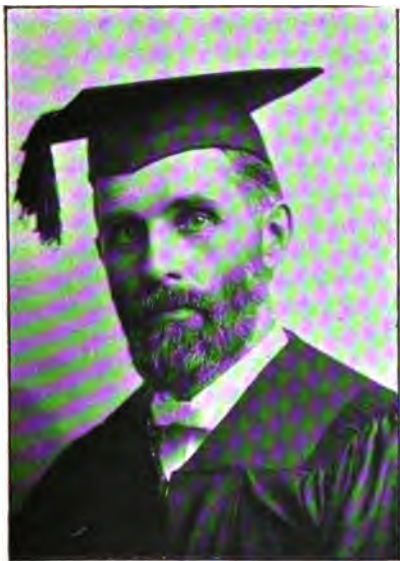
PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

PROF. W. W. DAVIES, PH. D., OHIO
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

William Walter Davies was born May 10, 1848, at Tygwyn, parish of Llan-y-bi, near Lampeter, in the county of Cardigan, South Wales. He was the ninth child of David and Mary Davies.

business. He spent two years here, and two in Dowlais.

In the summer of 1866 he emigrated from Wales, at the age of eighteen, and like many a Welsh youth was intent upon making his fortune at once in the new world. He settled in Cincinnati, Ohio, where his brother John, now of



Prof. W. W. Davies, Ph. D.

His father was a man of sterling integrity and had high notions of education. Though a man of no great means, he spent a considerable sum, for those days, upon the education of his children. William, like his brothers and sisters, had all the privileges that the country schools of Llangybi and Bettws offered them. Truly these were not many great.

At the age of fourteen he left his native village, and went to Aberdare, where he was apprenticed to the tea

St. Louis, Mo., was then a resident. Fortune did not smile upon our hero, for the young clerk had to wait many a week before any opening was found for him in his chosen work. It was not till several moons had changed that the late Richard Griffiths, the well-known tea merchant of Cincinnati, offered him a place in his store on 5th and Sycamore. The days spent in the employ of Mr. Griffiths were among the pleasantest of his life. He remained here for nearly two years, when an im-

portant change was made in his life-work.

While at Cincinnati he became acquainted with the late Rev. Benjamin Chidlaw, D. D., and also with John Davis, M. D. The latter in connection with his wife, one of the most cultured ladies of Cincinnati, had a Bible class in the Sunday School of Trinity M. E. Church. Quite providentially the young Welshman wandered into this Bible class. He at once attracted attention in more than one way. His Welsh dress, his Welsh brogue, and his Welsh knowledge of the Bible brought him into prominence at once. He was fond of theological discussion, and it was not quite safe for those not so well trained in Biblical literature and history to cross swords with him. Drs. Chidlaw and Davis were great friends, and determined among themselves that young Davies should give up weighing tea and coffee, and try to get a little more culture and education, so that he might use his Bible knowledge to a greater advantage. Dr. Chidlaw was commissioned by an elect lady to find a young man desiring to study for the ministry; she was willing to pay all the expenses, both at college and the Theological Seminary. The preference was to be given to a Presbyterian, or one who would become a minister in that church. Dr. John Davis, of blessed memory, thought that he had first claims, perhaps basing his claim on the right of discovery. He was also of the opinion that it would be a wrong to his Sunday School scholar to pay his way through college and seminary, thinking that every man ought to be able with little help and encouragement to make his own way. Dr. Chidlaw yielded, found another man who is now doing very efficient work as the pastor of a very influential and wealthy Presbyterian church in one of our large cities.

In the fall of 1868 we find the name of

William Walter Davies, Llangybi, South Wales, enrolled among the new matriculates of the Ohio Wesleyan University. He was graduated A. B. from this school in 1872, doing the work of six years in four. He made himself a good name in Greek and Hebrew. While at Delaware he became acquainted with a large number of men who since that time have become quite distinguished in Church and State, such men as Senator Foraker of Ohio, and Senator Fairbanks of Indiana.

We next find him in September, 1872, a student at the Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. His work here was above the average man, as is evidenced by the fact that the Faculty granted him his degree, B. D., in less than one half the usual time, on condition that he should study in one of the German universities.

Acting upon the advice of Bishop Hurst he entered the University of Halle in the year 1874. On the way to the Fatherland he spent about three months in visiting his father and other relatives in Wales.

He reached Halle in May, 1874, became connected with that great institution at once, first devoting all his time to the mastery of the German language. At the expiration of three years he succeeded in passing the final examination, receiving the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D. His professors in Halle were Tholuck, Julius Mueller, Riehm, Schlottmann, Gosche, Uinci and Haym. It was here that he became the fast friend of Prof. Hugo Schuchardt, the great Romance scholar, now a professor at Graetz, Austria. As some of our readers may know, Prof. Schuchardt is one of the few Germans who read and speak Welsh with fluency. He received most of his instruction in this language from student, or as the Germans say, *Studiosus* Davies. It was then custom to spend two hours daily in each other's company, generally walking in the open

air, the one talking German and the other Welsh.

After graduation at Halle, Mr. Davies having studied and read everything in the Cornish language, and considerable in the Breton (*Llydawaeg*), determined to visit Brittany or *Llydaw*, but as his knowledge of French was limited he went to Lausanne, Switzerland, attended lectures at the theological school of the Free Church; his principal object however was the mastery of the French spoken language. From Lausanne he went to Paris, and after a short stay at the French capital, where he had formed the acquaintance of Henri Gaidoz of the *Revue Celtique*, and the celebrated Semitic scholar Renan, who by the way was a full-blooded Breton, and an enthusiastic admirer of Celtic literature, betook himself to the little village of Tremel, where nothing but *Llydawaeg* was spoken. It was only about six weeks before he could freely converse in the ancient tongue of Brittany. It is a mistake to think that Welsh and Bretons can communicate with each other without considerable study.

In the summer of 1878 he returned to the new world, and was admitted on trial into the Central Ohio Conference, where he preached two years. During the second year, however, his efforts were divided between ministerial work and teaching Hebrew at his Alma Mater. In 1879 he was elected tutor of modern languages and Hebrew at the Ohio Wesleyan, and shortly afterwards full professor of German and Hebrew, a position which he has held to this day.

Prof. Davies has written much for the periodicals and religious press of this country. He has contributed to the Sunday School "Times," Sunday School "Journal," "The Christian Advocate," New York; Zion's "Herald," Boston; "The Western Christian Advocate," Cincinnati; Modern Language Notes, Johns Hopkins University, Chautau-

qua, "Y Drych," and many other papers. In the words of Prof. Parsons, writing an account of the Ohio Wesleyans for the Methodist "Centennial," "He is thoroughly advanced and critical, filling equally well the chairs of German and Hebrew. His contributions to literature are numerous and valuable, and he is widely known as the archaeological editor of the Methodist 'Review.'"

Prof. Davies while at Halle, Germany, met his wife, Miss Mary E. Chase of Auburn, Maine, who is a lady of much learning, especially fine in German and French. She also teaches in the Ohio Wesleyan University. They have two children living, and two gone to the better land.

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Anglophobia is dying, but it is not yet dead. The minister officiating in a Welsh chapel in Briton Ferry lately, opened the service in English. Two men—father and son—promptly got up and walked out.

Mr. O. M. Edwards, in the current number of "Cymru'r Plant," asks whether an attempt ought not to be made to secure as a national monument the old home of Dafydd ab Gwilym.

The late Dr. John Thomas, Liverpool, was one of the "Great Unpaid" of the Welsh periodical press. He once said to the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A.: "I have been writing to the 'Tyst' for twenty-five years, and if those writings were collected they would make ten volumes of the size of this Bible (little smaller than a pulpit Bible), but I have never received more payment than is now in my hand." He showed an empty hand.

Pedr Alaw, Mus. Bac., the well-known Welsh London musician, was married recently in Lincolnshire to the daughter of the late Rev. Michael Roberts, once vicar of Horncastle. The bride

was at one time on the tutorial staff of the Newnham Trinity College, but latterly was engaged on the nursing staff of the London Hospital.

It now appears that the writer of the Welsh column in the new "Welsh Catholic Herald," who signs himself "Gwas Teilo," is no Welshman, but a Londoner. This being so his column is not at all bad; many a Welshman bred and born writes very much worse Welsh for the matter of that. "Gwas Teilo's" Welsh is a considerable improvement on that of certain Welsh R. C. books of devotion that we have seen.

Why not use the bardic name for a surname for the sake of variety in that scarce Welsh article? Results: E. Thomas Cochfarf, D. Jones Cantref, E. Rees Dyfed. But, then there is one insuperable difficulty—some bardic names wouldn't fit the "missus" and misses, though more than one would like to try "Dyfed." But, seriously, it is a very sensible suggestion. Messrs. R. J. Derfel and W. Apmadoc are successful experiments. "Mabon" might drop his patronymic any day without causing a serious hitch in Imperial and international affairs. Some such reform of Welsh surnames was ordered by Henry VIII.

When he was in Cardiff last February Mr. Thomas Gee went in to look at the free library, and the sight of scores of people of all classes sitting down together in the reading-room affected him curiously. When he came out the tears were coursing down his cheeks. No doubt, the veteran was comparing the conditions of the present with the old ones he had himself done so much to change. Mr. Gee was naturally much drawn to the well-stocked Welsh section, and, finding he had some books

not represented in the Cardiff collection, he sent down a considerable parcel when he got home.

The Vicar-Apostolic of Wales has recently become the possessor of a mitre remarkable for its magnificence and exquisite workmanship. It is surmounted by a cross composed of 33 gems, and on the back are figures of the Welsh patron saints—St. David and St. Winifred—beautifully wrought in the Welsh colors, and surmounted by rubies, emeralds and pearls. At the apex appears the national emblem, an exact copy of the silver harp of the Caerwys Eisteddfod, which has remained in the possession of the Mostyn family for over three centuries.

The late Thomas Gee, the "Grand Old Man" of Wales, was a man of deep convictions; he labored for years as a preacher, bestowing his services gratuitously; he was a warm advocate of the Sunday School and temperance; and a reformer of comprehensive principles. He has done more than any other Welshman to enlighten the Welsh people. His publications have helped the cause of civilization in the Principality wonderfully; and his enterprise in publishing an Encyclopedia of knowledge among the Welsh is unparalleled in the history of the press. To a less courageous man, such an undertaking would have been foolhardy, but he had confidence in its practicability, and his labors were crowned with success. His sympathies and views were national in their operations. Under all his purposes, burned the true flame of religious faith, and all the ends he fought for were those of the substantial elevation and purification of society. He loved justice, goodness, purity and liberty.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is 39 years old. He graduated at Harvard at an early age, was elected to the head of his class, and at 23 was a member of the New York legislature. Two years later he was chairman of the important committee on naval affairs, and sat in the Republican National Convention. At 28 he was the Republican candidate for the mayoralty of New York. He was president of the United States civil service commission when he was 37 when president of the New York police board. The Hartford Courant says: "From that office he went to the naval department as assistant secretary. Now, at 39, he's the Republican candidate for the governorship of New York. He has given a fine account of himself in every position he has held, and he has been growing steadily. He was a model young legislator. Civil service reformers swear by his remarkable work as police commissioner is fresh in the public memory. His services in the navy department were so valuable that President McKinley and Secretary Long were very reluctant to let him go to the front. He was already distinguished, in an enviable way, before he went to the front; and his military service has only added to his fame."

An interesting story is told of the capture of the horses of one of the British regiments at Siboney. There was no way to walk them ashore, and so they were pricked with bayonets the horses were made to jump overboard. In the

water they were confused, not knowing which way to go; some swam out to sea and others in all directions but the one wanted. Finally the trumpeter on the bank sounded the call "stables," and every one of the swimming horses pointed his nose toward the shore, and was soon safe on land.

SOMETHING LIKE A SEARCH.

A Welshman who was in London when extensive sewerage operations were in progress lost his watch. He reported the matter to Scotland Yard, and the officials said they would leave no stone unturned to find the missing timekeeper. Shortly afterward Taffy again visited the metropolis and saw the street after street turned up. He was told that in all 36 miles of road were in the same condition. He rushed down to Scotland Yard and exclaimed to the wondering inspector:

"I didn't think I was giving you all this trouble. If you don't find the watch by Sunday, I wouldn't break up any more streets."

A HANDY CHURCH.

Church steeples are generally considered as of little use except for the sensation they cause by occasionally falling down, and for serving as a refuge for bells, which often disturb the repose of the community. It has been left for the village of Long Sutton to find a new municipal use for these miniature "star-pointing pyramids." The Urban district council of the place mentioned

have a fire engine and several lengths of hose, but are at a loss for a means of drying the latter after they have been washed in preparation for a conflagration, on any scale, that may take place. After due reflection they severally and conjointly evolved the brilliant idea of utilizing the steeple of the parish church for that purpose. The proposition that "hose" exhibited on a church might be construed by some as unauthorized ecclesiastical vestments, was considered frivolous, and the vicar was accordingly requested to make room for the articles. At first he demurred, finding no precedent for such a use of the church fabric, but after a long correspondence he seems to have conditionally granted assent.

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DERIVATION OF LYNCH LAW.

John Lynch, the terrible judge, was a native of South Carolina, who emigrated to Kentucky shortly after the pioneer, Daniel Boone, had established himself there. The settlers on the "dark and bloody ground," as Kentucky was then called, were far from any seat of justice, the nearest court-house being at a distance of 450 miles. The appointment of Lynch as a judge, and the first exercise of his jurisdiction, took place in the case of an Indian who stole a horse from Daniel Boone. The Indian was caught almost in the act, and Boone immediately instituted a court, and twelve jurors to try the offence. John Lynch was elected chief justice. The Indian was tried, convicted and sentenced to receive thirty-nine stripes, which were forthwith given. The authority thus given to Lynch was retained by him, and trials under "Lynch law" were held whenever an outrage was committed. Lynch was a daring, dissolute fellow, addicted to every species of vice. It has not been alleged, however, that his decisions were partial

or unjust. He outlived Boone, and resided during the better part of his life on an island in the Mississippi. The author of the geography of the Mississippi speaks of him as one of those remarkable men of the "buccaneers of the West."

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THE WEATHER DOES IT.

A man's badness depends largely on the atmosphere. When the barometer is up, then the world is cheerful, and maladies allow the sufferer to enjoy convalescence, and even pickpockets and murderers think seriously of earning an honest living. But when the barometer is depressed, then melancholia prevails, people who are sick are more likely to die, men contemplate suicide in order to find relief, and the murderer loads his gun. Men are not naturally bad; the difficulty is with the barometer. Fair weather, crime less; a low barometer, a crop of evils. Well, there may be something in it, for, now I think of it, a cold easterly storm always brings on my rheumatism, and I do feel like setting a house on fire or blowing some one up with dynamite. Is it all the fault of the barometer—or isn't it?

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PROMISED NOT TO DO IT AGAIN.

In 1757 a man-o'-war's man, Strahan by name, captured almost single-handed one of the forts on the Hogly. The fort, which was strongly situated, was invested by the admiral, and Strahan during the time of mid-day repose wandered off "on his own" in its direction. Gaining the walls without discovery, he took it into his head to scale a breach made by the cannon of the ships, and, on reaching the platform he flourished his cutlass and fired his pistol at "the niggers," shouting; "The place is mine!" The native soldiers at-

cked him, and he held his own with domitable pluck till reinforced by one two other tars, who had straggled out of camp and heard his huzzas.

The enemy, unprepared for this ill-considered attack, and fearing further invaders, fled from the fort upon the opposite side, leaving twenty cannon and a large store of ammunition. Much to Graham's surprise, he was lectured by the admiral for his breach of discipline, and he was dismissed with hints of future punishment. "Well," said Strahan, "if I'm flogged for this here action, I'm ——— if I ever take another fort long as I live!"

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CUBAN PATRIOTS.

There are many thousand Cuban farmakers in Florida, and the reason that they do not enlist to fight against Spain is that they can not march. Their peculiar employment unfits them for physical labor. They sit twelve hours a day upon benches with their legs served up under them. They never make any exercise; they smoke incessantly, drink vast quantities of strong coffee, and the muscles of their legs are flabby and without strength. They sit day after day rolling cigars without becoming tired, but few of them can walk more than a mile, it is said, without becoming exhausted. It is from this class that the junta has drawn money which has paid the expenses of the insurrection. In nearly all of these cigar factories Cubans have regularly given one day's pay a week for the benefit of the junta.

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LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

The laziest and dirtiest people in the world have recently been discovered in the Caucasus. They live in an inaccessible mountain range between the Black Sea and the Caspian sea, and as they

were 2,500 years ago, so they are to-day. Seen from without there is a certain picturesqueness about a Svanetian village, although it merely consists of miserable stone hovels without any attempt at form or adornment. Within the houses are inconceivably filthy. They are filled with rags, vermin and dirt of every description. They possess no fireplace or chimney. All the cooking, in fact, is done over a hole scooped out in the middle of the floor. In these houses men and women and children are huddled together; during the long winter months they are shut in for days at a time, the cattle often sharing their quarters. Every aperture has to be closed on account of the cold. This long imprisonment is, perhaps, the cause of the degradation of the people. Horrible diseases result from it, which are aggravated by abnormal consumption of arrack, the strong distilled drink of the Asiatics.

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ANCIENT DARKEY'S OPINION OF THE WAR.

"Now, you see," said old Uncle Aaron, "dem dar Spaniels hez dun run all der ships into de bush arbor fur ter keep outen le way of Uncle Sam's tarnado boats and steel bruisers, which is pow'ful bad thing to git mixed up wid, ennyhow.

"Now, old Mister Sampson dun got four big cattle-ships along wid his fleet, an' dey is eberry one covered clean up in solid iron planks, six foot thick, so hit am somply ompossible fur dem Spaniels ter shott froo de wall an' damage to beef supply. I tells yo' hit is a mighty good thing ter have plenty o' cattle-ships along an' to have 'um intirely protected.

"De papers don't say nuthin' 'bout old man Sam having of a floating iron-clad chicken roost along, but ef he has got enny niggers in his fleet he shore

needs one, an' he doan want ter fergit ter let de ironclad chicken roost lead de attack on de enemy, fer den nuthin' could stop dem niggers but suddint death.

"Now, as to dat feller Cuby, what fatch on all dis yere row, my notion is dat he is liable ter git putty bad hurt at any minute."

—o:o—

ABOUT BARBERS.

In Europe the barbers do not condescend to remove the lather from the faces of their suffering customers. Once in a while you strike a real European barber in the smaller cities of Canada. In Fredericton, for instance, where the permanent military school for Canadian militia is garrisoned, there was a cruel man, a year or two ago, who practised his trade after the fashion of his London apprenticeship. He made soap-suds in a brass plate, which the customer had to hold underneath his own chin, while he was being lathered. As they were none but ordinary chairs with straight backs in his shop, it required considerable will power to hold your head back for twenty minutes or more. This criminals' razors were instruments left over from the inquisition, and at the end of the shaving farce you were left to your own resources to bring yourself back to a respectable appearance. Perhaps the coming American-British alliance will improve the methods of this artist.

—o:o—

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

A certain eminent judge who was recently re-elected, when he was asked about the facility with which he turned from one case to another, replied that he had learned that from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when he

was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It befell that when one of the female converts was dipped back in the water, the cold made her squirm about, and in a moment she had slipped from the preacher's hands, and was down the stream under the ice. The preacher, however, was not disconcerted. Looking up with perfect calmness at the crowd on the bank, he said: "Brethren, this sister hath departed—hand me down another."

—o:o—

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who is well acquainted with the Indians causing the present trouble, tells a story of how, years ago, he was holding a religious meeting near an Indian village camp. His baggage was scattered about the lodge, and when he was about to go he asked the chief if it were safe to leave his belongings there while he went to the village to hold the service. "Yes," answered the chief without a gleam of humor, "perfectly safe; there is not a white man within a hundred miles."

A fly one day lit on my nose,
He knew no better, I suppose,—
I sent him off full speed;
But soon the little fool came back,
And then I gave him such a whack
As made my nose to bleed.
Moral—In trying to hurt another, one
is apt to hurt himself.

One of the features of the Leeds Memorial Festival lately was the production for the first time of Sir Lewis Morris's ode entitled "Music," set for soprano soloist and three-part female chorus by Herr Otto Goldschmidt, husband of the late Jenny Lind. The soprano part was brilliantly sustained by Madame Annette Stirling.

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THE CAMBRIAN



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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THE HOLY NIGHT.

❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 12.

CHRISTMAS.

Rev. J. Vinson Stephens.

It comes when the nights are longest, and the cold intensest, and it is the merriest of all our festivals. The very name of Christmas is a wonderful reforming influence upon men. No matter how cold the day may be, or how bare the landscapes are, it is always a cheerful day. What excites our delights under such gloomy surroundings? The simple story of the new born king. The day is cold, but the Sun of righteousness shines upon it; the fields are severely bare, but frankincense and myrrh diffuse sweet perfume over their desolation; the night is dark, but a new star appears on its black abyss; the whole atmosphere is chilly, but an angelic host cheers it with a new song. Sun and star, incense and song, earth and heaven's best unite to make it a day of mirth and joy, and should not fail to thrill Christendom with static raptures.

Not only it is the merriest, but also the kindest season of the year. More alms are given at this day

than any other one of the year. The gospel is preached with greater power to the poor on this day than ever. Our sympathies are stirred to their centre at this season. Neither the priest nor the Levite passes the fallen, wounded, naked, and half-dead traveller by the wayside along some other road, but both on this day, like the good Samaritan, come where the helpless and hungry lie. Why? Because the story which tells us how Mary wrapped her first-born son, and laid him in a manger "because there was no room for them in the inn," has enlisted our sympathy towards the needy for the sake of the One whom we cradled in a manger. The contemplation of Christ's birth excites in men the spirit of charity. As Jesus enthroned our needs in his heart so does our true happiness depend upon self-sacrifice.

I am a staunch believer in Santa Claus, and in the expediency of increasing his burden in order to lighten those of the little ones who

have already begun to dream of his arrival. Neither do I possess any misgivings that he will ever dethrone our Santa Christ, whose name and fame shall endure forever. And a "Cambrian's" Christmas number would be most assuredly incomplete without a word about him. There are a few incidents touching his birth and infancy which appeal perfectly to our minds. And in an age when people speak so patronizingly about the man Jesus, it is refreshing to see the divine superscription written upon the child's manger-cradle at Bethlehem, as plainly as on the water pots in Cana of Galilee. Men explain his wonderful career by the inspiration of genius which they say was upon him. But let us learn this truth concerning the Christ; that his wondrous provision can not account for events in his infancy which transcend the reasoning of the Magi. Guided by a mysterious star these sages left their country in search of the new-born king of the Jews; and as long as they followed it every step they took brought them nearer his presence. But when they drew near Jerusalem, the wise men forsook its guidance and trusted in their own wisdom to discover him. Of course, they were sure that the King of the Jews would be born in the metropolis. There was no need of any star to point out that self-evident fact, and thither they hurried to do him homage. Reason and religion were divorced when they set their judgment against

God's unswerving guide. But science and Christ were on the same side even then, as ever. The king of the Jews was in a country village whither his star would have led them had they less confidence in their own conceit. Many wise men besides these eastern sages have gone astray from Jesus by following their own reasoning rather the plain guidance of God's infallible word—the star which is to lead the most learned unto his presence. The things concerning Jesus of Nazareth are above human reasoning. The babe is never found in men's cradle of conclusions. They go up to Jerusalem to seek him, but he sleeps in the manger at Bethlehem!

The same truth is further illustrated in the part played by Herod in the awful tragedy of the infants' massacre. He supplies the world with an instance of the most valid reasoning on his part to discover the new-born king, proving a complete failure. The proud king is troubled, and his only way of unravelling a knot is by cutting it with his sword. Unsheathed it glitters in his hand. But where is its victim, for it must be found in order to satisfy his anger? Two facts must be ascertained concerning him, namely, where he is, and who he is? To learn the first he called together the priests and the scribes of the people, and demanded of them, where according to the prophets was their Messiah to be born. They said, "In Bethlehem of Judea." But there are many children in that village,

and how is he to know which of them is the destined King of the Jews. How will he solve that problem? He calls again the wise men to his aid, imparts unto them the ascertained information, charges them to search diligently for him, and to bring him a word as soon as he is found, that he may also go and do him homage. All this is capital counsel. But suppose the wise men will not return with the desired news? These foreigners may frustrate his plans by returning along some other way into their country. The shrewd Herod has taken precaution to meet that emergency by inquiring diligently what time the star appeared. The wise men did not return unto him as requested. But he knows where and when the king was born. True, he did not yet know which of the many little babes of Bethlehem was the Christ, but he solved that difficulty by killing them all.

We find no fault with his reasoning process. The method adopted was as likely to succeed as any plan Satan himself could suggest. But

the new-born king had fled to another kingdom where Herod would not dare to rest his foot. The angel had warned the parents of Jesus to flee to Egypt, and had arrived before Herod's soldiers. And the wise men, though they missed the road, and was delayed accordingly were there even before the angel. God makes "everything beautiful in its time." How could a poor village carpenter take his flight at the shortest notice to a foreign country had it not been for the precious gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh which the wise men brought unto him. Every incident in the history bears unmistakable signs of divine intervention. God's star leading the Magi, God's dream warning them not to return to the cruel despot, God's angel charging the child's parents to flee to Egypt. All these things are the works of his hand. His stars, his dreams, his angels, and the gold and the frankincense and the myrrh of men are still at the service of God to promote the interests of his king and kingdom.



THE BRIGHT SIDE.

By John D. Morgan.

A cheering rainbow oft succeeds
 Most furious storms and showers,
 And hidden deep 'neath thorns and weeds
 Are found the sweetest flowers;
 Then let your heart be glad and light,
 With smiles your face adorning;
 Should there be sorrow for a night,
 Joy cometh in the morning.

IN OLD ENGLAND.

Windsor Castle is one of the most notable royal residences of modern times. The picturesque beauty of the surrounding country, as well as the fact of its being royal, adds to its fame and popularity. Many attempts have been made to interpret the etymology of the name, but probably it will remain a mystery. Some of the etymologies of Windsor are fantastic, based on similarity of sounds, such as "Wind us over," "Wynd is over," "Gwyn y ser" (star-white), &c. It seems that the most rational is "Windlesofra" from the winding of the course of the Thames in this part.

The place is of considerable antiquity, some of the Saxon Kings having resided in the neighborhood before the Confessor's time. Edward the Confessor held his court here. William is said to have commenced the erection of a fortress near the site of the Round Tower of the present Castle. Henry I. enlarged the castle in 1109, and added a chapel, and subsequently removed to the new fortress. Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor, often visited the new palace, and one time a grand tournament was held there by 38 knightly competitors. Very soon it became a place of great strength, second only to the Tower of London. King John lay at Windsor during the Magna Charta conferences at Runnymede. But

Windsor Castle owes much of its glory to Edward III. who, in fact, changed the rude fortress with an adjacent chapel into a great and durable royal palace. Edward's architect was William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. A pretty legend is connected with Windsor, that of the honorable conduct of Edward towards the Countess of Salisbury, which originated the well-known motto of the Garter—"Evil be to him that evil thinks." Edward was born at Windsor, and it was also the birthplace of Henry VI., but he added nothing to it. Edward IV. added St. George's Chapel; Henry VII. and Henry VIII. the Tombhouse and the Gateway.

The Round Tower stands on an artificial mound encompassed by a dry ditch, and is entered by a flight of steps, a second flight leading to the battlements of the keep, from which twelve counties may be seen. This was used as a prison until the time of the Restoration (1660). James I. of Scotland, having been captured when on his way to France, a boy of 10 years, was incarcerated here for 19 years, during which time he fell in love with Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. She became his wife, and after his release they both lived happily. Henry VIII. often resided in the Castle, and held his court here. Queen Elizabeth first formed the

traces, and annexed the portion of the Castle built by Henry VII. to that designed by herself. In the civil War it was plundered until Cromwell put a stop to the spoliation. Charles II. made it his summer residence.

There are three divisions in the palatial part of Windsor Castle; the Queen's private apartments; the State Apartments; and the Visitors'

Table here, but this is, surely, fabulous; and another story-teller risks the assertion that the Castle was built in times past by King Arthur. Lambard disputes this, and the way he argues the question is truly English. He hesitates to credit the tale, and join with Froisart in this part of the story, because it was a question whether there "weare any suche Kinge or no," and because Froisart



Windsor Castle.

apartments. The Queen's and Visitors' Apartments contain upwards of 69 rooms. South of the Castle lies the Great Park, a part of Windsor Forest. The Long Walk leads from the Castle to the Forest, and is considered one of the finest in Europe. It is perfectly straight, and over three miles in length, running from the principal entrance to Snow Hill.

Windsor did not escape being used by poets and romancers to adorn their tales, and so King Arthur is said to have held his Round

Table here, but this is, surely, fabulous; and another story-teller risks the assertion that the Castle was built in times past by King Arthur. Lambard disputes this, and the way he argues the question is truly English. He hesitates to credit the tale, and join with Froisart in this part of the story, because it was a question whether there "weare any suche Kinge or no," and because Froisart

was a foreign writer, and therefore he thought it safer to follow "our owne hystorians, especially in our owne historie." Shakespeare's play of "Merry Wives of Windsor" also has helped to popularize the place. Belvoir Castle is also one of the most magnificent structures in the kingdom, and has been the seat of the noble family of Manners. The name is derived from French words signifying "fine view" from the fine prospect from a steep hill. It is situated in the line between Leicester and Lincoln shires, and the Vale of

Bever (Belvoir) lies in three shires, Leicester, Lincoln and Nottingham. This also has been the site of a Castle since the Norman Conquest. It was once a Priory of four black monks, subordinate to the Abbey of St. Alban in Hertfordshire. It belonged to the Albinis, William de Albini, the third of that name, was engaged in the Barons' wars in the reign of John, and was taken prisoner by the king's party at Rochester Castle, when his own Castle at Belvoir fell into the royal hands. He was likewise one of the twenty-five Barons whose signatures are attached to Magna Charta, and the Charter of Forests, at Runnymede. Henry, the second Earl, made great additions to the Castle, which became a noble and princely residence. In the time of the sixth earl, the castle became the home of witchcraft, when Joan Flower, and her two daughters, servants at Belvoir Castle, in revenge for their dismissal, made use of spells and charms to kill Henry Lord Ros, and torture Lord Francis and Lady Catherine. Joan died on her way to Lincoln jail, and the two daughters were executed at Lincoln, March 11, 1618-19.

In the Civil Wars, the Castle was defended for the King, and in 1644 the King slept two nights at Belvoir. In 1649, the Parliament ordered the Castle to be demolished, but satisfaction was made the earl, whose son rebuilt the Castle after the Restoration. There have been in our time two memorable royal

visits to Belvoir; George IV. in 1814; Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1843. Both these visits witnessed the ceremony of presenting the key of the Staunton Tower. The original Staunton defended the Tower successfully against William the Norman, and the lordship is said to have been in the same family 1300 years.

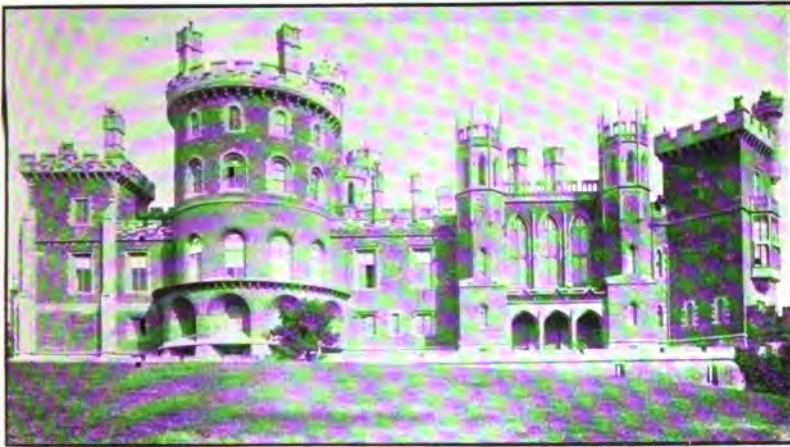
The Castle occupies nearly the summit of the hill, and is of royal proportions and grandeur. The view commands the whole vale of Belvoir, and the adjoining country as far as Lincoln, including twenty-two of the Duke's manors.

The title of Warwick is as well known among English speaking people as any, by reason of Richard Neville in the reign of Henry VI., who was called the "King-maker." Warwick is situated in the middle of the county of that name, and on the river Avon, celebrated as flowing through the town wherein William Shakespeare was born. Romance attributes to this castle antiquity as remote as the Christian era, for it is said that it was erected by Cymbeline, a British King; it was afterwards destroyed by the Picts and Scots, and rebuilt by Caractacus. It also suffered from the Danish invasion, but was restored or repaired by Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred. The oldest part of the present castle is said to have been built by Edward the Confessor, and it was for ages considered one of the greatest strongholds of the midland counties. Henry de Newburgh was

the first Earl of Warwick. The Norman kings were especially jealous of the strength of the Castle, and it is said that Henry III. requested Margery, sister and heiress of Thomas de Newburgh, not to marry any person unfriendly to him. To Newburgh succeeded the Beauchamps, and then changed hands again by the marriage of Richard Neville to Anne, daughter of Richard Beauchamp. This was the Earl of Warwick, who was called the King-maker. Being killed at the battle of Barnet, he was succeeded in the title by the Duke of Clarence, who had married his daughter. Subsequently it became the property of

Middle Fold, wherein was supposed to dwell a giant, who guarded his cow within this enclosure. This cow's supply of milk was inexhaustible, for every vessel that was brought to her was filled, until an old witch spoiled the miracle by attempting to catch her milk in a sieve. At this unworthy trick, the cow became furious, escaped the enclosure and wandered into Warwickshire. In the sixteenth century, the head of this beast was kept in Warwick Castle, and other immense relics, horns, ribs, bones, in other places.

There is another romance which celebrates the valor of Guy War-



Belvoir Castle.

the Dudleys, Grevilles, Brooks, &c. In 1642 it was besieged by the King's forces.

Connected with Warwick Castle is the fable of the Dun Cow. On the northwestern edge of Shropshire is the Staple Hill, a circle of upright stones, of Druidic origin, called

wick. The Saxons were at war with the Danes, who had penetrated into the heart of the country. It was arranged to decide the fate of the Saxon King by a single combat to be fought by two heroes, one selected by the Danes, the other by the Saxons. Colbran championed

the Danish side, and a stranger the Saxon side. This stranger succeeded in killing his opponent. After this wonderful feat, Guy revealed

nations fetched their tin. Before the Norman Conquest, it was the site of a priory of Benedictine monks. It was regarded during the dark



Warwick Castle.

himself, retired to the neighborhood of the Castle, and led the life of a hermit.

In 1871 it was partially destroyed by fire, but the building has been restored by Mr. Salvin.

Mount St. Michael is situated on a mount 230 feet above the level of the sea, on the south coast of Cornwall, a few miles from Penzance. It is connected with the main land by a neck of land, about a quarter of a mile long, passable at low water, but wholly covered by the sea at high tide. It is supposed to have been in ancient times, surrounded by a dense forest, and the Cornish name of the mount seems to uphold this view. It is also supposed to be the island called Ictis by ancient authors, from which the Gauls and other

ages with considerable reverence, and resorted to as a place of pilgrimage. During the Wars of the Roses the Castle was held by the adherents of King Henry; and also during the Civil War, in the time of Charles, it was held by the Royalists, but was taken by the Parliamentarians in 1646.

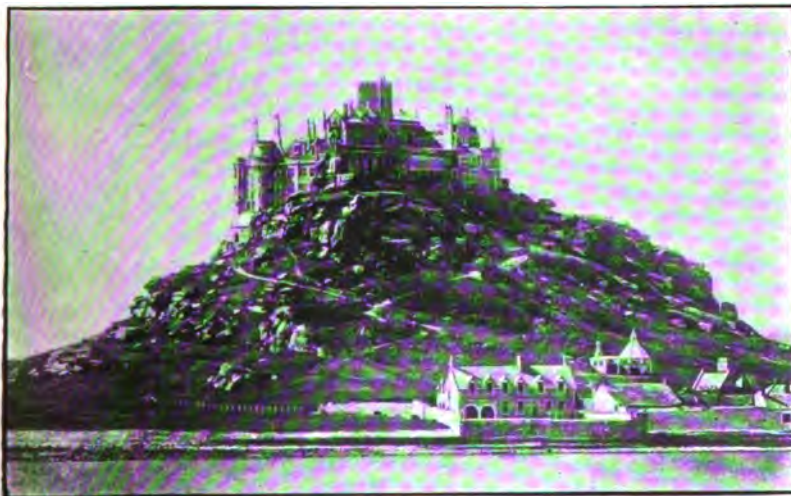
The most interesting thing connected with the mount is the carcass of a stone lantern, in which, it is supposed the old monks kept a light to guide the sailors. This is called St Michael's Chair, and is situated far over the precipice, and where one can be seated, and although it is attended with danger, yet the feat is often attempted. If a married man or woman have resolution to gain the seat, it is said

he or she will attain the reins of government at home.

Westminster Abbey is situated on the site of an ancient pagan temple. In the seventh century, the place was then called Thorney Island, being surrounded by water, and overgrown with thorns. Sebert, King of the East Saxons, having embraced Christianity, and being baptized by the Bishop of London, pulled down the Pagan temple and erected thereon a church to the honor of St. Peter. Here the kings and queens have been crowned from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, and here many of them are buried. The old Abbey was rebuilt by Edward the Confessor, and on the Festival of the Holy Innocents, December 28, 1065, it was dedicated.

This Edward is credited with being a very holy man, and extremely fond of retirement and devotional reflection, so much so, that once in the country while disturbed in his contemplation by the singing of nightingales, he prayed that they might no more be heard in that place, which petition was answered. After the defeat of the Saxon King at Hastings, William the Norman proceeded to London, and gave thanks for the victory at Edward's tomb at Westminster, and on the following Christmas was crowned at the Abbey.

The Abbey as it now exists was rebuilt by Henry III. "As the place of sepulture of our sovereigns, it is of paramount interest. The chapel of the kings had been nearly filled



Mt. St. Michael.

and the King who died a few days afterwards was buried in front of the high altar in the church which he had just completed.

before the accession of the House of Tudor. Here, Henry VII., partly perhaps to do honor to the holy shade of Henry VI., partly to

mark the beginning of a new not only tell the ordinary tale of
 Royal line, determined to add a the instability of human grandeur,
 mausoleum to Westminster not un- but mark strikingly the strange
 worthy of the Majesty of England. vicissitudes and revolutions of our
 The beautiful chapel called by his English history." There also lies
 name dates from the first year of the last of England's great men,
 the sixteenth century. The tombs William Ewart Gladstone.
 and monuments within its precincts

✱ ✱ ✱

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

(*A Christmas Carol.*)

By Clara E. Rewey.

It trembled in beauty
 O'er Judea's plain,
 Resplendently brilliant,
 Its mission to gain;
 'Twas lighted on high,
 In the dark days of yore,
 And guided the magi
 By going before.

Fairy star-light, fairy star-light,
 Led the magi on His birth-night!
 Star-light, starlight, fairy star-light!

They trusted its rays
 In that mist-laden past;
 It guided them close
 To the Savior at last;
 They honored their Lord
 Nor doubted his right,
 Though pillowed and cradled
 So lowly that night.

Fairy star-light, fairy starlight,
 Shone in beauty on His birth-night!
 Star-light, star-light, fairy starlight!

The glory of Christ
 Is hallowed for aye,
 Though ages have cycled
 Away and away,
 Since Bethlehem's star
 Threw out its glad light,
 To the song of the seraphs,
 That Judean night.

Fairy star-light, fairy star-light,
 Shone in splendor on His birth-night!
 Star-light, star-light, fairy star-light'

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

By H. J. D. Browne.

There was a wild storm off Mona's coast, and in the swirl and toss of the sea a great ship was struggling against the smiting of the tempest. She was evidently a powerful vessel, one of the big Americans homeward bound with passengers; but, strong and stanch as she might be, she was but a toy for wind and wave to play with. Now pitching high toward the sky, now going down, down, down, with frightful rush into the valley of the boiling waters, this strife for life made an awful scene.

On Pen Caer Gybi, or as the outside world calls it Holyhead, stood a group of coast guards and fishers, watching the contest of ship and elements. The vessel's decks were crowded. There were skillful men with brave hearts there, doing all that ingenuity educated by experience could do to avert disaster. There were women there, too, clinging wherever there was rope or rail to grasp, waiting pale and silent for what they regarded as the inevitable.

The men ashore were used to wild storms and not one but knew that to try to launch a boat was to add to what list death had already prepared. All they could do was watch and wait, pray and hope, and when the time came do what in them lay.

Surely and still more surely, swiftly and still more swiftly, the ship plunged shoreward. Immense

waves smote her and she trembled and staggered like a beaten thing that was sorely hurt, but still refused to die until the last mortal stroke was given. Then came the end. A tremendous mountain of water, white crested as "Snowdon's topmost crag," rose high above the ship, toppled over and fell on her with awful crash. The mortal stroke was given.

"Save life! save life!"

It was the cry of the brotherhood of man, the cry of coast guards and fishermen. They clambered to the surf in the hope of saving life as human forms should wash ashore. It was a vain hope, and they returned to the huge fire they had built above—partly as beacon to let the shipwrecked know there was human sympathy ashore, and help when help could serve, partly to aid them in withstanding the cold of their watch, and in part, too, to show the people on the ship how near the shore they were. There they warmed themselves until dawn came, for this had been a tragedy of the night.

When clear daylight came and the fury of the storm was spent they put to sea in their boats, for there, they thought perhaps, they might find clinging to floating spar or other wreckage something human with life still left. The waters had been quieted, almost as though He had said again, "Peace, be still!"

As one fisherman's craft cruised among shattered boats, broken masts and the deck houses that had been washed away by the smashing of the last great wave, they came to a part of a cabin, floating top downward, like a square boat, and lying within they found a child, a little girl of two years, perhaps, seeming to sleep as though the roll of the swell was the rocking of a cradle and the sighing of the dying wind its mother's lullaby. Clutched in one little hand was a silver bracelet. Apparently when the ship went down the little one was in its mother's arms, and when the waves tore them apart it had grasped the bracelet and retained it all through the wild pitching of the tempest. The fishermen took the child ashore, and as they got it to the village the bells in the town rang out their merry peal for the Babe of Bethlehem, for it was Christmas morning, and the fishermen called the child their Christmas gift. If any other had been saved it was not known there, and the wreck went down in story as the most complete tragedy of the sea they had known or heard of.

There was not the preciseness in investigating disaster then that we use now, nor was there so much care to determine accurately what saved there were and what lost of a ship's human freight, so the child remained with them, and they gave it a home with Owen Rhys, the most prosperous of the fishermen, to be a playmate and foster sister to his little three-year-old David. But while

the little one was of the Rhys household it was given Owen clearly to understand that she did not belong to him, and whatever was done for the child must be borne by all as to expense. The bracelet was confided to a minister of the town to keep until the child should be old enough to wear it. It was an ornament of fine and curious workmanship, such a work of art as Hindustanee artisans fashion. In it were imbedded a few small precious stones. Dreading lest the child might never have been christened and knowing no name for it, they had it baptized, and gave it the name they had arrived at after much discussion and deliberation, at the suggestion of a local bard. They called it Gwendolen Mona.

For a long time they had wished that her family might be found, then they began to wish it less and dreaded lest she might be taken from them; for, they argued, with them she was content, she was happy, indeed, and with her own she might be richer and still have no peace of soul, and that they reckoned the greatest gift of God to man. Besides, they had a quiet faith that what was right, as long as it was not obviously wrong, and so Gwendolen Mona grew among them, grew apace and grew beautiful, and knew no more of herself than that she was a waif of the sea. Their own children followed the callings of their fathers and the duties of their mothers, but Gwendolen, with all their love for her.

and although she had been brought up with them and by them, they still realized she was not really of them. Now and then she was the subject of their discourse, and they judged that their duty was not done until they had educated her, for, they said, fearfully, "Some day her own may claim her, and it would be a shame to us if they found we had not done our best by this human gift of the stormy Christmas morn."

They sent her to far away Chester to school, and had her back to them in holidays, when she told them all her new accomplishments, and they were proud to think that she was ever glad to be with them and showed no sign of growing out of her love for the folk who had snatched her away from death and nurtured her into life, who were still nurturing her with a faithfulness to high duty characteristic of them. And Gwendolen—why her little heart never had a pulsation that was not for her people—so she ever called them—and she often thought with the gleaner, Ruth, "Thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people, and whither thou goest, there also will I go." Sometimes, since she knew her story, she wondered who she was and where she really sprung from, but it was useless wondering and the practical side of her nature speedily dismissed it.

Once when she was home for the holidays she found that the season on land and sea had not been fruitful, and she emphatically refused to

go back to school. Her duties lay at home, she said; she must be helpful now and not expensive.

It was at a solemn gathering at the home of Owen Rhys, a meeting held to induce her to go back to school that this young woman had been mildly defiant. As she spoke of the necessity of her helping instead of spending, they sniffed contemptuously. The land might be barren once in a while, they said, and the fishes in the sea might refuse to be brought out of their element, but it must needs be poorer days than yet they had known that could make them too poor to polish their Christmas gift.

Then the astute diplomat of seventeen took another tack. "At the school they like me and I like them," she said, "but it is a stranger's house I am in, and strangers are my companions. I am as polished as I shall ever be. Besides I want to be at home with those who love me and whom I love."

That ended it. She staid.

While she had been at school the boys and girls with whom she had played as a child had been growing, too. They were stalwart young men and buxom girls, and they were glad to have her back among them. Among the girls there was neither envy nor jealousy, and if there had been Gwendolen would have disarmed it. She was one of them. What she knew that they could learn she began to teach them. She helped them in their work and

brought together those whom some petty bitterness had parted. Among the young men not one could claim more token of regard than another, and young David Rhys was even perturbed that he, her foster brother, should not be shown more consideration than those who had known her less intimately. But to none did she ever give sign that she would do other than follow out a maiden's life to the last. Well they wooed her and she treated all with kindness; but none would she have. To all she gave the same reply: "Wait. Time will solve the riddle of our lives."

Young David alone made no attempt to speak his love. Fisherman as he was, he knew what delicacy demanded of him toward her who was still in truth his father's guest. And, then again, he feared lest, if he made his course too bold, she should go elsewhere and he be denied the consolation of being nearer her than all the others.

But even as things were, it was a happy community, and Gwendolen Mona was a large part of the life of it. She taught the children, she comforted the aged, and read the Bible to them, she nursed the sick, and at night when many were assembled she played the harp and sang the songs of Huw Morris, "the Nightingale of Ceiriog," to the accompaniment of her harp, and she touched it sweetly, she chanted the tales of the bards of old, and many and many a night aged and robust and young sat about her and

thanked the tempest king that had sent her to them.

But life is not all peace and pure content. There are other clouds than those which hide the sun; there are storms that rend hearts as winds and waves wreck ships, and Gwendolen Mona's life was not to be all lowly beauty and gentle ministering.

The cloud first appeared when young Owen Williams came upon the scene and struck by the girl's beauty soon sought and knew her. Not hard was this for him to do, for was he not the son of a rich mine owner who had his villa near old Carnarvon Castle? Could he not have his own yacht and put in where he pleased to study the fisher folk and try to be free with them? It was not trying much, for he was well liked, finely generous and with all the bearing of an honest gentleman, and that in truth he was. But when the village people saw him come often, and saw him pay assiduous court to Gwendolen, they looked askance at his visits, and began to think that by-and-by they should see their gift of Christmas taken from them, and only come back to her old home and lowly friends as a grand dame, too far removed from them to know her again as they had known her of yore.

David Rhys became a changed youth. He had been wont to admire Owen Williams, helped him sail his yacht, and liked his manly bearing. He spoke praisingly then of Owen's freedom from anything

an air of superiority. As he saw unequal chance he thought he could have with him for Gwen-dolen's favor, he ceased his praise of his rich rival. He did not express a changed opinion of him—he simply never spoke of him at all. The young men's greetings grew colder and colder, until at last they did not speak at all. Then they began to look at each other with strange glances from under lowering brows, and soon it began to seem to the people that the feud at last must become an open one, and violence follow. In such a case as this eyes are watchful and thoughts are sharp, and not a move was made by either of the three that the little world about them did not know of. Gwen-dolen had a keen wit, and knew by intuition the minds of all about her. She too dreaded lest some day a spark should be done, for blood there-abouts is hot. It was hot in ancient times, and though time has shaped somewhat differently the old world still boils when the fire is lit, and love makes a fierce flame in young hearts.

Gwendolen often went to the island to look out over the waters. She feared the sea, she often shrank from it, but it had a fascination for her she could not resist, and it was one thing looking out over the heavenly ocean that the two young men approached, one from either side. Gwendolen, from her eminence saw them both, but it was not until they were close upon her that either saw the other, and the moment they caught

sight of one another both stopped, as though some invisible giant's hand held them to their places.

She was not perturbed. Women have a trick of holding their feelings well in hand on such occasions. A crisis to them, where men in love are in the case, is an opportunity to show feminine superiority. She smiled on both, and held out a welcoming hand to each. On the wrist of that stretched out to Owen was the silver bracelet, and to shield his nervousness over the situation he said:

Gwendolen"—he had got that far long ago—"this is a curious jewel; where's the other. I notice you wear only one."

Before she could answer, up spake David, "Gwendolen, the hand that suits me best is the hand that wears no jewel. 'Tis the hand I care for, not the gems."

He couldn't have helped blurting it out if it were to cost him his life.

Gwendolen, still holding each by the hands extended to her, smiled half kindly half reproachfully on the young men.

"I'm so sorry you two boys are not the friends you used to be," she said. "Is it me you are at enmity about?"

As if she hadn't known it for more than a year!

No answer came from either, but their anger was fast giving way to a sense of foolishness when Gwendolen set them by the ears again by adding:

"Dear me. I wish I could settle it in some way."

"You can," blurted David, "and only you can. Speak the word for one of us, and let the other abide to go away and never see you again."

"I agree to that," retorted Owen. "If I fail of winning you, I'll go to the uttermost parts of the earth and stay there."

Their impulsiveness made Gwendolen thoughtful. The young men watched her as with paling face and trembling lips she appeared to be trying to force herself to a painful decision. At last she said quietly:

"Yes, you are both right; one must go".

"Yes, Gwendolen," they answered sadly in unison, as though speaking a piece prepared, "one must go, which shall it be?"

"I," she said quietly, but her voice trembled, and they went to catch her if she should fall.

"No, no," she said quietly, "I am not so weak as that." And then as the young men were about to protest, she raised her hand to silence them and went on:

"You both belong to the land you live in—I was tossed up from the sea. You have fathers and mothers and friends. God only knows whence I came, or who my people are. You all thought I came to bring happiness. You say I have brought it. I will not stay to be the cause of unhappiness. Each of you will find some girl to love you, and you will marry and be at peace, for true love in this world is sure to

find its own and never know a parting. Yes, I must go. I should have seen my duty long ago."

The young men protested vehemently, but she silenced them again, this time with something of imperiousness in her manner.

"You must not try to dissuade me," she said. "You waste words. I am of your own race. My face, my hair—yes, my heart tells me so—and I have as much determination as any of you. It is painful sometimes to be taught one's duty, but that duty once known must be done. I am not a coward, and neither of you would have me one. My duty is clear to me now, and I will do it."

She stopped and seemed in deep thought. Then there was a little gulp in her throat, as though she were choking back some emotion. She took just a moment to calm herself, and then, with a pleasant smile on her beautiful face, she turned to them and said:

"Now, my friends we'll go home; but let us cheer up on the way. Don't let our friends think we've been seeing corpse candles."

On the way back Gwendolen chatted gaily, and her merriment after such a scene made the young men think she had grown heartless. They did not know her sex. They could not understand what a brave front a woman can carry though her heart be breaking. David thought that, perhaps, she was tired of their lowly life, and made the scene they had passed through an excuse to

away from it. Owen was even
her astray. He imagined that
her polishing period at Chester
had, perhaps, met some one else
whom she liked better than any of
them. Neither of them had any in-
sight into the girl's motive.

At the door of the house Owen
bade them good night, and went to
his room at the tavern by the pier.
It was a dull evening in the Rhys
valley, for with only her old-time
friends by her Gwendolen could not
be merry. She felt that it would
be to David that she was jesting
about her love, and she fain would spare
his feelings.

The next day Owen and his yacht
were gone, and David took a boat
and sailed off apparently without
incident. Gwendolen took advantage
of their being away to go about to
the elders of the village and tell
them she was going to leave them.
She confided her intention to
Owen Rhys. Of her motive she
said nothing, and they all for-
gave her to question her too closely.
They saw that she would not be
dissuaded from her purpose. They
knew that the rivalry of the young
men had something to do with it,
they thought, too, that, in com-
ing into womanhood, she may be,
she had begun to realize that she was
not of their station and would fain
go into the world to find her own.
They blamed themselves that they
had never told her that she was other
than a fisher's child. Others were
inclined to find fault with having given
her any education beyond their own.

for they loved her and wanted to
keep her. But much as they felt
that they were losing one to whom
they had first right, they gave way
to her determination, and set about
making her departure easy.

"Go where I may," she told them,
"my heart is yours, all yours, and
I shall come back to you and be
with you sometimes. Love like ours
cannot part forever."

She was repeating unconsciously
what she had said to the two young
men on the hill.

Painful days were those of pre-
paration, but at last the time came.
She bent gently toward David at
the last moment, and he kissed her
on the cheek, and she kissed him in
a sisterly fashion. Owen Rhys took
her with him to Liverpool, and
handed her the store of money they
had gathered, and she sailed away,
knowing where in the new land she
could find those from the old who
would stretch forth a hand to guard
and help.

So it happened that into the Val-
ley of the Mohawk there came one
day a bright and handsome young
woman who would fain be a com-
panion, nurse or teacher, and being
bright and energetic she soon found
a home with the Wycherlys as com-
panion and nurse to the wealthy
widow who seemed to be ill without
an ostensible cause.

Everybody knew the Wycherly
home, and the generous woman at
the head of the family. They knew
that the four nephews and nieces
were the two sons and two daugh-

ters of a dead sister, and that the young men and women, now just past their adolescence, had all the qualities of the aunt who gave them shelter when other they had none. They knew that it was the home of happiness, just tinged with sorrow at the invalidism of Mrs. Wycherly.

In such surroundings Gwendolen made her influence felt quietly but beneficently, and it was regarded as something wonderful how under her gentle ministrations the patient began to improve. Gwendolen had brought her Welsh harp with her, and in soft tones to sweet touch of the strings she sang the songs she had learned in Wales—at home, she called it, for it was all the home she knew, the only one she had ever had to know of. Of her life they questioned her little. They knew she came from Anglesey, that much she told them, but they were too well pleased to have her, to possibly cause pain by probing into what she might not care to tell.

It was late in December when Gwendolen sat with Mrs. Wycherly listening to the storm without, swaying the bare-branched trees and shrieking around the angles of the house.

"I am not afraid of storms," Mrs. Wycherly said, "but they call back to me the wildness of a raging sea and the sorrow of my life. My white hair to-day is nothing but the whiteness of the sea in the paleness of its anger. I am afraid of the sea."

"And I," said Gwendolen, "am

afraid of the sea. It made me an orphan."

"It robbed me of husband and child," said Mrs. Wycherly.

"Let us not speak of it," Gwendolen replied.

"We will not," Mrs. Wycherly added, "but if there is gladness in grief I am glad to know we have a common sorrow. Still, we know that the grand God above will at last give us back to our own."

"Amen," Gwendolen said devoutly.

It was Christmas morning again, a wild, stormy Christmas morning, the landscape a sea of white frozen billows, and the gale sweeping eddies of drift high in the air like whirling sea spray.

Christmas Day in the Wycherly home was a quiet one. They gave the feast its due with more devoutness than merriment, and sought rather to be subdued than gay. The younger people had told Gwendolen so much.

When they had assembled for breakfast they exchanged the salutations of the holiday and sat awhile in silent prayer, Gwendolen a moment longer than the rest, her head resting on her hands. She was startled, they all were startled, at the tone in which Mrs. Wycherly half shouted, half shrieked:

"Gwendolen, come here!"

The surprised girl rose from her seat on the opposite side of the table and walked round to Mrs. Wycherly. The elder woman caught the girl by the wrist, and almost

atched the silver bracelet from it. en catching one from her own a, she put the two together, and mined them, her hands tremb- as with a palsy.

"How came you by this?" the eld- woman demanded.

Gwendolen was evidently fright- ed. They certainly could not think would steal! She explained: "It clutched in my hand when I found floating in a piece of ck at sea. It was on a Christ- morning eighteen years ago on coast of Wales." She said this ost defiantly.

here are women, apparently k, who do not faint. Gwendolen one. Mrs. Wycherly was an- er. It was only for a moment seemed stunned, dazed; but she ered all her strength and rising her arms around Gwendolen y her gently to her and said:

"My daughter, God has given us t to our own."

he others knew what had hap- ed and withdrew, and mother daughter sat enfolded and told other the story of their lives that awful Christmas morning on Mona's coast. Gwendolen's story own, and Mrs. Wycherly told ow she had been taken from a half filled with water that had ed far to sea, and been carried ard to a West Indian port, and ce had traveled homeward. "All lost" had been the report of the

wreck, and she had thought herself childless as well as widowed.

It was a late breakfast but a joy- ous one in the Wycherly family that morning; so supreme a joy was it that they would share it with no one, and the house fairly reflected happiness from the insensate walls.

Wonderful as the surprise had been, there was another yet in store. They were preparing for dinner when there was a robust ringing of the bell, and soon a servant announced a gentleman to see Miss Gwendolen Mona. She went to the reception room to meet him, and as she entered stalwart Davy Rhys sprang toward her with:

"Gwendolen, 'True love can not be parted forever,' I followed you." And even as he said it, over the frozen snow came the peal of bells telling of the Christ-child born in Bethlehem.

The months were not many when there were other bells, wedding bells, and there be times when there is great festivity in a quiet village on Mona's coast, when Gwendolen and Davy and Mrs. Wycherly go there to see those who found the Christmas gift, and gave it the name that was never changed except to Rhys. And they visit at a villa, too, where Owen Williams' and his young bride he took to solace him for Gwendolen's loss live as happily as though there had never been a rival in her husband's heart.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

During the interval that followed the king was joined by Algar and Trahaiarn, together with a few other leading chiefs, and while they questioned Einion concerning the matter under consideration Cadivor ap Collwyn entered.

"Thou, I believe, canst claim the distinction of bringing that Armorican villain into camp last night," said the king sarcastically.

"I claim no such distinction, most noble king," replied the chief earnestly, "since he was only too anxious to come himself. He and his followers joined my band in Gwentland, and henceforward we proceeded together."

"Thou wilt next, no doubt, deny any knowledge of his character and wicked designs!"

"That I will, my lord king, and rightly too, for I never saw him nor heard of him before yesterday. Nor did I learn his history or intentions. That chieftain yonder may have been more fortunate, for the treacherous knight was seen entering his tent not long after he arrived."

"Ah! hearest thou that, Einion? Didst thou not tell us but a moment ago that thou hadst no conversation with him?"

"I did, my lord king, and I told you the truth. Whoever says the traitor entered my tent is a liar, and I can prove it," says Einion defiantly.

"He that calls me a liar dies," cried Cadivor ap Collwyn unsheathing his sword, and making a movement in the direction of Einion, who also made hostile demonstrations. Trahaiarn, however, stepped between them before they came to blows, and the king bade them sheathe their weapons. Both were reluctant to obey, not wishing to stand in an unfavorable light before the king, and each felt inclined to withdraw his men from the field, but was restrained from doing so by fear that such action be construed into a proof of complicity with the traitors.

Seeing that nothing definite could be learned from either of the chiefs the king now dismissed them, hardly knowing which of them to believe or disbelieve. While the straightforward manner of Cadivor ap Collwyn impressed him as that of a truthful man, his own past relations with Einion had been of such agreeable nature that he did not find it easy to suspect him of treach-

ery. Yet of one thing he was certain; the perfidious knight had one or more accomplices in the camp, against whom he decided to be on his guard. Trahaiarn also, with several others, shared the same conviction; yet unlike the king he found it easier to suspect Einion than any other chief. Just why he could not tell; he only knew that an indefinite something inclined him to think that Einion knew more about the miscarried plot than anybody else. Therefore, he resolved to keep a close watch on his movements in a quiet way. In the brief discussion that followed the departure of the two chiefs, however, he betrayed neither his suspicion nor his resolve. Indeed he advanced a theory that was as remote from his personal convictions as the king was from any knowledge of his thoughts.

"Methinks, my lord king," said he, "that he who deceived us as to his purpose also deceived us as to his country. He is no more an Armorican lord than I am a Saxon prince. The royal Gryffydd has only friends in Armorica; in Ireland some at least have found refuge whom we all know to be deadly foes to the son of Llewelyn."

"Dost thou mean that he who called himself an Armorican lord was really the despicable Cynan ap Iago?" said the king with flashing eye.

"Who else could it have been, most noble king? And what is more likely than that he found accomplices among the Irish allies? Your

pardon, noble Algar; I have no intention of casting any reflection on your integrity. I only think it possible that Cynan ap Iago may have friends among your allies, and that he may have taken advantage of their presence in the camp to wreak his vengeance on his successful rival."

This theory seemed plausible enough; yet Trahaiarn's purpose in advancing it was not so much to throw light on the subject under discussion as to fix the guilt as far as possible from Einion, that the artful chief might be thrown off his guard by the report of such of the chieftains present as might feel friendly towards him. Being ignorant of this both the king and his lords were vigorously discussing the merits of the theory when they were abruptly interrupted by the unexpected arrival of a scout, who hurriedly reported that the Earl of Hereford was approaching with a large force of horsemen. Gryffydd and Algar had expected to take the city before any troops could be sent to its aid; therefore it was with no little surprise that they received this intelligence. Yet they were by no means disconcerted as they and the chieftains hastened to arrange the army in order of battle. Algar assuming chief command of the Saxons and Irish, massed them, after the manner of his people, on the left; and Gryffydd acting as the Pendragon of the Welsh, disposed his forces in accordance with the traditional British custom in sepa-

rate divisions, each under an independent chief, on the right. As the king's command over his forces was general rather than particular, each division usually fought independently of the others, which too often gave the enemy the advantage. The whole army was on foot, with the exception of Algar and his chosen men, and a few armored chieftains among the Irish and Welsh; and the soldiers stood three deep, variously armed with javelins, darts, bows and arrows, swords, pikes, halberds, Welsh hooks and bills, and Danish axes. The only defensive weapon the most of them carried was a shield, while the rest had armor besides.

A hasty review of the allied forces satisfied Gryffydd and Algar both as to appearance and equipment, and each attended by his immediate followers assumed a central position in front of his own command, ready to receive the enemy. They saw by the gathering crowds on the walls of the city, which was a little beyond the reach of arrows, that the citizens greatly appreciated the fact that aid was at hand, and that they expected to be eye-witnesses of the conflict which was close at hand. Had they been a little nearer they might have heard not a few deprecating remarks and coarse jests uttered at their expense. There was no question in the minds of these over-confident people as to who would win the battle. Was not the Earl of Hereford a trained warrior from his youth? Was he not now

approaching at the head of a large army of English and mercenary Normans and French, all in armor and well mounted? Would not the treacherous Algar with his motley crowd of followers, and the hateful Gryffydd with his fierce, wild, and half-naked forces vanish like a shadow before the mighty warriors? Ha, ha, there would be plenty of amusement presently!

Nearer and nearer the earl and his army approached, their arms and armor glistening brightly in the morning sun, and the earth trembling under their heavy tread. Cheer after cheer from the city walls welcomed their approach, and presently coming in full view of the allied forces they wheeled into line amidst deafening shouts from the admiring spectators. But they had scarcely formed themselves in battle array before the terrible cry of battle drowned the cheering voices on the wall, and the combined forces of Gryffydd and Algar rushed forward with great fury towards the mounted enemy, while the latter terrified by the dreadful Welsh yell and the furious and desperate charge was thrown into the utmost confusion. Their steeds becoming unmanageable several of the knights were slain by colliding with each other; others fled in every direction closely pursued by the enemy, and some, despite their armor, were cut down immediately. Meanwhile Gryffydd mounting one of the many riderless horses, spurred in among the foreign cavalry, dealing tremendous

blows with a battle axe he had just picked up, such blows indeed as cut through helmets of steel and cleft heads down to the breast. At the same time Algar and Trahaiarn performed similar feats in other parts of the field, while the footmen failing to overtake the fleeing knights directed their attention to the city, sending shower after shower of arrows among those upon the walls before they had time to recover from their disappointment sufficiently to seek protection, and rushing in vast numbers towards the gate. Excitement now ran to the highest pitch; the citizens almost mad with fear, the assailants swayed by the demon of war. The gate was furiously attacked, and the heavy blows which so rapidly fell upon it could be distinctly heard above the din of arms and voices. As the strong frame-work of iron offered greater resistance than was expected, however, Gryffydd and Algar joined the assailants and restored a degree of order by their commanding presence, before an entrance could be effected. Nor did they fail to remind their respective followers that the wholesale destruction of life was not to be thought of, while they might take as many captives, and plunder as many houses as they pleased.

When the gate at length gave way, however, and the flood of war rushed into the city, many were seized with a thirst for blood, and many unfortunates fell victims to their cruelty. The streets soon be-

came crowded with fierce, greedy, and merciless humanity, and every private and public building was broken into, plundered, and laid waste. Resistance was of no avail, protestation was useless, the cry for mercy was not always heeded, and respect for virtue was sadly lacking in many instances. Cruelty and violence was the order of the day; pity and moderation characterized only the actions of the more refined and humane.

Among the first to enter the city were Gryffydd and Algar with their immediate followers, who rushed forward with all speed toward the beautiful cathedral built by Bishop Athelstan, where Bishop Leofgar, with clerks, monks, and fugitives stood trembling with fear. The gates were closed and barred, and the doors were guarded by monks. The bishop contrary to the practice of the clerical order wore a coat of mail over his episcopal robe, and stood surrounded by his clerks and several persons of rank in the south transept with his hand grasping a sword instead of his crosier. He knew that the enemy would have no more respect for the sacred pile of which he was so proud than for the meanest hovel. Indeed he was convinced that the plunderers would be attracted by the treasures which the cathedral was known to contain as much as he had been by the dignity and estates connected therewith; and this conviction was now stronger than ever as he heard the enemy approaching amidst increasing tumult.

"Would to God that the unconquerable Harold were here to chastise the Saxon traitors and Welsh devils that are now let loose upon our peaceful city," said the bishop. "He is worth a thousand cowardly dogs like Rolf, who ignominiously fled from the field before lifting his hand in our defense, leaving us a prey to violence and rapine. Saint Mary! I am sorry I did not raise an army myself and lead it against the enemy. If I had we would not be now forced to listen to despairing cries and mocking voices; nor would this noble relic of the god-like Athelstan be now menaced with destruction. The saints forbid that his spirit be disturbed by that horrible pounding!"

"The foul fiend take the sacrilegious horde!" exclaimed one of the refugees with much emphasis. "The gates cannot long resist such heavy blows. The saints forbend! if one of them has not already succumbed to their mad persistence."

A triumphant shout which rent the air without, and echoed and re-echoed within the cathedral, attested the truthfulness of these remarks, and all looked with blanched faces and bated breath now in the direction of the noise, and now into each other's eyes. The monks who guarded the door trembled so violently with fear that they could scarcely stand. The two that had charge of the door leading into the cloisters, however, had strength enough left to desert their post

when the enemy began to attack it, and they increased the terror of those already in the transept by precipitately running in among them. But Bishop Leofgar who was not so terrified that he had forgotten either his dignity or his authority compelled them to return immediately to their post, charging them not to leave it again, as they valued their soul's salvation. By this time the other gate had given way, and both the west door and the north porch were simultaneously attacked. Still the bishop offered not to move from the transept. He would have given his see and all his possessions just to have a sufficient number of men around him to repel the attack. He was wise enough, however, not to make the attempt with the dozen or more men at his command. He simply stood listening to the constantly increasing sounds without and occasionally giving vent to his indignation. A second triumphant shout from the assailants, which told him that they had gained entrance into the cloisters, aroused him into action, and opening a secret door in the south-east corner by touching a spring in the wall he hurriedly said,

"Let half of you ascend that winding stairway; it will lead you to the chapel in the roof. Be quick as you value your lives; there is not a moment to lose!"

His command was immediately obeyed. Then shutting the door he led the rest through the south aisle into another transept, and thence into

the lady chapel, where he paused to listen. What he heard was not reassuring, for the enemy now poured into the cathedral like a mighty torrent from the cloisters and through the porch, over the dead bodies of seven of the monks.

"O God! what shall we do?" cried a dozen voices.

"Holy father, we are undone," ejaculated the surviving monks bursting into the chapel.

"This way," exclaimed the bishop, hurrying to another part of the chapel, and touching a secret spring a solid block of marble in the floor flew open revealing a narrow stairway leading to a dark and intricate crypt. Every heart gave a bound of joy at the sight of this avenue of escape; nor was it necessary to urge any one to enter the crypt, for violent blows on the doors of the chapel indicated only too plainly that there was no time to spare.

"Curses upon the hypocritical dogs," cried a voice that could be heard distinctly above the rest, and the next moment Gryffydd, Trahaiarn, and several others rushed through the broken doors just as Leofgar caused the marble block to drop into its place. The assailants heard a noise, but saw not what caused it. "By my faith," said the king, unconsciously standing over the secret entrance to the crypt, "the devil surely must have taken his own at last, elsewhere are the cowardly monks whom we chased hither but a moment ago, or the

mailed hypocrite who vainly tries to wed the office of arms with the calling of a priest?"

"The devil has only spared us the trouble of sending his own to him," Trahaiarn laughingly replied. "And as a further token of his kindness he has left us all the spoils."

"Ha, ha, hearest thou that noble Algar? Where is the earl? By St. David! the wily Saxon applies himself as zealously to the task of robbing the church as his more pious father does to that of enriching her. Let us hence, else his greed will leave us no reward for our trouble."

His followers were only too willing to act on the king's suggestion, and they immediately joined the sacrilegious crowds that had already commenced to search for plunder. Every shrine was robbed of its relics, every wardrobe of its contents and every emblem of its decorations. The saw and hammer had not been more active in the construction of the sacred edifice than the sword and axe were now in its defacement. When nothing more of value could be found the torch was applied to the combustible material, and in a very short time the smoke was so thick that it penetrated to the chapel in the roof, making those who had sought refuge there realize to the full, a danger which they had with much agony anticipated. What had become of the bishop and the others they had left in the transept none of them could tell, for even the few clerks that were among them knew

nothing of the existence of the crypt. Nor did the question trouble them now that their own lives were in jeopardy. The thought that they had escaped death in one form only to meet it in a more terrible form made them almost distracted. The chapel was lighted by only two small windows, and they were so high up as to be out of reach. The smoke almost suffocated them, and the floor grew so hot that they expected every moment to see the flames burst through. Their agonies had reached their climax when hurried footsteps were heard in the stairway, followed by a violent fit of coughing. Then a voice commanded them to descend instantly, which they did with such promptness that they crowded the head of the stairway so full for an instant that descent was impossible. Fortunately for them, however, they succeeded in extricating themselves just in time to escape the flames that now burst into the chapel; and upon reaching the transept they were conducted at once to the crypt by a monk who at the peril of his own life had come to seek them in

obedience to the bishop's command, the latter having no thought of fire when in the hour of excitement he ordered them to seek refuge in the chapel in the roof.

Meanwhile the whole city was being rapidly destroyed by the flames, all that was of value in it having been already carried away by the plunderers. And great was the rejoicing in the camp over the captives and the spoils. Gryffydd's greed was satisfied once more, and Algar's revenge, if not complete, was at least for the present appeased. Therefore as soon as practicable the allied forces commenced their march towards Rhuddlan, leaving Hereford a city of ashes and blood, with her walls razed to the ground. The victorious army was everywhere received with acclamations of joy, for according to the ethics of the times to take the life of an enemy was not murder, to plunder the goods of hated individuals was not stealing, and to destroy their homes not a crime. Can we boast of much better ethics in the nineteenth century.

(Continued.)



ELECTION RETURNS.

By Tom Jeffreys.

John Jones (before his conversion) is not what we may call a politician, although he was very susceptible to political influences. In fact, he was easily and extremely affected by any kind of enthusiasm, and was peculiar in responding to atmospheric changes in political weather. In a country like this where the fads are full of fashions, fads, crazes and manias, it is no wonder that John Jones was heretical and erratic, straying after some ignis fatuus, or wild goose year in and year out.

When W. J. Bryan, the late candidate for the Presidency on the silver ticket, had just delivered his "goldgotha" speech in Chicago and nominated with such enthusiasm as a natural consequence of the white metal platform in 1896, John Jones became so visibly affected that his political conversion was wrought throughout the township. "That's nothing," said Old Tom Jeffreys, "I always suspected that John had a silver plate in his penning (skull), but I did not know until the present minute that it was true." John Jones' brain was so affected that he could not attend to two things at one time; so he became so violently partial to silver, that he neglected farm work in order to devote all his mind and time

to the financial question. Although he hardly knew how to fill up an application for a money order, in a few weeks he was such an expert financier and a self-constituted authority on the silver question, that he could describe exactly what the ratio of gold and silver was in Solomon's time.

One of the blessings of intellectual life is the ability to keep the mind detached from and independent of the engrossing and debauching influences of common enthusiasm. Vulgar zeal is a constant menace to the best interests of humanity, because it keeps the people always interested in cheap movements which are largely detrimental and often retroactive. Our hero had settled in the State of _____ in the early fifties, and being inexperienced in agricultural and pastoral pursuits, he had labored for years as a farmer with little success, keeping the hungry wolf away from his door with considerable difficulty. But although his want of success was chiefly attributable to his lack of agricultural science and experience, he was always disposed to think that external causes were responsible for his failures. Although some of his nearest neighbors were fairly comfortable and prosperous, that potent fact had

never suggested to his mind the suspicion that he might be blameable for his chronic condition of poverty. Such characters, generally, watch for outside favorable excuses whereon they may suspend their shortcomings; and John Jones was really droll in the way he exculpated himself during seasons of ordinary crops. Sometimes, he would blame the weather, the seed, the government, providence, bad luck, and everything excepting his own shiftlessness and indifference. But, although, crushed to earth, seemingly, by reverses, he was never known to be discouraged; and he always managed to look over a bad harvest in expectation of a better one; and he was often heard to plan great victories for the future. He was, in some sense, optimistic, since he had a rare confidence in his own ultimate good luck. His neighbors would often say, "Jack is not a bad sort of fellow;" and his really good and deserving wife and John Jones, Jun., a lad of 16, a good sensible and hard working and clever young farmer, led people to believe that, finally, the old man would enjoy better success.

As soon as the idea was noised abroad that demonetization of silver was the *causa causans* of all the ills that man is heir to, John Jones, Sen., was tickled to death almost, at the prospect of having such a plausible excuse for all recklessness and awkwardness among men, and he seized this political straw with

the avidity of a drowning man. He began to procure books, pamphlets and newspapers silver inspired, and the great fact grew daily in his mind that gold was the curse of all curses. The fall of man (in America) was the resumption of specie payment in 1873, and the Sherman Act was his expulsion from Eden.

It was really amusing to listen to the ability and volubility with which John would show by statistics—upright columns of figures—the way wheat had been dragged along with depreciated silver down through the ages, until in the time of Grover Cleveland, when he had reached the valley of the shadow of death, viz., 49c. a bushel, facing a still lower degradation. As a continuation of the downward tendency, John in accordance with the teaching and hearty wishes of the party, of whom he was such an eloquent exponent, promised and predicted 25c. silver and wheat in the near future, in case McKinley would be elected on a gold basis. Now to this great cloud of blackness, free coinage only could be the silver lining, and only an unlimited supply of the white metal could cure bad times and bad crops.

After a campaign of unusual excitement, election day came, and our hero went to the polls early, voted and worked and canvased the interests of humanity. As close to his heart as free coinage, was a little flask which he appealed to now and again which kept him in excellent good humor all day.

As he had reached home, he took his hat, threw it down by the door and says he, "There I've done it. Yes," answered Mrs. Jones, "You look like a man that has been through something." The effects of the contents of the flask was quite shown on his radiant face. "I took care of my man," said he; "and I took special care of yourself," answered Mrs. Jones. Although John was the nominal head of the house, everybody in the town knew that he was only a figure-head, and young Jack used to say that his pap was the head, but his was the brain.

After resting for the night John had a foretaste of defeat, and what he dreamed of all sorts of ills and misfortunes, woke him up times from bites of imaginings and rode night-mares and precipices! When he got up the next morning he looked pale and depressed, and he hardly finished his breakfast when young Jack came in with the news that McKinley was elected! "The Lord save us all" ("cato pawb") ejaculated John.

"That's what he is going to do," said Mrs. Jones, "and he comported yesterday. Look ye here," she proceeded, "God never intended this world to be run by 16 and such like nonsense, although He is one, it will take six millions such as you to succumb against His plans." John was quiet for days after this. John Jones had a streak of superstition in his character which helped

to make him miserable soon after the election. One night when throwing hay down for the cattle, his foot slipped and he fell awkwardly into a box of tools, whereby he broke his ankle. This kept him crippled for the winter, and many a time during the dark short days and long cold nights of the winter of '96-97 he mused over his wife's words, that 16 to 1 could not upset God's plans. He began to think that his broken ankle was one of the election returns, and that other mishaps were to follow! Early in March, his colt was killed in jumping over a fence, and young John was low with the grip for three weeks, and things looked as if the old man's "pernicious activity" on the political campaign had not fallen into "innocuous desuetude." He was now really fearing bad luck had lighted on him and his house, and he felt like doing anything to raise the mortgage. With the month of May prospects improved and the misfortunes which John Jones had misapprehended as "election returns" had been succeeded by sentiments of health and comfort, and father and son were busily engaged in farm work. To make a long story short, the harvest turned out the best that the Jones family had known; the wheat crop was remarkable; there was more than enough corn; he had more hay than he knew what to do with; and he had such an abundance of apples and fruit that he had to feed them to the hogs, which gave him for the winter of '97-98 bacon that tasted like fruit pie. He sold all the crops at good prices, payed all his debts, was cured of the silver fever, discovered that silver and wheat are not yoked together, and that white metal is symbolic of moonshine.



FIELD OF LETTERS

The contents of "Cymru'r Plant" for November: The Benefit of Storms; The Children of Dolwyddelen; Brittany; Gwenfron, The King's Daughter; Guy Fawkes' Lantern; Tom's Temptations; Ieuan Gwyllt's Grave; The Black Hole, &c.

John Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt) died May 14, 1877. No one labored so steadily and fearlessly in his own way, as Ieuan Gwyllt. From the time he wrote his excellent Introduction to his celebrated "Llyfr Tonau Cynulleidfao!" in Aberdare, April 30, 1859, until his completion of his second edition of the same, April, 1876, he made a marked impression on sacred music in Wales.

In the November number of the "Dysgedydd" we find several articles of some weight, among which are "Who is the Son of Man?" by the Rev. D. M. Jenkins, Liverpool; Paul's Teachings, by the Rev. T. J. Hughes, Maesycwmwr; Notes on a Journey to the United States, by the Rev. R. P. Williams, Holyhead; Sunday School Lessons; Events of the Month; News, Obituaries, Reviews, &c.

As soon as it became known that Bishop Lloyd, of Bangor, meditated resigning, a number of church dignitaries met at the Dean's house to formulate a protest to be sent to the Premier in order to instruct him as to the kind of man the new bishop should be. It was naught else than a denunciation of the Bishop of St. Asaph's high-handed policy, and the Premier is warned not

to appoint for Bangor another like him. Subsequent events have shown that Bishop Edwards has friends and followers. In the newspaper war that has raged ever since, both sides have shown a determination to make a thorough affair of it. They pelt each other with the bitterest names, and the "Llan," a church organ, says that the controversy is perfectly disgraceful. The supporters of Bishop Edwards seem to be most expert at hurling vile epithets, and, although, they have complimented the Nonconformists with some choice names, yet in this domestic fight, they appear to have an inexhaustible supply of rarer invectives. The only reason we have to sorrow over this whole scrimmage is, that it brings religion into contempt and disgrace.—"Dysgedydd."

A report is current that Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the publishers of Harper's Weekly, are about to issue a beautifully printed Pictorial History of the War with Spain. The report says that no expense or effort is being spared by the publishers to make this history the most accurate and authentic account of the war, as well as the handsomest souvenir of it, that can be produced. Many of the magnificent illustrations which have appeared from week to week in Harper's Weekly during the summer will be included, while the literary portion will be contributed by the distinguished war correspondents of the house of Harper, and by many of the officers who took part in the war.

It is evident that our churches in America are composed of members of different denominations. They join together to live in peace, forgetting their little differences, co-operating cordially to help the great cause along. Not far from us is seen a Congregational church with a Wesleyan minister, who through the paucity of Wesleyans, had exchanged his own fold for that of the Congregational church. We found also that those of different sects who had united in a certain church were faithfully and diligently doing all they could for their adopted cause, avoiding all positions that would menace the peace and interests of the members. As a casual visitor, such facts would naturally prove that such an amalgamation of sects is also possible in Wales. "Dysgedydd."

The "Cronicl" is interesting and instructive as usual, and it contains a considerable variety of short articles to suit varied tastes. The monthly notes from Keinion: Dr. Pan Jones; Should Teachers Smoke; Temperance, the Question of the Day; Jesus, the Carpenter; Old Thomas' Letters; Youth, Song, and the Grave; Domestic Tales; Notes from the Editor; Poems, &c., &c.

It is a danger to churches that they are more eager to have new members than to teach them to be good and strong Christians; and the result is that they become a mere following when they should be good soldiers of Christ. They should be watched, encouraged, instructed and disciplined. The entire duty of caring for new members, also, should not be entrusted to the minister and church officers, but should be the duty of the whole membership. Church membership should mean much more than mere reception into the church. It means watching, caring for them, teaching, helping and doing all that Christ did while he

walked amongst the children of men. Doing this would bring about a revolution.—"Cronicl."

The Christmas number of Harper's Magazine presents a holiday appearance in its cover of green and gold, and the illusion is not dispelled by an examination of the contents, beginning with a frontispiece in color. The poems are appropriate to the season. In addition to "The Martyrs' Idyl," a dramatic poem founded on a legend of the early Christian Church, by Louise Imogen Guiney, illustrated by E. Grasset, the number contains, among others, "Mary," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, and "Ere Christ, the Flower of Virtue, Bloomed," by Louise Morgan Sill, illustrated by F. V. Du Mond; and "A Ballad of Manila Bay," by Charles G. D. Roberts, with an illustration by Carlton T. Chapman. "The Coming Fusion of East and West" is the title of a timely article contributed by Ernest F. Fenollosa.

But why waste time to prove the right of Society to control the Drink Traffic, seeing that it is a well-known fact that such control over it has been actually exercised for the last 350 years or more? Is it not an essential and recognized part of the law of the land to-day that the number of public houses in a given neighborhood is to depend not on the wishes of publicans, but on the requirements of the neighborhood? "But if that is so," some one will say, "what more do you want?" Nothing, in point of principle. The theory is all right—it is the practice that is defective; and all we want is to provide the law with better machinery, so as to enable it to put its own theories on this question into practice. Providing the people themselves with the means of voicing their own requirements in an authoritative manner, and thus making the administration of the law consistent with

its professed intention—this is all that is really involved in the dreaded term "Local Option."—"Young Wales."

In the highest branches our University Colleges are doing noble work in the promotion of technical education. The purely scientific teaching in these colleges is, we are assured, all that could be wished for. In technical education Aberystwyth and Bangor look after the training of the young farmers of Wales. The University College of South Wales, aided by the Technical Instruction Committees of Cardiff and Glamorgan, provides a thorough instruction in the technology of the trades which form the staple industries of the dense mining district in which it is situated. From these institutions we shall probably see an increasing number of young men drawn year by year for the superintendence of farms—positions now held in Wales almost invariably by Scotchmen—of machine shops, of the textile and other industries, and in particular we may hope to see a large number of Welsh boys adopting the profession of engineering, a sphere of labor which in the specialties of hydraulic, steam, mechanical mining and electric engineering is ever widening and affording careers of usefulness for those who are properly prepared for the work.—"Young Wales."

The editor of "Cwrs y Byd" complains of the irregular conduct of some Welsh preachers. They are unstaid and skittish, accepting such a number of calls in the course of a few years that it is difficult to state in the Diary of the denomination where they are at. This week they accept a call, and next week they will again decline and accept another. As an illustration of this whimsicality, he instances one who resided in three places during one year. He suspects that this desire on the part of some preachers to minister to as many

churches as possible in one year is the outgrowth of an unholy love of popularity. The editor also feels that such erratic ministry should be abolished. People are beginning to be displeased, and even disgusted with it.

"Cwrs y Byd" is disposed to ridicule Gwilym Evans of "Bitters" renown, for the reasons he gave for resigning his Parliamentary candidacy to represent the boroughs of Carmarthen and Llanelli, S. W., in St. Stephens. As soon as Mr. Evans' candidacy was announced, political and professional beggars, blackmailers, and a number of pinched job-seekers, besieged, besought and worried him to impatience; and in a fit of peevishness he resolved to resign, stating that he was determined to have peace at any price. "Cwrs y Byd" also thinks that Mr. Evans betrays a deplorable lack of human nature in managing the people, and that his impatience with human weaknesses, proves that he is utterly unqualified to fill any public office. Proceeding, the article says "Christ said 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden,' but Mr. Evans says 'Get away with ye!'"

"Hurrah for America," a tale of Welsh life by Miss Alice Reese, of Shandon, O. She is of Welsh parentage, and though she writes as an American, yet her perfect familiarity with the characteristics of the Welsh, peculiarly fit her for the task she has accomplished so well. The scene of the narrative is a little city in one of the Welsh settlements in Southern Wisconsin, and, in the author's own words, she "has sought to portray some of the characteristics of the life found there." The characters are all representative of Welsh life. There is much in the book to interest the young. The little volume is now on sale at the book stores, and would make an elegant holiday gift.

SCIENTIFIC

THE TURKEY.

Turkeys are great wanderers. A mother will often lead her brood three or four miles away from home. There they take up their habitation in unfrequented woods. The instinct for solitude and wild life is very strong after centuries of domestication. But a kindred instinct impels the mother to bring her grown family back in the fall where she started out with them in the spring. This is not done, however, for the leaves are all off the trees the acorns have fallen and have been eaten, and the cold winds, and sometimes the snow have made the sylvan retreats inhospitable.

PAPER SLIPPERS.

Paper slippers are the latest form in which paper is introduced in new inventions. A patent has been taken out for a system of manufacturing slippers, sandals, and other coverings for the feet out of paper. Paper pulp, or paper-mache, is employed for the upper, which is moulded to the desired form and size, and a sole is provided made of paper or pasteboard, leather-board, or other suitable paper material, which is attached to the paper by means of cement, glue, or other adhesive material. The upper is creased, embossed, or perforated at the instep or sides, which renders them somewhat pliable, and prevents their cracking while in use.

NONE THERE.

A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss

mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet. Here is the place for the purity party and scaremongers who are forever horrifying the public with the dismal fear of microbes. They would have to take their supply with them, most of which are useful to man. It is pleasing to observe that the microbe does not give himself lofty airs, but, as a fellow creature, comes down to our level and dwells cheerily in our midst.—Meehan's Monthly.

SOLDER FOR GLASS.

A metallic compound which firmly adheres to glass, and can, therefore, be employed as a solder for glass, is obtained by melting together 95 per cent (by weight) of tin, and 5 parts of zinc. The melting point lies at about 200 degrees (C.). By means of the soldering iron it can be spread upon the glass, previously heated to this temperature, and, after cooling, adheres firmly to it. An alloy of 9 parts tin and 1 part aluminium may be used for the same purpose, but has the drawback that its fusing point lies considerably higher, viz., around 390 degrees.

UNCHANGABLE.

Miss M. A. Ellis contributed a paper to the British Association on the human ear as a means of identification. She pointed out that the helix, or outer rim of the ear, and the general shape of the pinna, or whole outer ear, were the most useful for purposes of identification. Ears do not change shape after childhood, although they enlarge slightly

ly after middle life. From the varieties of 64 pairs of ears, many belonging to individuals noted in art, science, and literature, printed from life by Miss Ellis, it has been found that the right and left of each pair of ears usually vary in shape.

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ONE WRITER SAYS.

There is a grievance, a real, determined, angry grievance, against England, Germany, and America. These are the three countries which deluge medicine with physiology, good, bad, and indifferent, but mostly bad; which flood it with literature in the shape of medical books, with no soul of either science or practise in them, and which "evolute" new remedies, not by the score, but by the thousand annually, not one of which in fifty is worth even so much as a second thought. The inevitable effect of all this upon the average minds in the profession is, either to suffocate and so to paralyze them with what appears to be new knowledge, or else to so disgust the practitioner that he makes up his mind never to read at all, and on no earthly consideration whatever to experiment with a new drug. Medicine, in short, is swamped, drowned, stifled, and paralyzed by innumerable exploiters within and without its ranks: exploiters whose only object is the shortest possible cut, not to fame and fortune, but to notoriety and pelf.

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HOT SPRINGS IN AUSTRALIA.

A place like this is, of course, a perfect Godsend to the Maoris. They can soak themselves all day in the warm weather; cook their meat and potatoes simply by hanging them in their nets in the corner of a boiling spring, and live as happily, lazily, and uselessly as the pigs that share their houses and fortunes. All you have to do to laun-

der clothes is to soak a garment in a hot soda spring, and then wash it out in warm, clear water in another spring, and there you are. Even if a Maori has but one garment, he is not abashed. He washes it and hangs it on the fence, and sits down in the costume of the Greek Slave until it dries.

Each of these floating black heads you see in the warm baths will have a black pipe in its mouth; and if the weather is foul, you may see individuals holding umbrellas over their heads.

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REMEDY FOR STINGS.

One of the old-fashioned remedies, and we believe a good one, is to apply immediately to the part stung the juice of a raw onion. The rationale of this remedy is not clear, the sulphur oil in the onion possibly serving as a palliative. The sting, at any rate, if it remains in the wound, should be extracted, and the puncture dressed with a little weak ammonia, and afterward a little bromide of ammonia may be added, which frequently serves as a sedative. The intense irritation caused in some persons by mosquito bites may be promptly relieved by the application of ipecacuanha, either the "vinum" or the powdered root, made into a paste with water or vinegar.—The Lancet.

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HASTENING THE SPROUTING OF SEEDS.

It is well known, says the "Revue Scientifique," that it is possible to accelerate germination, or, more exactly, to shorten the period that elapses between sowing the seed and its sprouting, by soaking the seed some time before planting. M. Phippchenko has made some interesting experiments in this direction on beets. He noticed that when the duration of the latent period

was 15 days, for instance (that is, when the seed remained 15 days before sprouting when placed dry in the earth), the latent period is not more than 4 to 6 days, if the seeds are previously soaked for 12 to 15 days. It is not necessary to immerse the seeds; they must only be kept moist, often moving them about. It is evident that the process of germination is not really hastened, but that the time that the seed, as a seed, passes under ground is shortened, and thus it is removed from danger and from enemies. It would be useful to generalize these experiments, and to see in what measure this method can be applied to other common seeds.

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ANIMALS AS TOPERS.

It seems that animals are susceptible to alcoholism in proportion to the development of their intelligence. Elephants are fond of wine and rum, and rats gnaw the staves of wine casks to get at the contents. Cats, however, rarely exhibit a fondness for intoxicants.

Among birds the parrot takes first place as an habitual toper. Insects have many opportunities to become intoxicated, and it is the most active that most frequently avail themselves of the chance. There is an aromatic, intoxicating fluid in linden blossoms for which bees show an especial fondness.

Instances have been observed where swarms of bees regaled themselves with the poisonous linden nectar until they exhibited all the signs of intoxication. Hundreds fell helplessly to the roadside, to be trampled under foot.

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UNEXPLORED REGIONS.

The mountain ranges on the east and northeast of Thibet, the magnificent river region which extends northward into the interior from the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, are little known. Much yet

remains to be done in the region watered by the Oxus. The great central deserts, as Dr. Sven Hedin has shown, conceal beneath their sandy wastes the rich remains of ancient civilizations. Even the maps of western Asia contain much hypothetical geography, and the Siberian coast is still most inaccurately laid down. Southern and central Arabia is almost unknown, and the venturesome explorer who succeeded in making his way in a bee line from Aden to Muscat would perform a feat worthy of the highest recognition. Thus, notwithstanding all that has been accomplished during the century, the occupation of the explorer in Asia will not be gone for generations to come.

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BEES AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

"For forty years," remarks M. de Bidder, "bee-keepers have made use of straw hives with two entrances. Sometimes on very extraordinary occasions, I have observed that from the beginning of October the bees have stopped their entrances with wax in such a manner as to admit passage to only one individual at a time, thus giving an indirect lesson to their owners who have neglected to put a little board against the opening to prevent the cold air getting in. In these years the winters have been extremely severe. When the temperature outside falls to five degrees, the bees do not leave their dwelling; indeed, they could no longer go out without exposing themselves to the risk of paralysis or death. All the bees group themselves together in the hive, in the shape of a compact ball."

Having thus studied the habits of bees for many years, M. de Bidder agrees with other bee-keepers that whenever the entrances to the hives are seen carefully closed, one must expect great cold, whenever the openings are not stopped with wax, the winter need not be dreaded.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

The number of people engaged in the manufacture of tin-plates in Wales has decreased during the last seven years by 50 per cent.

The first book in Irish was printed in 1571; the first in Gaelic in 1567, and the first in Welsh, according to Rowlands, was printed in 1546, Wales of old, as now, leading the way in the Celtic literary race. There were at least seven books printed in Welsh before the first Gaelic book, three of them being editions and adaptations of Salesbury's Dictionary.

Some delightful sayings by children are given in the October number of the "Temple Magazine" by the Rev. J. Idrisyn Jones. A little girl explained God's omnipresence thus: "He was everything without going there." A little boy, reflecting on the misdeeds of Satan, said to his mother, "Ma, Satan must be a great trouble to God, mustn't he? I don't see why he turned out so bad when he had no devil to put him up to it!" Better, perhaps, is the remark of a three-year-old, who said, "I want God to take care of me nights; I can take care of myself days."

It is satisfactory to find that, whatever may be the political relations between England and Russia, the Czar is steadily increasing his commercial relations with Wales. He is now figuring in a conspicuous manner as a buyer of tin-plates in the Swansea district, and steel rails in the Bessemer works

of the hills, and steadily increasing his demand for steam coal at Cardiff. Welsh steel, it will be gratifying to learn, is taking up as high a position as Welsh coal, and the resumption of work has been hailed in the Midlands, and even in the North of England, with satisfaction.

In a petition to Henry VIII. the Welsh people made a remarkable apology for uttering guttural sounds. "Nor shall it be a disparagement, we hope, that it (the Welsh language) is spoken so much in the throat, as we believe that words that sound so deep come from the heart."

The late Mr. David Davies, Llandinam, used to treat the bilingual difficulty in this way:—"If you wish to continue to eat barley bread and lie on a straw bed, shout with all your might, 'Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg; but if you wish to eat white bread and roast beef, you must learn English."

The handsome memorial-stone erected in the quiet country churchyard of St. Andrew's Major, in the peaceful and charming Vale of Glamorgan, to the memory of the late renowned chair bard "Dewi Wyn o Essyllt," was unveiled on Thursday afternoon, November 10, the interesting ceremony being performed by his Honor Judge Gwilym Williams Miskin Manor, who delivered a graceful address on the occasion, paying a worthy tribute to the illustrious memory of the departed poet. A numerous

pany of gentlemen, and not a few
es, from Pontypridd, the Rhondda
ley, and elsewhere, attended.

His Honor Judge Gwilym Williams,
er the party had assembled round
grave, delivered a pathetic address,
ing which His Honor was more than
e deeply affected. Not only as a re-
owned bard would the memory of
Dewi Wyn o Emyllt live in the affec-
s of his fellow-countrymen, but also
a valuable contributor to the prose
rature of the nation, more especial-
his masterly articles on the advan-
es of education and other subjects.
the judge strongly advised young
n to read the works of "Dewi Wyn,"
o was one of the greatest men in
les during the last half-century, and
enriched the literature of the na-
a during the Victorian era probably
re than any other man, with the ex-
tion, perhaps, of "Islwyn."

the new intermediate school buildings
ch have been opened at Machynlleth
nd in a field which has been known
m time immemorial as "Cae y Gar-
wn," that is to say, the field of the
rison. Probably no town in the
ncipality is richer than Machynlleth
istorical associations. It was an im-
tant station during the Roman occu-
ion, and is supposed to have been
site of their Maglona. Owen Glyn-
's house of parliament is shown to
s day, and in the vicinity is Dolguog,
e the residence of Llywarch Hen.

The Bishop of St. David's made an
ellent start at Brecon in the meet-
held on behalf of the Diocesan So-
y for increasing the incomes of the
or benefices in the diocese. Lord
degar and Miss Talbot Morgan
mised £200 a year for five years, an
onymous donor £100 a year for the
me period, and Sir John Llewellyn

and the Bishop £100 a year for five
years. Lesser sums were promised,
bringing the total to about £900 a year
for five years. The Bishop intends vis-
iting seven other centres to plead the
same cause. That it is an urgent one
may be realized by the fact that there
are 28 benefices in the diocese, the net
income of which is less than £100 a
year.

Mr. Andrew Lang is not very en-
thusiastic over the "Celtic Renaissance."
He maintains that the qualities of Cel-
tic poetry are "rather the result of en-
vironment and of history than of race,
the Celts being 'Aryans' like the rest
of us." But he says:—"If the Neo-
Celts are in earnest, let them provide
us with Celtic texts and literal trans-
lations of Celtic literature, or do for
Ireland, Brittany, and Wales what Mr.
Neill Munro has begun to do for the
West Highlands. This is the path."

At the triennial visitation held at the
Cathedral, St. Asaph, N. W., recently,
the Bishop concluded his remarks on
"Fasting Communion" in this wise: "I
leave this point with the weighty words
of the Bishop of Oxford: 'It is a whole-
some rule, a 'mos pro lege' if you like,
which recommends or prescribes fast-
ing communion; but to enforce such a
practice with such sanctions is not in
accordance with a true conception of
religious law, or with the spirit of the
Gospel itself. Nor is the promulgation
of such a sanction, namely, if you com-
municate otherwise than fasting you
are committing wilful sin—reconcilable
with the loyalty that all of us alike owe
to the Church of which we are the
ministers."

In the Swansea Public Library is a
copy of the first issue of the Welsh
Prayer Book, of 1567, and this recently,
on the application of Mr. J. H. Davies,

has been temporarily removed to the British Museum, Archdeacon Williams having expressed a desire to examine it. The only other copy known to be in existence is in the possession of Sir John Williams. The copy belonging to Swansea has about 20 leaves missing, and is in dilapidated condition.

Whether it is to be deplored or not the fact remains that our younger generation are becoming increasingly English in conversation, in the literature they read, that the careers that many of them look forward to and are aiming at will take them into England. Every parish clergyman in this diocese knows that the younger generation who prefer English love to attend the services of the Church. We must then be careful not to neglect their claims. In our practical dealing with the language difficulty we must have even-handed justice, a fair and proportionate recognition of the claims of the Welsh and the English. The wise priest who has to minister to their souls will try honestly to find out in what language his ministry will be most acceptable to each individual.—Bishop Edwards.

Mr. Aneurin Jones, of New York, sends us this: In the "Cambrian" for November we find the following singular notice as coming from the editor: "Pennant describes his book as a complete tour of the most civilized part of Wales. It is a pity he did not describe the other parts." We are constrained to ask if its publication is not intended for a burlesque on the people it pretends to serve.

The above "Note" did not come from the Editor, as Mr. Jones unwittingly states. The "Welsh Notes" are not Editorial. They are taken from various Welsh sources. Some of them may be discordant, but yet they are essential elements in the music of literature.

Then Mr. Jones proceeds: Dr. Johnson said: "Pennant is the best traveller I ever read; he observes more things than any one else does." In the edition of 1810 we find the following advertisement of the author referring to the first part: "These home travels are the first part of an account of my own country. They make of themselves a complete tour of the tamer parts of our country. In a future volume, the wild and romantic scenery will be presented, intermixed with the rich valleys so frequently interspersed." It will be seen that Pennant made a special reference to the scenery of Wales, without the least allusion to its people.

The writer of the querulous remark, which Mr. Jones resents, may have discovered an implied slight on South Wales in the way Pennant refers to the contents of his volumes. In his "Advertisement," he says he has described Flint and portions of Denbighshire, and promises to include the "four remaining counties of the principality" in the second volume. Therefore six counties make up "his country" and "his principality." Did he view South Wales as an outlying territory, as yet in a wild state, and not a part of Wales proper?

According to the stationmaster of Dolygaer, a popular summer resort on the Brecon and Merthyr Railway of people from Merthyr and Dowlais, the name of that place is of Latin derivation, and signifies, he believes, the fort (caer) of the dale. He has courteously pointed out to various visitors the indications still extant on the hill top of the old "caer" which overlooks the valley, and in the course of an interview recently he stated that he had traced an old Roman road near Pontsticill. Evidently there was in those ancient times communication between

caer, or its immediate neighborhood, and Morlais and Vaynor.

In the early part of the century several of the most notable Welsh Eisteddfodau were held in public-houses, and it was no unusual thing to find poets, temporal and spiritual, presiding at these pothouse festivals, at which the flow of impromptu verse was helped by the flow of ale. It is therefore, only a return to tradition that the well-known firm of Scotch whisky distillers have subscribed the sum of 100 guineas towards the funds of the Festiniog Eisteddfod should give another hundred to the committee of the Cardiff National Eisteddfod. This generous donation is offered as a prize for an original work in the chief essay competition.

'Mabon's' rhapsody over the almost extinct Welsh harp is in curious contrast with the facts elicited by calm investigation. Mr. John Ceirlog Hughes would count over 1,100 Welsh airs, but it is questionable whether more than half of them are now known. "And where is the harper now to be found," remarks Dr. Kuno Meyer, "and where the 'datceiniad,' who can play and sing the fifty 'alawon datganladol' which Idris Vychan' in his essay on penillion singing enumerates? And, alas! the most beautiful are lost first, because they are often the most difficult of performance. Believe me, if it shall be left to the piano to interpret them, they will not live." The ultra Puritanical spirit has killed music and popular song in England and Wales.

A writer in "The Gardeners' Chronicle" says:—"I have recently been spending a two months' holiday in North Wales, and have seen a good deal of Denbighshire and Carnarvonshire. I was prepared to find that the Welsh are not a gardening people such as the

English are, but I did not expect to find good gardening so rare as it is. I have not seen one really good cottage garden, and the farmers' gardens are not much better. Some, indeed, are as bad as the worst. Usually, the gardens are devoted almost exclusively to growing potatoes—and weeds, and such weeds, too! vigorous in growth and numberless in quantity, so that I have been almost wild with vexation to see such a reckless waste of fertility. The truth is, that 'the purest of human pleasures' has not yet, to any extent, commended itself to the good graces of the interesting and amiable people of this beautiful country, so that the County and District Councils would do their constituents a great service if they would take some pains to instruct them how to make their gardens pleasanter to look at, and more productive of a greater variety of wholesome vegetables and fruits than they are at present."

Plas Isaf, Llanrwst, the old home of William Salesbury, the first translator of the New Testament into the Welsh language, is fast falling into ruins; and unless some steps be speedily taken to stay the hand of time a priceless and irrecoverable memorial will be for ever lost to Wales. A place so closely associated with the name of Salesbury is hallowed by the most sacred traditions of the Welsh nation, whose noblest traits—the love of learning and pure religion—found in him a timely and generous benefactor. Welshmen all the world over will be struck with poignant regret if a home so sacred is allowed to crumble to ruins. Last spring a simple appeal in this column went far to stay the hand of the vandal from demolishing the ancient ruins of Strata Florida Abbey; and we trust that to mention the present regrettable condition of Plas Isaf will be enough to arouse sufficient enthusiasm and sup-

port to preserve it from the ruthless havoc of time and weather.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who has for the past twelve months been engaged on a historical novel dealing with Norman times in Wales, and visited places in South Wales which will form the principal scenes in his book, has brought the work near publication. It will first appear in serial form in January next in the "Illustrated News" (London). During one of the novelist's visits to the Principality he told a correspondent that the story would be of the time of Bishop Bernard, of St. David's, and would deal with the effects produced on the Cymric character by the Norman occupation and domination of the country. Among the historic personages to be introduced by the author are Nest, the grandmother of Giraldus Cambrensis, and her brother, Gruffydd ap Rhys. The scene is laid partly in the cathedral city of St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, and partly in Cynwyl Gaio, in Carmarthenshire.

One of the prettiest and most familiar objects which meets the eye on the Welsh hills during the autumn is the mountain ash or rowan. Every branch is gracefully bent by its burden of scarlet berries, which gleam from afar in the rays of the autumn sun. It is traditionally stated that wealth of berries follow a wet summer, and precede a hard winter. In North Wales the mountain ash is known as *criafallen*, and in South Wales as *cerddinen*. Few trees excel it in wealth of folk-lore. In days gone by it was held in high veneration in the Principality. In many a Welsh churchyard the ancient rowan took the place of the yew tree in England. Sprays of its leaves and small crosses from its wood were

solemnly distributed on certain festivals as charms against evil spirits. The rowan, as is well known, is closely associated with the history of witches. Elfish beings were supposed to hold the tree in dread, and branches of it were frequently hung over stalls in cow-houses as a preservative against their magic influences. In former times the rowan berries entered largely into the pharmacopoeia of the peasant, and they still form an important ingredient in some of his home-brewed drinks—notably a kind of cider.

A scientific commentary on the Welsh coal-pits after the strike is given by a leading London journal. It states that it took more than two months after the long strike of 1875 to place the pits in working order, but with regard to the last strike, as soon as the conditions of peace were provisionally settled the collier could descend the shaft and get to the face with little more difficulty than he experienced in the month of March. This our authority regards as a triumph of modern engineering. "More powerful pumping engines, improved mechanical methods of ventilation, even the difference in the quality of the brattice cloth, to say nothing of a more liberal use of pit-props, mark a great distinction in the economy of the pit between those old days and now."

When Lord John Russel was once on a visit to Beddgelert the inhabitants asked him to use his influence to secure a grant for the local school. One Welshman grasped the Prime Minister by the shoulder, and offered him a parcel of woolen stockings as a present. The story and sight of the stockings at headquarters induced Lord Lansdowne to allow £150 towards the Beddgelert School.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

We feel that by the death of Thomas Gee a power has passed from the earth. To him were given many talents, and he utilised every one of them for the help of man in the fear of God. Many days, eighty-three long years, were given to him. He never wasted one day or one hour in idleness. He lived

of its individual citizens he did everything in his power as journalist, publisher, preacher, Sunday School teacher, politician, educationalist, social reformer, by public action and by private counsel, by precept and by example, to make of his countrymen a sturdy, manly, capable, self-respecting race.



Thomas Gee.

his life to the full. He dedicated his life and his energies to the enlightenment of his countrymen and the building up of his nation. He served Wales with a splendid and unwavering devotion. He was a pioneer and strenuous worker in all the movements which have freed the energies of Wales, increased its self-respect, and made bright the promise of its future. Believing that Wales could only be made great by the excellence and sturdiness

There are in every country, almost in every district in Wales to-day men who bear the intellectual and moral stamp and impress of Thomas Gee. They are the makers of its public opinion, the leaders in all activities that make for the strengthening of the national life. He was a Puritan of the best type. His convictions in religious matters, in social morality, in politics were deeply felt, and he had a passion for making his convictions and views prevail. He

was a doughty warrior for what he believed to be right, a fearless fighter against everything which fettered or defaced the human soul. But, fighter as he was, he never allowed his struggle for principles to deteriorate into a scuffle of personalities. His nature was too sunny, and his heart too filled with love to make him a bigot or precisian. He was too ceaseless a worker even to stray into cynicism. He remained to his dying hour too young in spirit to be in any sense a pessimist. To the end he remained full of youth, full of life, full of friendship, full of hope. Though in the thick of every public movement, at the beck and call of every reformer, and immersed in the constant work of his powerful weekly journals, he found time to serve and bring comfort to the afflicted, and to plan and execute great enterprises. I shall ever count it a privilege to have been allowed last March to accompany him to one of his usual Sunday evening services at the North Wales Asylum. Then I felt the pulsations of his tender sympathy for the wreckage in life's struggle. When I want to convince sceptical English friends of the vitality of Cymric language and literature, I shall point to the re-issue of the "Myfyrrian Archaeology" and to the "Gwyddoniadur." They are monuments of his pride and faith in Wales. We look upon his life as we do upon the kingliest oak in the forest. Wales stands more erect, feels a new pride and a new confidence in its possession of the memory of such a life. And

When the Mighty pass away
What is it more than this
That Man, who is from God sent forth
Doth yet again to God return?

October 3, 1898. T. E. Ellis, M. P.

Names of Welsh Soldiers, and of Welsh Descent Who Enlisted for the War of the Rebellion from Racine and Vicinity:

Second Reg. Wis. Vol.: Thomas Jones, died in the hospital at Washington, D. C.; Thomas Phillips, died in the service; David Roberts.

Eighth Reg. Wis. Vol., Co. K.—John Phillips; Edward Mason, mortally wounded at Nashville, Tenn.; John F. Jones; David Thomas; Owen R. Owens; John Meredith; Hugh Prichard; Richard W. Jones; John James (recruit).

Twenty Second Reg., Wis. Vol., Co. A.—John Griffith; John H. Roberts; Thomas Humphreys; Evan J. Roberts; Robert E. Jones; William A. Roberts, died in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Co. D.—Evan Edwards.

Co. F.—Owen Griffith, Captain of the Company; Robert T. Pugh, Lieutenant, promoted Captain of the Company, and subsequently Lieutenant Colonel of 53rd Regiment; John Bowen, promoted Lieutenant; Robert Blair Jones, promoted Lieutenant; William H. Hughes, promoted Lieutenant.

Co. F—Evan O. Jones, promoted adjutant of the Regiment, with the rank of First Lieutenant; Morris B. James; David Rowlands; Edward W. Jones; Owen Owens; Richard G. Roberts, mortally wounded at the battle of Resaca; John D. Morgan, accidentally wounded at Brentwood Station, Tenn.; J. M. James; Elias J. Prichard; Roderick E. Daniel; John R. Jones; Robert W. Williams; Cadwaladr Pugh; Rowland Edwards; Edward L. Davies, mortally wounded at Dallas Woods, near Atlanta; Thomas W. Thomas, died on the march with Sherman; Evan J. Lewis; Thomas Hall; David Morris, died at hospital in Nashville, Tenn.; Christopher Hopkins; Samuel Jones, died at hospital in Danville, Ky.; Richard A. Williams; David D. Williams; James W. Lewis; Abel J. Lewis; William Jones; Evan G. Roberts.

Men enlisted in Co. F from other places, but credited to Racine County.

From Berlin: Thomas J. Davies, promoted Capt. of Co. F; Joseph G.

THE CAMBRIAN.

vies; Daniel Davies; John H. Davies; W. R. Edwards; Samuel J. Thomas; Robert J. Thomas; David E. Evans; David S. Williams.

from Waukesha: Edward Ellis; John Ellis; Evan E. Ellis; Edward Roberts; Thomas Hopkins; Evan O. Evans; Thomas M. Jones; Allen Muckelton.

from Cambria: Owen R. Jones, died in prison on board of train to New York by prison; Richard H. Jones; Thomas T. Hughes, 17th Reg. Wis. Vol.; Thomas H. Hughes, 32nd Reg. Wis. Vol.; Evan Rowlands, died in the service; John Jones, missing between Santa and Savannah; John R. Davies, Captain in First Reg. Wis. Artillery; John Edwards, Heavy Artillery; David R. Morgan, 2nd Reg. New York Artillery; John H. Jones, enlisted in 1st Wis. Reg., transferred to U. S. Cavalry; James Shamrock; Humphrey Jones, U. S. Frigate Minnesota; Griffith Roberts, died in hospital at Madison, Wis.; Griffith R. Pierce, 9th Wis. Battery; Thomas Evans, Western Navy, 18 months in rebel prison; John Roberts, Mass. Battery; John Prichard, First Reg. Minnesota; Richard Hughes, Pennsylvania Regt.; Jenkyn Griffith, 1st Reg. Wis. Vol.; Thomas B. Jones, New York Regt., killed at the battle of the Wilderness.

Thirty Ninth Reg. Wis. Vol.—John Hughes; John P. Thomas; Thomas Jones; John C. Davies, Sr.; John C. Davies, Jr.; John Thomas; Jerome Thomas; Griffith R. Griffiths; William Jones; Hugh M. Roberts; Owen Roberts.

Forty Third Reg. Wis. Vol.:—John Williams; Thomas J. Rowlands; Charles Jones; Joseph Richards.

Forty Ninth Reg. Wis. Vol.:—Thomas Lewis; David Phillips; David E. Davies; Lewis Phillips; William Phillips.

Fifty First Reg. Wis. Vol.: Lewis Williams.

The beautiful blue silk flag on exhibition was presented by the Welsh ladies of Racine, to the Cambrian Guards, which was subsequently mustered in as Co. F, 22nd Reg. Wis. Vol. The enlistment took place in the Welsh Presbyterian Church. One very affecting incident took place, viz., Robert Blair Jones had enrolled his name on the list, and immediately afterwards his brother Edward W. Jones, only 16 years of age, went forward to enroll. His mother, the late Mrs. Laura R. Pugh, who was present, shouted out when she saw Edward going forward: "He belongs to me—you cannot have him!" ("Myfi pia hwna—chewch chwi mo hono ef").

Many families had more than one member in the service, viz.: Thomas Phillips had four sons—John, Thomas, David and William; John C. Davies had three sons besides himself—David, Edward and John; John Roberts two, John and David; Owen Roberts two, John and Owen; Mrs. Laura R. Pugh two, Robert and Edward; David Morgan two, David and John; Robert Prichard two, John and Hugh; Mrs. Mary Jones two, John and Humphrey; Richard Roberts two, Richard and Griffith; Rowland Edwards two, Rowland and John; John Thomas two, father and son Jerome. There were three brothers in Co. F, 22nd Reg., viz.: John, Evan and Edward Ellis, from Berlin. The former was later known as the Rev. Edward Ellis, Baptist minister, who died about two years ago at Milwaukee.

"D. S. D." are letters that have been assigned to many and varied articles; articles which coruscated with a brilliancy of thought; articles that diffused vigor, originality and genius. The hand that wrote them will write them no more. The well-known and widely-respected preacher, writer, and advocate

of all that was lovely and of good report, passed away with great suddenness Saturday, October 29. His was a truly memorable life. His father, a Congregational minister of Mynyddbach, Llangyfelach, died when the son was but thirteen years of age. His prospects of life were blighted, and he engaged at once in manual labor. In consequence of the famous strike in 1857, he emigrated to America, where he subsequently commenced preaching. He received a classical training in spite of many difficulties, and having officiated as minister in several large towns, he returned to Wales in 1875, and became the successor of Ap Vychan at Ebenezer, Bangor. In 1886, he removed to Carmarthen to wear the mantle that had fallen from the late Professor Morgan, of Union Street Chapel. Few ministers were so hard-working as he; few as straightforward and conscientious. His loss to Liberalism, to Nonconformity and to the temperance cause in Wales will be irreparable.

The deceased was also the inventor of a system of shorthand especially applicable to the Welsh language, and a book somewhat similar to "Pitman's Teacher" was published by him, but the system never received the support its originator had anticipated. Being of a mechanical turn of mind he had thoroughly studied the principles upon which the typewriter is constructed, and had altered the keyboard of the Smith-Premier machine in order to suit the typing of Welsh. This arrangement has been entered at Stationers' Hall. Deceased leaves a widow and three children. Although an extremist in his views, and exceedingly brusque in expression, it was generally conceded that the deceased was always actuated by the best of motives.

Wednesday evening, November 9, the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Thom-

as Jones (Odnant), on North West St., Lima, O., was all aglow, noting the happy event, the union in marriage of Miss Gwen, their eldest daughter, and Mr. David Pence, of Wooster, O. Prof. Harry E. Jones sang "Beautiful Eyes," accompanied by Miss Mayme Peat, who also played Mendelssohn's famous wedding march when the bridal party entered, followed by the Rev. R. J. Thomson. Best wishes and the wedding feast followed the beautiful ceremony. The bride and groom left for their future home at Lowellville, O. There was a great gathering of friends and admirers.

Over a hundred employees and invited guests sat down in the dining-room of the Nanaimo Hotel, Nanaimo, B. C., on Saturday night, November 5, to a grand banquet tendered to Mr. Thomas Morgan, late overman of Protection Island Shaft, who has been appointed Coal Mines Inspector for the Province of British Columbia. Mr. Morgan has been in the employ of the New Vancouver Coal Mining and Land Company for nearly a quarter of a century, and has proved himself to be a most efficient officer, having gradually climbed from the bottom to the top of the ladder by his honesty and integrity. Mr. Wm. McGregor presided. Addresses and music followed, and all enjoyed a happy evening. Mr. Morgan is a native of Cowbridge, Glamorgan, S. W. During the proceedings a valuable gold watch and chain was presented to him.

November 11, in the "Barry Herald," S. W., there appeared an article from the pen of Theodore Dodd, which is highly complimentary to the ability and popularity of the Rev. D. T. Phillips, U. S. Consul at Cardiff. This is his high estimate of Mr. Phillips as a public speaker: "He is, it is true, a man of rich and varied intellectual gifts, but these, though choice and great, are

subordinate to the still higher qualities of the heart which he possesses. And at the pulpit, which he has by no means forsaken, the sympathy and generosity of his nature give charm to his lofty and captivating eloquence. Hence it is that the demand on Mr. Phillips is an anniversary and special occasion preacher in the Welsh pulpits since he came to Cardiff as United States Consul has been very great. I am informed, by one who knows, that Mr. Phillips has engagements in that capacity reaching a long way into the future; and the more his singular and fascinating power in the pulpit becomes popularly known, the more will be the desire to secure his services."

The mecca of the Welsh singers of Western Pennsylvania and Ohio next Christmas will be Cleveland, O., where grand Eisteddfod will be held under the auspices of the Cleveland Cambrian Society. The Pittsburg Choral Society has decided to take part in the musical contest, Prof. T. J. Davies, formerly of Cranston, as the conductor.

The Senate of the University College of Wales, at Aberystwyth, have decided that a young lady who was recently taken away by her mother, while under the threat of expulsion for speaking to a male member from her bedroom window, shall continue in college. She is, however, to reside in a private house. The Senate also "rusticated" the young man who, by going down to the hall of residence and whistling, caused the trouble. The Senate had ten meetings, and sat for over thirty hours. Their decision has caused an intense feeling of dissatisfaction in the town and college. The next morning the students sang the "Dead March" in their common-room. At mid-day they formed a procession and marched in silence to the Hall of Residence. There, with caps off,

they again sang the mournful refrain, and also a Welsh funeral hymn. Afterwards they carried the young man on their shoulders through the principal streets, singing and cheering him. He intends to appeal to the Council against the decision of the Senate.

The death of the Rev. Thos. Gee, of Denbigh, brings the number of Calvinistic Methodists ordained to the ministry of the Connexion in the forties down to three, viz., the rev. Edward Williams of Cynwyd, Corwen (a relative of Dr. Edward Williams, of Rotherham, the great divine), who is the oldest Calvinistic Methodist minister in the Principality, and was ordained in the year 1846; the Rev. Richard Owen, of Welshpool, who was ordained in 1847; and the Rev. William Williams, of Swansea, who was ordained in the year 1848. The first named officiated at Mr. Gee's funeral.

The last sermon preached by the late Mr. Gee was in a public house, situated in a lonely but romantic spot on the Hiraethog Mountain, not far distant from the birthplace of the two celebrated Welsh divines, Henry and William Rees. At the time of his sudden and unexpected death Mr. Gee had in preparation a manifesto on the land question, and no doubt had it been completed and published it would have attracted as much public attention as did his Disestablishment scheme a few years ago.

A Welsh grocer who became mayor of his town was presiding at the police court one day. The sergeant of police, in mentioning a prisoner who needed the mayor's attention, referred to him as "Thomas Smith, alias Jones, alias the Snatcher." "Ah!" said his Worship, "suppose we take the ladies first. Bring up Alice Jones!"

Original and Selected Miscellany:

Earl Beauchamp has written a letter to the Bishop of Worcester, in which the writer says: "It is worse than idle to waste time over the mere details of ritual when the very foundations of faith are being assailed, and this apparently with your lordship's sanction." The letter proceeds to refer to the Bishop's approval of a book which Earl Beauchamp denounces as heretical. He speaks of a desire for greater impartiality in the administration of the diocese, concluding: "While this is the case there are many among the clergy and laity of the diocese who must unwillingly be obliged to withhold from your lordship the respect and confidence due to the office you hold."

A judge in Covington, Kentucky, adopted a novel method of imposing punishment for contempt of court. The victim was a newspaper reporter who had ridiculed the judge's action. The judge compelled the reporter to sit on the bench with him all one afternoon, and pretended to consult with him regarding every decision rendered. The humiliation of the reporter was complete, as crowds came to laugh at his predicament, but the lawyers seemed to think that the affair only brought the court into deeper contempt than before.

Bismarck had no great opinion of the French. He believed that they are too easily swayed by popular catchwords. "Talk to a Frenchman about liberty, equality, and fraternity, tell him that his nation is the greatest in

the world, and you can do anything with him. You can oppress the French more than any other people if you tell them it is done in the name of Freedom." Asked his opinion in the case of a certain French spy, he said: "It is a sad case. You've got to hang him, but do it with the utmost politeness, so as not to hurt his feelings."

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A CURIOUS OLD CUSTOM.

Perhaps of all the curious customs established in London, the following was one of the least becoming of the kind. "The Daily Journal" of December 21, 1740, says:—"On Sunday after divine service, was performed the annual ceremony of throwing bread and cheese out of Paddington Church steeple among the spectators, and giving them ale. This custom was established by two women who purchased five acres of land to the above use, in commemoration of the particular charity whereby they had been relieved when in extreme necessity."

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A SHREW PEDDLER.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired a peddler. "Well, yes, you can, if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell. "Oh, beg pardon, mum, you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am. What do you take me for? Did you think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next door neighbor, or one of the farm laborers, or the cat?" "I didn't know, mum, but you might be

the youngest daughter." "Oh, did you? Well, that was natural too," replied the lady of the house. "What do you want, sir?" Then the peddler displayed his wares; and, when he left that doorstep, his face was full of pleasure, and his pockets were full of money. He understood human nature.

CHILDHOOD.

"The most natural years of our lives we live while we are children, and there are always rest and purification in getting back into touch with them. When the burdens press a little heavily and the future is thick with uncertainties, the wish will sometimes shape itself that we might be back again among our free, fresh, childish days. We do not understand it very well, but there is something gone that we would dearly love to have back. Those may seem to have been rather unproductive afternoons that we used to spend up in the garret, listening in the pauses of our merrymaking to the rain pattering on the roof, and we so dry and sheltered underneath, but our life means more to-day because of them and because of our memory of them."—C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

A CHINESE PROVERB.

Art H. Smith, in his wonderfully bright, accurate and yet somewhat misleading book called "Chinese Characteristics," quotes the Chinese proverb "One man should not enter a temple, and two men should not look into a well," adding: "And inquire in surprise, should not one man enter a temple alone? Because the priest may take advantage of the opportunity to make away with his well, for if one of them is in debt to the other, or has in his possession

something which the other wants, that other may seize the occasion to push his companion into the well."—Professor C. M. Cady in Century.

CALLING PEOPLE TO CHURCH.

When I was examining the church bells of the East Riding of Yorkshire, about 1870, I came to a little place called Fordon, on the wolds between Malton and Bridlington. It was a very primitive place, quite cut off from the world, the few inhabitants hardly knowing the road over the hilltop to the next place northward. The diminutive building which serves as a church is built near the brow of the hill. It has no tower, bell turret or bell cot. On inquiry I found that it had no bell. The parson came over on horseback now and then from a neighboring parish, tied up his horse outside the church, opened the door, put on his surplice and then walked to the top of the hill and cracked his whip several times, "and then we knows as it's time ti gang ti chotch," said my informant on the spot.—Notes and Queries.

STUDENTS FORBIDDEN TO WEAR CORSETS.

There appears to be a ban against corsets in Russia. Hospodin Bogoljewow, the newly appointed Russian minister of public instruction, has begun the duties of his office by issuing a drastic order to the effect that corsets must not be worn by Russian young women attending high schools, universities, and music and art schools. They are to be encouraged to wear the national costume. The minister says that he has spent much time in visiting girls' schools, and has made the discovery that the corset as an article of dress, is distinctly prejudicial to the health and physical development of the wearers.

THE CANVAS-BACK DUCK.

The canvas-back duck is the king of wild fowl. It is conceded by sportsmen in all parts of the world that no other bird equal this one in richness and delicacy. It is found only in America. The only fowl found in other parts of the world that bears any notable resemblance to it is the English pochard; but this bird is smaller, weighs one-third less, and is not so well flavored. It is in Chesapeake Bay, and there only, that the canvas-back can be shot in his best condition. Shot in any other part of the country, the bird lacks the delicious flavor which he acquires at his favorite feeding-grounds, and which makes him the joy of the gourmet. The secret of this excellence is the fact that in the waters of Chesapeake Bay he finds in abundance *valisneria*, or wild celery. Upon the roots of this tender and nutritious plant he feeds and grows fat and juicy.

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SOMEWHAT ASTONISHED.

The parish church at Cnesterfield, England, has a curious spire. Instead of being perpendicular, it is bent and twisted, so that the spire deviates from the perpendicular some six feet to the south and four feet to the west. Stories and legends relating thereto are numerous and interesting.

One tells that pretty and virtuous women were exceedingly scarce in the town, so scarce that when one day a good and lovely woman stepped within the church to be married the steeple was astonished, and bowed to the bride, and that the bend was made when attempting to regain its original position. The legend is still more unkindly to the fair sex, for it continues that never will its upright position be regained until another model woman is married beneath.

ABOUT DEGREES.

This is the way Sam Small puts it: "In the Grand Order of Drunkards there are degrees, just as in other fraternal organizations. In this one there are four—the sheep degree, the monkey degree, the lion degree and the hog degree. In the sheep degree you get the wool pulled over your eyes. Next comes the monkey stage. Maybe some of you can remember when you were taking the monkey degree. At that stage a fellow can tell more funny stories and sing more funny songs than anybody else in the crowd. At the next stage the lion degree, he wants to fight. He is ready to fight anybody and everybody. And the last degree in the grand order is the hog degree. That is where the member wallows in the gutter."

—————o:o—————

ECONOMY OR MICROBES?

"About a year ago," remarks a gossip, "the congregation of one of our very well known churches up town adopted after long and serious debate the individual communion cups. The older members strenuously disapproved of the innovation, and one even went so far as to say that 'the Lord knew all about microbes, but when he was on earth the large cup was used.' However, the younger members, led by an aspiring young physician, triumphed, and the tiny cups made their appearance.

"Last Sunday happened to be communion day, and now comes the tragic part of the tale, but it occurs not in public. The cups were collected, the few drops of wine left in them emptied into a pan, and, horror of horrors! the drops collectively poured back into the bottle, microbes and all. The question is, Can this be a plan by which the old folks continue to have their own wine and exchange their microbes, or is it simply economy?"—Philadelphia Record.

The Cambrian...



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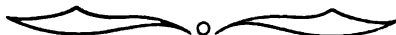
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JANUARY. 1899.

No. 1.

SUCCESSFUL SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHING.

Prof. D. J. Evans, M. A., Athens, Ohio.

Sabbath School workers, who are acquainted with the difference between the Welsh and the American Sunday School, have often asked, what is the cause of this difference, and what is the secret of begetting the zeal manifested by so many young people among the Welsh for Bible study.

Perhaps it would not be unprofitable to offer a few thoughts regarding this difference, and to suggest something that will tend to improve the teaching, and also will retain the interest of American youth.

The difference referred to, broadly stated, is this: Among the Welsh the Sabbath School is regarded an educational institution, to instruct all in God's word; among Americans it is looked upon as a church rather than as a school, and children's church at that. No doubt there are Welsh communities who imitate the Americans in their Sunday School work, but the difference mentioned is seen between the typical American school and

the typical Welsh school, as conducted by Welsh from Llangetho, the Mecca of Wales.

The methods of work, as a consequence, in the two schools are different. Among the Welsh, teaching is didactic, among Americans, homiletic.

The cause of the difference begins with the origin, and continues with the growth of Sabbath School work, and hence it would be difficult, if not impossible, to introduce any new method into the work among the Americans to secure the conditions found to-day among the Welsh, that is, in the United States. The present difference to quite a measure may be traced back to the difference between the work of Robert Raikes and that of Thomas Charles. It has been continued by the difference of conditions in which the two peoples have been placed. Among the Welsh the Sabbath School was the chief, and often the only institution of learning, and means of acquiring knowledge in

the people's mother tongue, and also a source of social advancement, while among the English and Americans the Sabbath School has been unimportant both as a means of instruction and as a source of social help. Biblical and religious literature being the entire scope of the Welshman's reading has also contributed largely to the present regard and zeal for Sabbath School work, manifested by the Welsh.

Both in England and in the United States the beginning of Sabbath School work was among the destitute and the lower social classes. This of itself would tend to prejudice the minds of the well-to-do, not to mention the rich, against the work. Broadly speaking, among the Welsh, the Sabbath School, from the beginning, has been for all, and the general difference between the instruction prepared for the school by Raikes and Charles has been the general difference between the status of the Sabbath School work among the two peoples. Raikes was satisfied with elementary instruction, while Charles used his whole energy to place before his nation the best results of learning and scholarship, with regard to the teachings of the Scriptures. Thus among the Welsh Sabbath Schools, teaching is deemed worthy of the best scholarship and broadest learning, while among the other people piety is the chief requisite in a Sabbath School teacher, and I believe that these two estimates of teaching as made by the

two nationalities, are traceable to the original work of Robert Raikes and Thomas Charles.

In the United States, as far as the 60's, the conditions of the Welsh immigrant were still more favorable to the work of the school. In the early years of Welsh emigration, the majority of those who came to America from agricultural regions in Wales, were professing Christians, when, therefore, they came across the sea they found themselves strangers, and would seek every opportunity of getting together. Their religious nature and their eagerness to meet friends in a strange land combined to make religious gatherings frequent, and tended to crystalize public sentiment in favor of Sabbath School work. Thus a sharp distinction was drawn by the Welsh between the Sabbath School and other religious meetings. But among native Americans this distinction did not obtain, except to regard the school as a children's gathering, more or less exclusively. These peculiar conditions led to a method of Sabbath School work among the Welsh that is all their own, and has been possibly the chief cause of whatever is laudable in the institution.

My observation leads me to believe that the youth of our American schools are driven from the schools by the teachers' lack of tact in applying the morals of the lesson. Teachers seek the salvation of the youth by the same method as they seek that of a

grown man, but the child may be guided so as not to need repentance and regeneration and conversion. His salvation may be regarded preventive rather than curative. The effort to save a child should be in harmony with the condition and the capability of the child. Children will take pleasure in committing portions of the Bible to memory, and will take interest in its study intellectually, but as a rule, not religiously. This is not due to natural depravity, but to natural limitations. In the intellectual study, the child uses developed faculties, while his religious nature, or powers, are not yet sufficiently matured to bear the task that religious study would impose. Later in life, however, these powers will awaken, and memorized Scripture will nourish their strength and increase their energy. Teaching abstract doctrine to a child, in my opinion, will not benefit the child; on the contrary, it will beget a distaste for religious thoughts and thinking. These same doctrines however, if taught in a concrete form, will be both beneficial and attractive.

The young enjoy activity both of mind and body. Intellectual work is delightful as long as it exercises only developed faculties, but when it requires premature effort of a faculty it is burdensome and wearisome. Pedagogy teaches that we must postpone studies requiring the use of the reasoning faculty, until the mind is mature. Children find

mathematical problems and abstract lessons distasteful because these require unseasonable toil of the reasoning faculty. In an analagous manner, religious talks and exercises should be deferred until the soul has developed its ethical powers. To impose religious thinking upon a child before it grows ethical is to beget aversion in the child to religion and morality. The child can comprehend the simpler truths of the gospel, but is not equal to the deep thoughts of theology. It has faith, it is able to know what it is to love the Savior, and its religious instruction should be upon these lines. A child should be told of the image of God, but its curiosity should not be aroused by any mention of sin and its consequences. A child is naturally inclined to trust God, and believe his word. To distrust and be skeptical a child acquires only through some one's teaching, though the teaching is often unconsciously done. Children learn only what they are taught. In the Sabbath School and in the home, only the innocent, the truthful, the sincere and the beautiful should be brought to the notice of the child, and a child thus surrounded will grow truthful, trustful and sincere; it will admire the good and seek the beautiful. To know of the evil way and its awful end does not increase the moral strength of a child. When, therefore, the teaching in the Sabbath School is adapted to the capacity of the young, the work will be enjoyed. When the

history and the biography of the Bible are made the object of knowledge, the pupils will take pleasure in acquiring the knowledge, and this will in turn affect their conduct; but when, on the other hand, some "moral" is pointed out from the history or the biography, the pupil will close up every avenue to his heart. In a mission school a boy was asked why we should imitate the beautiful life of Joseph, and he answered with a yawn: "Aw! Heaven and all that."

I may add that a course of instruction like the one described has been tried and found 'practicable and efficient. Parents who are careful in studying the nature of their children, and are wise in their training, take pains to beget in their children a love for virtue for its own sake, and experience seems to testify against the training that would inculcate virtue by displaying the heinousness of sin, or by portraying its consequences. In any teaching, wise instructors are careful not to give the pupils an opportunity of forming a mental picture of error. In teaching correct language, the acceptable form and usage are given to ear and eye to identify and imitate, but the improper forms are carefully omitted lest the child's quick apprehending power may form a mental picture of error. So should it be in moral training. The image of God should be given to be acquired, but never ought the wrong be presented to tender minds, even with the strongest in-

junctions against it. The facile pencil of a child's imaginative—the representative power will retain, and the child's ready sympathies will arouse curiosity to know more of the wrong, if its image is left in the mind. I believe that God's word has convicting power, and when children study it, they will be affected by this power so that the "moral" of a narrative will be impressed on their minds, and that it will affect their future life independent of the teacher's effort.

The Apostle John states his various reasons for writing to the different ages. He wrote to the little ones because their sins were forgiven; to the fathers because they knew him who was from the beginning; to young men because they were strong, and because the word of God was in their hearts. This seems to suggest that religion is to be presented to men according to their condition and capability. Children are innocent, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Young men are strong, and activity is their pleasure as well as their duty. It seems reasonable, therefore, in Sabbath School teaching, to adapt the work to the nature of the pupil. To the aged the teaching should have reference to what they "know of him who was from the beginning." To the young, the energy of the teacher should inspire them to be active, and to be strong. But the teaching of the children should be directed to lead those whose sins are forgiven into a greater salvation. Thus

in my opinion, Sabbath School cause they are exhorted to be teaching may be made to lead children further into the kingdom, without urging them to repent and be converted. To the youth it may be made instructive and attractive, and fascinating to all. that they may be strong, not be-



ELEGY TO CARADOC.

Gone is the pride of Cambria,
Her sweetest songster stilled!
The hands that swept her heart strings,
Death's icy touch hath chilled;
The master of her many keys
Now joins the heavenly melodies.

How strange to see a Vulcan
So sweep the sounding lyre,
And forge the thunderbolts of sound,
Nor strike mere earthly fire.
But heavenly sparks from music's deeps
That make the dullest soul that sleeps!

* * * * *

With violin full often
He led the choral band,
And sweetest strains were summoned,
Sometimes with either hand,
He led a mighty surging throng
In separate strains of blending song.

How oft the learned doctors
Led hosts against his art
With proud, unruffled faces,
With confidence of heart,
To find themselves in deepest shade
Beside the leader "born not made."

Twice in the Crystal Palace
This miracle was wrought,
And with our hero's praises
The throbbing air was fraught;
For all, ere ceased the sea of sound
Had thought themselves on charmed ground!

* * * * *

We mourn our prince of leaders,
None can his scepter sway;
But God all gifts has given,
And He can take away.
Thank Him who tunes our mortal ears
To catch the music of the spheres!"

BULL FIGHTING.

 By Max Norman.

The three words bull, bull-fighting, and a Spaniard, suggest a complete thought of modern cruelty, for it is hard to think or conjure up before the mind's eye anything equal to bull-fighting, as it is cultivated among the Spanish. This is the highest expression of cold-blooded cruelty and savagery; and this amusement as it is practiced in Spain, and in colonies influenced by Spanish civilization, is the worst known to modern times. When we think of Spain's position as a Catholic country, when we think of its blind devotion to the church, we are shocked at its paganism, and somewhat puzzled at the godliness and godlessness which is so incorporated in its national life. The Spaniard's religion is a mere cloak, a garb, and his catholicism a mere hat and feather, wherein he parades in the eye of the world, but the Spaniard himself is a Romanized pagan who revels in the diversions of pre-Christian times—in fact, he is a survival of the ancient spirit of unrelenting cruelty.

It is certainly sad to think that rational beings, after eighteen hundred years of Christianity, can enjoy such barbarous sport as bull-baiting and bull-fighting—but there are thousands to-day, even in America, that would give their dollars

willingly to see such a spectacle as bull-baiting or bull-fighting, but thank God, such state of things is past tolerating in Protestant countries. The condition of men which developed the bull-dog as a caterer of amusement; the state of barbarism which reckoned cruelty a means of pleasure is passed, and may we say, forever, and the bull-dog, bull-fighting and the Spaniard is in a fair way of being abolished.

Bull-fighting, or the fighting of men with bulls for public entertainment is an old institution. Such sports were common in Rome and Greece in ancient times, which are synonymous with barbarous, but they became so cruel in the opinion of considerate pagans that they were prohibited by emperors, and condemned by early Christians. One of the first fruits of Christianity was increased tenderness and mercy, and followers of the gentle and merciful Jesus never think of tolerating cruelty, even to animals, as means of entertainments. The fact that this form of paganism has survived among the Spanish prove beyond a peradventure, that the Spanish nature is pre-Christian and barbarous. Bull-fighting is a favorite sport in Spain, Mexico and Cuba—or rather was in Cuba—because, probably, American influence will

soon have it abolished in the island. Charles IV. once abolished it; the Church has made attempts at doing the same; Joseph, Napoleon's brother, in the true spirit of old Roman times, to please the people, re-established the sport, and the Spaniards since have paid especial attention to the art of fighting bulls. The greatest part, and the best part, of the year is devoted to this sport, commencing in April and closing in November. Very often, it is done for especial benevolent purposes; it seems that the most effectual way of appealing to the heart of the Spaniard is through worrying a bull, which is as much as to say that it is difficult to touch him at all.

This sport is a national institution; it is the chief amusement of the people; it is like horse-racing or cricket among the English, foot ball among the Americans, and Eisteddfodau among the Welsh. Spain has especial places built for this pagan entertainment, what is called "Plaza de Toros" (a place of bulls), with room often for from 10,000 to 12,000 spectators who pay a high price of admission, and go there dressed in their best Sunday clothes as if going to Sunday School or to church. Bull-fighting is systematic: there is a college of bull-fighting where young pupils are trained and graduated after a course of careful teaching by experienced professors; in another institution, bulls are reared and prepared for the ring, and worthless brutes of horses are selected with the parti-

cular purpose of making them easy victims for the bulls, which increases the pleasure of the entertainment. Every part of the show is pre-arranged and prepared so as to furnish amusement for the populace. The fight, very often, is a miserable affair—a farce rather than a fight—and, sometimes, all the actors, bull, horses, picadores and matador are hissed for their despicable performance; but, the Spaniard is finally satisfied when he sees blood flowing from a disemboweled horse or a stabbed bull.

The work is done thus: The heroes on the one side are the picadores (the spearmen) the chulos (helpers) and the matador (the killer); on the other, the bull himself. The picadores are all mounted, like brave knights armed with lances; the chulos are on foot gayly dressed in bright colored cloaks; the matador is also on foot—he is chief actor, holds in one hand a sword, and in the other, a stick with a piece of scarlet silk attached. The opening of the fight is a kind of skirmish between the picadores and the bull and the entertainment depends on the quality of beast the bull proves himself to be. If it is wild, there is some rare galloping around and hair-breadth escapes, but if the beast is quiet, the picadores take the offensive in order to worry him into madness. In case a picador is thrown or hurt, the chulos (the butchers' assistants) rush in to attract the attention of the bull with their cloaks; and in case of an at-

tack on them, they escape over the fence which encloses the circus. Very often, this furnishes part of the amusement. Finally, when the bull becomes tired and sick of the battle, the butchers and their assistants close in on him, stick and stab

matador, pierces him "between his left shoulder and the blade," and the beast falls to the ground. Sometimes, the matador is killed; and the people are so generous and impartial that they care very little as long as there is bloodshed. How-



Bull Fighting in the City of Havana—ready for the fray.

him with *banderillas*, darts ornamented with little paper flags. Sometimes, also, these little barbed darts trimmed with paper flags have explosives attached to them which serve to annoy and infuriate the beast. At last, the matador (the killer, the murderer) enters to complete the tragedy, with a scarlet flag in one hand, and a sword in the other. The bull generally goes for him who, if a good and dexterous

ever, the matador is rarely hurt, things being so arranged that it is pretty difficult for the beast to get in his work.

There is nothing so characteristic of the Spaniard as religion and bull-fighting; and, if we credit history at all, he thinks more of bull-fighting than of religion; because whenever he has the choice between the two, he clings to bull-fighting. The Church has fulminated against the

bull-ring; Pius V. in 1567 issued his famous edict prohibiting bull-fighting, placing princes who would permit it, and ecclesiastics who would witness it, together with the performers themselves, under the ban of excommunication, depriving the latter even of Christian burial. The threat applicable to the bull-fighters themselves is in force to-day. So, it seems that bull-fighting is more deeply seated in the bigoted Spaniard's heart than religion. He disobeyed and dared the Church rather than deprive himself of the barbarous pleasure which this sport furnishes. Although the Church crushed the spirit of freedom and progress, it failed to influence the rock-bottom of the Spanish character, his love of cruelty. The Church was persuaded to withdraw its op-

sible; but this seemed to be the most forcible consideration, viz., that the hospitals and houses of



An exciting moment.

charity would gain greatly from the financial aid resulting from the performance. The rights of the animals are utterly ignored, and even the evil of fighting and tormenting bulls is made passable and respectable as long as it serves to furnish holy cash. Spain of to-day continues the time-honored policy of



Bull and mounted picadores.

position on account of reasons which are no credit to it. It was urged that the dexterity of the bull-fighters made accident rarely pos-

worrying and cruelly tormenting bulls for benevolent purposes; and the Spaniard sees nought out of place or unchristian in murdering

Paul's bull in order to fill up Peter's pocket!

Bull-fighting is a science among the Spaniards, and the history of its development is truly interesting as showing the great attention paid to it through generations. The Spaniards show much more progress in the science of bull-fighting than in education and religious liberty. They honor bull-fighters in Spain as other nations honor their Lam-arcks, Darwins, Huxleys, Haeckels, Edisons, &c.; and they take pride in the great heroes of the ring and the developers of toreadorship. How they love to immortalize their Romero, Bellon, Martincho, Candido, Costillares, Pepe Hillo, Montes, Arjona, &c.! These are great names.

Francisco Romero was the inventor of the muleta (the red rag), and the first to treat bull-fighting as a fine art. He was the first artistic matador or butcher. He was by trade a shoemaker, but becoming tired of the brad-awl, he exchanged it for the matador's sword. He is considered the father of the bull-ring. He was succeeded by his son and grandson. Martincho performed the astonishing feat of killing a rushing bull even when seated in a chair with his feet tied! Jose Candido became celebrated through his "salto de testuz," by which he would step on the head of the advancing beast, walk over his back, and slide over his tail with the greatest ease and grace. Sub-

sequently, he met a most horrible death. Costillares is famous for his mastery of the details of the science of bull-fighting. His father being a butcher, and young Costillares having been born and bred, as we may say, in a slaughter-house, this gave him a great insight into the nature of bulls, which he utilized in the ring. He was the first to reduce the performers under command of the matador. Pepe Hillo was one of his disciples, and became such a notable performer that the bull-fighting Spanish admirer gets into ecstasies at the mere mention of his name. When only 33 years old he was killed by a furious bull, which plunged his horn into his stomach, and broke ten of his ribs, but this was all-right as long as "Hospitals and Houses of Charity" would gain by it financially. The great competitor of Hillo is Pedro Romero, who during his career, is said to have killed 5,600 bulls. After his retirement from the ring he continued to take interest in it, and before his death was appointed a professor at the bull-fighters college in Seville. Arjona and Redondo were remarkable artists, and Carmona should be mentioned with them. Carmona who invented the quiebro, a twisting of the body without changing the position of the feet, thus avoiding the bull; but the greatest bull-killer that ever lived was Montes, a graduate of the "College of Bull-fighting." His time is also called the Renaissance of the

Ring. Since his time nothing has entered the arena to participate in the glory of the chivalry of bull-fighting. been added to the art of killing bulls excepting the fact that women have



Dragging out the dead bull.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

A little way below her chin
 Some violets are fastened in,
 Caught in her bosom's snowy hem,
 How madly I do envy them.
 They do not miss their meadow-place
 When sweet they see her smiling face,
 Nor are they conscious that their skies
 Are but the blue of her mild eyes.
 There in the downy meshes pinned,
 They think her breath the fragrant wind;
 Such sweet illusions haunt their rest,
 They seem to tremble on her breast;
 As if, close to her heart, they heard
 A captive secret slip its cell,
 And with desire were quickly stirred
 To find a voice and tell!

Idlewood, Pa.

T. CHALMERS, DAVIS.

THE CLEAN MOUTH CLUB.

G. H. Humphrey, Utica, N. Y.

The Clean Mouth Club is made up chiefly of young people, but old men and women are received into it as honorary and illustrative members. The fundamental condition of membership is absolute cleanliness of mouth. Of course, that includes constant use of water and of a tooth-brush, so that the teeth shall be wholly free from tartar and all other repulsive and unwholesome matter. It should never be forgotten that the teeth need regular washing no less than the forehead, cheek and chin. But sometimes a young person that in repose has a pleasing appearance becomes simply disgusting when he smiles, because then he exposes a set of teeth that are nasty and nauseating by reason of their neglected condition. The Clean Mouth Club forbids such lack of tidiness and politeness, and aims at making the teeth a part of personal beauty.

Furthermore, the Club insists that its members shall neither take anything into, nor hold anything in, the mouth that shall give the breath a bad smell. If no one has a right to be malodorous in company, no one has a right to be in the presence of others after taking a strong drink of any kind. This of itself ought to be a sufficient argument for total abstinence. To be sure, the Club

excludes tobacco chewing, which may be described as a most swinish habit, that makes the breath intolerable. As to smoking, if it does not seem to be as heathenish as chewing, it is in some respects more impolite. If you should take water into your mouth and then squirt or spray it against a passer-by, you would be in trouble; but that would not do the passer-by any more harm than, and perhaps not as much as, if you should draw your mouth full of tobacco smoke, and then eject it into the faces of those who may be near you. Most smokers take for granted that they have a social license to be social nuisance! Only think of it! The smoke that is thrust into your face on the street or elsewhere, may have been drawn through an old pipe-stem that is black with the poison called nicotine, or it may have been held and revolved between decayed, scummy teeth and scrofulous or otherwise diseased gums and palate! Such a vulgarity is an imposition on the community. The habit is an "unclean thing" in every sense.

But the Clean Mouth Club does not stop with material neatness; it requires and promotes ethical and moral freedom from filth. It specifies profanity, indecent language, and scandal as unpardonable viola-

tions of the Constitution and By-Laws. It is a truth recognized by this Club that the mouth cannot in the latter sense be pure, if the heart be not pure. But impurity can not thrive in the heart without vent. An evil mouth is to an evil heart what an open elevator shaft is to an incipient fire at the base; it gives to it a draught that develops a lingering flame into a leaping conflagration. Profanity in the mouth invigorates impiety in the depths of the soul. Indulgence in unchaste conversations enlarges, emboldens and influences the secret Sodom cherished in the human breast. Angry words, envious words, hate-

ful words, slanderous words, likewise defile the tongue and lips that give them utterance.

Blessed is he or she whose mouth is thoroughly clean! His laugh is a delight to his companions. Her breath of ambrosial zephyr. Their conversations are in the heavenly places of purity. Their very atmosphere is a tonic and a joy. Their throat, instead of being "an open sepulchre," is an open alabaster box full of precious fragrance. Therefore, let every reader of "The Cambrian" be a member of The Clean Mouth Club, and retain good and regular standing therein until death.



PILLS AND POWDERS

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

In a former article we referred to the fact that "there is nothing new under the sun." Coming, as this statement does, from the wisest of all men, and having been continually impressed upon our minds for so many centuries, we feel somehow that the least we can do is to believe it in spite of so many apparently new things which continue to crop up in our midst.

But, much as we may vary in our opinions regarding this fact, it is presumable that we will all agree, at least, that this is a "New Year." And, we heartily join the official

staff at Utica in wishing it to be a "Happy New Year" to every "Cambrian" reader throughout the land. In addition to that, no one could fail noticing that the Christmas issue of the "Cambrian" had a new dress; and more, a decidedly new inspiration has imbued it of late raising it to a markedly higher plane of interest and efficiency as compared with its status of former days, for which, we gratefully acknowledge and thank its able editor, at the same time hoping the New Year will stimulate him to proceed along the same lines, which cannot help

but result in a "Happy New Year" both to himself and readers.

* * * * *

The latter days have brought to view so many new things that one must be very careful in applying the qualification "latest" to them. One of these, however, is, the discovery that it is possible to change the color of the eyes by injecting coloring matter behind the pupil. The loving, better sex will undoubtedly be interested in this, for not long ago I overheard one of them saying to her "special" friend—"my bonnie blue eyed boy," indicating that as a class they have a preference to a certain color of the eyes.

The operation has already been successfully performed, and a young lady with naturally pale, colorless eyes is now rejoicing in a pair of violet ones! She declares that she has suffered no injury from the treatment, but it is early days yet, and no one knows what the future may bring forth in her case. Many women, doubtless, would like to appear with lovely velvet brown or bright starry eyes, instead of their own, but let such remember that nature is a wonderful artist, and perhaps the change would, after all, suit them not at all. Hair, skin, and eyes have to be painted by the same unerring hand. And I believe in the good sense of the sex delicately hinted at, that the vast majority of them would think seriously many many times before daring to tamper with such a delicate organ as the eye, for there is no

added beauty in the world that would compensate them for a failure in their sight.

* * * * *

Among the absurd things belonging to one of the sexes (which of them, we will refrain from mentioning here), is the costly paraphernalia afforded poodle-petted dogs, such as boots, coats, jewelry, night dresses, table-napkins, &c., &c., &c., at which many have laughed, while others have looked at them with contemptuous anger. Along this line of tender consideration, so much neglected through past ages, a new thing surely has appeared in the fact that one of these dogs has a banking account of his own! What would Solomon say to this? Now, this little dog cannot possibly want it, for he has every other luxury, and one is sure he would so willingly draw it all out and bestow it on some poor, lonely tramp-dog, weary and foot-sore, who has no boots to wear, who is often hungry, and oftener is happy with a piece of his ragged master's crust, and he is not as envious as one might suppose of the pampered favorite.

One can almost see him laughing at the delicate little thing as he passes him by in a brougham, wrapped in sealskin, on the knee of his adoring mistress, with the proud knowledge of his banking account! Ah! that the money could go to some human small waif—who knows? Perhaps it will some day, for the tenure of favorites on the

affection of their mistresses is known to be uncertain.

* * * * *

Surely the following is a new thing, wherein those preachers who take the liberty of putting every rascal in heaven in their funeral orations, might draw solace and satisfaction, or otherwise, as the case may be.

On December 13 last, at the Court House, at Swainsboro, Ga., Seaborn Bell, an honored citizen of that county, celebrated his 85th birthday by having his pastor preach his funeral sermon. Mr. Bell is an Adventist, and has been for fifty years or more. He belongs to the old school of bucolic gentlemen who scorn even at an approach towards dissimulation.

He declared the previous night in speaking of the novel sermon:—"I will sit to-morrow among my friends to hear my funeral oration. I shall listen attentively, and should the minister by design or oversight strain the truth regarding my character or any incident of my life, I will stand up before them all and declare the statements untrue."

Mr. Bell said that during his long life he has seen so much post-mortem deception and undeserved praise accorded the most hardened sinners, that he proposes that nothing but the truth shall be spoken about him, therefore he planned to hear the funeral sermon as a birthday celebration on the above mentioned date.

God bless him, and may he mul-

tiply by the thousands in the near future.

* * * * *

Another new thing has been discovered which in the near future will relegate our "Weather Bureau" to a back-seat among things that are ancient.

And here it is, Elias Hartz, an aged weather prognosticator of Reading, Pa., says that the winter of 1898-99 will be a very severe one. He states that the dark lines extending along the breast-bone taken from a goose last spring are infallible indications that the winter will be unusually stormy and cold, and apt to be as severe as the winter of 1834-'35, which was the hardest he ever experienced. The summer of 1834 was similar to that of last year, and the winter set in early, and was a terrible one. The dark lines of last year's goose bone are divided by a clear spot, indicating a period of mild weather, which will not last long, however! This doubtless, will be an exceedingly valuable piece of information to our cousins on the other side, where the goose is as much in evidence as the turkey is with us. Pity that every family in the land could not have a goose once a year at least. Is it not possible to establish a custom to have a goose to feast on at Easter, as we do with the turkey Thanksgiving Day and Christmas? It would decidedly be a most humane act, as well as a national boon, for we would then know at the beginning of the summer what the character

of the coming winter was going to be, and the wise would prepare themselves and act accordingly! The French ladies have introduced a new drink to the country, and which from its character would (in the minds of many) help considerably to tide us over the severe winter; but since this article is already

too long, and lest our loving better-halves, sisters and gentle friends, would indulge because of its having been introduced by their aesthetic sisters from Paris, we refrain, remembering also, that occasionally at least, Paris fashion and custom have some slight influence over a few in our midst!



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XII.

Among the Ruins.

The joy and feasting which prevailed in Rhuddlan was more than equaled by bitterness and sorrow in Hereford. Among others the bishop Leofgar was filled with hatred towards Gryffydd and Algar, and his anathemas fell thick and fast. None had lost more than he by the sacking of the town. Not only was the cathedral in ashes, but his rich plate was taken. The former he could not have saved; the latter was lost through the perfidy of one of the monks, who being desirous of quitting his monkish life, and thinking that the bishop's days were numbered, hid the plate in a closet, and after assuring Leofgar that his command concerning his treasure had been strictly obey-

ed, returned to his booty, intending to buy the good-will of the invaders with it, and thus pass into liberty, and be lost to the church forever. He gained not his object, however, for in the general rush for plunder which soon followed he was cut down before he had time to say a word, and the plate was conveyed to the camp.

When the bishop entered the crypt there was no doubt in his mind as to the safety of the gold and silver vessels, and he comforted himself with the thought that he would have them in spite of the sacrilegious hordes that robbed the sanctuary of its sacred furniture and ornaments. As long as hostile footsteps and voices were heard above he and his companions in hiding remained perfectly quiet:

but after the noise had ceased he ventured to the stone steps leading out of the crypt, and cautiously opened the secret door to find the Ladies Chapel full of smoke. It was then that he sent a monk to the relief of those mentioned in a previous chapter, and when they were safe within the crypt he closed the door, and once more descended the steps shaking his head and groaning in the agony of his grief. It was not until hours had passed that he door was again opened, and then only after some difficulty, as a small portion of the chapel wall had fallen on it. The relief thus afforded was more than offset by the depression caused by the desolation that everywhere met the eyes of the afflicted individuals that now emerged into the light of day. Their hearts sickened at the sight, and even the hardest of them could not restrain his tears. Those who were not directly connected with the cathedral were naturally drawn to those parts of the city where their homes had been, but they found their sites only after much searching, all the landmarks with which they had been familiar having disappeared. As all the buildings, with one exception, were of wood, and most of them only one story, it had taken the fire but a short time to burn them even with the ground. In some places scarcely anything but ashes remained to indicate the spot where a house had been. The cathedral had been built of stone and wood, and what remained still

standing of its walls formed a most conspicuous object within the city limits. From the main building and the cloisters thick volumes of smoke still ascended, and the bishop surrounded by the surviving monks and clerks, stood sadly viewing the smoldering ruins, and lamenting the death of their ill-fated brethren, until night compelled them once more to enter the crypt, which now must serve them both as a sanctuary and dwelling place. Next morning the bishop found the fire nearly extinct in the vestries, and he immediately set two of the monks to clear away the rubbish from the floor of one of them, evidently with a definite purpose in view. Although the work progressed rapidly, he could scarcely wait until it was done. He could not understand the tremor of anxiety that had seized him. Of course, he thought the plate would be found where he had commanded the monk to secrete it. Why then should he lose his self-control? The plate would keep; it was not perishable material. It would remain where it was until removed, for it had neither feet nor wings. Yet he would like to see it once more. It would be such satisfaction to handle it piece by piece again. Especially would it be a delight to have another look at the gold chalice. Ah, yes the chalice! he valued that more than all his plate. It was the gift of his old master. Harold the earl, Harold the generous, had caused it to be brought from Rome with the

blessing of his holiness the pope, and had given it to him in recognition of his service. That chalice should remain with him until death should force them apart, and when it could be of no further use to him he would will it to—to whom? Ay, to whom? This question was not settled, for the floor being now laid bare in the east corner of the vestry, a new difficulty arose. The contrivance for opening the door of the vault in which the plate was supposed to be deposited had been rendered inoperative by the falling of the wall which contained the spring whereby it was manipulated. The door also, which was a large flagstone fitted so snugly in the floor that it could be forced open only by the use of hammer and chisel. The bishop would not consent to its being pounded to pieces for fear of injuring the plate. The monks, therefore, were under the necessity of instituting a search for the necessary tools, and while they applied themselves to this difficult task Leofgar paced to and fro over the vault in a half-distracted manner. Nor did the result of the search have anything like a soothing effect on his nerves, for nothing in the shape of an edged tool could be found anywhere. At length one of the clerks suggested that under the circumstances there was no alternative but to shatter one of the flags near the door, and his suggestion was immediately acted upon. The bishop no sooner saw the door forced open than he descended into

the vault, trembling with intense excitement; and the next moment he fell in a dead faint. His plate was not there, and the discovery was too much for his overstrained nerves to bear. Instantly grasping the situation two or three of his subordinates immediately went to his assistance, and carried him out into the open air, where he presently regained consciousness by the help of a restorative. The burden of his grief seemed to crush him, and for a long time he sat with his head buried in his hands, lamenting his loss, while his sympathetic helpers tried to console him. Whether they thought of it or not, their master evidently cared more for earthly treasures than for heavenly riches, and he was now reaping the fruit of his folly.

When the bishop had somewhat recovered from the shock he had received, one of the monks descried a large cavalcade approaching from the southwest, and at once called attention to it. At first the horsemen were too far away to enable the ecclesiastics to determine their character; but presently it became evident that they were knights in shining armor. But who they were, and on what mission they were bent, could not be decided. The direction from which they came indicated that they were Welshmen, and some of the monks were in favor of seeking safety from possible harm in the crypt. The bishop, however, caring little what became of him now, insisted that they stay

where they were, whether the knights were friends or foes. He had by this time risen to his feet, and surrounded by his subordinates he stood waiting the arrival of the cavalcade. The latter at length came to a halt in front of the ruins, and the leading horseman dismounted leaving his charger in his squire's care, while he proceeded to the spot where the bishop stood. After saluting the latter, he addressed him in Saxon, remarking with a slight accent,

"It is indeed a sad hour when the scenes of war invade the asylum of peace and when the house of God shares the fate of the meanest hovel."

"Thou speakest truly," said Leofgar eyeing him closely, "but methinks thy tongue is not a stranger to the language of Gryffydd the destroyer. Hast thou come to complete the work which he would fain have finished?"

"I come to complete the work which I have begun, and that work concerns not the Bishop of Hereford, except it be to aid it," was the reply.

"And who is it that thus seeks my aid, and what aid does he seek of me who am myself in need of help?"

"If it please you, holy father, to give me a private audience, you shall learn both my aim and my mission."

The bishop commanded his subordinates to retire out of hearing, and while they moved away the knight took off his helmet to wipe the

sweat from his brow, thus revealing the features of Idrys. Personally he was unknown to the bishop, but Leofgar was not wholly unacquainted with the name which he now gave him.

"If rumor be true," said the bishop, "thou art as much Gryffydd's friend as I am. Is thy mission concerning him?"

"Ay, I am so much his friend that I shall leave no stone unturned until either he or I be dead. Twice have I striven to accomplish his death, and twice have I failed. My last attempt was but two nights ago, when the allied forces were encamped yonder, and had I succeeded Hereford would not now be a wasted city. I slew one of the king's guards, and had Einion ap Howel not missed the other, Rolf would not have had occasion to leave the field and run a race with the winds."

"Nor would I be now lamenting the loss of my plate! The saints forgive the perfidy of the monk who obeyed not my command respecting it; but I shall never forgive him. I had rather lose all other possessions than be robbed of my plate, and especially the golden chalice. Would that I knew where that wolf in sheep's clothing has hidden my treasure. It must be somewhere under these ruins."

"I fear my lord bishop is mistaken, and that the sacred vessels shall adorn queen Aldyth's room. At least they were seen yesterday among the spoils, and methinks

that Aldyth, being Algar's daughter as well as Gryffydd's wife, shall have them to grace her sideboard, or rather thine, for thy sideboard was also taken."

"Then I swear by St. Dunstan that I shall have them again or die in the attempt to regain them. I will ask Harold, the earl, for a strong army, and overwhelm the spoilers with the torrent of my wrath, thus avenging our wrongs as well as regain my treasure."

"Think you not that Harold himself will collect a great army, and advance against our common foes?"

"Would to God that he be so inclined! He is a general favorite, and the people would speedily assemble from all parts of the kingdom at his command. But I fear me that he is too much pressed with the affairs of state to exchange the scepter of power for the sword, for he it is that rules, though Edward reigns."

"Yet Edward may persuade him to enter upon this campaign, seeing that the earldom of his nephew has suffered so much from the inroads of the enemy. Methinks the Bishop of Hereford also might have influence both with the king and with Harold, since he was once a favored chaplain of the latter, and is highly respected by the former, being a priest of note."

Leofgar was greatly flattered by this last remark. Though a bishop now, he was always proud of the fact that he had in earlier years been Harold's confessor. It was a grati-

fying fact to him also that King Edward held the clergy as well as the church in general, in such high esteem. Idrys was not backward in turning his knowledge of these things to his own advantage. At heart he had no more regard for Leofgar than had Gryffydd and Algar; nor was he sorry that the city and surrounding country had been laid waste. He would not have been a Welshman had he not cherished the traditional hatred of the Saxon race. But it served his purpose at present to appear to be on the Saxon side. The desire for revenge was stronger than his patriotism, and until his vengeance was satisfied he was willing to cast his lot with the English foe. He hoped to gain favor with Harold through Leofgar, that he might not only urge him to take up arms against Gryffydd and Algar, but also have his assistance to regain the power lost by the death of his father. He was wise enough, however, to keep his own motives in the background while talking with the bishop, that he might appear to be more anxious to have the depredators punished than to have his personal interests advanced. He took care, also, not to give a dictatorial coloring to his remarks, seeking rather to gain his object by appealing to the bishop's prejudices, and by feeding his vanity. Thus he was able before the end of the interview to make him as anxious as himself to go and see Harold and the king, and they were

about to commence the journey when they espied a large company of people coming from the south-east. A number of them were mounted, and the rest plodded along behind them, leading some half a dozen horses heavily burdened. This fact together with the motley character of the travelers plainly indicated that they were some of those who had fled from the city about the time Rolf was defeated, and were now returning to make a new start in life.

While they were yet some distance from the ruins of the cathedral they halted, and after a hasty consultation, one of the horsemen came forward, evidently for the purpose of ascertaining the character of the mounted men they saw. The bishop beckoned him forward, and the next moment he was at his side, while the rest of the company assured that there was no danger ahead, resumed their journey.

"Ah, it is thou, Hubba," said Leofgar, addressing the horseman. "Thou hast been more fortunate than thy father's house, but not more fortunate than the rest of the family, I hope. Are they in yonder group?"

"Would that they were," was the sorrowful reply. "But such is not the will of heaven. My father was slain during our flight yesterday, and mother and the other children were taken captive, and are now with the enemy."

"Thou art greatly afflicted, my son," said the bishop in a sympa-

thetic voice; "but not more so than hundreds of others. Thou must know that there are as many sorrowful hearts as there are wasted homes. Heaven help us to avenge our wrongs, and to forgive our cowardly defenders. Knowest thou where Rolf is?"

"On his way to London to see the king. They say he is going to ask him to send a large army to punish the invaders. I hope King Edward will have the grace to grant his request."

"And to give the leadership to a man that will not turn his back to the foe in the hour of battle," added the bishop.

The rest of the company arriving at this point the bishop exchanged a few words with some of the leading men. Then selecting four of his subordinates as a sort of body-guard, he and they mounted five of the horses that had just arrived, and escorted by Idrys and his followers, they started on their way to London. They found that tidings of the desolation caused by the ravages of the allied forces had preceded them everywhere, and cries for vengeance rose from every hamlet and town, while London itself was full of excitement.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Bloodless Victory.

In a room not far from the ante-room of the king's closet in the palace of Westminster, sat Harold the earl. His long hair, parted from the temples, fell in large waves half

way to his shoulders; and his steady, deep eyes were fixed abstractedly on the wall. A look of displeasure rested on his usually calm, self-satisfied face, and his attitude was one of pride and determination. He had just been engaged in a private interview with the king, and was musing upon the subject which had been under discussion.

"Confound the idiot!" said he speaking to himself. "If he had not been so shallow-brained as to command his English forces to fight on horseback in imitation of his despicable Norman followers, he might at least, have saved the town. Yet Edward blames him not; nay were I to give my consent he would send him on another wild-goose chase, and the army to destruction. Nothing would please the treacherous Algar and his blood-thirsty father-in-law so well. But I have a mind to give them amusement of another sort."

At this juncture a loud knock on the door startled him, and the next moment he welcomed Leofgar and Idrys with feigned composure and dignified pride.

"I rejoice to see thee in the flesh again, noble Harold," said the bishop as the three seated themselves. "Methought not many days ago I would never see thy face again. I am as a brand plucked from the burning. I was hard pressed by the enemy; my soul was grieved within me by reason of desolation."

Harold cast a searching glance at

Idrys as if to satisfy himself that he was what he claimed to be. Then reading reassurance in the bishop's eyes he said,

"Rolf brought us the news of the terrible incursion yesterday; but as his haste to reach London, left Hereford without a protector, you doubtless have further tidings for our ears."

"Such defenders as Rolf," said the bishop with a frown, "should have mill-stones tied about their necks, and be cast into the sea. They are nought but a snare and a delusion. Hadst thou been there, my son, we might have laughed the enemy to scorn; but since thou wast not there to protect us, thou wilt no doubt avenge us. The sword has drunk innocent blood, and fire has consumed the whole city, the cathedral not excepted. Multitudes have been taken captive, and the enemy rejoices over much spoil. I myself, am despoiled of all my treasures, not excepting the gold chalice which thou gavest me, and which money could not buy. Ah! we are sore afflicted; my son, we are very sore afflicted."

"The heartless fiends!" exclaimed the earl, "they deserve no mercy, for they showed none. Something must be speedily done to punish them. Gryffydd and Algar must be separated, if not by death, then in some other way. England is not safe while two such fierce and restless wolves as they prowl around her borders. An army must be sent immediately into Wales."

"An army without the noble Harold to lead it would be but chaff before the wind," said Idrys. "The Welsh fear no name in England as they do his name."

"Our friend speak truly," said Leofgar "Thy name is to them what thunder is to the lion, or what the hound is to the fox. And since thy name is a terror to them, how much more will thy presence be. Edward can spare thee long enough from the affairs of state to go and whip the Welsh into submission, and Algar into perdition. Idrys here is anxious to join thee with his hundred knights, and I will for the sake of dear old England exchange my episcopal robe for a suit of armor, and my crosier for a sword, until the will of heaven shall be accomplished."

Both flattered and amused at these remarks, Harold now expressed his intention of leading the army in person into Wales, and after exchanging a few more words, Leofgar and Idrys brought their visit to an end, leaving Harold to think over the situation.

Early on the following morning the earl placed himself at the head of all the troops available in and around London, and hurried forward in the direction of Gloucester, accompanied by the bishop and Idrys. The army received reinforcements at several places along the way, and upon its arrival at Gloucester, Harold, however, wishing to increase his forces still more, deemed it best to remain a few days

in the town before advancing into the enemy's territory, and to send out scouting parties to ascertain where Gryffydd and Algar were. As Idrys was well acquainted with the Welsh border, he and his followers, at the earl's request, constituted one of the these parties, and in due time set out in the direction of South Wales. Gloucester was scarcely left behind ere Idrys turning to his mounted companion remarked,

"What dost thou think of the son of Godwin, Owen? Is he a fit rival for the son of Llewelyn?"

"Ay, in ambition and subtlety, and more than his equal in deliberatness of thought and action," was the reply.

"But thinkest thou that the usurper need to fear him in battle?" continued Idrys. "He has almost the form of a giant, and he has the courage and will of his father."

"Gryffydd measures not the strength of his foes by their stature; nor is he deficient in courage and will. I hope Harold will defeat him; but methinks he will not find him an easy prey. The power and skill which have made the son of Llewelyn an usurper, have also made him victorious in every battle he has fought."

"True, but he cannot always be victorious. The sun of his prosperity must set some time, and if aught that I can do can hasten the eve of its setting thou shalt not find me a laggard."

"I bid you God speed. But think

you not that were we rid of Gryffydd we would find another and less tolerable tyrant seeking to crush us with his iron heel?"

"Another tyrant? Who from St. David's or Cardiff to Rhuddlan canst thou find to equal Gryffydd as an oppressor? He slew my father that he might have his dominion, and drove Cynan ab Iago into exile that he might rule over Gwynedd. The people's lives are not their own except to be thrown away in his service, and he must have the best of the flock and on the field."

"Cymru may not hold another tyrant such as he; but methinks were Edward dead, England might have a king who not being satisfied with the land stolen from our fathers would stretch his sword over our possessions, and reduce us into a worse condition than slavery."

"Ah, thou thinkest of Harold. But strong and ambitious as he is thou needst not fear him. If I mistake not, he will have enemies enough in England to keep his hands employed, should he ascend the throne; and even if he were able by craft or otherwise to pacify the disaffected Duke William, to whom, it is reported on good authority, Edward has promised England's crown, he would dispute his claim to royal power."

Thus the two whiled away the time until the party penetrated the heart of Gwentland, not forgetting at the same time to keep their eyes and ears open for signs of the en-

emy's presence. Despite their vigilance, however, Trahaiarn with a number of tried warriors, managed to surprise the whole party in a thicket not far from Pontypool. Idrys and his men were thrown into the utmost confusion for a moment, then they rallied, and a brief but severe engagement followed in which several on both sides were slain or wounded. It was a hand-to-hand fight, and none were more active than the leaders, who at the outset sprang at each other like lions, dealing and parrying blows that fell like thunderbolts, and glaring at each other with fiendish hate.

"Take that, thou cursed worshiper of tyrants," said Idrys, aiming a fatal blow at the prince.

"And take thou that, thou base traitor," said Trahaiarn, receiving the blow on his shield, and returning it with such precision and effect that his antagonist fell seemingly lifeless from his horse. At the same moment a number of Idrys' followers, having routed some of Trahaiarn's men, surrounded the prince, and began to attack him from all sides. But he was equal to the situation, being in armor like his assailants, and an expert swordsman. During the brief struggle that ensued he slew one of his antagonists, and unhorsed two others. Then finding that he could not continue the fight except at great disadvantage, owing to the superior numbers and equipment of the enemy, he and his followers gal-

loped away in the direction of Powys, pursued for a short distance by Idrys' men.

Upon their return to the scene of action, the mailed knights immediately applied themselves to the care of the wounded and the burial of the dead. Thinking that their leader was among the latter they were happily surprised to find not only that he was still alive, but also that his wound was not necessarily fatal. It so happened also that his estate was but a few miles away, and they bore him, together with the rest of the wounded, to his lordly hall.

When the excitement caused by the arrival of the wounded Idrys had somewhat subsided, and the officers in temporary command of the party had learned through the servants at the hall that Gryffydd and Algar with an immense army were in the southern part of Powys, he sent one of the knights disguised as a rustic to acquaint Harold with the strength and position of the enemy, and of Idrys' inability to return to him with his men. Nothing of a disagreeable nature happening on the way, the messenger safely arrived at Gloucester, but not in time to find Harold. For some reason, the earl had left the city sooner than he intended, and was now a day's march northwest of the city, pursuing his course towards Gwynedd. Determined to deliver the message, the messenger mounted a fresh horse and sped after the army.

In the meantime Harold pushed forward with considerable speed towards the enemy's territory. As yet he had found no clew to Gryffydd and Algar, but supposing them to be at Rhuddlan he intended to surprise them there. Reaching the border of what is now known as Montgomeryshire, he allowed the army to rest a few hours. Then resuming the march he advanced in a northerly direction; but he had not proceeded far when the messenger overtook him.

"Who art thou, and what is thy business with me?" aid he, taking the man aside.

"I am a member of the scouting party whom the noble Harold sent into the South, and I have important news for your ears. Our leader would have brought the news himself had he not been wounded almost to death in an encounter with some of the enemy."

"The enemy?" said the earl with unfeigned surprise. "Surely Gryffydd and Algar are not in the South!"

"If the noble Harold sees fit to doubt my word he may do so," said the messenger, not without a tinge of resentment. "Nevertheless I tell you the truth. Those whom you seek are in Powys, and their followers are almost like the stars in number. The saints forbid that they march into England while its best defender is here in Gwynedd."

The man's manner left no room for doubt; yet Harold wishing to be

on the safe side beckoned the Bishop of Hereford to him, and asked him in an undertone,

"Knowest thou this man, holy father? And if so is he to be trusted?"

"If I mistake not he is one of Idrys' men, and according to the testimony of his leader, a trustier man has never lived," replied Leofgar, casting a side glance at the messenger.

"Thou hast done well to bring us these tidings," said Harold, turning to the man, "and thou shalt not go unrewarded. Perhaps thou wilt tell us also what is the nature of the country where the enemy has sought refuge."

"It is a country which abounds in high hills and deep precipices, thick woods and narrow ravines," was the reply. "Nevertheless, if English hounds can climb like Welsh goats, and combine the cunning of the fox with the keenness of the hawk, the noble Harold can yet seize his prey."

Having learned all that could now be known regarding the enemy, Harold brought the interview with the messenger to a close, and turning to the bishop he said,

"I am in a strait, and know not what to do. Fain would I continue our course to the north and punish the treacherous brood dwelling in these parts with fire and sword. But we would thus lose more than we would gain were the enemy to take advantage of our absence, and

again invade our land. Then if we advance into Powys where our foes have every advantage, we shall be cut to pieces, and England will be at the mercy of cut-throats. England is not afraid to fight her enemies; but she should not fight under a disadvantage. Defeats add neither to her glory nor her safety."

"Thou speakest truly," said Leofgar, "and it grieves me that we are in such a strait. No punishment can be too severe to inflict upon this accursed race, and gladly would I see all its members dead, and all their towns destroyed. But as thou sayest, we can have revenge only at a fearful risk. Hence, much as it is against my heart's desire, I would suggest that we return to Hereford. Perhaps we shall thereby attract the enemy from their fastnesses, or if that be impossible, we can rebuild the city walls, and have a trench dug about it while we wait God's pleasure in the matter."

Harold was impressed with the wisdom of this suggestion, and immediately carried it into action. Though the soldiers were somewhat disappointed at the command to retreat without penetrating farther into the enemy's country, they had such implicit trust in the earl's good sense that they obeyed without a murmur. Perhaps Harold permitted them to devastate the Welsh frontier for the sake of humoring their whims no less than as a punishment to the enemy. At any rate,

the line of retreat was marked for miles with signs of violence and hate.

Reaching the city of Hereford in due time, Harold at once set the army at work repairing the damages done by the invaders, and in the course of a few weeks the city was more strongly protected than it had ever been before. Gryffydd and Algar, however, though perfectly aware of Harold's movements, seemed to be in no hurry to leave Powys. This aggravated the earl, the more so because matters of state were daily becoming more urgent for his return to London. At last, greatly as he disliked it, he decided to enter into negotiations with the enemy with the view of settling the quarrel between them in a peaceful way. Hence two envoys were sent, escorted part way by a small body of picked men, into Powys with propositions from Harold. As one of the envoys bore aloft the holy rood as a signal of peace they were permitted to reach the enemy's camp without being molested. Nor did Gryffydd and Algar receive them ungraciously.

"What would King Edward's thegn with Gryffydd the king?" said the son of Llewelyn.

"His message, O king, is to earl Algar no less than to the royal Gryffydd," said one of the envoys.

"Ah! then deliver his message, for we are both here, and have ears to hear," said Algar.

The envoy who acted as spokesman now recounted the losses and

sufferings caused by the late incursion into Hereford, and spoke at length of the just reasons which England had for punishing the offenders. This he did chiefly to give additional force to what he still had to say.

"But," said he in conclusion, "Harold is as generous as his king is forgiving. Instead of vengeance he will have mercy, and instead of coming into Wales with fire and sword he graciously offers terms of peace."

The envoy paused, and after a moment's silence Gryffydd fixed his piercing eyes upon him and said,

"We have heard the offer, but not the terms. Our patience is not yet exhausted; say on."

"Gryffydd the king and Algar the thegn must hear the terms of peace from the earl's own lips," was the reply.

Having thus delivered his message, the speaker, accompanied by the other envoy, withdrew into a neighboring tent to partake of refreshments, while Gryffydd and Algar discussed Harold's offer in the royal tent.

"By St. David, wonders never cease," said the king, "who would have thought that the haughty Harold would sue for peace before aiming a single blow at his enemy?"

"The royal Gryffydd is mistaken," said Algar, laughing. "He sues not for peace, but offers us terms of peace because he is too generous to seek revenge!"

(Continued.)

A TRIP TO BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

By George Coronway, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Away with care, the world's dull care,
That mars our earthly joys;
A trip take we, on memory's sea,
To the days when we were boys.

Full many a storm we braved since
then,

Saw many a cloudy day—
The finger-marks of care are seen,
In many a hair turned gray.

To-day our cares forget shall we—
In fancy's park, on memory's sea,
We'll sail away,
With hearts as gay,
As when we all were boys.

Kind fate, do thou us safely bear,
And favor us with breezes fair.

Thanks, goddess, thanks—now speed
we free,

Fair blows the wind, calm is the sea,
And gayly glides our gallant craft—
Young hope afore, old care abaft—
Full sail above, fair tide below,
And every heart with joy aglow.

Come sit we on the deck and gaze
Upon those scenes of boyhood's days,
Which fancy shall unroll, as we
Sail back on memory's mystic sea.

Come now in view the happy shore,
The hills and dales we roamed of yore,
The wildwoods gay, where often we
Would ramble through with boyish glee,
And listen to the warbling throng
Discoursing well their summer song.

Those green clad hills, in olden time,
How often you and I would climb
Their sloping brow, the top to gain,
When playing, "up and down again."
Our ups and downs were then, somehow
More pleasant far than they are now.

And see the fields—in days of old,
In careless troops we through them
strolled,

And plucked the flowers there that grew
The cowslip sweet, of golden hue;
The daisy fair, whose modest eye,
Would upward gaze towards the sky;
The butter cup—we mind it well
How this we fairy used to tell,
When it we placed beneath the chin,
How we liked butter—"thick or thin!"

And see the hedges in full blow—
Do you remember, long ago,
How we would ramble mong the thorn,
With faces scratched, and jackets torn?
How we would spend the day in quest
Of some poor birdie's cosy nest?
With keen and well experienced eye,
How quickly then we could espy
The sought for treasure in the bush,
And steal the same without a blush!
Despite the mother's mournful cry—
Do you remember how she'd fly.
Around us, begging us to spare
Her little home—its treasures rare?
How hard she'd beg, but all in vain—
The thought now, friends, doth bring us
pain,—

Who steals a nest, commits a wrong,—
He robs the world of many a song!

Thus death has robbed yea, many a cot,
The mother's woe it touched him not,
How many a tender voice he's stilled.
How many a heart with sorrow filled?
Alas! we mortals, here below,
Must all, some day, fall 'neath his blow!

And yonder is the merry rill,
With murmuringsound is running still;
Come sit we by its cheerful flow,
As oft we did in long ago.

Ah! friends, it seemeth like a dream,

Since we, before, sat by this stream.
 How often we, in days of old,
 With sleeves above the elbow rolled,
 Our trousers turned above the knee,
 Like merry fishermen would we
 Wade through its depth and fish about
 The stumps, and stones, for speckled
 trout?

How proud we were, when one we
 caught?

We felt our hearts with joy afraught,
 When we, returning home would bring
 A batch of "beauties" on our string.

And see the pond—its limpid mass,
 Like nature's mirror on the grass,
 Reflecting to our thoughtful gaze,
 The thousand joys of by-gone days,
 When you and I, with nimble grace,
 Would skate across its frozen face.

Perhaps upon a summer's shine,
 We'd spend the day with hook and line,
 And watch the little cork afloat,
 Then sink—a sign a fish was caught!

Perchance we'd trim a log, or plank,
 And sail away from bank to bank—
 Arriving at the distant side,
 We thought we'd crossed the ocean wide
 Returning like a merry band
 Of sailors from a foreign land!

There stands the school-house old,
 where we

Learned to recite our A, B, C;
 Below are still the play-grounds fair—
 What happy moments spent we there,
 And rung the air with shouts of glee—
 Then life was all a Jubilee!

The old oak stands yet by the mill,
 The old swing hanging to it still;
 How oft we gathered there to play—
 To swing the happy hours away!

Do we not wish, though wish in vain,
 We were those happy boys again?

Oh! blissful hours,—what joy, untold,
 Still lingers 'round those days of old.
 Dear friends, wherever we may roam,
 We'll find no place like childhood's
 home.

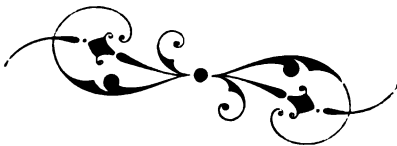
Oh! where on earth is there a spot,
 So sweet as mother's humble cot?
 There we were nursed with tenderest
 care—

Remembered in her holy pray'r—
 Oft lulled to sleep upon her breast,—
 With ev'ry joy and comfort blest;
 Unknown to every woe and pain—
 Oh! that I were a child again!

Adieu, ye happy days of yore,
 With all your joys, to come no more!
 Farewell loved scenes of days gone by,
 We leave you with a tearful eye;
 'Tis but a trip, we cannot stay,
 Stern duty calls, we must obey!

We'll steer our bark by yonder star,
 That dazzling, holy star of truth
 Until we reach that land afar—
 The home of everlasting youth!

'Tis well, betimes, when earthly cares,
 Do mar our earthly joys,
 To sail as we, on memory's sea,
 To the days when we were boys.





FIELD OF LETTERS

It is seven years now since "Cymru'r Plant" set sail on the uncertain sea of Welsh literature, as the editor expresses it. Although we boast that the Welsh are lovers of literature, it is considerable risk to publish a Welsh book. We must say that as a nation we are covetous, we are slow to invest a little money in good books. We would like to have books, but we do not want to buy them. "Cymru'r Plant" richly deserves to prosper, and it should be welcomed into every Welsh home. Its devoted editor should have the heartiest patronage.

Its appearance is attractive, and its contents, month after month, year after year, continue to improve; and the editor promises to make it still more entertaining and instructive during 1899. Such publications as "Cymru'r Plant" will teach our children to cherish Wales and the old Cymraeg.

Its frontispiece for December is the Yule Log, and it asks appropriately the reason why this season of frost and snow has underneath it a spirit of cheer. There are no signs of life, no flowers, every thing seemingly dead, and yet we are comforted and cheered by a secret conviction and appreciation of the great truth that Christ was born on Christmas Day; and this is the Yule Log that burns and cheers every hearth in Christendom.

The editor of the "Ceninen" promises to make that national periodical more interesting next year than ever. Some

of the questions discussed will be "Welsh Literature of the Century, has it Improved or Deteriorated?" "The Eisteddfod, is it worth the Trouble and Cost of Holding it?" "The Religious Sects—do they act in accordance with their Creeds?" The best writers have been engaged to write for it.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" is theological, excepting the article by the Rev. J. M. Morgan on the "Failings and Foibles of the Welsh Character." The Rev. R. S. Thomas reviews a book entitled "The Principle of Incarnation," by the Rev. H. C. Powell. The Welshman is at home among such abstruse subjects, and he enjoys nothing so well. This is followed by an article on the Apostolic Church; then the "Two Words," by the Rev. R. V. Griffith, and an article by the Editor, the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, M. A., on Apostolic Succession. Henceforth, the Editors will be Rev. Evan Jones and J. E. Hughes, Carnarvon.

A good many attempts are made these days to expose the failings and foibles of the Welsh character. The Rev. J. M. Morgan, in the article already referred to, brings some of these into relief, such as the Welshman's lack of perseverance, his sentimentality, his servility, his shyness, his want of experience, and many other qualities which are essential to success in life. There is this peculiarity which lies at the bottom of all his failings, viz., his self-sufficiency. This is seen in all his life and behavior. He lacks expansive-

ness. He is self-satisfied. He is controlled by what undermines every effort and enterprise, the spirit of contentment. He is not enterprising like the morning, but like the evening, he feels like musing and meditating, content with the performances of the past. He acts like a spirit that has no future, unless it be in heaven. This also may account for his great fondness for theology. He is more sentimental than practical; and he thinks more of literature that appeals to his emotion and fancy than that which enlightens and benefits him materially. All this may be attributed to his past manner of life and training; and the aim of the present age should be to lift him out of this ancient rut.

The Editors of the "Croniel" in their preface to this volume, promise to make it as useful and instructive as ever, an advocate of the principles which the founders of this popular monthly championed in the past. There are thousands of Welsh readers who revere the memory of the R. Brothers, who have made Llanbrynmair in Montgomeryshire celebrated. This preface, as we are informed, was prepared in the very neighborhood where the renowned S. R. prepared the first number in 1843. This volume, therefore, is the 56th, and to all appearances, the brisk little Monthly is as popular as ever, and is likely to live to a patriarchal age. The Roberts' family has done as much as any other in Wales to elevate and instruct the people. The little "Croniel" is a living monument to their sacred memory.

The December number has the usual quota of articles and miscellaneous matter. The Notes by Editor Keinion contain the following short articles: The Late Rev. D. S. Davies; Dr. Dale's Memoir; the Nonconformist Alliance; A Religious Revival. Pedrog has an

interesting review of Gwylfa's "Drain Gwynion;" Poetical Reminiscences of Mynyddog, the celebrated humorist; Events of the Month, &c., &c.

The Hooley exposures in the Bankruptcy Court shows the corrupting influence of the love of money. Hooley in his testimony, or rather his confession, has opened the eyes of Englishmen as to corruption in circles which hitherto had been regarded as respectable. It is astonishing to think that our nobility is subject to the influence of boodle, and that titles can be procured by means of bribes. Hooley was promised a seat in Parliament and a title in the bargain for the sums of \$50,000 and \$250,000 respectively. This money was cashed to a Conservative Political Club. He was also offered a membership in the Carlton Club for the reasonable price of \$5,000. Hooley even succeeded to bribe the Church of England by a donation of a gold communion service, by which he managed to hallow his rotten business enterprises.

It would benefit Welsh literature to attend to the sensible advice which "Cwrs y Byd" gives its correspondents and contributors in its December number. "We do not intend to publish sermons, essays and articles we cannot understand, and which have no known direct aim, written for the simple purpose of seeing them in print. We do not mean to publish senseless tattle and gossip. We do not pretend to be sublime, but we will endeavor to be simple, clear and practical, not swerving from the path of duty through fear of man. We used to have some correspondents and admirers who were Nicodemuslike in their conduct, but all that has been changed." "Cwrs y Byd" is determined to inaugurate into Welsh periodicals an era of practical

sense and fearlessness in the advocacy of principles.

"Great cry but little wool" was the love affair which disturbed the peace of the University at Aberystwyth, a while ago. A young man whistles on the highway, a girl student on the second floor of a house lifts the window, and the consequence is, an indiscreet woman on whom no young man ever whistled reports the case, the young lady is sent home, and the young man is "rusticated" for two years. If she (the indiscreet woman) had any Christian sense, she would have taken the girl aside, advise her like a mother, showing her kindly the danger of whistling in an educational community.—"Cwrs y Byd."

The contents of the "Dysgedydd" for December are as follows: The Temptation of Christ—was it possible for Him to sin? by the Rev. D. J. Williams, Tredegar; The Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin, by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; Peru before the Spanish Conquest, by W. J. Parry; Miscellanies, &c.

The addresses of Mr. Lloyd George, M. P., and Dr. R. F. Horton, at the meeting of Nonconformists in London recently, were excellent, and they have been instrumental in opening the eyes of many with regard to the questions of education and Ritualism in the Church of England. It was pointed out that taxes and tithes ostensibly for the support of Protestantism and education are used to further clandestinely the cause of Popery in England. The disguised priests of the Church are working secretly to introduce Romanism into English Protestantism, and they dare the authorities to interfere with and end their efforts. English newspapers and the Protestants within the

Church seem to be indifferent and apathetic, and with the exception of Sir William Vernon Harcourt, no Liberal of any prominence has as yet brought the question before Parliament. Dr. Horton showed by extracts from the works of Dr. Pusey, that that Ritualistic and Papiestic leader believed that lying and duplicity are perfectly legitimate and commendable when used in God's service, and that priests have a divine right to prevaricate.—Dysgedydd.

In the "Nineteenth Century" there appears an apology by Dr. Jessop, wherein he expresses great sorrow on account of two things: Firstly, because the paper he read at the Bradford Church Congress was obscure, which led the Archbishop to mistake its meaning; and secondly, because some criticized the Archbishop for misinterpreting its contents. Dr. Jessop professes great regard for the Archbishop, and expresses great pain at the results of his own obscure style of dealing with religious questions. It appears through this apology that to Dr. Jessop an Archbishop is above committing mistakes in speech or writing, and he takes the opportunity of expressing his high regard of the Church dignitary; but, nevertheless, the Doctor sticks to his views, viz., that the separating line between clerics and laymen in the Apostolic age was thin; that laymen often performed holy functions, and that they had a voice in appointing clericals to holy offices. But yet Dr. Jessop seems to hold that episcopacy is divine, having being introduced by God subsequent to the Apostolic Age.—Drysortfa.

Wales is often regarded as the most religious spot in the world—the land of exceptional privileges, and the home of revivals. Doubtless, much has been

done, and great sacrifice made for its religion. Every nook and corner has its chapels, and great expenses have been incurred to build and establish churches and Sunday Schools in every place. But zeal may be shown for such external things without our being possessed of practical religion. The Welsh people have a strong tendency to make religion a matter of feeling, neglecting its deeper principles. The work of the Holy Spirit to them too often, means an emotional excitement, a superficial enthusiasm which is called "hwyl." This is a characteristic weakness of our people. They think more of this pious excitement than they do of the really practical struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil.—Traethodydd.

Gweledigaeth Bardd Cwsg, by Ellis Wynne, and edited by J. Morris Jones; Jarvis and Foster, Bangor, N. W. This edition is dedicated to Prof. John Rhys, M. A., LL. D., Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and is a faithful reproduction of the original copy. In addition to the text, it has a Preface, a sketch of the author's life, the original Title Page, Explanatory Notes, Glossary, &c., &c. This is a beautiful edition printed on fine paper.

This supernatural regard in which bishops and high church dignitaries are held is a peculiar trait of the Ritualistic party, and is the natural and inevitable outgrowth of the Ritualistic creed. Sacerdotalism is based on this superstitious worship of church bishops and archbishops. J. H. Newman (afterward Cardinal Newman) regarded his Bish-

op (Dr. Bagot) as God in ecclesiastical vestments, and he himself tells us that there was something divine in the voice of his Bishop. God was, in fact, speaking through his Bishop; and yet this Church of England clergyman later seceded and entered the Romish fold, deserting the English establishment, and Dr. Bagot, in whose voice and commands there was so much divinity! Divinity in the Ritualistic system of religion is merely holy means to accomplish very unworthy ends. This superstitious regard for clericals is the evil that Protestantism should direct all its energy to destroy. Sacerdotalism and liberty are contradictions.

The "Cerddor" serves a purpose among the Welsh in creating uneasiness and causing dissatisfaction with commonplace musical views. We are too much disposed to become contented with ordinary achievements, our standards being popular rather than ideal. The "Cerddor" is continually laboring and endeavoring to arouse the Welsh musical mind to an appreciation of something higher and perfecter than what has been in vogue for the last fifty years. It is always trying to impress the Welsh with the importance of mastering the science of music-musical culture being something more than mere singing and contesting for prizes at Eisteddfodau. In the December number there are valuable lessons and hints in the direction of musical culture. Its reviews and criticisms on various lines are always practical and instructive. It also discusses questions and national foibles which are hardly ever noticed in other periodicals.

SCIENTIFIC

The sanitary authorities of Sutton Surry, England, have gone into the perfume business in an unusual manner, for they are producing lavender on their sewage farm.

The ptomaines of preserved meats are, according to Van Ermenghin (Jour. de Ph.), secretions of a specific bacterium, bacillus botulinus. The toxin, called by the discoverer "botulin," is so poisonous that 0.000001 gramme is sufficient to kill a rabbit. Fortunately, the toxin is destroyed by a comparatively low temperature, 60 to 70 degrees C. At 85 degrees the bacillus is also destroyed; cooking is, therefore, a reliable safeguard in the use of salted, smoked, or otherwise preserved meats.

BABY DRINK.

Dr. Mary A. Willard, Detroit, Michigan, said: "Nursing mother, with your beer mug, throw it out of the window, and never touch it again. Beer-milk is not a fit food for your baby. The child may grow fat, but it will not be healthy. Better have less milk of good quality, and piece out the little one's diet with something else. In closing, I have this to say, not from the standpoint of a temperance crank, but from that of a physician; make up your mind that yourself and alcohol, in all its forms, are from henceforth strangers, and, my word for it, you will never mourn your estrangement."

INSECT DRUNKARDS.

Many plants and shrubs secrete pollen and nectar that are intoxicating, and the blossoms of such plants are

especially sought out by certain insects, who seem to enjoy a debauch on the natural stimulants as much as does a veritable human drunkard alike carouse on the artificial potations of mankind whose basis is alcohol.

An intoxicated bee was carried to my laboratory for dissection and microscopic investigation. This insect was so drunk that, when placed upon its back, it had the greatest difficulty in getting upon its legs; yet, when a cosmos blossom was brought within two inches of its head, the bee thrust out its proboscis and staggered toward it! It immediately began to suck the nectar, and, in a few moments, tumbled over, a drunken, senseless, almost inert little mass—a victim of appetite!—James Weir, M. D.

ILLEGIBLE.

A writer in a recent number of *Medicin Moderne*, after expressing his sympathy with the pharmacists whose difficult task it is to decipher illegible prescriptions, adds that the matter has attracted the attention of the Dean of the Medical Faculty of Paris. The execrable handwriting of many French physicians is thought to be a menace to the public, and the Dean is reported to have said that he would take the earliest opportunity of bringing the matter to the notice of the faculty. The pharmacists of America will doubtless sympathize with this movement.

REMEDY FOR DAMP CELLARS.

Take old preserve cans and put therein calcium chloride, a pound of this salt sufficing for a large cellar. The

same attracts the water from the air, which collects in the cans. This, however, is not poured away, but is evaporated on a strong fire, whereby the salt crystallizes again and becomes fit for renewed use. Especially for potato cellars this process is very serviceable, since the sprouting of the potatoes, though not entirely prevented, is considerably retarded thereby.

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TOOK THEM IN WATER.

The following story is told of Pasteur by the San Francisco Argonaut: "While dining at his son-in-law's one evening it was noticed that Pasteur dipped his cherries in his glass of water, and then carefully wiped them before eating them. As this caused some amusement, he held forth at length on the dangers of the microbes with which the cherries were covered. Then he leaned back in his chair, wiped his forehead and unconsciously picked up his glass, drank off the contents, microbes and all."

—o:—

BAD ON EYES.

Oculists are now unanimous in the statement that after a certain time, which varies in different individuals, reading in the cars is a positive danger to eyesight. The page is in constant vibration, and the eyes are strained in trying to follow automatically the rapid movements. Too much light is almost as bad as too little. Reading by a powerful electric light invariably brings on eye troubles. People would make their eyes remain serviceable much longer if the instant the printed letter becomes blurry or the reading matter gets out of focus they would seek the best professional skill and prepare to use glasses. This may be at any age between 18 and 40.

SOCIAL LIFE OF CLERKS.

Some people say that the private character of an employe should have no bearing upon his relations with his employer; that so long as he does his work satisfactorily it is nobody's business how he spends his time away from the store. This is a fallacious idea, however. In railroads, banks, and other lines of business there is strict watch kept upon the habits of employees, and if they are known to be spending their spare hours in dissipation, it is not long before they are dropped from their positions. Employers know that it is only a question of time when fast living means stealing.

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WHY DRUNKARDS SEE SNAKES.

It is said that 9 per cent. of visual hallucinations in delirium tremens consists of snakes in one form or another. Dr. Davies has been investigating the subject with the ophthalmoscope. In every one of the cases examined the blood vessels instead of being pale and almost invisible as in their ordinary condition, were almost black with congested blood. The blood vessels of the retina which are so small and semi-transparent in health that they are not projected in the field of vision, assume such a prominence in this disease that they are projected into the field of vision, and their movements seem like the twisting of snakes.—S. W. Press.

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CURIOSITIES ABOUT WOOD.

The strongest wood which grows within the limits of the United States is that known as "nutmeg" hickory, which flourishes on the lower Arkansas river. The most elastic is tamarack, the black, or shellbark, standing not far below. The wood with the least

elasticity and lowest specific gravity is the *Fiscus aurea*. The wood of the highest specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas and Mexico. The heaviest of the foreign woods are the pomegranate and the *lignum vitæ*, and the lightest is cork. Four hundred and thirteen different species of trees grow in the various states and territories, and of this number 16, when perfectly seasoned, will sink in water. These woods of high specific gravity grow mostly in the arid regions of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.—St. Louis Republic.

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THE APPLE AS MEDICINE.

The apple is such a common fruit that few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid, in an easily digestible shape, than any other fruit known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It also agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretion, and prevents calculus growth, while it obviates indigestion, and is one of the best preventives of diseases of the throat. Next to lemon and orange, it is also the best antidote for the thirst and craving of persons addicted to the alcohol and opium habit.

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POISONOUS PLANTS.

The berries of the yew have killed many persons, and it is pretty well known nowadays that it is not safe to eat many peach pits or cherry kernels at once. Among the garden plants commonly in vogue which possess a

poisonous nature botanists mention the jonquill, white hyacinth, and snow-drop, the narcissus being also particularly deadly—so much so, indeed, that to chew a small scrap of one of the bulbs may result fatally, while the juice of the leaves is an emetic. There is enough opium in red poppies to do mischief, and the autumn crocus, if the blossoms are chewed, causes illness. The lobelias are all dangerous, their juice, if swallowed, producing giddiness, with pains in the head. Lady's slipper poisons in the same way as does poison ivy. The bulbs seem to be the most harmful. Lilies of the valley are also as poisonous. The leaves and flowers of the oleander are deadly, and the bark of the catalpa tree is very mischievous. The water dropwort, when not in flower, resembles celery, and is virulent.

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THE AGE OF AN OYSTER.

He who wishes may find out the exact age of any oyster, though he has not the telltale evidence in teeth. The lines in the groove of the hinge of the shell tell the whole story, each line representing a year. An oyster is of age at four years; that is, he is old enough to vote, take care of a family, and go to market. Going to market is a disastrous undertaking, for a four year old oyster is particularly palatable. By this it must not be supposed that after an oyster has passed the four year period, and has five, six or even ten wrinkles on his shell he is a back number. Indeed, there are records of oyster being eaten just after celebrating their thirtieth birthday and in most cases they formed a delicious meal. Thirty is an unusual age for an oyster to attain, because few are given an opportunity to live so long. If let to enjoy life in his own way, it is quite probable that the oyster would become an octogenarian or even centenarian.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Literary defects of the Welshman are classified by the editor of "Cymru" as follows:—Lack of patience and perseverance; extreme and obstinate clinging to old forms; and intellectual conservatism.

Shortly before his death Mr. Thomas Gee presented the Aberystwyth University College Library with the copy of Dr. W. O. Pughe's dictionary, upon which are entered, in the author's own hand, the corrections and additions designed for the second edition.

Mrs. Plozzi, a friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, born in Bodvel, Carnarvonshire, considered Cardiff the wrong end of the Principality, but still a better place for a Welshman to get lost in, than England.

A statement is made in the "Record" that in Wales the Eucharist vestments are in use in 47 churches, incense in seven, altar lights in 100, the mixed chalice in 41, and the eastward position in 169.

It is a remarkable fact that between 1700 and 1870 not a single Welsh-speaking bishop was appointed to any Welsh see, although more than three-fourths of the people in Wales spoke during the greater part of that period nothing but Welsh.

They don't understand the Welsh "hwyl" in England. A Welsh Methodist preacher spoke at a conference over

the border recently, and as he warmed up he got into the "hwyl." The charm of the peculiar intonation was lost on the audience. They were consumed with amusement, and one irreverent man called out, "Cheer up, brother; don't cry."

The Welsh Industries movement is really very much alive, and steps are now being taken to establish a weavers' dyeing factory at Carmarthen. The weavers are at last convinced that they must dye on the spot in order to live. Long let them dye!

It has been suggested to the committee of the Liverpool National Eisteddfod that a silver harp be presented to the conductor of the chief choral competition instead of a baton, as traditionally the most fitting emblem of a "pencerdd."

Some time ago the Welsh Wesleyan Methodists appointed a committee to prepare a new Welsh hymnal for the denomination. The committee have now completed their work, and it is expected that the collection, with a number of new tunes, will shortly be issued.

It is pointed out as a curious fact that nearly all the successful English novels about Wales have hitherto dealt with Cardiland. Is it chance or what? Cardis believe that the authors have at all events this justification, that of

all our 13 counties Cardiganshire is the most typically Welsh.

That suggestion of thanksgiving services for Omdurman did not come off, but it serves as an excuse for reviving an old story. The clergyman of Beaumaris Church, North Wales, after returning God thanks for Admiral Duncan's victory, and the capture of the Dutch, added, "We also thank thee, O God, for the late capture of fine, full-belly'd herrings on our coasts."

Steps have already been taken for holding a Welsh "Summer School for Theology" at Llandrindod Wells during next summer. Arrangements are to be made for a series of lectures by a number of specialists, representing the "four denominations" and the Established Church in the Principality. Llandrindod being central for North and South Wales, there is every reason to expect that the school will be popular and successful.

Success is crowning the efforts of the Welsh Wesleyan Methodists in connection with the fund which they are raising towards the "John Evans (Eglwysbach) Memorial Chapel," which is being erected at Pontypridd. The chapel is now in course of erection, and it is to be opened early in the new year. It will be a most fitting memorial to the late Rev. John Evans, who did some excellent work as superintendent of the South Wales Wesleyan Forward Movement.

One of our readers was kind enough to send us an extract from the "Scottish American" wherein is estimated the number of famous men and women in the last 298 years, to be precisely, 287, of whom only 7 are Welsh! Our reader is interested in the fact that the Welsh percentage is so low. Supposing the facts to be true, the only

way it can be explained is, that England, Scotland and Ireland have had their Universities, which Wales did not have until recently. The Welsh have also been handicapped by their adherence to their language. Wales has been cruelly neglected; her sons and daughters will be honored in due time.

An aged deacon of a Calvinistic Methodist chapel near Bridgend is notoriously rough on long sermons. "I'm afraid I preached rather a long sermon," said a young minister who officiated there the other Sunday, and who was anxious for a word of commendation. "Oh, it averaged up well," said the old blaenor. "How so?" "It may have been a trifle long, but, then, it was neither very broad nor very deep."

Everything, it is said, comes of use if only kept for a period long enough—nine years being the rule, according to the proverb. At present moth-eaten Welsh ballads, containing no poetry and very little rhyme are being collected in all parts of Wales. Mr. Davies, of Cwrtmawr, when not engaged in professional work, spends his time in hunting such literary curiosities, and has already bagged a considerable number over a thousand. They will be "resurrected," probably, at some future time.

A Welsh medical manuscript of the thirteenth century, known by the name of "Meddygon Myddfai," contains the following quaint recipe:—Take a frog from the water alive and extract its tongue, putting the frog back again into the water. Place the tongue on a man's heart while asleep, and he will confess in his sleep what ever he hath done.

It is understood that the vicars of the more advanced churches in the diocese

of Llandaff have been informed by the bishop that high celebrations may not be held unless at least three communicants shall have previously given notice of their intention to partake of the holy communion at such celebrations. Hitherto communicants at high celebrations have generally been discouraged, so that the bishop's request is one of importance.

Just as Mr. Beriah Evans failed some years ago in "*Cyfaill yr Aelwyd*," so now it appears that the substitution of the English "v" for the Welsh "f" has been discarded even by the Welsh Colonists in Patagonia. The innovation was first introduced by the Rev. Professor Michael D. Jones, of Bala, and he found a number of imitators, who have, however, grown weary in well-doing. When the "*Drafod*," the Welsh organ of the Colonists in Patagonia, was recently taken over by a company, the very first resolution passed by the shareholders was that the "new orthography" should be discontinued, and the Welsh "f" and "ff" therefore at once reinstated.

An Irish reader has sent this story to the "*Sheffield Telegraph*:"—"I was present at the International match between Ireland and Wales, played at Limerick, last March. The grounds where the match took place were quite close to a workhouse, and one of the paupers, a half simpleton, happened somehow to be amongst the spectators. Never seeing the game before, he shouted out, to the amusement of the crowd, 'See here, my foine big fellas, what are ye kicking that ball around, for that's doin' ye no harm? Can't ye gine over that wall beyant, and kick around the workhouse master that deserves it?'"

The little affair of Aberystwyth College (says the "*Westminster Gazette*")

has been made a great deal too much of, and we cannot see that any blame is to be attached to the principals. Discreet parents do not, as a rule, encourage "Romeos" whistling under their young daughters' windows in the evening, and, as the principal of a ladies' college is in loco parentis, there is all the more reason she should object to a practice which may be harmless, but which also may not be, and which is certainly indiscreet. The Aberystwyth "Romeo" has been rusticated, and quite right, too. He will probably recognize the justice of it, for young men who go whistling outside girls' schools must expect consequences, and put up with them.

It was reserved for a lady to do the smartest thing during Lord Kitchener's visit to Cardiff. Being an autograph-hunter, her chief interest in Lord Kitchener's visit lay in getting his signature. Accordingly she planted herself in the station, having first got on the blind side of the officials, and when the Sirdar stepped on to the platform almost the first words he heard were "Please, Lord Kitchener, will you sign my autograph-book?" "With pleasure," said the gallant soldier, and in a trice the thing was done, much to the delight of the lady and the mortification of a city magnate who a few minutes before had refused with a "Certainly not," to introduce the determined lady to the Sirdar.

Stray facts of Welsh history may be found in obscure places. A proposal issued in 1714 for re-printing the Welsh Bible contains three interesting statements. It is signed by six bishops—"Jo. Bangor, Jo. Llandaff, W. Asaph, Ph. Hereford, Adam Meneven, W. Worcester." Thus, as late as 1714 the bishop of St. David's wrote "*Menevensis*." The bishops of Hereford and Worcester

ter had evidently some parishes under their care in need of Welsh Bibles. It is stated, also, that there were "upwards of 500 parishes in which the generality of the people understood no other language;" and, again, "there are also above 6,000 Welsh in Pennsylvania and other parts of her Majesty's Dominions in America."

In the Red Book of Hergest the Rhondda is written "Glyn Rodne;" in a statute of Henry XIII., "Glyn-erotherney." Rice Merrick (1578) spells it "Glinronthey," "Glynrothney," "Glumertheney," and speaks of "Est Radevodwge." Leland spells the name "Glin Rodeney," "Glin Rotheney," "Rodeney Vaur," and "Rodeney Vehan." Let the learned leave *Caer Moesau* for a while, and solve this "rodneyn" problem. Leland's description of the Rhondda is comically out-of-date—"The Vale of Glin Rodeney by South, is meatly good for Barle and Otes, but little Whete. There is plenty of Wood."

The libretto for which the Cardiff committee of the National Eisteddfod offered a prize has now been published, the English words being by Mr. W. J. T. Collins, and the Welsh by Mr. R. L. Davies. The title is a very happy one—"For King and Cause; or, The Siege of Cardiff Castle." In plan it is very simple, and is founded on an episode in the history of Cardiff—in fact, the siege and taking of the castle. The characters are Oliver Cromwell, Sir Richard Basset, commandant of the castle for the King; Lady Gwyneth, his wife; Talbot, a Royalist soldier; Royalist and Puritan troops, women and others.

Madame Patti's forthcoming marriage reminds a London contemporary of an interesting experience. It happened when Nicolini was alive. He and Patti were trout fishing at Brynmen-

yn. They heard that the old woman who kept the ale house by the riverside was lying at death's door, and Madame, with true womanly sympathy, went in to cheer her. To please the poor dame the great singer sang to her, using her glorious voice quite simply and unaffectedly in the poor little inn. The place now has a reputation amongst the music-loving Cymru. "The last time I drove past," said the writer, "my driver pointed with his whip to the house in the hollow, and said, 'That's where Madame Patti herself, man, did sing, look you. There's a singer for you! They did hear her singing at Jones's farm up yonder.'"

"Ach" is an old Celtic word for water, still used in Irish. It is cognate with the Latin "Aqua." Welsh "Ogwy," the name of a river in Glamorgan; "Gwy," English "Wye;" "Dwy," English "Dee," is probably another form of "Gwy," and hence "Dwyf," "Dwfr," "Dover," "Douro," "Tiber;" "Hudor" in Greek, which is in Gen. "Hudatos," showing that "r" is no part of the stem "Hudor," as it is not of the Celtic "Dwyf," "Dwy," "Gwy," or "Ach." "Ach" forms part of the names of waters in Wales, as "Achddu," "Pwll-agddu," in Caermarthenshire; "Clydach," "Calach," "Llanhamlach," "Camach," not "Camarch,"—the "r" being an interloper; "Llechach," in Garthbrenl; "Cwmachau"—dingle of streams; "Amlach," corrupted into "Amlwch." "Honddu" is the same as the Latin "Unda;" "Hondda," in Glamorgan written generally "Rhondda," the "r" being the definite article *Yr* shortened and glued prefixedly to it. "Honddu" is variously written as a stream-name, thus "Hodni," "Thony," "Neath," "Nedd," "Nith," "Nethy," "Eden," "Ton," "Don," "Danals," "Danube," "Rhodanus," "Dwina," are well known continental stream-names.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

LEWIS ANTHONY.

In every word, O, for a tear
A sorrowing sigh in every rhyme
To speak the loss of one so dear—
Among the meekest of his time.

December 2 he was found dead in his bed.

He was born in Cwmaman, Carmarthenshire, September 25, 1832, and from his youth was connected with the Welsh Congregational Church, both in



Lewis Anthony.

Yes, nature's home-made nobleman,
So manifest in mien and mind;
Beloved and honored by his kind
From crib to grave his race he ran.

His friend was Truth, his foe was wrong,
By Hope celestial led was he;
On pleasant paths or troubled sea,
His life was one continued song!

Not since the death of the late Gwilym Gwent has there been such genuine sorrow in Welsh church and musical circles as was manifested when the news of the death of Lewis Anthony of Edwardsville, Pa., became known.

his native town and at the large Ebenezer Welsh Congregational Church at Swansea, where he was choirmaster for a long term of years, and when there the world-renowned tenor, Ben Davies, was a boy in his choir. He came to the United States in 1867, and settled in Hubbard, O., and was there only a short time until he was introduced in church and musical circles.

In 1870 Mr. Anthony came to Wilkesbarre and opened a tailoring business, and his wife engaged at the same time in the millinery business at 52 South Main Street. When a resident of that city he was deacon and Sunday School

teacher in the Welsh Congregational Church, Hillside Street, at the time Rev. Dr. T. C. Edwards was pastor. At the same time he led the choir and under his baton it became one of the best church choirs in Wyoming Valley. In 1884, when the Puritan Church was established, Mr. Anthony and his wife transferred their membership to that church, and he was also active in this place. A few years ago Mr. Anthony made one of the mistakes of his life, when he purchased a tract of farming land in New Jersey. This he kept going for several years, when it was found to be anything but a prosperous investment, and in his old days he was once more compelled to return to Wyoming Valley. He, however, had good business qualifications, and started in the tea business in Edwardsville. A few months ago, on account of his advanced years, he resigned his position as musical director, and only a few days before his death was presented with a public benefit testimonial at Edwardsville, which he greatly appreciated.

The Queen has presented Mr. Ben Davies with a set of diamond and enamel sleeve-links as a souvenir of his appearance at Balmoral on October 29th.

Dr. Goodall, who became a Welsh-speaking Britisher within twelve months of his appointment as superintendent of Carmarthen Asylum, is going the entire length. He has named his house "Uwchlaw-y-Niwl" ("Above the Mist").

Dr. Joseph Parry will make another tour of America next year, delivering lectures. The same authorities also say the doctor will be accompanied by a full company, and will give a complete production of his opera, "King

Arthur," or by a quartette of famous vocalists and two instrumentalists, who will give selections from the opera.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the writer of children's verse, in his recent book, "All the World Over," libels the Welsh as follows:—

The gallant Welsh of all degrees
Have one delightful habit,
They cover toast with melted cheese,
And call the thing a rabbit.

The largest receipt on record was given by a Welshman. The Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer of the United States, gave a receipt for £99,231,360 to his predecessor on assuming that office.

The Rev. Dr. T. Charles Edwards, Principal of Bala Theological College, has been appointed by the Forward Movement Committee of the Calvinistic Methodists to write the address to the churches on behalf of the movement.

The Erard Scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, of the annual value of £120 for three years, has been won by a Welsh pupil, Miss Gwennie Mason Parry (Telynores Cymru).

"Crych Elen," the author of many pretty Welsh ballads, including the popular "Bwthyn Bach To Gwellt," is now on a visit to his native place, Dolwyddelen, after an exile of 16 years in the United States.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, who is of Welsh descent, and proud of his Celtic blood, will probably be induced to deliver a lecture during this winter on "The Possibilities of the Drama in Wales."

MICHAEL D. JONES.

Few names were better known in Wales and wherever Welshmen tarry, and none more respected, than that of the Rev. Michael D. Jones, late Principal of the Independent Theological College at Bala, and his countrymen generally will learn with the sincerest

in and without; his diet was always "national" in character, and his dress generally, if not always, was made of homespun cloth.

Principal Jones received an excellent education, and succeeded his father as head of the "School of the Prophets at Bala," which in course of time came to be recognized as one of the colleges



Michael D. Jones.

sorrow of his death, an event which occurred December 2. In the prime of life he was one of the finest-looking men one could see in a day's march—tall, athletic, with a head and face and flowing beard which a Greek sculptor would have considered an ideal model. He was a Welshman to his finger-tips, probably the most typical Welshman, holding a prominent public position, that the Principality has produced in the present century. He loved everything Welsh—the language and the old customs and practices and institutions of the country. His home, at Bod Iwan, had a Welsh air about it with-

whereat candidates for the Welsh Congregational pulpits were prepared. Mr. Jones's name will be handed down to posterity as one of the staunchest Welsh Nationalists of his time. In fact, he was one of the first to entertain the idea of the formation of a Welsh colony abroad, and may fairly be called the father of the movement which culminated in the Welsh settlement on the Chubut in the Argentine Republic.

Much might be said on this grand old Welshman as a religious and political leader, and also as one who from the first favored the temperance move-

ment in Wales. In some respects he resembled the late Kilsby Jones, but, unlike Kilsby, he was intensely nationalistic and uncompromising in his attitude towards everything Welsh. He was an author of several works of minor importance. There was no more idiomatic writer in Wales. He employed an orthography of his own invention, which, however, was never adopted to any considerable extent. His influence for many years was both wide and deep in the Congregational denomination, and he did more than any man of the century to preserve its ideals and hold out before its view the standard of a past age.

—o:o—

Mr. T. E. Ellis is off for a trip to Jerusalem, and Mr. Lloyd George starts with a party of friends for Algiers. Mr. Ellis will be accompanied by Mrs. Ellis, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lewis.

Should even a barrister comment on a case which is sub judice? Mr. Brynmor Jones, M. P., contributed an article in a recent "Councillor and Guardian" on the "The Welsh Coal Strike and Local Authorities," in which he pleads that outdoor relief should not disqualify its recipients to exercise the franchise.

Mr. Baring-Gould's new novel dealing with Norman times in Wales, and which is about to appear in the "Illustrated London News," is entitled "Pabo, the Priest," and Mr. J. Byrnach Davies, of Llanfyrnach, Pembrokeshire, has undertaken its translation into Welsh for publication in the columns of the "Pembroke County Guardian."

Nanny Frew: Music by J. W. Parson Price, and the words by Mr. Ingersoll Lockwood. The subject of this is truly

a beautiful and charming girl, and her lover's passion is put forth in strong words of praise and admiration, O, Nanny Frew—Oh, Nanny Frew! There never was a girl like you!

The words are pretty, and the music is suitable, simple, natural, fluid and sweet, and possessed of the qualities to picture forth the beautiful charms of such a girl as Nanny. Words and music ought to make Nanny popular. W. A. Pond & Co., 124 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Welshmen are holding their heads high in Cape Town. They had a little elisteddod recently, and Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of the Colony, presided, while the Archbishop of the Cape was the musical adjudicator. Several Welsh solos and glees, including "Gwyr Phillistia," were rendered, but, remarkably enough, the prize for the chief solo was snapped by a Dutchman.

Wales has given London its tallest policeman. His name is Auger, his present height 6ft. 10in., and he is still growing. He stands at the top end of the departure platform at Paddington, where his head may be frequently seen overlooking some 6 feet fencing. He is unmarried, takes no liquor, doesn't smoke, has just turned 22, and was born at Cwrddiff.

Mr. Pritchard Morgan is gradually acquiring the earth. Some time ago he leased a portion of Australia as large as Glamorganshire and a bit of Monmouthshire, and now he seems to have got a grip on an entire province in China. Moreover, Li Hung Chang has congratulated him in a letter, which will look well on the front page of a prospectus.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

A jesting stonecutter, living in a Breconshire village, gave no peace to a deacon, who was also a local bard, until the latter supplied him with a suitable epitaph to be carved on his own tombstone:—

"Yma gorwedd adyn 'sgeler,
Naddodd geryg beddau lawer;
Yntau 'nawr dan hon sy'n huno,
Dlawl a'i caiff e pan y codo."

There is a story of an old Scotch woman who listened to her minister quoting Solomon, where he says: "One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among those have I not found." "Noo, Sister McCleish, hoo do ye understand that?" asked the parson. "I'm sure its simple enough," was the quick answer; "na respectable woman would ha' been seen speaking wi' Solomon."

At Stoke Newington, England, the local vestrymen recently rearranged part of the drainage system, and constructed a ventilator in one of the streets. They failed to connect the ventilator with the sewer, and quietly awaited developments. To their great delight the result was entirely satisfactory. Letters of complaint regarding offensive odors were numerous, and when public resentment reached a climax, the local authorities complimented the writers on the strength of their imaginations.

One of the most potent of forces is the force of habit. Many a man goes

for a drink on leaving his work; but something better was seen in England recently. A window-cleaner who fell a distance of 20 feet to the ground was picked up, and an ambulance car was speedily brought to take him to the infirmary. Just as the willing helpers were about to lift him comfortably on the car he exclaimed, "Wait a bit," and, much to their discomfiture, he walked to the nearest public house, and, having had a drop of something "short," went up the ladder and resumed his work.

SASSAFRAS CHRISTIANS IN KENTUCKY.

We do not say it in a way of fault-finding, neither as a slur upon any Church or on Christianity, but there is no doubt that we have in the world too many Sassafras Christians. It may be that there are those who do not know what kind of a Christian a Sassafras Christian is. We will explain: Every farmer who uses wood well knows that when a lot of sassafras pieces of wood are put together and fire set to them, that the wood will blaze, pop and make such a noise that it would seem that the world was on fire. But separate the pieces, and in less than five minutes the fire has gone out, the crackling has ceased, and the whole thing is as cool as if no blaze had ever existed. Many professed Christians are the same way. When they are together in a protracted effort they are warm, they get hot, they make

a noise, and to the looker-on one would suppose that there was enough religion on hand to fire the world; but as soon as the members separate, like the sassafras chunk, they cease to burn or blaze. Such people are Sassafras Christians.

—o:o—

CANNIBALISM IN RUSSIA.

About two months ago we reproduced remarkable extracts from the letter of a Russian friend charging a Russian community with cannibalism. The extracts were extensively copied by some of your contemporaries, and were stated in one instance to be untrue. The congress of the Russian church at Klev, however, has had this very matter under consideration during the last few days. The Bishop of Kazan admitted that cannibalism was rife in his diocese, and that no means had been found of eradicating it. The cannibals of Kazan kill and eat people who have been pursued by worldly misfortune, under the impression that their action will propitiate the gods. The confession of the bishop is a significant commentary upon the usefulness of the Russian church as an evangelistic organization.—Sussex News.

—o:o—

DID SHAKESPEARE RIDE A WHEEL?

Now they are trying to prove by his own writings that Shakespeare rode a wheel. Did not Hamlet's father's ghost recall a painful experience in the flesh, when he said: "What a falling off was there!" and was it not to his bicycle that Achilles was referring when he said to his followers: "Attend me when I wheel?" and what but a scorcher had Lear's fool in mind in the words, "Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it?" Of course Cleopatra

rode a wheel when she tired of her galley, and we know the very brand she patronized, for Anthony counsels her: "Seek your honor with your safety." So among his other claims to immortality, Shakespeare may urge, with Launce, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," that it was he who "set the world on wheels."

—o:o—

HE STOPPED AT HOME.

Old inhabitants of Dowlais, where a second generation of Irishmen now live in a tranquil industry, remember the time when, during the temporary stoppage of the works at the ending of the old lease and the beginning of the new, somewhere in the fifties, one notable Irishman disappeared. He was a man of great stature and strength, and well known by the gaffers as equal to three good men in the work he did. Hence his loss was felt; but one day he turned up again, wanting his old berth; and, being asked where he had been, exclaimed, "To Ould Oireland, of course." And what had he been doing? "Faith, thin," he added, "the ould man was bad, and I shtopped at home to mind the pig."

—o:o—

IMPARTIAL.

An English clergyman, recently settled in a small town in Perthshire, met a farmer's boy while visiting the members of his congregation. In the course of conversation the boy said his parents had an aunt staying with them. The parson, not having much acquaintance with the Scottish language, and not quite comprehending what the boy said asked:

"Then do I understand that your aunt is on your father's side or on your mother's?"

To which the young agriculturist replied:

"Weel, whiles the ane an whiles the itner, excep' when feyther leathers them baith."

—o:o—

WE ARE PROTESTANTS.

We are Protestants, and the name is connected with noble associations in the past. It is associated with the reform of doctrine, with the reform of ritual, with the reform of morals. The work done under its banners has done, I think, immeasurable service for intellectual enlightenment and for civil freedom. Let us see to it that in our efforts to maintain Protestant doctrine in which we believe, we are misled by no panic fear, no narrow pedantry, and that we approach the consideration of topics so vital to the unity of our Church with the charity which ought to exist between its members, with the spirit of enlightenment and comprehension which has always been a characteristic of the English Church, and which, please God, will be its characteristic forever.—Mr. Balfour.

—:o:—

PET MICE A NEW FAD.

According to high London authority, it is now strictly correct for society women to lavish their affection on the little animal which is generally supposed to be the terror of the female sex. The society mouse has many pleasing shades, from pure white as snow to glossy black, gleaming like coal. At the meeting of the Medway Fanciers' Association, held in the ancient city of Rochester recently, this new pet reached his highest popularity, and met with universal admiration. There were 117 of the pretty little creatures on exhibition, and the favorite and chief prize winner, pure white

all over, except his eyes, which were two little beads of brilliant black, was the property of Mrs. George Atlee, of Royston, Herts. Exhibitors came from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and all parts of England.

—o:o—

DIVORCE IN BURMAH.

The courts in Burmah are not troubled with the hearing of divorce cases. When a Burmese husband and wife decide to separate the woman goes out and buys two little candles of equal length, which are made especially for this use. She brings them home. She and her husband sit down on the floor, and placing the candles between them, light them simultaneously. One candle stands for her, the other for him. The one whose candle goes out first rises and goes out of the house forever, with nothing but what he or she may have on. The one whose candle has survived the longer time, even by a second, takes everything. So the divorce and division of the property, if one can call that a division, are settled.

—o:o—

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

The profession of entertainer is one that may be enlarged upon in many directions, says "Good Housekeeping." It has been made to include not alone the conduct of private parties, or the arranging a program for them, but the management of public representations. A number of years ago some one traveled about the country giving tableaux of Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." Local talent was proud to be selected for the beauties displayed as an accompaniment to the recited text. People will usually crowd to see their neighbors in an unfamiliar light, and thus these "shows" that call upon home actors are among the most taking. An-

other woman has made hay in the sunshine of this knowledge by a "Singin' Skewl" which she gives, in one place after another, with the aid of a Sunday school for recitations and songs. Parents go to see how their children appear in their quaint costumes, and the house is packed.

In no respect will the domination, or even the influence, of the United States in the Philippines work for good more than the social life of the people. An American minister who has recently returned from the islands is the authority for the statement that the priests have for many years charged the natives no less than \$30 for performing the marriage service. As the average native under Spanish rule was able to earn about \$5 a month "when times were good," and he had regular employment, it is easy to see why common law marriages have always been the rule rather than the exception. It is safe to say that among the first reforms introduced in the islands is one that will have direct bearing upon the sanctity of the marriage relation.

ENCOURAGING PATERNITY.

In this ultra fashionable age it is considered vulgar to have too many children in the family. The genteel number is three in Boston, two in New York, four in Philadelphia, five in Baltimore, and none in Chicago. In high society the old fashioned mother is

played out. Few women regard it as a la mode or comme il faut to be on terms of intimacy and endearment with their offspring. We seldom hear of a conventional society woman washing and dressing her babies, brushing their soft hair, tickling their footsy tootsies, and addressing the little darlings in that language which only a baby can understand. I know mothers in this city who see their children once a day, and never think of kissing them good night. And in the face of all this I hear that there is a movement afoot to organize a society for the encouragement of paternity.—Exchange.

BULLETS POINT TO POINT.

A correspondent relates the following remarkable personal reminiscence of an incident which occurred during the Franco-German war: "A perfect stranger (an Englishman)," said he, "called upon me and handed to me a chassepot rifle, which he related he had picked up on the field of battle after Gravelotte, which had a bullet or two stuck in about the middle of the barrel, and which he requested me to get removed. This was done, and upon examination two bullets were found to have met point to point. A German bullet must have entered the muzzle of the French rifle barrel just as the French rifle had been fired, and the two bullets had met together without bursting the barrel. I inclose my card."



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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Harbor of Cavite in Manila Bay.

River Pasig from the Citadel.

Principal Street in Manila.

Prof. T. J. Davies, Mus. Bac.

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER UTICA, N. Y.

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SECTARIANISM IN WALES.

Rev. H. O. Rowlands, D. D., Lincoln, Neb.

From all we can learn in Welsh newspapers and other publications from the Principality, also from reports of sojourners in Wales, the spirit of sectarianism is strong and aggressive; it enters, or forces itself into politics, educational enterprises and literature. It is not so coarse, boisterous, and brutish as in the days of Evans, Aubrey and Brutus, when Calvinism, Baptism and ecclesiasticism filled every pulpit, and converted it into a mud, or vitriol battery. But while it is less coarse, it seems to be as persistent, pervasive and vindictive as ever. We believe that conditions are impending which will curb this malicious energy which curses the churches of our beloved Wales. It was much so in our own country 80 or 100 years ago; but new forces appeared in society which struck at the vitals of sectarianism.

In Wales for 150 years "orthodox" (rather than evangelical) religion has held an undisputed sway. A bad creed was infinitely worse than a bad character or conduct. Drunk-

ness, impurity, and kindred immoralities, did not make an ecclesiastical outcast, while a wrong view respecting baptism, or special grace, or like credal point, was uncondonable. Nothing else claimed the interest of the people but doctrinal religion, religion as different from vital piety. A great change is fast invading the thoughts of the Welsh people; the playhouse and theatre are being popularised; the newspaper is taking its place as a teacher as well as newsgossiper; the magazine and essay are becoming popular. All these are the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil," and the people are eating with fearful relish the forbidden fruit. Skepticism and intellectual unbelief are subtly pressing their way among the people; at first these appear in the guise of indifference to church worship and life; but ere long they will be positive and aggressive forces in social and intellectual life; and religion will be the focus of their oppositions.

When the Christian leaders dis-

cover these giant forces, the selfishness, sensuality and materialism of the theater, the paralyzing opposition of unfaith, united with the present enormous drinking vice of the Principality, to oppose religious life, they will drop the shibboleths of sects; the unseemly jealousies, wranglings, rivalships and competitions of denominations will give way to a burning conviction that a united, harmonious, and co-operating church membership alone can save the churches of Wales from destruction. In the past the pulpit has been the social, moral intellectual, as well as religious force in Wales; in the future it must content itself in being one of the forces; for

those other powerful rivals have risen, some with, and some against it. It is said that in time of peace the soldier is least peaceable; for he is in ceaseless quarrels with his fellows in camp; it is the aggressive presence of the enemy in front that harmonizes and solidifies the army.

So there are signs of Philistine enemies that will invade the religion and churches in Wales and in the presence of powerful foes to Christian thought, life and worship the denominations will drop their unholy rivalships and wrangling, and concentrate all opposition, all controversy, and "fightings" against the "Prince of the powers of the air" and his agencies.



FAME.

By John D. Morgan.

While walking on the ocean strand
 I wrote my name upon the sand;
 A wave came rolling on the shore,
 And I beheld my name no more:
 'Tis thus with him who thirsts for fame,
 He may perhaps behold his name
 In shining letters for a day,
 Then sadly see it fade away.

REVIVAL OF THE CELT.

There has been growing during the last few years a remarkable revival in the cultivation of Irish language and literature, and the rapidity with which it is at present spreading gives hopeful proofs of the firm hold which the ancient language and the ancient customs still exercise over the Celtic people. Nor is this renaissance confined to Ireland alone; it is manifest wherever are found, in any numbers, "the sea-divided Gael." It is also becoming the object of critical and enthusiastic study by philologists in most lands. In England, France and Germany there are societies for the study of Gaelic and its long-forgotten literary treasures, and in the last country alone all of its great universities have professors of the old tongue. There is also published there a periodical devoted to the Gaelic language and literature, and France has its *Revue Celtique*. In this country there are in all the chief cities one or more Gaelic clubs or classes, one of the largest and most enthusiastic being in the city of Chicago, which holds its meetings for instruction and elucidation every Sunday.

Early the coming year there is to be held in the City of Dublin a Pan-Celtic congress, Lord Castletown being at the head of the committee to make arrangements for the gathering. Its purpose is announced to be co-operation for the preservation

and development of all the treasures of Celtic tradition, whether in language, literature, music, or the fine arts, which were the common inheritance of the Celtic people. This congress will be an inspiring manifestation of Celtic vitality and Celtic reverence for a past, of which every Irishman may well feel proud, and in which those not Celts can take a keen and sympathetic interest.

At a recent meeting of the committee some notable responses were received from abroad. The Highland association telegraphed: "The Celts of Albion rejoice to send a most hearty greeting to those of Erin, and hope that the hinges of kinship may never rust." The Isle of Man society wished "all success to the Pan-Celtic congress," and the President of the Breton union wrote: "I salute with all my soul the nation of Erin—exquisite flower of our race. I greet her in my name and in the name of all Bretons. Let her know that we, like her, remain faithful to the dream of our common ancestors." The Archdruid of the Bardic Gorsedd sent a message from Wales expressing his satisfaction at the growth of Celtic feeling, and Dr. Heinrich Zimmer, Griefswald, wrote: "I am interested to learn that the Pan-Celtic congress begins to assume tangible shape."

The prime inspiration in this new Gaelic language and literature move-

ment may be attributed to the "Irish Literary Society," an organization formed a few years ago, and composed not only of enthusiasts for the past, but of many of the brightest thinkers, scholars and writers of Great Britain. By voice and pen the society has labored, and by many publications has directed the attention of the thoughtful and the scholarly everywhere, to the rich treasures of Gaelic literature stored away, and long unnoticed, in the great libraries of the continent, as well as of those in London and Dublin. But the Gaelic league, of which the Chicago society is a branch, has been doing even more practical, if less noticeable work; for its inspiration is the belief that it can still secure for the native language and literature of Ireland an influential and splendid future. It advocates a national system of bilingual instruction in the national schools and other institutions of learning, and by the organization of Gaelic study clubs in every parish in the old land, it hopes to make the Gaelic as universally spoken among the people as it was a century ago. In their patriotic aspirations they believe with Trelawny, the friend of Shelley and of Byron, when he witnessed the resurgence of Greece, that "no people, if they retain their name and language, need despair," and they hold to the opinion of archæological researches in o the history of the country that the courage of their ancestors, their dash and daring in

battle, and their prominence in literature were connected with their music, and poetry, and olden tongue.

The growing sentiment and unobtrusive forces that had been so patiently but earnestly working found their full and flowering expression two years or more ago in the notable gatherings in Dublin known as the "Feis Coail," or musical festival, and the "Oireachtas," or Irish Literary Assembly. These organizations held similar gatherings in Belfast the early part of this year, and their third meeting will come off a few months from now. These have been the first musical and literary assemblies—somewhat after the ancient pattern—held in Ireland for four centuries or more for encouraging the study of the language and the music of the nation. They have had a wonderful effect, and brought to light many gems of thought and melody for the enrichment of music, literature, and art.

Last month there was another remarkable gathering held in Letterkenny, County Donegal, called the "Aenach Tirconail," or Fair of Tirconnell, and, like the Oireachtas, it was one of the most representative assemblies held in modern times of the speakers, students, and lovers of the native language and music of Ireland. The well-known London periodical, the *Speaker*, in referring to what it calls "the renaissance of the Celt," writes that "the vitality of the Celtic temperament as shown by

the new movement in Ireland is a phenomenon of far more than passing import."

The many continental scholars who have studied the Irish language and who are giving it increasing attention now, all speak of it in terms of the highest praises for its beauty, resource and flexibility. Old Irish, they say, ranks next to Sanscrit for the philologist, and like that ancient tongue and the Greek and Latin. "It is a pure Aryan language, and a

highly inflected and beautiful one." In speaking of it, Dr. Douglas Hyde, in his book on early Gaelic literature, says: "The tones of that beautiful, unmixed Aryan language which, with the exception of that glorious Greek, which has now renewed its youth like the eagle, has left the longest, most luminous, and most consecutive literary track behind it, of any of the vernacular tongues of Europe."



THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

By Americus.

Ever since that beautiful Sunday morning when Commodore Dewey entered Manila Bay, and sunk the Spanish fleet, the Philippine Islands are in the public mind, and all are anxious to know something of them—their history, their form of government, their location and physical characteristics; their resources; the people, their nature, habits and customs; their state of civilization, their experiences under the Spanish rule; their progress and their future. The policy of the United States government and the opposition to it, inaugurated by what is termed the anti-expansion party also increase our curiosity to know more of the Islands, so as to be able to decide rationally as to the merits of the case.

Many of our readers, probably, had never heard of the Islands previous to the great naval victory won by the American squadron under Dewey; and may even now have but a crude and obscure notion of their past history and present condition. In some sense, as far as interest in them goes, Dewey created the Philippines, and we are disposed instinctively to believe that the United States is the rightful owner as being the product of their naval hero. However, there is a party of opposition which entertains the notion that the Islands should be independent under a native form of government. This party also believes that all men by nature are free and, therefore, "capable" to govern themselves.

The Philippines have a history

which is similar to that of all the colonies subjected to Spanish rule, viz., a history of oppression, superstition and stagnation; certainly, not a history of progress. The Philippines have not been an exception to this general rule; for, for some years prior to its liberation from the Spanish yoke by Commodore Dewey, the people had been in a state of open rebellion against Spain. The war of the United States with Spain seems to have been the inevitable consequence of the intolerably brutal policy of that country.

The Islands were first discovered by Magellan, a Portuguese nobleman, who having been ill-treated by the King of Portugal, undertook to serve King Charles of Spain, who fitted him out with five small ships. On this voyage he struck the Ladrones, and in Easter week, he reached the Island of Mindanao, one of the Philippines, where he celebrated his good fortune with Mass. The motive of Spanish discoverers have always been to Christianize, and this pious navigator, Ferdinand Magellan, was worthy of his predecessors and successors as a civilizing and religionizing agency. Along with the conversion of the natives, Spanish discoverers generally converted everything valuable into their own possession. Their aim has been possession, and their means oppression. In a battle, this pious discoverer was hit by a poisoned arrow and died April 27, 1521. The command of the expedition now devolved on Barbosa, who was invited

along with several of his men to a feast by the king, and were killed and eaten. The remnant of this expedition reached Spain, 17 out of 234, in an almost dying state. Several other expeditions were sent over, but with very little success. King Philip II. undertook seriously to conquer and Christianize, and he was the kind of pious Christian to convert or kill. Legaspi landed in April, 1565. He built a fortress, and established the city of Cebu. He sent his grandson Salcedo to the island of Luzon, and brought the natives around "Maynila" into submission. Henceforth, the government was removed to Manila, originally called "Maynila." The colony was established, and the rights of possession settled beyond a question. Some years later, a bold navigator of the name of Li Ma Hong, from China, undertook to dispute possession, and he came with a large fleet and thousands of sailors and soldiers for that purpose. He entered Manila Bay in 1574, and demanded surrender, but after a severe fight, the Chinese were repulsed, and the invaders retired. This attempted invasion of the Philippines gave Manila its patron saint St. Andrew; for the battle, taking place on the saint's day, the victory was attributed to his activity and good luck. The next trouble came from the direction of the Dutch, who kept harassing the Spanish in remembrance of past cruelties perpetrated upon them by Spain, and who also deemed it quite honest and honorable to lie in wait

and rob the Spaniards of everything. A battle was fought between the Dutch and Spanish in Manila, on St. Mark's day this time, and the saint helped to rout the enemy. These victories helped to popularize the church among the natives. In 1762, Manila was surrendered to the English. Peace was concluded, and the English agreed to evacuate for a sum of money, which was never paid. The next call was made by Commodore Dewey, Sunday, May 1st, 1898, which visit is likely to be prolonged and permanent.

Since the port and city of Manila is the key to the Islands, a brief sketch will be here appreciated. It

Boca Chica, between which the fortified island of Corregidor is situated, past which the American squadron sailed early in the morning. The city lies on the east shore of the Bay, seven miles east of Cavite, near where the naval battle was fought. The Passig river separates the Old Spanish town from the New City. The fort, the walls and battlements still remain, and the narrow streets, the cathedral, the archbishop's palace, monasteries, convents, college, hospital, prison, barracks and arsenal, bear testimony to the old-fashioned genius of Spain—the modern and progressive portion of the city being Philippine. It has



Harbor of Cavite.

lies on the west coast of Manila Bay, about 27 miles from the entrances called the Boca Grande and the

grown and developed in spite of Spanish rule. On the northern bank of the river is the commercial quar-

ter, largely in the hands of Chinese. The European shops are mostly in the Escolta. In the Binondo district there are churches, the new military barracks, the palace of Captain-

where also a military band discourses popular music.

The island group or archipelago is situated to the south east of Asia, and north of Borneo; the extreme



River Pasig from the Citadel.

General and the Admiral; and further up the river is the fashionable quarter of San Miguel. Beyond the city limits are the suburbs and outlying villages. The population is estimated to be from 200,000 to 300,000. Of the inhabitants, 67 per cent are native Malays, the poorer classes; the Chinese and other half breeds are 30 per cent.; and the Spanish and Spanish half breeds make up about 3 per cent. Several bridges cross the Passig, of which the Puente de Espana is the finest. Along the river Passig is also the famous promenade called the Luneta, where the population take its outing and enjoy itself in the evenings, and

length of the cluster being near a thousand miles, and the extreme breadth six or seven hundred, and the number, probably, nearing two thousand. Outside Manila, Iloilo, and other points along the shores, very little is known—the number, area, form and internal character of the islands being largely a matter of conjecture. The surrounding geography is a kind of sunk Switzerland, Scotland and Wales, with the hills, peaks and cones sticking out through the water; the Sulu sea being a wide valley or plain between the Island of Mindanao and the Islas Adjacentes. The Islas Adjacentes and the Sulu Archipelago

are the unsubmerged ridges of ranges of hills stretching towards Borneo. The area of the whole group is estimated as between 50,000 and 160,000 square miles, the islands of Luzon, Mindanao, Samar, Leyte, Cebu, Negros and Panay being the largest, forming about three-fourths of the whole area. Luzon is estimated about the size of Ohio; Mindanao as greater than Maine; and the other islands named above as each being the size of Connecticut; Bohol being considerably larger than Rhode Island. There is a great number of them of which

11,000 feet. In Luzon there are two ranges, and the island is generally hilly. In the north and the Babuyanians there are some inactive volcanoes. The greatest river of the whole group is the Cagayan, which flows north, where is also situated a lake called Cagayan. The largest river on the island of Mindanao is Agusan, about 200 miles long. About fifteen miles to the east of Manila is a large lake, called Laguna de Bayo, connected with Manila Bay by the river Pasig, which divides the Old and the New Manila Town. There are also numerous



Principal Street in Manila.

little or nothing is known. The mountain chains run north and south, with none higher than 9,000 feet, except in the island of Mindanao, where Apo reaches 10,000 or

lakes in Mindanao, which during the rainy seasons swell into inland seas. To the south of Manila in a lake called Bombon is a volcano called Taal, which in years past had a ter-

rible record. It is now a small hill not over a thousand feet high; but it used to be great and very violent, and during a fit of rage, collapsed and sunk into the lake. Maquiling and Majaijai are other volcanoes which are now extinct. Situated in the extreme south east end of Luzon is one of the most interesting of the Philippine volcanoes, viz., Mt. Mayon, which although harmless to-day, has indulged in some startling fits of bad humor in the past, especially in 1814, when it overflowed the whole surrounding country, burying all up to the tree tops, and destroying the lives of over 2000 people. The many lakes in Mindanao are mere craters filled up with water, and lagoons made by earthquakes.

The superficial formation of the islands has been greatly affected by volcanoes and their attendants, the earthquakes, and with the extinction of the former, the latter have become less frequent. Along with terrible earthquakes, violent hurricanes, storms of wind, thunder and lightning and heavy rains are experienced. The Philippines being so often rocked by earthquakes, tiles for roof, and plaster for ceiling are not used, for otherwise people would be compelled to wear armor plates outside, and umbrellas at home.

Immense forests cover the mountains to their summits, and, therefore, the supply of timber is rich, among which are ebony, iron-wood, cedar, gum-trees, &c. The variety of fruit trees also is great, including

orange, citron, bread-fruit, mango, cocoa-nut, tamarind, rose-apple, &c., and other products of the vegetable kind are the banana, pineapples, sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco, indigo, coffee, cinnamon, vanilla, cassia, ginger, pepper, etc., with rice, wheat, maize, and other cereals!

There is much variation of climate by reason of the surrounding seas, change of temperature, periodical winds, storms, rains, and other causes. The rainy season lasts from May till December, and the land is flooded from June to November. The dry season, and the most delightful part of the year, lasts from November to March, the temperature varying between 67 degrees and 74 degrees. The warm weather immediately sets in, reaching the greatest heat in May, the highest temperature hardly more than 98 degrees, followed by the wet season, which commences in June, the amount of rain being irregular, sometimes moderate, at other times flooding everything. A feature of the summer season is the violence of the typhoon, which starting in the broad ocean gathers enough water to drench along the line of its career, tumbling everything insecure on its way. The soil on the plains and in the valleys is rich and spontaneous, requiring very little cultivation, nature being in a humor almost to do the work itself without inducement from man. Very little cultivation is seen anywhere, the people depending almost entirely on natural crops. With systematic and intelligent

cultivation, production would be enormous, and on this line alone the possibilities of the Islands are very promising. The Spaniards have done very little to develop the soil, and nothing to reveal the hidden sources of wealth which their mountains possess. There is coal in Cebu and in the province of Albay; iron ore has been discovered in several parts; there is also evidence of silver and gold, quicksilver, saltpetre, vermillion, limestone, marble and sulphur in unlimited quantities. In these parts as in her other colonies, Spain has shown her lack of enterprise, her conservatism, her stupidity, and her opposition to progress and civilization; and the church has co-operated with her in a policy of stagnation and superstition.

Two of the objections raised by the anti-expansionists to the government's policy are the mixed pagan character of the inhabitants, and the principles of the Republic that government is based on the consent of the governed; so to discuss these objections, we should know something of them. A feature of this question is the mixed character of the people of the Islands. Within the Philippines are all grades of civilization, from the savage aborigines to Englishmen and the Americans.

About the lowest in the scale of human beings are the Negritos, a remnant of the aboriginal natives, but little removed from their Darwinian ancestors, and living in a wild state. So primitive are these

in their mode of life, and so devoid of the progressive instinct, that all attempts to Christianize them have proved futile. These inhabit the mountain districts, and in feature and mode of life resemble the Papuans. These are probably the original race driven back by the incoming Malays. A superior race is the Indoesian Malays, who show the characteristics of the inhabitants of Borneo, Sumatra, and the mainland of Asia; a much finer race than the Negritos. These are also in a state of savagery, and proof against all efforts hitherto to civilize them. They are divided into several tribes. They are barbarous, warlike, and live in a primitive way. They vary in intelligence and mode of living in different parts; some being more tractable, and to some degree subject to the Spanish authority. The most civilized are those inhabitants known as Malays, and which the Spanish call "Indios," the Tagals and Visayos, who are the most numerous native races. They are the inhabitants of the cities and the lowlands, and Roman Catholic Christians; a number of them, however, and especially the Visayos being Mahomedan. The most influential element of this population is the Mestizoes, who are mostly half-breed Chinese and Spanish, and form the business class, although the leading mercantile houses are in the hands of the English and Americans. This better element of the Philippine population could be easily governed, and would be greatly benefited by

a humane and enterprising government like that of the United States; but the interior and more savage races would certainly present a difficulty far more serious. The presence of a stronger policy, a more elevating and enlightening Christianity, and a more beneficent activity would extend their civilizing influences in a manner that would change every feature in less than half a century. The American civilization would grow and gradually extend over every foot of available land; and industry would accomplish what has proved insurmountable to Spanish laziness and shiftlessness. The history of American

progress during the last fifty years proves that the Philippine territory would be subdued and utilized with more ease than the Wild West. American activity and industry are all-subduing; and the people that has inhabited a continent has experience and energy enough to rule and develop this group of islands. The policy of suppression which has characterized the reign of Spain will be followed by one of stimulation and enlightenment, and the difficulties which proved insurmountable to a dead nation like the Spanish, will be mere play to a live people like the Americans.

LAND OF WALES.

By H. W. Jones, Topeka, Kas.

Land of Wales, dear land of song,
Verdant vales and mountains strong,
'Tis of thee, dear land, I sing—
To thy feet my tribute bring;
Famed thou art in song and story;
Bardic worth and conflict gory;
Though thy peace was bought through sighing,
Bitter tears and cruel dying;
Even in sorrow thou art grand,
Lovely Wales, my father-land.

Land of Wales, I love thee so,
And while sea and rivers flow,
Ever true my heart shall be,
Ever true dear land to thee.
And when death shall end my singing—
End for thee my tribute bringing—
When I reach that land of gladness,
Realm unmarred by wrong and sadness,
Still in memory thou'lt be near,
Cymru Lan, thou land so dear.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

 By Theologus.

VI.

With the advent of Christianity, as we said before, science died out of the mind of all under its sway; everybody became absorbed in the study and contemplation of heaven and hell, and this tendency increased until in the Middle Ages theology became all engrossing, everything else vanishing from view. Becoming night, the heavens alone were visible and noticeable, while the earth and nature around was almost ignored, and even despised. Ignorance of nature and knowledge (or rather supposed knowledge) of heavenly affairs increased until theological philosophy professed cognizance of everything in heaven, purgatory and hell. People were interested in nothing except spiritual matters. Great councils were held to discuss theological questions of no utility; and colleges and schools were crowded with students studying quids and quods which to us to-day seem the acme of folly. In fact, Europe became so ignorant of natural science, and so impractical in its philosophy that reason seems to have almost forsaken the doctors of the schools and the church, the great majority of them being utterly unable to appreciate the value of useful knowledge. Their thoughts were mere dreams—the creations of a philoso-

phical nightmare. The beauty and simplicity of the religion of Christ had been almost utterly destroyed, and the truth was treasured up in the hearts of few individuals, who occasionally surprised the church with their strange lights.

One of the causes of the darkness of the Middle Ages was the abandonment of the study of nature. By adhering to the light of nature we keep closer to the path of truth, than by getting astray and lost in the intricacies of a disordered philosophy. Deserting the path of observation and experiment, we cannot but wander into unknown and unknowable space. We cannot gain practical knowledge by mere contemplation apart from facts. The path of investigation is safe; but anticipation and conjecture may land us on to strange lands, uninhabited by human thought or philosophies beneficial to man and conducive to progress.

There was one fundamental difference between the Greek and the Jewish minds, viz., the Greek had a scientific curiosity, a love of prying into nature for an explanation of the origin and existence of things. While the Jew trusted his intuition and searched his books for knowledge, the Greek studied nature. He

looked in the face of facts; he followed teachings of nature, not the traditions of man. While the Jew relied on intuitions and inspirations, the Greek trusted in observation and its testimony. This scientific curiosity of the Greek is the same intellectual activity to which we are indebted for the great discoveries of modern science. Knowledge comes through observation and experiment, not through mere dreaming. Now that the fact of one idea being at the foundation of God's work is becoming more and more evident, multiplicity of laws and principles being a misapprehension through ignorance, the rationality of scientific inquiry and the utility of its achievements become more and more appreciable. We become more and more cognizant of spiritual things by becoming more thoroughly and intimately acquainted with the facts of nature. Increased knowledge of nature must needs augment our stock of spiritual learning. Natural facts and experience are the letters through which we may hope to become acquainted with the spiritual. The more we learn of nature the more we will know of God. Nature is God's book, while our notions and opinions are often false translations or imperfect quotations. To understand the way things were created, we must observe how they are formed now, and were in the past. It is not a matter of guessing but of watching and observing; a matter of following letter after letter, sen-

tence after sentence, page after page, slowly and conscientiously, until the thought of the whole book of creation has been mastered.

Let us use an illustration to make this thought more intelligible. Nature is a book; its contents cannot be understood from its title page; we cannot grasp its particulars merely by reading a passage here and there; "God created the heavens and the earth in the beginning" cannot give us a complete idea of the way and the space of time in which the work was completed. Dates cannot be gotten out of commentaries written by theologians ignorant of the volume of nature, but from the perusal of the rocks themselves. We are not to suppose that the heavens and the earth were created with the ease we read the first chapters of Genesis. Although Archbishop Usher gives 4004 B. C. as the date of the whole creation, we are not to suppose that that estimate settles the question. The Book of Creation itself furnishes another chronology which proves the work to have extended over the space of millions of years. This testimony of the rocks cannot be gainsaid; every other testimony must be interpreted to harmonize with theirs; the Genetic days must be understood as geologic eras; and all reports of the creation must be compared with the original, corrected and revised. The Six Day Creation seems to have been the popular notion among Christian and some pagan nations until of late. Our celebrated au-

thor of "The Light of Wales" teaches that God began the work Monday morning, and completed all by Saturday early; early enough to have leisure to overlook and bless it:

And Sunday morn he turned his thought
To rest from all that he had wrought;
Commanded all the seventh day
To go to church to rest and pray.

The old source of knowledge was part observation and much speculation, ancient systems of philosophy being the result largely of intuitions; the scientific method is quite different, depending on observation and examination. "The scientific method starts with the assumption that truth is to be discovered, not made, that we are to discover it at the end not at the beginning of our examination." Although the teachings of intuition, imagination or speculation may occasionally come near the truth, that method of knowing is not reliable; and as the history of human thought proves clearly, it may lead astray in a deplorable degree. We cannot know geology, astronomy, anatomy, biology, &c., by pure speculation; facts must be observed, examined and arranged in systems. Ancient philosophy is full of false speculations based on conjectures and suppositions which, probably, seemed self-evident to minds of the times. Things which seem rational to childish minds are nonsensical to intellects more highly developed; and this change is not the result of increased knowledge as much as of increased power of perception. This

accounts for the fact that ancient cosmogonies are largely speculative—the result of imaginings based on very limited acquaintance with nature. As has been truly said, "What we call progress implies that first thoughts are either wholly out of harmony with things, or in very incomplete harmony with them." All nations have certain theories of creation which they all profess to have obtained through supernatural means or by inspiration; and although more or less mythological and metaphorical they all have some touches of truth. The more they generalize, the better chance they have of approaching the truth; and the more they specialize the more evident becomes their ignorance. Man in the olden times would instinctively believe the world was made, as all things around him were made, and the world and everything connected with it would naturally seem to be a piece of mechanism manufactured and put together by a worker or an architect; and since the Maker was omnipotent and infinitely abler than man, probably, he had made all with ease and within a short space of time. Ergo, the notion of special and instantaneous creation would prevail among people with a belief that God was omnipotent. This seems to have been the primitive belief among men. The gradual creation by natural processes is the outcome of a careful examination of the structure of things. This conclusion could not have been arrived at by people ig-

norant of geology, astronomy, anatomy, embryology, &c., &c.

When we follow the development of the human mind, we observe that its most primitive thoughts are the results of imagination, and age after age corrects and modifies them, more or less. They are almost unconsciously revised and re-revised in order to have them correspond with realities. Things that were ascribed to supernatural agencies became more and more natural in their operation, and this inevitably in order to harmonize with known facts. The most ignorant would cling the longest to primitive views, because primitive views would seem satisfactory to their limited and crude knowledge. Take for illustration the primitive notion that the earth was flat and that the sun after running its daily course, would hurry back in the night to be in readiness to rise next morning! This was perfectly rational to a primitive thinker. The idea that heaven and earth in a raw state jumped into existence in the space of a few hours was be-

lieved in by the generality of Christians until recently. Most intelligent and scholarly theologians believed that the sun, the stars and the heavenly hosts were made in the course of a day! The whole universe was finished in six days. It is true that Gregory of Nyassa and Augustine, and a few more Christians, believed in a gradual creation, and Augustine held that instantaneous creation was mere nonsense which caused Christians to be ridiculed by intelligent pagans; yet they inherited these advanced scientific thoughts from Greek sources; and it is worthy of notice that when Aristotelianism was discarded in the time of the reformation, the Christian Church and all classes of theologians "departed from the original philosophical and scientific standards of some of the fathers, and that Special Creation became the universal teaching from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of nineteenth centuries." Moses had conquered, and the light of Greek science was extinguished for a time.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By Proff. W. Apmadoc, Chicago.

In the "Musical Notes" written for the "Cambrian," we hope to reach a large number of our American-born, and American-educated Welsh young people. We shall also endeavor to keep up with the growing thought of our age. Welsh talent has been and is growing rapidly into public favor. It is our duty to chronicle facts upon this line, facts that may inspire and encourage others.

It is pleasant to note the oddities of some great musical composers. We are told that Handel "found the graveyard the best environment for inspiration." It would not be safe for others to try the experiment. Papa Haydn, composer of the "Creation," could not "successfully invoke his muse," without having "his hair and clothes carefully arranged." Many can try this plan with safety.

The Chicago "Musical Times" gives eloquent praise to Gwilym Miles, after listening to his splendid singing in the Mendelssohn Club's last concert. The editor writes: "Mr. Miles has a smooth, clean-cut baritone voice; an easy delivery, a style teeming with musical feeling and authority. Mr. Miles has, also, the double faculty of distinct enunciation, correct pronunciation, and a graceful, dignified stage presence."

In the December "Musician," in reply to a question, we have it that

"Ffrangcon Davies is a baritone, a most excellent singer, of English or Welsh extraction, &c." Again: "The celebrated tenor is Ben Davies. He, also, is an Englishman, but is not related to the baritone," &c. Lately, the writer received a letter inquiring if Ffrangcon Davies was a Frenchman, "because he wishes to have Ffrangcon pronounced Ffranson." It is high time that Welsh scholars and Welsh societies should enlighten the American public in this matter. Let us be thankful that Jimmy Michael is always a Welshman.

Old Dr. Crotch once wrote: "Without the aid of poetry, music can awaken the affections by her magic influence, producing at her will, and that instantly, serenity, complacency, pleasure, delight, ecstasy, melancholy, woe, pain, terror and distraction." But, the good old soul could not say as much without uttering a poem. Poesy is the sister-muse which is ever ready to interpret the true inwardness of music.

It was Schumann, the poet-musician, who wrote: "He is a good musician who understands the music without the score, and the score without the music." The Chicagoans, who listened to the two performances of the "Messiah," lately, under Harrison Wild, the new conductor of the Apollos, had a good illustration of the Schumann dictum

In attack, precision, and lights and shades, the orchestra and chorus felt the commanding swing and decision of his baton, though the tempos of three choruses did away with their Handellic splendor, in a degree.

Edward Elgar's new cantata, "Caractacus," and J. F. Bridge's "Boadicea," indicate that English composers have begun to use Welsh heroes and Welsh historic events as subjects for musical settings. They are serving our nation, and their labors are in line with the authors of the thrilling Welsh-English novels, "The Jewel of Ynys Galon" and "Mifanwy."

In the following kind manner we find Joseph Bennett, the eminent

critic, and editor of the London "Times," airing the folly of our Eisteddfodic "ffugenwau:" "It is to be supposed that the assumed names sent in by competitors at Eisteddfodlau are, some of them at any rate, intended as complimentary to the rightful owners, and not as indicating self-measurement on the part of the contestants. In that case, honors were paid, in a bass competition, to Raphael, Handel, Gounod, Mozart, Santley, Foli, Cromwell and Punch. The selection is certainly comprehensive, though it betrays a peculiar lack of humor." This refers to the Blaenau Festiniog National Eisteddfod.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"Bah! the mask of generosity is too thin to hide the visage of fear," continued the king. "Could Harold but think that he is able to defeat us, dost thou imagine he would talk of peace? Thou mightest as well think that the waves of the sea would retreat at thy word. Fain would I welcome an opportunity to cope with him; but for thy sake I am glad that he desires peace, and I am in favor of the meeting which he proposed."

"So am I; yet I know Harold too well to hope for any flattering terms. Therefore I think it wise not to place our expectations too high, or go too far from the army."

"Thou knowest there can be no peace unless thou art restored, or if he insist that I submit to Edward. As for the army, it must await our pleasure at the nearest point on the border."

After a little farther consultation, the envoys were summoned before

the king, and instructed to tell Harold that Gryffydd and Algar would go forth on the morrow to meet him at the appointed place. Their mission being now fulfilled, they immediately left the camp; and being joined by their escort in a forest a few miles to the east, they hastened to return to Hereford, where Harold was anxiously waiting for them. Knowing the warlike nature of the Welsh king, and the resentful character of Algar, he was not without some doubt as to how they would receive his proposition. The envoys, however, set his mind at rest on that point, and he set out in the direction of Billingsly, accompanied by Bishop Leofgar, and several of the leading chiefs, with a strong escort.

"I hope, my son," said the bishop, addressing Harold, at whose side he rode, "that thou wilt not deal too leniently with the enemy. If thou must restore Algar, do not forget to remind him of his treachery, and to threaten him with a worse fate than exile should he again be found guilty of treason. To his father-in-law thou shouldst show no mercy. Compel the fierce bloodhound to give satisfaction for the mischief he has done, and to make submission to King Edward. If thou let him off too easy, he will not be slow in giving us further trouble."

"I fear, holy father, that we must let the past take care of itself," said Harold gravely. "We cannot whip either Gryffydd or Algar into submission by making stringent de-

mands upon them, for have they not an immense army at their command? I would gladly crush them to the earth were it in my power; but with my present force that cannot be done. Hence I shall content myself with wielding a sharp tongue"

This hardly pleased the bishop, who was as bitter as ever against the enemy; he knew, however, that Harold's plan of action was settled, and that any effort on his part to cause him to change it would be useless. Therefore he let the matter drop, and after a long pause introduced another subject, which they discussed until they came in sight of Billingsley, when they descried a cavalcade of equal size with their own, approaching the town from the west. This circumstance caused their thoughts to return to the meeting which was now close at hand, and each almost unconsciously spurred his horse into a livelier gait. Arriving in front of a low clumsy building of timber, which was the best in the town, Harold and his chief men, including Leofgar, dismounted and entered a large hall, while the escort proceeded a short distance further. The hall was evidently a part of a public building of some sort, and the floor was covered with rushes. Here and there close to the wall were crude benches, and in the center of the room stood a large, ill-made table, with its legs stuck into the mud floor. Just why this hall was chosen for the meeting is not known. Nor

does it matter, since the meeting itself was of greater importance than the place.

Harold had been 'n the hall but a short time when Gryffydd and Algar, with Trahaiarn, and a number of other chieftains entered, and after a rather formal exchange of civilities seated themselves on the opposite side of the room from the others, according to their rank. A pause followed during which furtive glances were shot across the hall from either side. To Harold's men the Welsh king was as much an object of curiosity as he was of hate; and to Gryffydd's men the English earl was as much an object of study as of dislike. All except Gryffydd and two or three others were in armor; yet the son of Llewelyn looked none the less a king on this account. Nor did he lose anything by the contrast between his stature and Harold's. Despite his small and slight form, his bold mien and fiery eye, together with the corselet of gold that covered the center of his breast, and the gold collar that encircled his throat pronounced him a chief among men. As he sat facing Edward's most powerful earl, who also had the appearance and manner of a man born to rule, there was an air of defiance in his kingly bearing, which he cared not to suppress. This did not escape Harold's vigilant eye more than the cold and unpacific demeanor of Algar, and it was with some degree of restraint that he presently arose and said,

"We are here not by accident, but for a purpose. The object of this meeting is not unknown. It is the desire of Gryffydd the king, and Algar the son of Leofric, to have peace established between themselves and the king of England?"

"Ay, if the terms offered be satisfactory," was the reply.

"What terms can ye who have forced yourselves by ravage and rapine, sacrilege and murder into England, expect to receive? Is not the majesty of England justified by the blood which ye have shed, and the homes ye have destroyed in offering only such terms as the case demands?"

"Wast thou justified in depriving me of my rightful possessions, and driving me into exile?" Algar indignantly demanded.

"What thou hast suffered is much less than thy desert, seeing that thou hast allied thyself to the destroyer of thy people," said Leofgar.

"Peace! peace!" cried Harold with some irritation. "We come not here to quarrel. Our good Algar remembers his punishment without remembering its cause. But it is for him to decide how long his punishment is to last. The majesty of England is ready to offer him free pardon, and to restore him to his former dignity and possessions, provided he takes the oath of allegiance."

"That, I doubt not, he is ready to do," said Gryffydd, glancing at Algar; "but what has the son of Godwin to say to Gryffydd the king?"

Harold hesitated a moment as if to collect his thoughts, then said,

"Thou knowest too well, O king, what mischief thou hast done to England. Know also that she can offer thee no terms which do not include some sort of satisfaction and a promise of submission to King Edward."

This answer threw the Welsh king into a terrible fit of passion, and for a moment it seemed as if bloodshed was inevitable. But Harold prevented a fight by withdrawing his demand both for satisfaction for the mischief done, and for submission to King Edward. After the removal of these objectionable features the two agreed upon some sort of treaty greatly to the disgust of Bishop Leofgar, who thought it far less honorable to England than favorable to Gryffydd. When the treaty was concluded, and Algar had taken the oath of allegiance, Harold returned to Hereford, and from thence to London, and Gryffydd and Algar retraced their steps to the Welsh border, where they separated, Algar taking the Irish allies to Caerleon to be paid, and Gryffydd going to Rhuddlan, where he dismissed his forces.

CHAPTER XIV.

On the River Clwyd.

Now that the hounds of war were once more at rest, the state of things in and around Rhuddlan Castle contained little to recall the warlike aspect which the presence of the allied forces had given to the place of late.

Gryffydd, when not busy with the affairs of state, found much pleasure in recounting recent events, and in listening to the poetical effusions of Idwal, the family bard. The younger members of the royal household, finding nature more charming than the castle, often yielded to her allurements. To Trahaiarn and Nest the Vale of Clwyd had never seemed so beautiful, and the river, as it meandered through the meadows and mirrored the various forms of mid-summer beauty along its banks, had unusual attractions for them. Finding these attractions no less irresistible than the promptings of their own hearts they found themselves one pleasant evening sitting together in a coracle on the placid waters of the Clwyd. Their small craft was rudely constructed, and contrary to the ordinary custom it had been made large enough for two persons instead of one. It was oval in shape, being seven feet long, and four feet wide. A small keel ran from the head to the stern, a few ribs were placed across the keel, and the whole was covered with the rough hide of an ox. Their seat was in the middle, and consisted of a rough board covered with goat skin.

"Shall we go up or down?" asked the prince when the two were seated in the boat.

"I care not which way," replied the princess, "provided you do not upset the coracle, for you must remember that I can neither swim nor fly."

"We shall go towards the sea

then, since drifting with the current is more agreeable to youth than rowing against the stream," said Trahaiarn, as he pushed the coracle from the shore with his paddle. Then he added, "if I upset the boat you may blame the romancers, for do they not consider it the height of virtue for the hero to rescue the heroine from death?"

"Then if you have any such intention," laughingly remarked the princess, dropping her paddle into the water, "I must beg you to let me out immediately."

"What, so soon? The water is not deep enough here, and we are too near the castle. Besides, it will be more romantic to upset the coracle when you are not expecting it."

"How provoking you are! you know what I mean. And unless you promise to banish all thoughts of the romancers from your mind, I shall make my royal father banish you from his court for harboring a murderous design!"

"That were a worse calamity than the upsetting of the boat, unless he banished you with me."

While they spoke in this jesting manner the coracle glided slowly down the river, and the birds poured their sweet evening songs into their ears from the trees which lined the river banks, and through which the rays of the setting sun struggled as if to catch a glimpse of the beautiful daughter of Gryffydd. The air was pervaded with the odor of clover blossoms, and the hum of myriads of insects floated on the soft summer

breeze. Everything conspired to make the evening most favorable to the growth of love. Never had the princess appeared so lovely to Trahaiarn. Her smiles bewitched him, and her voice thrilled him. There was no doubt in his mind that he loved her. He was even sure that he could love no woman but her. But how was he to make known his love without being too abrupt? Perhaps a story would serve as an introduction. He would try it. But before he had time to speak, the princess, wholly ignorant of his thoughts, said,

"Think you not the fairies love to dance on such an eve as this?"

"Ay, and perhaps a fairy tale will bring them into view," was the reply. "The story about the shepherd lad and the fairy maiden you doubtless have heard."

"I think not, unless it be the same as that about the young farmer and the lake maiden."

"It is not the same, but is similar to it."

"Please tell it then."

"A farmer in the Deheubarth had a son whose manly bearing and handsome face made him the envy of all the youths of his acquaintance. This son cared for his father's sheep, and loved the solitude of the fields better than the society of his companions. No maiden fair had touched his heart, though many sought to win him with their charms. Born not to wed one of the race of men, he one day beheld a most lovely fairy damsel behind some rising

ground as he was crossing a marshy meadow in quest of his father's sheep. Her hair was of the hue of gold, her eyes as blue as yonder sky, and her cheeks as red as the rose. To see her was to love her, and the youth following an irresistible impulse approached her, and meekly begged permission to converse. 'Idol of my hopes,' said she with a most winning smile; 'you have come at last.'

"Ah! then she expected him!" exclaimed the princess breaking in upon the narrative. "Think you that men and women are foreordained for each other?"

Here was an opportunity for Trahaiarn to declare his love; but his courage failed him, and with some embarrassment he continued,

"I know not; but it seems that the shepherd and the fairy were ordained for one another, for they loved each other from that hour, and met each day and wandered happily together over the meadows amidst the smiles of the daisies and the singing of the lark. Sometimes the youth was absent for days together, and his friends knowing not where he was, whispered to each other that he was bewitched. He kept his secret from all but the lovely fairy. From her he could not hide his love; nor did she turn a deaf ear to his suit. One day while standing in a grove near the lake in which she dwelt, she promised to be his. He now lacked only the consent of her father to make his happiness complete, and this he received

in due time. It was on a moonlight night. Impelled by love he came to the grove long before the appointed time, and with only the pale moon for a companion he scanned the calm surface of the silvery lake and peered into its depths to see if he could catch a glimpse of his lady-love. But he looked in vain until the moon disappeared. Then he was rewarded by the appearance of the fairy maiden and her father. They greeted him kindly, and the father consented that the daughter should be his, provided he would never strike her with iron. The youth joyfully agreed to the condition, and soon there was the sound of marriage bells. The bride brought much money with her to her new home, and she and her husband were blessed with prosperity, happiness, and several handsome children."

"And so the story ends. In the fairy tale of which I spoke but a moment ago the farmer lost his wife by violating the conditions."

"So did the shepherd, and by a mere accident. He and his fairy spouse were one day out riding, when her horse sank deep in the mire, and as her husband helped her to dismount the stirrup struck her on the knee. It was no fault of his that she was struck, nor did the stirrup hurt her. But the fairies are a jealous and fastidious race. Scarcely had the accident occurred ere voices were heard singing on the summit of a hill near by, and the fairy wife immediately vanished

from the arms of her husband, leaving all her children behind. Henceforth she was not allowed to walk the earth with man; but her woman's wit aided by her mother love came to her aid. A large turf was floating on the lake, and from that hour till her death she frequently stood for hours upon the turf conversing with her dear ones. Thus ends my tale."

"And it ends well," said Nest. "Please tell another."

"It is your turn now, not mine," replied the prince, casting a side-glance at his lovely companion, and thinking that he was no nearer making in a confession of his love than before.

"I know no tale but such as you are already familiar with," said the princess, meeting his glance with a look that thrilled his whole being.

"Old tales would be new from your lips," remarked Trahaiarn, scarcely knowing what he said. "But perchance, you prefer singing one of your favorite songs."

"Of what shall I sing? Of war?"

"No, it is now a time of peace."

"Of feasting and rejoicing?"

"Ay, if it be at a wedding."

"Of love?"

"Ay, of love without the sting of disappointment."

"Ah, then you have been disappointed in love!"

"Not I. Nor do I wish to be, for have I not seen some of the fairest flowers of knighthood blighted by that withering blast? The heart loves not to have its dreams dispelled on the eve of realization. But this is not listening to your song."

He was soon listening, however, for she immediately consented to sing in a most captivating voice the following song:

Love's Fascination.

In days of yore,

His feasting o'er,

Love went forth from shore to shore

With charms the world to fill.

The earth in desolation lay;

Nor moon by night nor sun by day.

Saw beauteous flowers or plumage gay,

In forest, dale, or hill.

Love with wondrous grace,

While pure delight shone on his face.

The world completely changed apace.

And made all nature glad.

Sweet flowers came forth where'er he trod;

And birds where'er he swayed his rod.

With hearts so light, sang praise to God;

Nought in his train was sad.

In Paradise.

With wondering eyes.

Beings fair in childish guise

Each other viewed apart.

Naught knew they of the power of love,

'Till love itself came from above,

Their hearts with passion's fire to prove.

Then vowed they ne'er to part.

Ever since that time,

In human hearts a spark sublime,

Waits Fancy's breath in every clime

To fan into a flame.

Oh, happy he who wins a bride.

And she who doth not misconfide;

Theirs not a life in desert wide,

But comfort, joy, and fame.

The princess paused, and plied her paddle vigorously a few times, causing the coracle to head up rather than down the stream. This sudden action roused the prince as if from a dream. He had been so enwrapped in the song that for a moment he was oblivious to everything else. Realizing what Nest had done he said,

"Ay, you wish to return, but under the spell of your voice I could glide down the river forever. You have sung me into paradise; do not thrust me into a place of torment. Nest, I love you, there I have said it. I wanted to say it before, but I could not. We have been much together of late, and you have grown dearer to me every day. Without you I have no chance of happiness. Can you, will you be mine, O sweet daughter of Gryffydd?"

How he trembled! how eagerly he waited for her reply—a reply that did not come. Agitated like himself she hid her face in her hands to hide the tears that would not be kept back. She was so happy! He loved her, and he had told her so!

Uncertain as to the meaning of Nest's behavior he again broke forth in the vehemence of his passion.

"Will you not say that you love me? Will you not say that you are mine?"

The princess was again silent, but removing her hands from her face she smiled on him through her tears. This was enough. The next moment Trahaiarn folded her to his heart and kissed her. Each felt the other's love. Neither needed to be informed what the lover's paradise is. Oblivious to all sights and sounds they enjoyed the hush of blended hearts and of the happiness which no words can express or describe. Unheeded by them the coracle again swung around, and headed towards the sea, and in the gathering shadows they

drifted on the river of supreme delight, forgetful of the past, indifferent to the future.

They would have been glad to prolong love's Edenic spell indefinitely, but as the current bore the coracle under the willows overhanging the margin of the river, the slender branches that rudely slapped them in their faces soon brought them to a realization of the presence in the world of something besides themselves. Accordingly they headed their frail craft towards the castle, and as they applied their paddles they talked of love and earthly bliss.

CHAPTER XV.

Mischief Again Brewing.

We now turn our attention to Idrys once more to find him slowly recovering from the effects of his encounter with Trahaiarn. Disappointed at his inability to join Harold in his campaign against Gryffydd and Algar he was in no amiable mood when the news that the earl had made terms with the enemy reached him, and the news itself was not calculated to improve his temper.

"This is the work of Gwyn ap Nudd," said he, addressing his surgeon; "otherwise how can we account for Harold's cowardly behavior in making terms with that usurper without striking a single blow? Why, man, when I left Gloucester to spy out this region I had not a shadow of a doubt that the

allied forces would be annihilated. But here comes the news that my deadliest foe is not only unhurt, but actually victorious without making any concessions whatever. The dogs of annwn take me! if I shall not square accounts with him yet."

"If his satanic majesty is more partial to the son of Llewelyn than to you," was the reply, "it is not because he finds him a more willing tool than you? If you would be a greater favorite with him, I doubt not that you can have your desire by thinking less of yourself and more of the devil."

"Thy philosophy hits not the mark," said Idrys. "Did I not know that thy proficiency in the healing art is greater than thine acquaintance with Gwyn ap Nudd, or whoever it is that presides over the kingdom of evil, I would place but little confidence in thee. A too willing tool is not the one that is most thought of; but he who serves only at a high price, and of whose service thou art sure only when it is done. The devil aids the cruel murderer of my father, because he gives him no end of trouble, and because he is anxious to make him his slave. Once he has him completely in his power we shall hear of no victories and of plenty of failures."

Believing he had proven his claim to much wisdom by uttering these words, Idrys at length forgot even his deadliest foe in the oblivion of a long sleep.

Autumn found him fully recovered,

and though he greatly desired to find means to further molest Gryffydd, he was not given a favorable opportunity until the following summer. He knew from one or two consultations he had had with Leofgar that the bishop was as dissatisfied as he with the treaty Harold had made with the Welsh king. He knew also from a visit to the hermit's cave that Gryffydd anticipated no further trouble soon. But with his few followers he could not hope to spring a surprise upon him. The dissatisfaction which made him so restless, however, also made the bishop of Hereford secretly active. By means of a prolonged visit to London and the co-operation of his friends in his diocese and the surrounding country, he succeeded by the middle of summer in bringing together a large army. And a few days before he was to cross the border into Wales he sent word to Idrys to join him at Hereford with as many men as he could summon together. Here Idrys found his opportunity, and on the day appointed for the start Leofgar found him on hand with a force several hundred strong.

In due time the invading army was in motion, taking a course substantially the same as that pursued by Harold's army the preceding summer. The bishop having donned a suit of armor felt as much at home at the head of the forces as if he were conducting a band of pilgrims to Rome, and glancing with pride at

the marching columns, he remarked to Idrys, who happened just then to be riding beside him.

"Methinks the son of Llewelyn shall find Leofgar the bishop less lenient than Harold the earl. Nor am I without hope of victory. Did I not understand thee to say thou didst send a secret message to a Welsh chief, who is in sympathy with our cause, requesting him to intercept all who might in any way inform Gryffydd of our coming?"

"Ay, holy father, I sent word to Einion ap Hoel," was the reply; "and he will not fail us."

"Good! we shall therefore pounce upon him like an eagle upon its prey. And if he should in spite of Einion's vigilance learn of our approach he has neither Algar nor the Irish allies to assist him. The saints be praised I shall yet be able to reclaim my plate."

"I fear me that he is in league with the king of annwn, and that he needs not the assistance of other allies in order to conquer his foes."

"Annwn, methinks I never heard of that country. Is it a part of Wales? And is its king a mighty warrior?"

"Annwn is the name our fathers gave to hell, or the shadow land," said Idrys, putting his hand to his face to hide a smile; "and the king of that land, according to tradition, is Gwyn ap Nudd, who is also sovereign of the fairies."

"Ah, then thy meaning is that

Gryffydd is in league with the prince of the devils," said the bishop. "I will not gainsay thee, for he surely doeth the works of darkness. But he that allies himself with the adversary of our souls trusts in a broken reed, and shall be consumed by the fiery breath of his ally. Fret not thyself then, my son, because of the son of Llewelyn. He that is with us is stronger than he that is with him. We are going to fight the Lord's battle, and He who gave Israel success will give us the victory."

"I would that he had given us cooler weather as a token of his favor," ejaculated Idrys, not without a tinge of irreverence, at the same time pushing back his helmet, and wiping the sweat from his forehead. "Whew! if the heat abate not I fear me that we and not Gryffydd shall be consumed by the fiery breath of the adversary."

"Thou shouldst not speak so unadvisedly, my son," answered Leofgar, also wiping his brow. "The heat is but to try us. When we have crossed the border we shall not find it so hot."

In this, however, he was mistaken. The farther into Wales the army penetrated the more unbearable the heat became, and by the time the base of the Berwyn Hills was reached the soldiers, especially those in armor, were so completely overcome by it that Leofgar was obliged to bring his forces to a sudden halt.

(To be continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

The contents of the January number of the "Trysorfa y Plant" are as follows: The late Rev. William Pryse, Sylhet, India, Missionary (with portrait); The Sunday School; A Shepherd's Opinion of Coleridge; Children Called Home; A Mother's Prayer; The Gospel of Mark for the Young; Enid from Llandrindod's Song; Lord Kitchener and Gordon's Grave; Using the Left Hand; New Books, &c., &c.

The Editor in his discourse on the opening page of "Cymru'r Plant" very beautifully wishes his young readers a Happy New Year, pure as the snow, and abounding as the summer. Then follow bright pages for Welsh children in beautiful Cymraeg; Those Two Boys; Bob's Prayer; The Homes of our Neighbors (serial); Far in the East (illustrated); School Characteristics; The Counties of Wales—Glamorgan (serial, with illustrations); The Order of the Harp (reports); Our Physicians—1, Robert Jones; Questions, Prizes, &c., &c.

The Liberal party is in a quandary how to get a leader, while "Cwrs y Byd" is puzzled as to where to get the party! Once we get the party, the leader will make his appearance, thinks C. B. We have no Liberal party at present; its members are Liberal in this, and Tory in that. We haven't had for some time, either in the House of Lords or the House of Commons anything like a Liberal party; we hardly remember the time it was united in support of a measure. Some of them are Liberal on Disestablishment, and Tory on the land

question; some Liberal on the question of education, and Tory on the liquor question. There are not a dozen in the House who are all round Liberals. They are unanimous on pensions for royalty, &c., &c.; but may God help the poor!

Years ago, the good qualities of the preacher were good sense, a good character, an ability to talk in public with a good fringe of musical talent, but, of late, a preacher is required to be a little of everything, a "Jack of all trade," according to "Cwrs y Byd." He is supposed to preach, baptize, bury, be personally acquainted with every member of his church, find work for them, loan money, help them all ways and all the time. He has so much to do that there is nought left for the members.

The "Cronicle" for January devotes almost its entire space to the memory of Michael Jones, his eventful life, and his lamented death. A splendid portrait of the heroic Kymro is also given in this number, which will not fail to impress the reader as a strong minded and a grand specimen of the human kind. Michael Jones was without doubt a great honor to our nation; for a finer man could not be pointed out among any other people. He was beautiful not only as an outward man, but also as a Christian and a patriot. Brave, honorable and incorruptible he was, and the superior of the best Greek or Roman, in as much as he had the best elements of the Hebrew prophet. As the "Cronicle" very truly states, he was the greatest of modern Welsh, and his proper burial place is the heart of the Welsh people.

ple. Mr. Gee and Michael Jones were two grand old men which the Welsh may well be especially proud of.

What discourages us is the limited number of our people that take interest in literature of any kind. They are always prepared to sing all you want; but what about the intellect? In fact, we do not know how anybody can perfect himself in musical science without study; and we would urge our young musicians to resolve, at the beginning of this new year, to cultivate their minds with the purpose to mastering the art of music, rather than remain satisfied with the mixture of knowledge and ignorance which characterize fakes and charlatans.—Cerdor.

Contents of the "Dysgedydd" for January: Dr. Parker and Mrs. Parker, of the City Temple; Professor Ramsay in Asia Minor; Reminiscences of the Great Revival of 1859; Why Should the Free Churches Unite? Events of the Month; Reviews, Reports, Poems, &c., &c.

In spite of oppositions and protestations, Lord Salisbury turned a deaf ear towards the clergy of the bishopric of Bangor. Since he appointed a bosom friend of the Bishop of St. Asaph to Bangor, we can easily guess what his policy will be. We are not so much surprised that one of Bishop Edwards' supporters has been appointed, as that the choice has been a man so little known. He may have some latent good qualities, and if he has, a good place will Bangor be to bring them into use. He, certainly, should give satisfaction to those who left Nonconformity to enjoy more ease and better society. His father was a baronet, and his mother a baronet's daughter. He is an all round thorough Churchman, unlike the Bishop of St. David's, with a smell of Nonconformity. And fair play to the nobility, the upper classes should be

represented on the Episcopal bench.—Dysgedydd.

The first number of the "Drysorfa" for 1899 appears in a new garb—a brighter cover than it used to wear. At the top is a cut of Trevecca College, and at the bottom that of Carnarvon. Along the left side or margin are Calvinistic celebrities—Howell Harris, Daniel Rowlands, and Thomas Charles. The frontispiece is a good portrait of the Rev. Evan Phillips, Castellnewydd Emlyn; The Divine in the Bible, by the Rev. John Roberts, follows; John Hughes, Pontrobert, and his wife, Ruth, by John Morgan, Mold; The Heroes of Faith, by the Rev. J. Young Evans, M. A., Trevecca; Diary and Letters of the Rev. Richard Jones, Llanfâl Caereinion; Monthly Notes, Reviews, News, Poems, &c., &c.

In his Monthly Notes, the Editor of the "Drysorfa" severely belabors the "Haul," a Church organ, and as it seems, quite deservedly. After a period of eclipse, this luminary re-appeared before our Editor, and without delay, he perused it with much interest; but he soon discovered that its Welsh is everything but classic, and its literature, as he expresses it, "sinfully devoid of ability." Then he proceeds in this wise: "There is not a spark of genius in it from cover to cover; and everything is wrapped up in darkness and a thick mist. It is evident that the contents are translations, and imperfect at that, as if rendered into Welsh by a school boy with a dictionary at his elbow. There are not in all our literature expressions clothed in such ragged and untidy Welsh. We must confess that we have not the furthest conception of some of the expressions; and all these written by clergymen supposed to be educated! Is it a wonder that such a miserable publica-

tion falls of support among the Welsh Church-going people?"

But the Editor has a still more serious charge against the "Haul" than poor Welsh, viz., that the luminary has been almost extinguished by the Ritualistic breeze that is blowing over, or rather, through the Church of England in Wales. This "Haul" which should have retained its place high in the firmament of Protestantism has been lowered disgracefully to keep company with wax candles on Papistic altars. This fact accounts for its execrable Welsh. The article in the "Haul" entitled "Prayers to be said Before Mass," could not have been penned by a Welshman. It was written by a Welsh Apostate who had forgotten his mother's tongue along with his Protestant training. It is like a dream to see such madness as the following in a Welsh publication: "During consecration, we should be careful in making the body of Christ; we should handle it reverently; the priest should know that he is handling the body of Christ, the soul of Christ, and the Godhead of Christ." Reference is made to the consecrated bread! It is such a blasphemy that the Welsh language rebels against talking such pagan nonsense, and we are glad that it is in mongrel Welsh that such superstition is taught for the first time for ages among the Welsh people. After perusing this strange article teaching such strange theology to Welsh readers, our Editor confesses that the extracts he makes are beyond his comprehension by reason of their newness of doctrine and their awkward Welsh; and he felt during their perusal like a man lost in a pagan jungle!

The "Traethodydd" for January is excellent, with a good variety of subjects. Principal T. C. Edwards, by T. F. Roberts, M. A.; Principal Caird, by Henry Jones, M. A., LL. D.; Bishop of St.

Asaph on the Church Trouble; Our Colleges and Agriculture, by John Owen, M. A.; Thomas Gee, by Evan Jones; The Priests' Treason, by R. H. Morgan, M. A.; The Sacraments by Eleazar Roberts; Notes, &c., &c.

He (Thomas Gee) died amidst his labors, and without an hour of sickness. He was buried like a prince, on a day fine and beautiful. His remains were brought to the Capel Mawr, where he used to attend religious service for an age, a great man enjoying the society of his brethren and sisters of low degree. The entire family was there—himself alone absent in spirit; beautiful Mother Gee was there dear to all. A great number of ministers of all denominations; a great gathering of friends and foes, all admirers, and amongst them seven Members of Parliament. Some spoke, others prayed, and during the service, the sun shone beautifully on the casket. Every one felt that a prince and a great man—a patriarch and a man of God—had passed away from amongst the people of Wales. The procession was remarkable; every class in society represented, and every member deeply conscious of having lost a friend. —"Traethodydd."

Ritualism is practiced more or less in 36 churches in the bishopric of St. Asaph, and this is considerable in such a small section of the Church, although the Bishop is trying to ignore the fact. It is there, and it is going to increase.

The growth of superstition in a nation is worse than that of infidelity. Of the twain, superstition is the more dangerous. It is rather difficult to deal with people who are satisfied with nothing less than pure reason; but it is more difficult still to enlighten those who are prone to credit every fable. To worship God in the form of a consecrated wafer

is certainly pure and unmixed idolatry; and the belief that the body of Christ is eaten during communion is something still worse. The practice of ritualism is a positive adoption of Judaism and paganism.—"Traethodydd."

Another defect in the Welsh character is lack of self-sacrifice, that is, there is not a realization of religious profession in practical life—it is a ritualism not a reality. We need not search deep, to discover the fact that the tendency in Wales to-day is to wear religion as a cloak rather than to have it a ruling principle in the heart—a desire to be dressed in religious garments before being washed. Stephan Grellet's words may be applied to thousands of Welsh to-day, "We are afraid that they have been starched before they were washed." Many church members spend their Saturday evenings in saloons, their Sundays in church, and Mondays they are seen buying on credit what they never intend to pay for. A godly countenance Sunday, but quite another face all through the week. This form of Welsh hypocrisy has been the means of wrecking many an honest Welsh business man, by giving too much credit to mere profession; and perhaps, the Welsh pulpit is too silent regarding this evil.—"Cymru."

Hard hits are being levelled from various directions in these days at the poetry which is the direct product of the National Eisteddfod. It was the subject of scathing criticism in a lecture delivered not more than a fortnight ago by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A. (Hawen), of Liverpool, and now comes a merciless article in the current number of "Young Wales" by Mr. W. Ellis Evans, which will doubtless create a flutter among the Gorsedd bards. The writer holds the Eisteddfod responsible for the inferior character of the bulk of latter-day poetry; in fact, he regards

the national institution in this respect as a curse, because "it sets up a false mark before the poet, and a false standard by which to judge his productions." According to this writer the "new school" of poetry fares little better than the "old school" in the poisonous atmosphere of the Eisteddfod. The alliterative measures, which are so bitterly denounced by the "new school," are defended here as part of a national heritage, as well as attractive embellishments when judiciously employed, but it is maintained that those who rule the Eisteddfodic roost at present attach too much importance to alliteration. The remedy suggested by the writer for this state of things is the restoration of the Eisteddfod to its former position as a training ground, the school or college of Welsh poetry. "Competition, as one knows it to-day, between poets of established rank is a modern innovation and an outrage on the Eisteddfod." "The Gorsedd" pungently adds the writer, "with its meretricious honors, is a delusion and a snare, and if Hwfa Mon * * * and the rest are wise they will endeavor to bring the institution to the level of common sense and common decency * * * instead of being a 'sacrifice of fools.'"

"When on the Welsh side of Offa's Dyke the other day," writes the Rev. Eynon Davies in "Young Wales," "I walked up from Talgarth to Trefecca College to see the place so famous in the religious history of the Principality. On our right stood the old College Farm, where I was informed the famous Countess of Huntingdon once resided. Attached to the house is the chapel in which the Countess' famous friends, the two Wesleys and George Whitfield, used to preach. It is used as a chapel no longer, but has been divided up for the usual rooms and lofts necessary to a large farmhouse.

SCIENTIFIC

Perzon, the great French lion tamer, owed his success to the use of electricity in taming his beasts. When a wild lion or tiger was to be tamed, live wires were first rigged up in the cage between the tamer and the animal. After a time Perzon would turn his back, and the wild creature would invariably make a leap at him, but, encountering the charged wires, would receive a paralyzing shock sufficient to terrorize it forever.

Christianity is the only religion that abounds in song. Atheism is songless; Agnosticism has nothing to sing about; the various forms of idolatry are not tuneful; but Judaism said, "Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord;" and when Christ came the angels greeted His birth with a song, and since then Christian song has gained in fulness and strength of voice with each passing century.

CHINESE REMEDIES.

The genuine ginseng root and the edible nests of the swallow are considered veritable panaceas, and are specially prized by the Chinese as stimulants. In fact, ginseng, which used to be sold for eight times its weight in silver, stands at the head of all remedies. Tea in various modes of preparation is much valued as a medicine, and different parts of rare animals are included in the list with the reputation of properties as multifarious and inconsistent as the pills of a quack. Almost every animal supplies a distinct specific, particularly its blood and its liver. In debility the extract of tiger's blood is prescribed.

FUTURE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

A blacksmith's shop without a forge may really come to be a popular institution in the near future. The idea originated in Belgium. The metal to be heated is plunged into a metal tub of water, and, apparently with little reason, becomes instantly white hot. As a matter of fact, the metal tub is connected by wire to one pole of a dynamo. The water is acidulated, and when the metal is plunged into the water an arc seems to be established all around the submerged portion, which may then be removed and hammered on an anvil the same as any ordinary heated metal.

GERMS THE AGENTS.

The investigations which have been made justify the statement that each infectious disease is due to a specific—i. e., distinct—micro organism. There are, however, certain infectious diseases which physicians formerly supposed to be distinct, and to which specific names are given which are now known to be due to one and the same infectious agent or germ. Thus puerperal fever and erysipelas are now recognized as being caused by the same germ, the germ which is the usual cause of pneumonia is also the cause of a considerable proportion of the cases of cerebrospinal meningitis, etc.—Appletons' Science Monthly.

REST FOR TIRED BRAINS.

There is no organ in the human body which stands in greater need of rest than the brain, and this rest, the most efficacious of all, is afforded by sleep.

Another kind of rest is a variation of work or a change of subject, the best rest most frequently for the higher or intellectual centers. An enormous amount of mental work can be undertaken if only sufficient variety is secured. In the end, however, the brain demands sleep, and this is more particularly the case with children, and especially when they have been much engaged in play. In the case of adults hard mental work up to the hour of going to bed may cause the loss of a night's rest, and it is an excellent plan to indulge in some kind of relaxation before retiring to rest, such as the perusal of light and amusing literature, some game or some music.

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THE BURNING OF GREEN WOOD.

Every one who enjoys sitting by a wood fire must have observed how the wood sputters and hisses, and frequently gives off little jets of flames, and again the pieces crackle and fly off at a considerable distance. This is caused by the water in the wood which, confined in the cells, becomes heated and generates steam. It is a curious fact that intense heat and intense cold produce fractures in various substances. In the most extreme cold weather it is not uncommon, especially if the cold has come on suddenly, to find trees that are split from the ground to the top by the action of frost. Freezing expands the water in the cells of the wood, and so suddenly is this done that the trees burst as would a pitcher or mug in which water was confined.—New York Ledger.

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NATIONS AND FOOD.

There is scarcely a nation in Europe which produces enough food for its own consumption. They all know that the foundation of disease—starvation—will be their most terrible enemy in a

time of general warfare, and this consideration helps to bind them to an unwilling peace. Starvation or insufficient and improper supply of food brings about degeneration of tissue, inferiority of stature, and a general weakening of the body.

The peasants of Northern Italy present aspects of degeneration, due to their eating the maize (as they frequently do) when it is subject to a local blight. The Jews of Europe are two to three inches underneath the stature of the nations among whom they have lived since the middle ages, the cause being unquestionably the limited and inferior food supply which has been their lot. So with the Lapps of the North and the Bushmen of Australia.—Dr. Brinton.

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TURF AS FUEL.

"Turf briquette fuel," according to a recent Consular report from Stettin, is being made with success at Langenburg, Pomerania. Consul Powell thinks that the moors of Scotland, Ireland and Wales might supply factories that could be run on similar lines with profit. Turf is cut from a moor near the town of Langenburg, and brought, undried, to the factory by water. On arrival the turves are cut up in a machine like a large turnip cutter, and are then passed through a mill, which converts them into fine powder. The powder is next dried by passing through a sloping cylinder kept hot by steam pipes arranged inside. The dried powder is then thrown into a hopper, which feeds a series of moulds, and a plunger compresses each charge into a solid briquette. About 12,775 tons are turned out in a year. The price of the briquettes is 6½d. for 130. They burn slowly, and give a good heat. One briquette will smoulder in a closed furnace for twenty-four hours.

A WASTE.

In the last few years great attention has been paid by scientists, biologists and social economists to the practical question of foods, which affects the happiness, healthfulness, longevity, and general welfare of the human family. The attentive study of these questions has brought to the notice of the general public a great variety of appetizing, nutritious Cereals, as well as a mass of most valuable information. It is a fact long known but too little recognized, in actual practice, that in the manufacture of Superfine White Flour, fully 18 per cent. of the muscle making, nerve sustaining nutriments are eliminated and excluded, thus reducing the normal value and strength giving powers of the products to 82 per cent., while were the flour made from the whole wheat, as seems intended by the Creator, the standard would be 100, the unit of perfection.

THE RELATIVE INSIGNIFICANCE OF MAN.

In his lecture recently at the Royal Institution, Sir Robert Ball, lately Astronomer-Royal in Ireland, stated that we now know the existence of 30,000,000 of stars or suns, many of them much more magnificent than the one which gives light to our system. The majority of them are not visible to the eye or even recognizable by the telescope, but sensitized photographic plates have revealed their existence beyond all doubt or question, though most of them are almost inconceivably distant, thousands or tens of thousands of times as far off as our sun. A telegraphic message, for example, which would reach the sun in eight minutes, would not reach some of these stars in 1,800 years.

An average of only ten planets to each sun indicates the existence within the narrow range to which human observa-

tion is still confined of at least 300,000,000 of separate worlds, many of them doubtless of gigantic size, and it is nearly inconceivable that those worlds can be wholly devoid of living and sentient beings upon them, probably mortal in our sense, as all matters must decay, certainly finite; and then what is the relative position of mankind?

NATIONAL LIFE.

A nation is defined as being diseased "when, as a unit, it is chronically incapable of directing its activities toward self-preservation." National diseases are not necessarily of the majority of the nation. In the human system one organ may fall us and precipitate an untimely death; so in nations. A degenerate aristocracy, a dissolute priesthood, or a corrupt government has led to the undoing of a nation, the majority of whom have been free from national disease. The diseases that destroy nations are not so much of the individual, but of the national life.

National diseases may be classified under four heads: 1, imperfect nutrition; 2, poisons; 3, mental shock; and 4, sexual subversion. Some physicians trace all disease in the human body indirectly to insufficient or misdirected nutrition in one of the organs of the body. The historian Buckle said that "the history of every nation could be traced by the food it was accustomed to eat." The expression was too sweeping, yet it was based upon truth. "Every nation must have, throughout all the nation, enough to eat, of good quality, and properly prepared; or that nation will degenerate."—Dr. Brinton.

INCREASE OF CANCER IN ENGLAND.

In England four and a half times as many people die now from cancer as half a century ago, and no

other disease can show anything like such an immense increase, W. Roger Williams says in "The Lancet." "Probably no single factor is more potent in determining the outbreak of cancer in the predisposed than high feeding. There can be no doubt that the greed for food manifested by modern communities is altogether out of proportion to their present requirements. Many indications point to the gluttonous consumption of meat, which is such a characteristic feature of this age, as likely to be especially harmful in this respect. Statistics show that the consumption of meat has for many years been increasing by leaps and bounds, till it now has reached the amazing total of 131 pounds per head per year, which is more than double what it was half a century ago, when the conditions of life were more compatible with high feeding. When excessive quantities of such highly stimulating forms of nutriment are ingested by persons whose cellular metabolism is defective, it seems probable that there may thus be excited in those parts of the body where vital processes are still active such excessive and disorderly cellular proliferation as may eventuate in cancer. No doubt other factors co-operate, and among these I should be especially inclined to name deficient exercise, and probably also deficiency in fresh vegetable food.

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A THEORY OF LIVING.

Dr. Ewart is very intent on teaching the duty of more frugal living. The frugal diet of the hard-working laborer stands in marked contrast to the "weight and superfluous richness" of the class he calls "the unemployed"—a new term for the wealthy folk who don't need to do anything, and who do nothing in the way of the world's work. Their life is shortened by the overwork of stomach, liver and kidneys. They

eat too much, and the food yields no adequate return for the outlay spent upon it. They could not undertake a tithe of the work of the plainly-fed laborer. They resemble a fire which is perpetually being banked up. The other is like a fire which is judiciously stoked, and consumes fuel just sufficient to maintain it at a fair level. Half the amount of food that "the unemployed" man consumes, Dr. Ewart says, would keep a man in strong working order; and even the idle strong give way under the excess represented in their diet. The stomach and liver get no rest, and the succession of meals is too quick and fast for the healthy conservation of the body. These are all home-truths we should be the better of considering deeply, and of acting upon. The average modern dinner simply represents an excessive waste, because it gives too much to begin with, and because it succeeds other meals which in themselves are more than sufficient to maintain the body in activity. There are worse things in the world than limitation of food, and one of these clearly is excess of diet.

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A TRANSFORMATION.

The same care which transforms a red-mouthed wolf into a faithful dog can transform other undomesticated beasts into useful creatures. As soon as an animal learns that you are contributing to its comfort in place of tormenting it, you may notice it will greet you with a milder expression. As soon as you can make the wildest and fiercest least understand that the use of jaws, claws, or sting are unnecessary, it will refrain from using them. It is not always possible to come to this understanding with the larger beast, but the lad who loves his pets will bestow upon the little creatures that affection which shows itself in a sympathy which can understand their wants and necessities.



There are published in the Welsh language at present two quarterlies, two bi-monthlies, 28 monthlies, and 25 weeklies, making a total of 57 publications.

The smallest motor in existence does not cover a three penny piece, and its working parts are wonderfully made. It was made and is still possessed by Mr. Lee, a Carmarthen watchmaker.

The year 1898 has been exceptional in the history of Wales in that it witnessed the execution of two Welshmen for murder—Thomas Jones at Carnarvon, and Joseph Lewis, the perpetrator of the Margam tragedy at Swansea.

Many of the older farmers in Pembrokeshire and some of the older Welsh counties store away in their outbuildings sufficient carefully selected and seasoned oaken planks for their own coffins.

Five hundred and forty candidates applied for the post of clerk to the registrar of the Aberystwyth University College. The salary offered was £70 per annum. A local applicant was appointed to the post.

Flintshire takes the cake for lunatics in North Wales. It is the only county in North Wales which has an "over-quota" of pauper patients at Denbigh Asylum. Their total number is 142, as compared with 173 from Carnarvonshire, though the ordinary paupers in the latter are as three to one in the former.

Wales is exceptionally well off for biographies. Welshmen have always been hero or saint worshippers. In the mediaeval Church they worshipped them on Sundays and holidays. Nowadays they do not exactly worship or pray to their saints, but write their biographies and compose elegies in praise of their virtues, which is pretty much the same thing.

Wales does not take kindly to adverse criticism however well it may be deserved or however kindly it may be meant. Hence the stream of adulation that flows everywhere, and that vitiates and enervates Welsh national life.

"Thine Eyes, they bid me Stay" is a charming song by Parson Price. It is like a companion to "Nanny Frew." Its four cadences on the words "Thine eyes, thine eyes, they bid me stay" are varied and effective. As the American Art Journal says: "It is a song of deep and touching sentimental vein," and very suitable for Soprano and Tenor voices.

In the following descriptive lines, the celebrated Welsh wit, Trebor Mai, sizes up two pretenders to gentility:

Gwelais ddau o fechgyn titotal—a het-

A chotiau ddim cystal; [lau silc

Nid smart ond anghyfartal

Hetiau silc a chotiau sal.

Madame Patti's annual Christmas gifts of money, blankets, etc., have been distributed at Wern Chapel, Ystalyfera, to the poor of the town and district. Madame Patti and her future husband,

Baron Cederstrom, together with the party staying at Craig-y-Nos Castle, were met on entering the town by an appreciative crowd. A procession, headed by a band, was formed, and escorted Madame Patti and her friends to the chapel.

There was a warm discussion on "The Old and the New Woman—which is the Better?" at Glantaf, Glamorgan, S. W., and the giddy youth of the place plumped for the new. One of the young men couldn't contain himself in prose, so he burst into the following pieces:—

Un fain, knowing, yw'r Fenyw Newydd
Yn llawn ffoledd beunydd; [un ffeil
Ar ei bike yn gyru bydd,
Hyglodus drwy y gwledydd.

Now that Mabon's Day is dead, and because it is dead, it has become a proper subject for the antiquarian. A gentleman, in "Notes and Queries," asked what is the Mabon's Day he has heard so much about lately. The answer is recorded in proper form in that treasury of antiquarian lore, quoting the memorable saying:—"Mabon is a greater saint than David, for David has only one day a year, and Mabon has twelve." What will become of "Mabon," after losing his twelve days a year, is not stated.

A charitable Welsh custom has been long discontinued. Fifty years ago, and before that, the farmers in some parts of South Wales used to invite all their farm laborers and their families to breakfast on Dydd Calan Hen (13th of January), and give them a supply of bread and cheese to take home with them to commence the New Year. The day was then a general holiday.

Welshmen will have really to look to their laurels. At the Liverpool Christmas Elsteddfod the "chair" was withheld for lack of merit in either of the

three compositions received, and—unkindest cut of all—in the chief choral contest the Welsh singers were beaten by a choir of Lancastrians!

Foster, the genealogist, has made out that the late Mr. Gladstone was Welsh on his own account, as well as on account of his wife and long residence in the Principality. The Welsh line in his ancestry ran from Gladys, daughter of Llewelyn ab Iorwerth, through Joane, Queen of Scots.

Praise and flattery, and above all silence as to defects, is what Wales expects from her friends, and to be ranked as an enemy no surer way can be pursued than to speak plainly about national defects and deficiencies. Whoever does this is supposed to be utterly blind and oblivious to every admirable Welsh quality. We have never been able to see what Wales gains in the long run by pretending to virtues and excellencies and merits which do not exist.—Cambrian News.

Musicians have brought more discord into the world than religion itself. It is now suggested that there is a doubt whether the bagpipes are really Scotch. Sir Alexander Mackenzie mentioned them. Sir Hubert Parry thought they were an East Anglian invention which was afterwards appropriated by the Scotch, but Sir F. Lacy Robinson, as an East Anglian, absolutely declined to admit the responsibility of that region. He left it to the other two to decide between themselves as to whether the instrument was Scotch or Welsh. This will help to complicate the crwth controversy; and, in order to make things worse, we suggest that the tin whistle was an ancient Welsh invention, and that the Welsh tin-plate trade was started to meet the demand for tin whistles.

There was some hard sub-editorial struggling in the London newspapers offices a while ago. It was over the name of the new Bishop of Bangor's first vicarage—Bodelwyddan. As usual, the battle was for the strong, and the sub-editors were beaten. The "Daily News" made it "Bodlewyddau," and the "Standard," remembering something it had been told about the "d" in Welsh boldly wrote it "Boddlewyddau." Aching with pain of it, the "Morning Leader" remarks:—"For two years he was curate of Rhosllanerchrugog. That alone entitles him to preferment."

Colonel Henry Platt, C.B., Gorrddinog, who for his services to agriculture was presented with a silver bowl lately in Anglesey, in acknowledging the gift made an interesting statement on the subject of poultry farming. A younger brother of his, he said, started a poultry farm at Cheadle twelve months ago, with the result that he had sent 1,200 chickens to the London market, and realised a profit of £200. Colonel Platt, convinced that what is wanted in agriculture, as in everything else, is more education, has established a scholarship at Bangor College of the value of £30 for two years, open to farmers' sons.

A Welsh writer in the "Tablet" calls attention to a curious fact in connection with the ruins of a fine early 12th century church at Llanidan, Anglesey. On the right of the south door he found a small holy water stoup, which is always full of water. The singular thing about the stoup is that, though always full, it never overflows; that when emptied and dried it immediately begins to fill again; and that, when full to the brim, the water, like the oil in the widow's cruse, stays and never flows to the ground. He states that the matter has been critically inquired into by experts, but that no solution of the mystery has yet been found.

The centenary of Welsh Wesleyan Methodism takes place next year, and arrangements on an extensive scale are being already made by the Wesleyan Methodists of the Principality to celebrate the event. Welsh Wesleyan Methodism had its origin in Wales by the appointment by the London Conference in 1800 of two Welsh ministers, who had hitherto been engaged in the English work, as Welsh missionaries. It was in this manner that Welsh Wesleyan Methodism was brought into existence. It is proposed to celebrate the centenary by raising a fund of £10,000, and local secretaries and treasurers of the movement have already been appointed.

In Wales there is a tendency to silence adverse criticism and so to hinder progress and to retard improvements. Of course, there is a difference between the universal grumbler and the adverse critic. The adverse critic may be anything but a universal grumbler. To silence criticism is to prevent reform. This is seen in education, in sanitary reform, in the administration of the poor laws, in political organizations, in municipal life.

The act of the Baptist delegates who, in a body, withdrew from a meeting of the Council of the "Free Churches" at Cefnnewydd, near Wrexham, was an unmistakeable sign of their stern attachment to their own convictions, and was intended to be recognized as such. The act is applauded by their own organ, "Seren Cymru," which, in its issue of the 23rd, illustrates the position of its own body to others by stating that "one of the chief causes of Israel's degeneracy was its intercourse with idolatrous nations round about." This, then, we are to believe, was the inspiring motive which led to the dramatic exit of the Baptists from the above Council.

The literary activity of which so much evidence has lately been seen in Wales appears to be spreading in Ireland, where the Celtic revival is taking a literary form. It is proposed to found an Irish Texts Society, with objects in the main similar to those of the Cymrodorion Society, for the purpose of publishing texts in the Irish language, accompanied by introduction, English translations, brief notes, and where possible comparisons with the Welsh and Gaelic forms. The sympathy of a strong band of Irish scholars has been enlisted, and the movement is being well taken up.

It is a large part of the work of a modern historian to correct historic mistakes. Welsh history, especially as written by English historians, needs such a corrective. A story reflecting very badly on the people of ancient Llandaff has gone the round of some centuries, stating that an attempt to install an English bishop at Llandaff in 1106 proved unfortunate, as the man sent, Waldric the Chancellor, who took Duke Robert prisoner at Tinchinbrai, was massacred by the Welsh, with seven of his canons, on Good Friday the following year. Now, it has been fully shown that the Chancellor became Bishop of Laon, not Llandaff, where he was massacred in 1112, not 1107.

One of the best jokes relating to the Sirdar's visit to Cardiff is told by a well-known Welsh musician residing in Canton. His servant maid, Eliza, a buxom girl from Cardigan, who knows not a word of English, saw the procession, and saw also in the carriage with Lord Kitchener the bewigged clean-shaven face of Cardiff's Recorder, and

beside him another bewigged gentleman with a beard, to wit, Cardiff's town clerk. Eliza, who had never seen wigs, naturally mistook them for grey hairs. "Well, Eliza," asked her mistress, when the girl returned home, "and did you see the Sirdar?" "Yes, yes, mistress bach," cried Eliza, "and I saw his father and mother, too, for they were in the carriage with him!"

A poor wandering family in olden days would pitch their tent on a common, and by building a hearth and boiling a kettle or pot thereon in the course of a single summer's night, claimed from ancient usage their right to that spot. Thus but a hut so built was gradually improved by the industry of the occupant to a good-sized cottage, the surrounding ground, from a mere baill or a little court, in front of the cottage grew into a yard, buarth, and then a garden was fenced in, and in the course of time this would grow into a small farm, in the middle or on the edge of a large common. This practice was winked at by the people of the neighborhood in favor of a poor but industrious laborer with a large family; and if this intrusion could be carried on unnoticed by the lord of the manor or his agents for sixty years, the hafod became a freehold.

In the new Welsh catalogue of the Cardiff Library the Joneses, great and small, occupy 58 columns. Altogether they number 383 authors, 24 of whom bear the simple name of John. It cost the collaborators whole days sometimes to find out who and what a certain "John Jones" was, but they manage somehow to trace him to earth.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

Prof. T. J. Davies was born in Ystalyfera, in the Swansea valley, South Wales, and hails from a sturdy stock. His parents, Daniel and Tydfil Davies, came to this country when he was but five years of age, locating at Bellevue, near Scranton. In June, 1860, they moved to Olyphant, where they lived until 1875, when the family moved to Kingston, and thence to Taylor, near Scranton, where the parents still reside. We find him working in the mines at the age of seven years, devoting his leisure hours to the study of music, and soon becoming an adept at reading music at sight. When but a mere child in Wales, Mr. Davies was quite a reciter as well as a sweet singer, as the members of the old Pant Teg church at Ystalyfera still remember. At 17 years of age he won prizes for sight-reading, solo and choral work, and in connection with these contests, it is said he never lost a prize. Later he devoted his time and talent to composition. Venturing into the piano and organ business at Scranton, he concluded to retire from active competition, and devote his energies to his enterprise. Later, however, he sold his business, and decided to devote his life to music.

He departed from Scranton in 1885, bent on entering the Leipsic University, but on arriving in London, changed his plans and concluded to enter the Musical College of Wales, to study under the tuition of Dr. Parry, where he graduated with the highest honors, being awarded the college medal for composition. He was appointed assistant teacher of the classes of sight-reading, harmony and counterpoint. He

left Dr. Parry in 1887, and studied with Dr. Fred T. Karn in London for two years. Upon leaving London Dr. Karn paid him the following glowing tribute: "His part songs for men's voices are some of the best specimens of this kind of compositions that I have ever heard." In 1890 he passed the degree of Bachelor of Music at Toronto University. He has had a successful career as an instructor in voice culture and the art of singing, and has prepared more candidates for musical degrees than any other man in America. Two of his pupils, Wm. Rhys Herbert of St. Paul, Minn., and B. Percy James of Exeter, N. H., winning silver and gold medals for the excellence of their work in the final examinations for the Mus. Bac. degree.

Prof. Davies left Scranton last year, and located in Pittsburg, Pa., where he is devoting his time to voice culture, harmony and theory.

About seven weeks preceding the holidays he was persuaded by his friends and admirers to take the conductorship of the Cambro-American Choral Society, and prepare it for the contest at the Cleveland Elsteddfod. Against many adverse circumstances and with but a limited time to prepare for the event, he entered the field against excellently trained organizations with a vim that characterizes all his undertakings. The result of the contest is known to all interested in Elsteddfodic affairs. Mr. Davies was awarded the gold medal, and his choir was proclaimed victor over eight opposing choirs. This contest is conceded to have been one of the most important held since the World's Fair National Elsteddfod, and certainly re-

reflects great credit upon Mr. Davies' ability as choral conductor. Apropos of this victory, it may not be amiss to state that this chorus in the first Mr. Davies has drilled for Eisteddfodic contests since attaining manhood; but we trust it will not be his last appearance in this capacity upon the Eisteddfodic platform.

Mr. Davies is an ardent Eisteddfodist, and has participated in some of the most successful festivals held in this country. He has filled the position of

dom" by the Penrhyn Male Chorus. There is a fund of fine melody in all his clever efforts. Prof. Davies is also the editor of the "Songs of Praises," a new gospel song book to be published soon by Mr. John B. Lodwick of Youngstown, Ohio, in the Welsh language, which will be before the public in a short time. Many of his new songs, which will appear in the above book, are destined to become popular, and the hymn "Jesus is His Name" in particular, promises to become a favorite among the Welsh



Prof. T. J. DAVIES, Mus. Bac.

musical adjudicator on numerous occasions, and his adjudications are always commendable for their characteristic candor and conciseness.

Probably as a composer of part songs there is no better known musician than Mr. Davies, and this assertion was attested by the selection of one of his part songs at the World's Fair Eisteddfod, and time will never eliminate from the memory of those present at that memorable gathering, the sublime rendition of "The Cambrian Song of Free-

people both in this country and in the Fatherland. Mr. Davies has been selected choir master of the First Welsh Congregational Church at Pittsburg, and is rendering universal satisfaction.

R. H. D.

The Bishop-elect of Bangor has shown that he has abundant common sense by selecting for his chaplain such a sturdy Welshman as the Rev. William Williams, of Mostyn.

The late Dean of Bangor (Edwards) was a great admirer of Principal Michael D. Jones and referred to him as a patriot of the first rank. It is the Rev. Eynon Davies that chronicles the fact in the December number of "Young Wales."

That bloodless warrior, Dr. Pan Jones, one of the late Principal Michael D. Jones's chief lieutenants, has been indisposed for several weeks, but his friends will learn with pleasure that his strength is slowly returning, and that he hopes soon to make things hum, and shadows move throughout Wales with his cinematograph.

General Sir J. Luther Vaughan, K.C.B., who has been seriously ill for some time past, served with distinction throughout the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, besides taking part in the North-West Frontier campaign. He is a younger brother of the late Dean Vaughan, an old Rugbeian, and the author of a Grammar and Vocabulary of the Pushtoo (Afghan) language.

A Welshman who has recently been on a visit to Gibraltar says he copied the following epitaph which he found in the British Cemetery on the Rock:—"Sacred to the Memory of Abraham Evans, Sarnau, Cardiganshire, late master of the ship St. Vincent, of Bristol, who died on the 18th of December, 1882, aged 30 years."

The Rev. John Mills, the Welsh missionary among the Jews, was the first preacher who appeared in a Corph pulpit with a full beard. Dr. Owen Thomas told him at the time that he hoped he would not preach before shaving, but he did, and, following his courageous example, there grew speedily a crop of bearded preachers in the Corph. By this time a clean-shaven preacher smacks of Popery.

It is very few writers in Wales that are able to illustrate their own articles or books. Conspicuously among the number stands Mrs. Hailg Thomas, authoress of "Spiderland." Her book is profusely and charmingly illustrated, and every illustration came from her own pencil, and are done in colors to actually represent the actual insect depicted.

It is reported that "Carmen Sylva" (the Queen of Roumania) has completed a poetic romance, the central figure of which is Owen Glendower, and its scenes are laid entirely in the Principality. The story is said to have a graceful touch of local color, and to reveal in a most interesting manner how closely "Carmen Sylva" has studied Welsh characteristics. It is to be dedicated to certain of her friends in the Principality.

One of the most wonderful things the "Pall Mall Gazette" knows about the Bishop-elect of Bangor is that "he can speak and write the language of w's and ll's as easily as the less ornamented one that does for us." It adds, however, that "of late years Welsh bishops of this kind have been the rule rather than the exception. They are worthy of the growing strength of the Church there, and the surest bulwark against Disestablishment."

Among the examiners at Oxford next year are Owen M. Edwards, Fellow of Lincoln College (the editor of "Cymru" and "Cymru'r Plant"), who is one of the five examiners in the Honor School of Modern History; A. E. Jolliffe, M. A., Fellow of Corpus (formerly lecturer at St. David's College, Lampeter), who is one of the three examiners for Mathematical Moderations; and Principal Bebb, of Lampeter, who examines in the Final Pass Schools.

It is worth noting that the appointment of Dean Williams to the see of Bangor raises the number of Bishop Williamses in the Anglican Communion to five, viz., Dr. John Williams, presiding Bishop of the American Church; Dr. W. S. Williams, Bishop of Walapu, N. Z.; Dr. G. M. Williams, Bishop of Marquette, U. S.; Dr. H. M. Williams, late Bishop of Yeddo, Japan; and now the very Rev. W. H. Williams, Bishop-elect of Bangor.

Mr. Stephen Williams, of Rhayader, a well-known authority on Welsh antiquities, states in the "Montgomeryshire Collections," that until recently it was common at funerals in that district for the attendants to carry a small stone or pebble in the hand, and on the arrival of the bier at the turn of the road leading to the church they threw the stone on a large heap that had accumulated there by similar means, saying as they threw it, "Carn ar dy ben."

Dr. Charles Edwards has completed the biography of his father, Dr. Lewis Edwards, and its publication is awaited with much interest. It is stated that the work will contain a great number of letters from well-known public men bearing upon various aspects of Welsh movements during the last fifty years. Among the most interesting of these letters will be those connected with the starting of the "Traethodydd" in 1845, and the subsequent removal of its publishing office from Denbigh to Holywell.

Mr. Owen R. Jones, Barrett, Kas., is a native of Llangadwaladr, Anglesea, N. W. He immigrated into the States in 1855. He lived in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Mississippi, and Illinois, where he worked for Mr. H. L. Sage, his father-in-law who still survives and lives at Barrett, in his 89th year. On the 9th of August, 1861, Mr. Jones enlisted in the 42nd Ill., Company C. He took part

in all the following battles: Farmington, Island No. 10, New Madrid, Corinth, Stone River, Tallahoma Campaign, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Rock Pass Ridge, Buzzard's Roost, Rasaca, New Hope Church, before Atlanta, Jonesboro, Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville. He was honorably discharged after five years of heroic service, and was soon married to Miss Annie Sage, his employer's daughter. He finally settled at Barrett, Kas., where he now owns a farm of 800 acres well stocked. To crown his brave career, he has raised a good family of four sons and five daughters, who are an honor to society. During his career as a soldier, he was hurt only once when a ball passed under the sole of his foot slightly wounding him. Mr. Jones has spent a very eventful life, and we wish him many returns of the day.

The death of the great Welsh pianist, Sebastian Bach Mills, occurred in Germany December 21, 1898. Mr. Mills was born at the very small village of Coity, Glamorganshire, S. W., in March, 1838. His father was an organist, and a great admirer of Bach's Preludes and Fuges, and although he saddled his son with that name, the boy survived it, and became a noted pianist of the nineteenth century. S. B. was educated in London and Germany. His memory was great, and his repertoire unusually large. Although he lived most of his time among foreigners, he was extremely proud of his nationality. He possessed a fine tenor voice, was quite a humorist, and a charming companion.—J. P. P.

The Rev. John Lloyd, the new chairman of the South Australia Congregational Union was born and educated at Bangor, North Wales. After his marriage he removed to Carnarvon, and in 1868 arrived in Wallaroo. He joined the Welsh Church, and soon became an active worker in the Sunday School. He

early identified himself with the temperance cause. His success was recognized, and he was invited to occupy the pulpit of the Welsh Church, and eventually undertook the pastorate. For his labors in the temperance movement he was presented with an address beautifully engraved on parchment, a purse of sovereigns, and a handsome medal. Mr. Lloyd is well known as a preacher, and has occupied the same pulpit for nearly 30 years. Mr. Lloyd, who was a widower for many years, married in 1887 the widow of the late Rev. M. Hodge of Port Adelaide. The Welsh people, anticipating that event, bought a residence for their pastor, and on his return from his marriage tour the Church members presented him with a handsome silver tea and coffee service.

It is stated that an attempt is to be made to bring out some unpublished works by the Welsh bard Mynyddog. The MSS. of these works are said to be at present in the possession of D. Emlyn Evans, who married Mynyddog's widow. They are believed to represent some of the very best work that Mynyddog ever turned out, and it is singular that they have been allowed to remain in MS. for so long.

"Allgemeine Musik Zeitung" on January 15 said: "At the Musical Academy Mr. D. Ffrangcon Davies introduced himself among us with marked effect. He is, indeed, an artist richly endowed with qualities calculated to win an audience. With the soft, carefully balanced cadence (klang) of his baritone voice

the singer caresses the ear, whilst he awes it with the power and the magnificent compass of an organ. And his delivery is equally enchanting. Freshness and resolution are its principal elements.

The head of the great firm of sugar refiners, Sir Henry Tate, whose daughter is married to a son of the late Mr. Thomas Gee, of Denbigh, is one of the most generous donors towards educational movements in Wales. He has given large sums towards the development of technical education in Wales, and has always encouraged scientific instruction of all kinds in the Principality. It is not long since he contributed £500 towards equipping the recently-acquired Bangor University College farm in Anglesey, and has offered to double that amount provided the remainder of the total sum required (about £700) is raised.

Madame Mary Owen, who before her marriage with Mr. E. J. Griffith, M. P., was well known on the concert platform, is now in Paris undergoing a short course of training under Madame Marchesi, whose method is accounted to be the very best. After leaving Paris M^dme. Owen proposes to go to Berlin to hear the best operas, and profit by hints and instructions from some of the leading artistes. All this is preparatory to her resumption of her profession in England.

Principal Bebb, of Lampeter College, is busily learning the Welsh language.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

Admire a baby and the mother always looks pleased. Admire her dog and she glares at you. Maybe the reason for this is that she is quite sure you do not wish to steal the baby, but isn't altogether certain regarding your attentions where the dog is concerned.—Exchange.

The Greeks were perhaps the most temperate of the ancient nations. True, they had their wine, but it was of a mild character, containing but little alcohol, yet they never drank it without the addition of water, and to drink it otherwise they deemed would be the act of a barbarian. In short, the Greek drank for exhilaration, and never allowed his cups to carry him beyond it.

The story of the Welsh editor who told a contributor to stop sending in astronomical notes because they were not local enough has been beaten in Scotland. During the great gale lately, the bellman of a village in Perthshire went through the village proclaiming for the information of all those interested in the eclipse of the moon which was expected to occur that evening, that "owing to the inclemency of the weather, the total eclipse of the moon will not take place to-night. It has been postponed till further notice."

TO ABOLISH SNORING.

Ed. Jack of Wyandotte, Kan., has applied for a patent for a contrivance to prevent snoring. It is based on the theory that no one can snore with his

mouth shut. Mr. Jack has arranged a bridle of rubber webbing to accomplish this purpose. A band is passed over the forehead and around the back of the neck above the ears, while another goes under the chin with a cross band over the jaw to keep it in place. There are buckles to adjust the bridle to all sizes of heads. Mr. Jack also claims that his invention can be utilized to keep babies from crying, and women from talking.

WANTED SOMETHING REAL.

We are afraid this story has more merit than truth. In connection with a Welsh country church there was an old parish clerk who never missed attending in the morning and afternoon, but always went to a Dissenting chapel in the evening, as there was no service at night in the church. At last the clerk found himself driven into a corner by the advent of a new rector, who determined to add another service. When he told the clerk that thenceforth they must have a service in the evening the old man exclaimed, "O, don't do that, sir, or I shan't be able to go to a place of worship at all."

THROUGH FRENCH EYES.

We have already told how the American Admiral Dewey, the victor of Manila, was writing review articles at fifty francs a line, and that his rival, Gen. Wheeler, the conqueror of Porto Rico, had received 6,000 francs for his story of his campaign. Meanwhile Lieut. Hobson, the hero of Santiago, is deriv-

ing profit from his popularity in a much less prosaic way; he organizes kissing tours throughout the cities of the Union.

Every evening he hires a parlor in a great hotel, and gives out notice that he will receive all the married ladies and young women of the city. He gives each one his autograph in exchange for a kiss. The transatlantic newspapers announce that he has just beaten the record in this form of sport by embracing at Kansas City 220 blonds and 107 brunettes within the space of two hours.

o:o

SCIENTIFIC.

Prior to the decline of pugilism, the doings of the prize ring were duly chronicled by sporting papers. The following specimens of the slang will afford a sufficient idea of the character of this kind of literature. The mouth was called the potato-trap, the kisser, the whistler, the grubber, and the oration-trap; the nose variously described as the claret-jug, the smeller, the sneezer, the snorer, the sniffer, the proboscis, the nozzle, the snout, the scent box and the snuff-box; the ear as the conk; and the eyes as the daylights, the peepers, the squinters, the goggles, &c.

o:o

AN ANCIENT SPORT.

A custom that died last century was characteristic of the age when the first gentleman of the land considered a main of cocks a necessary adjunct to a banquet from which even Epicurus would have risen and cried: "Quantum sufficit." The custom referred to was observed every Christmas Eve, when a fox was let loose in the great hall, and then "hunted" by nine or ten couple of hounds. After Reynard had been torn limb from limb, to the intense delight of our be-wigged and be-powdered ancestors, a harmless domestic cat was "turned down," and the cruel farce was repeated.

NEW SCIENCE.

It is a good story that has gone the rounds that a Christian Science lady, who was zealous in the new light, asked her Irish chambermaid: "Biddy, how is your grandfather now?" Biddy answered: "He is very poorly, ondade, mum; he has the rheumatism so badly." "Why, Biddy," said she, "there is no such thing as rheumatism; he thinks so." "Yes, mum." A few days later the lady asked again: "Biddy, does your grandfather still think he has the rheumatism?" "Oh, no, mum; poor mon, he thinks he's dead now; we buried him yesterday."

o:o

PRIMA FACIE.

Old things often take on new impressions under a new definition.

A certain learned judge, famous for his brogue and his wit, was asked by a jurymen what was prima facie evidence. The judge replied in his broadest Hibernian:

"Supposin', me good man, you were goin' along a road an' you saw a man comin' 'out of a public house—an' supposin' you saw him dhrawing' the shleeve of his coat across his mouth, that's prima facie evidins that he was after havin' a dhrink."—Youth's Companion.

o:o

SEND BOTH.

A speculator who had made a large fortune out of a medicine for a disease common amongst sheep, thought that a fine market for his patent would be found in Australia. He knew there were enormous number of sheep in that country, so he sent out his son to open up this most promising connection. The young man wrote to his father:—"This is a splendid place. The sheep are as plentiful as was reported, and I have no doubt we could do a glorious busi-

ness if we had the chance. But before sending me out here you should have sent the sheep disease. They haven't got it, and unless you can let me have a box of microbes, I had better come home."

—o:o—

BETROTHALS IN SPAIN.

A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain in regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favor upon a handsome senorita and wishes to gain her hand calls on the parents for three successive days at the same hour of the day. At the last call he leaves his walking stick, and if he is to win the desired bride the cane is handed to him when he calls again. But if he is not regarded with favor the cane is thrown into the street, and in this way the young man is made to understand that further calls will be useless.

—o:o—

RUSKIN AND THE BEGGAR.

When Ruskin was at Rome there was a beggar on the steps of the Pincio who begged of him every day as he passed, and who always received something. On one occasion the grateful beggar suddenly caught the out-stretched hand and kissed it. Mr. Ruskin stopped short, drew his hand hastily away, and then, with a sudden impulse, bending forward, kissed the beggar's cheek. The next day the man came to Mr. Ruskin's lodging to find him, bring a gift, which he offered with tears in his eyes. It was a relic, he said; a shred of brown cloth which had once formed part of the robe of St. Francis.

—o:o—

SANTA CLAUS.

"Ouida," ever enthusiastic where children are concerned, thus discourses about Santa Claus: "Christmas is essentially the children's holiday. Of all festivals in the year none other appeals

so powerfully to the juvenile imagination. The happy Christmas Days of childhood are never forgotten. The keen, genuine delight they bring, both of anticipation and realisation, leave a lasting impression upon the memory. The wish of all loving friends is to make Christmas a special time of rejoicing for the children, and essential to this end are the outward and visible signs of the approaching day. A certain air of mystery should prevail, and the little ones kept on the *qui vive* as to what will actually take place. Decorations of a suitable kind give a holiday aspect to the home, and greatly enhance other festive contributions to Christmas routine. There are many ways of bestowing Christmas presents, every family being a law unto itself in this matter."

—o:o—

LUCKY FOR THE LAST "NEXT."

There were five of us hunting and fishing in the Queensland bush, when one rainy day a stranger appeared. He said he was a tramp barber, and as none of us had been shaved for a fortnight we gave him half a day's work.

About four hours after he had left us a band of six men rode up and the leader inquired if we had seen a tall, roughly dressed man pass that way. We told him of the barber, and he looked from man to man and exclaimed:

"Good gracious, but you are all freshly shaved!"

"Yes, we gave the barber a job."

"And he shaved every one of you?"

"He did, and did it well."

"Boys, do you hear that?" shouted the man as he turned to his companions.

"What of it?" asked one of our party.

"Why, he went insane yesterday and cut a man's throat in his barber chair over at Unadilla, and we're after him to put him in an asylum."

They rode away at a gallop, and next

morning returned to our camp with the man, who had been captured after a hard fight, and was tied on his horse. He seemed to remember us when he was given a drink of water, and as he handed the cup back he quietly observed:

"I say, gentlemen, please excuse me. I meant to finish off the last man who got shaved, but I got thinking of something else, and it slipped my mind!"—
Sydney Herald.

—o:o—

THE WAY HE DOES IT.

Writing of the eccentricities of Herr Strauss, the dance music composer, a Vienna writer says he is as nervous as a composer as he is a director. Clad in a velvet costume, with patent leather boots reaching to his knees, his eyes aflame and in a fit of inspiration, he goes striding through the house like a maniac. If inspiration does not come to him in the salon, he clutches his papers and goes to his bedroom or to his wife's boudoir. Sometimes the waltz begun in the parlor is finished in the kitchen. Mme. Strauss, who appreciates and understands her husband's habits, has half a dozen pianos scattered through the house, and in each room a table with writing materials, so that in whatever nook her husband finds himself he is quite at home. Mme. Strauss was once a favorite actress on the Vienna stage.

—o:o—

FIFE AND DRUM.

At Rouse's Point N. Y., recently, a marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Deband, the contracting parties being a printer from near

Buffalo, named James Fife, and Lizzie Drum, of Montreal. After the ceremony the groom, on leaving, placed an envelope in Elder Deband's hand, and the good parson looked as if he had made a scoop. Soon after the new marriage couple had departed, the parson opened the envelope, and only found therein a note, which read:

Oh, my, it's grand—

Married to beat Deband;

Yum, yum, yum,

Respectfully, Fife and Drum.

The minister, in telling the story, said: "After this I'll take no part in a marriage ceremony if there is a printer in it." And he solemnly shook his head and went to a prayer-meeting.—Silas W. Read.

—o:o—

AN EDITORIAL APOLOGY.

Two leading teetotal lights of the "lang toun" of Kirkcaldy, Scotland, were returning home one night after attending a highly successful temperance meeting, when they managed to get spilled out of their trap, receiving some damage. A local editor, after giving full details of the accident, added with grim humor, "Fortunately both gentlemen were sober at that time." The veiled suggestion that they were not customarily sober greatly irritated the temperate couple, and a strong letter was written to the editor demanding an apology. The apology duly appeared. It ran: "Messrs. _____ and _____ demand an apology for our having stated that at the time of their accident they were both sober. We have pleasure in withdrawing our observation."

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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Sir Edward Poynter's Mosaic of St. David.

In the Central Hall of Parliament.

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THE TRUE BASIS OF THE WORLD'S UPLIFTMENT.

By Rev. W. R. Evans, Peniel O.

Every school boy has heard of Archimedes, who fondly dreamt that if he had a lever long enough and a platform solid enough to place his lever he could lift up this terrestrial globe of ours and literally turn the world upside down. But the philosopher did not accomplish his project on account of insurmountable ifs. Now our aim in this article is to present the true platform upon which the world is to be lifted, not literally, but mentally, socially, politically and morally.

Many and conflicting are the theories proposed by philosophers of various schools. The fulcrum upon which naturalists would have us adjust our lever for the uplifting of the race is Evolution. The theory in substance is this: Man is an organized force of nature impelled by primitive instincts and under the action of climate, soil and other "cosmic influences," necessarily developing in the line of his actual his-

tory. The race is improved by propagating in accordance with the law of natural selection. In the struggle for existence, the strong crowd out the weak, and transmit their own superiority to their offspring. Exercising his ingenuity to supply his wants man discovers and invents; his intellect is sharpened and becomes a factor in his progress. To sum the matter, it is simply this: The progress of man is by the development of vital force within, under the action of the external forces of nature. By these forces working together they account for all progress in art, science, civilization, government social and domestic life, religion and morality, and for all rational ideas and systems. We concede that the theory contains much that is true. Man is endowed with intellectual, voluntary and physical powers, by the exercise of which advancement in knowledge mastery over nature is acquired. But knowledge is only an increase of

power, and as Bacon says, power may be as bad as well as a good thing.

The theory, presented on paper, is plausible and enticing, especially to those who have spent their lives in the study of physical science. But the history of the world and the experience of mankind clearly demonstrate its fallacy. Dr. Harris, president of Bowdoin College says: "History presents no instance of a barbarous tribe rising into civilization by its native energies, and without being quickened by influences from without itself. If the naturalistic theory is true, it is pertinent to ask why in all human history, no instance was ever found of the spontaneous growth of a barbarous tribe into civilization. Any theory reflected by historical facts must be false. Superior muscular power, mechanical skill, and mastery over nature may be acquired by the law of "struggle for existence," but to ascribe the progress of man, from the low place of barbarism to the high place of enlightened civilization to the operation of the law of the "survival of the fittest," and "natural selection," is absurd to the extreme. Enlightened civilization is not effected by tribe force nor mental superiority, but by the realization of moral and spiritual ideas; viz., liberty of conscience, the rights of man; universal reign of justice and love; "government of the people, by the people, and for the people;" the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

These ideas must enter into the very life of man, as a dominating and constructive force, before a high state of civilization can be attained. I can not find language strong enough to express my utter contempt of the naturalist theory of securing the brotherhood of man, and the universal reign of justice and love. Its practical tendency is precisely the opposite. The fundamental principle of the law of the survival of the fittest, is selfishness. The stronger conquers the weaker, and compels him to serve. Authority rests on force; might makes right. Survival of the fittest means subjugation or extermination of the weakest. All naturalistic theories must inevitably fail for the very reason that they build from below up instead of from the top down.

The positive philosophy of Comte is a good illustration. It is a well known mechanical principle, that in order to gain leverage the fulcrum must be placed on a higher elevation than the object to be lifted; also fulcrum must have basis other than the object itself; otherwise it would be like a man trying to lift himself up by pulling on his boots. Action and re-action would be equal. There is also inertia, that must be overcome by forces from without. The same principle prevails in the spiritual realm. Humanity is lifted up by a power from without and from above. The power of God must come down upon humanity. God is love, Jesus Christ is love incarnate. God is purity, and his

purity and love revealed in the cross of Christ quickens the conscience and touches the heart of humanity. "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men to myself. "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star;" but his advice would have comprehended all wisdom had he but said not a star, but the Star of Bethlehem.

Jean Paul Richter speaks of Christ as the holiest among the holy, and the mightiest among the mighty, who lifted with his pierced hands empires out of their hinges; turned the stream of centuries out of their channel and still governs the age. Says Peabody, "Demonstrably here, Christ was not a life spontaneously developed out of humanity but a life coming down upon humanity from above, an energy of God's redeeming grace entering a new and renovating power into the history of man." History every where confirms the above statement. His teachings underlie all our modern civilization, all progress and all philanthropy. His gospel gave the world the Magna Charta, and the Declaration of Independence. The first influence of Christianity in starting humanity in its upward career was to create the idea of the worth and sacredness of man as man; the idea of the individual as having "inalienable" rights involved in his own personality.

The heathen sages did not possess this idea. Max Muller says the word "mankind" never passed the

lips of Socrates, Plato or Aristotle. Where the Greek saw barbarians we see brethren. There is now neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all. God hath made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth. These words have broken the shackles of slavery wherever proclaimed. Altruism and philanthropy are empty words unless vitalized by the spirit of Christ. Wherever you will find almshouse, hospital for the epileptic, deaf, dumb and blind, you may be assured that Jesus of Nazareth has passed that way. The naturalism or the positivism of Comte or even the humanitarianism of J. Stewart Mill has never erected an asylum. All the teachings of Pagan philosophers were unable to quicken and guide human progress to the realization of moral and spiritual ideas and ends.

Now in conclusion we would emphatically assert that the only basis upon which we may adjust our lever to effect the upliftment of a fallen and benighted race is the Rock of Ages. Let us in conducting our operation for the renovation of the race build on this solid foundation. Enlightened civilization is Christocentric. Hence Christian nations are the most progressive. In the march of civilization England and America are foremost. This is due not to superiority of blood, culture and knowledge, but to the influence that have emanated from the Gospel of the Crucified. The eloquence and sagacity of Plato and Socrates

failed to save the Grecian states. They went down into the night upon which the sun never shone. So did Rome, Egypt and Babylon sink into the tomb of dead nations, because their civilization was not built on solid foundation. There is

an evolution, a progress upward in history, but it proceeds not from below but from Him "who is the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature" (Col. i. 15-18.) First the spiritual, then, the material.



THE CITY'S LIGHTS.

By Llinos Taf.

My cottage stands on the brow of a hill,
And watches the pranks of a rippling rill,
Which vies in its play with the children
 dear,

Who cross it daily to the schoolhouse near.

My neighbors' dwellings on every hand
Encircle my premises like a band;
Except one patch, whence the balmy
 breeze

Visit me, dancing through the apple trees.

Thus I'm encompassed through the busy
 day,

All fair surroundings are cut away;

But from a nook of my nest at nights

I catch a glimpse of the city's lights.

How clear, how brilliant, how passing fair
They look as they glimmer and dance out
 there;

From the stately river up to the heights,

How peaceful all seems 'neath the city's
 lights.

As I stand there gazing my thoughts take
 wing,

And swift as an arrow from an archer's
 string

They skim the distance like airy sprites,
And wander under the city's lights.

Unseen and silent on alley and street,

They scan the faces of people they meet;

And there read stories of weakness and
 might,

That dwell side by side 'neath the city's
 lights.

The splendid mansions with turret and
 hall,

And the humble cabins so mean and small,
Some with their blessings and others their
 blights,

There they are mingled with the city's
 lights.

The church and the gilded saloon are there,
The Christian's refuge and the devil's
 snare;

The stronghold of wrong and the fortress
 of right

Both claim their places 'neath the city's
 light,

My weary thoughts in disgust away turn.
For some purer scenes they sincerely
 yearn;

And they get them plentiful there, in spite
Of Satan's men-traps 'neath the city's light.

They find the hard-handed laborer there,
And his busy wife with their load of care;
But the love of Christ makes their burden
 light,

And they sleep in peace 'neath the city's
 light.

May God have mercy on the vice-bound
 throng,

Lead them to duty from the paths of
 wrong;

And bless his children from his mansion
 bright,

In their love-lit homes 'neath the city's
 light.

A WELSH RIP VAN WINKLE.

By J. Garnon.

This is a kind of traditionary story which I received of my father, who in turn heard it from the lips of his father who died and was buried in the year 1800; therefore the incidents of this mysterious tale happened in the last century. It is a story of love, suspicion and mystery; and, however much we may desire to have its secrets revealed, the fact is that Doomsday alone will scatter the impenetrable mist that enwraps them.

Hazleglen is one of the most beautiful spots in South Wales, where my grandfather and father spent their days in peace. On the side of a little ascent between the two tributaries which make up what I used to consider a great river, lies the little graveyard, where generations of the peasant population await in peace the sound of the angel's trumpet. The last time I visited the burial ground was when my mother's remains were laid to rest there; and that afternoon happening to be exceptionally fine I never remember the sacred spot but it smiles under a beautiful sunshine. On the other side of the valley is the Middle Wood Farm, which my grandfather rented when a young man and which my father held until his death, when the family moved to town, my elder brother having

engaged in the hardware business. Further up the valley was the Upper Wood Farm, and adjoining to the south the Lower Wood Farm, our hero's home, whose name was Ap Shon Shenkyn.

Ap Shon Shenkyn was the only child of his parents who had lost a family of small children prior to his birth. Death seemed to have been extremely cruel in her operations towards the good man and his wife, and when little Ap appeared on the family stage, the neighbors anticipated the same fate to him; but happily through the intervention of Providence, or the increased compassionateness on the part of death, excited by the unusual beauty of the child, Ap survived, and thrived and grew to be one of the finest and handsomest of men. It seemed as if the storm of death had blown over before Ap came, for plagues and epidemics act as if subject to the same natural law as fitful gusts of wind or unaccountable rains..

As soon as Ap was born the clouds dispersed, the sky became brilliant, the meadows and the hills of life became dressed in new light and colors, and the sorrowing and almost broken-hearted parents were healed of their sore bereavements by the sweet society of the smiling little Ap. Aunt Shoned used to

remark that the good qualities of the departed little ones had been all treasured in Ap's heart, which seemed to be quite rational, because he was exceptionally handsome and unusually good, industrious and considerate of his parent. When hardly of age, Ap took charge of the farm management, and the parents experienced satisfactory relief in anticipating their closing days being watched over by their dutiful son, their graves adorned by the flowers of his love and the tears of his sorrow. But the future is an unexplored and inexorable country.

Love breeds rivalry and hate, and so our tale develops into considerable unpleasantness. Across the valley from Lower Wood Farm was the home of our hero's ladylove, whose beautiful name was Gwenllian, which signifies the "White Nun." Gwenllian, or abbreviated, Gwen, was a "joy forever" to Ap; and often it might be noticed how they signaled to each other across the valley when they desired each other's society, and as a result of this private signaling, they were often seen walking along the river bank whispering words of love in each other's ears. The only time their youthful love sorrowed and fretted was during a season of heavy rain when the flooded stream would prevent their meeting. Love breeds rivalry, aye, and plots and schemes of wicked intents which wet the eyes of love and create glee in the heart of envy. The plotter and

schemer in this case was the owner of the Upper Wood Farm, a young man of 30 winters, who had cast a sinister eye for some time on their wooing. He had made brilliant offers to Gwen; he had bowed low before her; had laid his wealth at her feet; had spread before her eyes all manner of fairy promises and made the most fascinating protestations of love; but to no purpose. Ap's love outweighed everything; his word was stronger than anything the serpentine rival could devise. Every failure embittered him; every victory of Ap over his persistent plotting enraged him until a spirit of recklessness possessed him and he began to feel his hatred uncontrollable. Her parents, dazzled by the schemer's prospects, favored his constant wooing, also used every moral means, and even threats to bring about her surrender. The schemer covered all his malice with courtesy and smiles. Ap's success only served to intensify her parents' opposition, which ended very soon in Gwenny's utter bondage. She was finally confined to the house and Ap was warned not to come nigh. His life became clouded and his future gloomy.

II

At this juncture an old friend of his father, who had returned from America, visited the Lower Wood Farm on his way to Swansea, where he intended to embark for his voyage westward. He rode a horse which he would sell as soon as he

would have reached port. He spent Sunday at the farm, all day entertaining the family with incredible tales of the wonderland across the ocean, which in the last century was little known, and whose history was but fairy tales to the com-

would check and break the spell of imagination which the story-teller had cast over him. Monday morning the visitor prepared to depart, and Ap could not think of leaving him go alone; so he resolved to accompany him awhile over the



The next morning the colt stood at the door, mute and riderless!

mon people. He talked of untrammelled freedom, of interminable forests, of wide rivers and magnificent inland seas! He related stories of adventures among Indians, and hair-breadth escapes from the wily savages. Ap listened to all these with absorbing interest, and it appeared as if the stranger had converted him to lead the life of a Western freeman. It was the thought of his parents alone that

mountain path. He reined and saddled the colt, and was away with the strange American. The morning, afternoon and evening passed, with no sign of Ap's return. The solemn old time-piece tick-tocked in the parlor hour after hour, until twelve o'clock when his father and mother became incontrollable. The old man aroused up the neighbors to see what could be done. Some went miles over the heath to a vil-

lage in search of the lost youth; several had seen the twain together going westward, but no one had seen their parting or Ap on the return path. Next morning the colt stood at the door, mute and riderless! Day after day, week after week, month after month, passed; and sighs and tears at the old home testified to the prolonged absence of the young man!

III.

Many sensitive hearts have observed the indifference of nature to the sufferings and sorrows of humanity. Even the morrow of direful catastrophes or a heart-breaking bereavement shines as bright as ever; and the stars of the following night may twinkle as innocently as ever! Days come and go, and events happen as if no joy had disappeared or no heart had been crushed.

Spring, summer, fall and winter came in their natural order; sowing and harvesting; children born and baptized, young people married, and the dead buried. Events followed each other with the usual regularity. Gwenny after a year of tearful opposition to her parents' oppressive measures was married to the man she hated, who within two years died a violent death leaving her widowed with a girl-child. She lived to see her father and mother pass away and to help comfort Ap's parents during their gradual descent down the valley of the shadow of death. She lived to place

flowers and shed tears on their silent graves; and grew gray with sorrowing thought of a lost love and an impenetrable mystery. Every morning dawned and every night darkened like a heart-rending query. The breeze seemed to say "where?" and the river murmured "mystery." Her heart was always asking and everything about her was mockingly silent.

Every one had discussed Ap's mysterious disappearance without



Old Ap.

avail. Many arguments were plied pro and con; all plausible, and yet unsatisfactory. There were difficulties in the way of believing that he had accompanied the stranger, and there were suspicions that he might have been violently removed. There had been far-fetched conjec-

tures and most suspicious whisperings. There was talk of certain burdened hearts and death-bed revelations; but silence reigned and the mystery remained. It seemed to be a case for Doomsday. Although some had prayed for light, no light came. Guilty hearts, if there were any, went silent down to the grave.

The shades of the evening of life were fast falling around the heart of our heroine; her daughter had happily married years ago, and had a joyous and prosperous family which cast a mellowing influence around the end of the martyred grandmother; her life-sun had sunk beyond the hills of old age; resignation had already seen the twinkling of early stars in the darkening heaven; and the joys of life, like little song birds, had long gone to rest. Love of life had faded gradually, until death like an angel had seated herself near her armchair ready to do her bidding. A few moments before she breathed her last, she was heard to whisper, "The waters are subsiding fast, I shall see him soon;" even in her dying moment her heart being occupied with the thoughts of girlhood. Among tears and sighings, an old man of very angelic mien, with long white hair, mysteriously entered the room, and spoke to the sorrowing family: "I had crossed the waters to meet her, but I see she is gone to the other side. I leave you peace, I leave you peace" he repeated as he disappeared. The

same uninvited apparition was seen by members of the family close to them during the burial service, and also during the lowering of the remains in the graveyard; and the following Sunday evening was seen



The Sexton.

by the sexton among the graves, after which he went as unaccountably as he came.

This apparition led to considerable argument as to who the old stranger was; for very few were living who knew anything of the disappearance of our hero fifty years since. The sexton was about the only one old enough to recollect the strange departure of Ap and the exciting times that followed. Some argued that he was Ap Shon Shenkyn himself returned home after a prolonged sojournment in America, supporting this view with his own saying that he had "crossed the waters;" while the sexton from his great experience and fa-

miliarity with ghosts and other grave matters, explained that the "waters" referred to the river of death, quoting the old Welsh hymns "Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau" and

"Ar lan Iorddonen ddofn, &c.," and finishing his plea with the striking remark that his whole demeanor showed him to have spent much time in yonderland.



A RELIC FROM WALES.

(Delivered at Columbus, O., March 1st, '99.)

Rev. J. Vinson Stephens, Radnor, O.

While casting about for a suitable object to discuss on St. David's day Ruth rushed into the study with a curious matchbox which I brought from the old country, crying, as she held it in her hand, "What is this, papa?" "It is a relic from Wales," said I. But it occurred to me that since a matchbox is a reservoir of light and heat, I might use it to light our Patron Saint's shrine, and to kindle a fire upon his altar. What is peculiar about this box is that its contents will not strike save on it. One may rub them gently or roughly on any other kind of material but they will not light, yet they will ignite most readily on their own box. When they were first introduced I saw a person in a railroad car attempting to light them, but after repeated fruitless efforts to do so, one by one the matches were discarded. "Dogone these danged confounded matches; every one of the blamed things are damp, never saw the like of it before," disgustedly muttered

the disappointed man. "No, sir," said a fellow-passenger, "those matches are neither damp, damned, nor confounded; they are of the best kind of matches; they simply refuse to burn because they are charged not to do so on any consideration except when used on their own box." We cannot fail thinking as we look upon this little box' limited capacity of service that there is an element of selfishness about it, and of all mean men there is not a more detestable character than the one who prays morning, noon, and night:

"O, Lord! bless me and my wife.

My son John and his wife,

We four and no more. Amen."

One good feature about these matches is that they reserve their usefulness for home service. And would it not be an estimable blessing to many of us if we would, instead of frittering our light and heat in places of public amusements, reserve it for the enhancement of our joy and happiness at our own homes.

The neglect of home is the saddest feature of life. A husband and a father has no right to squander his money nor to waste his time in clubs and opera houses at the expense of the comforts of his neglected family. There is something radically wrong when a man seeks his pleasures and joys outside his home circle, and yet there are many—far too many—who as soon as the evening meal is over hasten to the club room to play billiards or to the bar room to indulge in their social glass, or if not mean enough to do either of those crimes, go to the Y. M. C. A. Building to play checkers and crock-kindle. It is not to be wondered that the breakfast of these men often consists of hot tongue and cold shoulder. We have a very large proportion of these undesirable individuals also in the country. Men who loaf all the year round in the postoffice or the blacksmith shop. They are the wisecracks of our great Republic. Congress and Senate are governed by them. Even General Egan the other day had to borrow not a few of his vituperatives and invectives from their choice adjectives, and who, by the way, like them, will be for the next six years without a job. But one of them had a very remarkable experience lately. On a very hot day in August he went to the thick of the woods in search of a soothing shade; while enjoying it a severe storm suddenly broke upon him, and to avoid its torrents he forced himself through a crevice into the trunk of a hollow

tree. The happy thought of turning the old tree's hollowness into such manifest convenience gave even unto his sour disposition such a fleeting pleasure that he became oblivious of the fierceness of the raging elements. It was now dark and the storm still reigned with unabated strength. He was obliged to stay all night in his primeval house. By morning the storm was over and the sky again as calm as a June morning. He thought he would go home to report himself to his family, but, principally to get his breakfast. But, alas! the rain had so swollen the tree that the opening, through which he had, on the previous night, forced himself with considerable difficulty, had become too small to afford an exit. However hard he would try, and whatever tactics he would adopt, there was no possible way to get out. Fear seized and shook him until he quaked like an aspen leaf in his horrible oaken casket, nevertheless he couldn't get out. Then the appalling fact that he would be starved to death turned his thoughts to religious matters, but he couldn't get out. He prayed earnestly and more fervently still but he couldn't get out. Then he began to think of his neglected home, how he had spent his days and long evenings loafing in stores and shops until a deep sense of his meanness towards his injured family made him feel so small that he came out with plenty of elbow room. Like these matches let us reserve our useful-

ness for home service, let no place of amusement be illuminated by the light that should shine in our own shrines.

These matches have framed a ring to the intent never to act in any pilfering hand, and that is a perfectly square ring. They emphatically decline to be used by everybody under all circumstances; they have an iron-clad law from which they never swerve neither to light nor to heat the world except through the central source. And if there is any guiding principle which our people need adopt in order to enhance our usefulness it is that of concentration of power. Too long have we tolerated our influence to be frittered away purposelessly. Too long have we allowed ourselves to be used by other nationalities to drag their burdens in pain and sweat. Bosses of every shade of politics have taken advantage of our good nature and of our inborn belief that we were good for nothing but to interpret the choruses of the great masters and to write poetry. But, lately, we have awakened to the fact that very few things in this world of stern realities can be

bought for a song. If we would advance as a people, we must be united, and concentrate our national power. In this age of machinery nothing can be accomplished without an organization, and we must be organized as a nation, and if we cannot play the part of the fly-wheel in the great machinery, let us content ourselves to be a burr on it, which though small is an indispensable part of the great whole. Let us help each other to get over the hill to the Hall. Be it the first article in the Celtic creed "I believe that any good Celt occupying a high position cannot fail to elevate his clan," and vote accordingly. There are many little niches in our governmental buildings, ranging from penitentiary chaplaincy to mayoralty which our countrymen would fill with grace and dignity, and the way to reach them is for every one to push the man in front of him. Persistent pushing will prevail. Fellow countrymen, let us on our Patron Saint's day resolve to preserve our Celtic personality by the concentration of our individual forces on the altar of Cambro-American patriotism.



Hail to thee, my Land beloved!
Hail again, my bonnie Wales!
Hail thy bryniau and thy mountains,
Hail thy daisy covered dales!
Though the billows swell between us
Yet my love continues strong,
In my heart thy name is treasured
Like an everlasting song!

OUR PATRON SAINT.

By David Davis.

From among the popular traditions and the sacred myths which almost cover the real lives of Patron Saints, we may discover some facts which seem to reveal the ruling instincts of the peoples who have chosen them as their national representatives. However numerous and fabulous these stories of the saints may be, each sumtotal points out one or two facts which show unmistakably the prevailing or the ruling national tendency. If the nation be military, the saint will be a soldier, more or less; if the nation be intensely religious, the saint will be purely a pious, peaceful character. It is not to be expected that a people of expansive instincts, a belligerent nation would choose for a patron, a quiet, pious, peaceful teacher using moral suasion only. This is especially the case with England, and with Scotland to a less degree; but as regards Ireland and Wales, we find it otherwise. An expansive people like the English and the controlling element in the British Empire, must need possess the soldier quality which opposition to its career must call for. This represents the governing and the executive power which the pure Celt seem not to have. The patron saints of Ireland and Wales are both

without the least sign of violence or military ardor in their nature. They are purely spiritual with moral aims and using moral means only.

St. George the English patron saint, is the most military of the four. The Scotch St. Andrew comes next; while St. Patrick and St. David are both very much alike in temper and disposition. The Welsh have never thought of claiming St. George and St. Andrew as having Welsh blood, but they seem to have been drawn toward the Irish saint instinctively by reason of his striking resemblance to their own ideal saint; and, therefore, love to think and believe him to have been born, bred and educated in Wales. They both had the same principles and methods. They both lack the military instinct. The English and Scotch saints are soldiers and both have taken part in the military achievements of the people they represent.

During the time of the Crusaders, enthusiasm for the soldier-saint George, was excited to a high degree, and his popularity became general among the Christian nations of Europe. England, Portugal Aragon and others assumed him as their patron. Frederick of Austria instituted an order of knighthood

on St. George's day, and other nations also honored him. But very soon St. George became pre-eminently English and has remained English. At the siege of Calais, Edward III drew his sword, with the exclamation: "Ha, St. Edward! Ha! St. George!" and inspired with the example and words of their King, the English fell on the French and routed them sorely. Later, St. George's day was observed the same as Christmas; and the saint was received as the spiritual patron of the English soldiery. It is interesting to observe how the pious Edward was ignored to make room for this militant St. George, because he more fully satisfies the religio-military character of the English people.

St. Andrew, the patron saint of the Scotch, is also possessed of the military element. Tradition informs us that at a critical juncture he rendered valuable military assistance to a Scotch army under King Achaius. Although the story is legendary it serves to show that the Scotch instinct is largely English. St. Andrew being more military than religious, and the soldier-saint was adopted on account of his supposed fighting qualities. The thistle also became the national emblem by reason of its relation to an episode of war. According to a common tradition, the Danes, or some northern invaders, came upon the Scotch, rather unexpectedly in the night, and one of the enemy's spies, while approaching the Scot-

tish camp accidentally trod on a thistle and uttered a loud imprecation which aroused the Scots who at once attacked the enemy and gained a victory. Others, disposed to provoke our hyperborean neighbors, have discovered another element in St. Andrew's character which is eminently Scottish, viz, his eye to business; because, as is said in John 6:8, it was Andrew that found the boy with the loaves and fishes. The Scotchman resembles the pious man which Sir Walter Scot likens to a duck which never turns an eye to heaven but it turns the other towards earth.

Now in Sts. Patrick and David we behold the pure Christian elements without the slightest admixture of the worldly-military. They are creations of the pure Celtic heart. Even in their genealogy we find this. Patrick was the son of Calpurnius, a deacon, who was the son of Politus, a priest; and his mother was a sister of St. Martin. David is still better off. He was the son of a nun and descended from a sister of Mary, the mother of Jesus. These stories show how fondly the Celtic mind loves the spiritual and ideal in life. Patrick and David utterly lack the soldier characteristics we find so prominent in the patron saints of England and Scotland. While we see St. George and St. Andrew adopted expressly on account of their fighting qualities, we find the patron saints of Ireland and Wales beloved by reason of their Christianizing acts.

These did not fight in coats-of-mail, with sword and battle axe, but simply and confidently with the word of God. The sum of Patrick's labors is 365 churches built and 12,000 converts baptized; and Wales also honors a saint who traveled about building churches and schools, his entire life given to benevolence and charity. He begged of the well-to-do to give to the poor. They both took up arms against the kingdoms and principalities of evil. Patrick adopted the shamrock because it represents the mystery of the Trinity and the Welsh saint the leek because it symbolizes life perennial.

There are two legends in the life of St. David which are peculiarly Welsh and which never fail to touch and interest the Kymric heart—the story of the golden-beaked dove teaching the young student, David, hymns, and the story of his preaching so successfully and so gloriously at the great Cymanfa at Llanddewi Brevi. He shows his beautiful modesty, which our modern preachers may emulate, by his diffidence in such an august presence, at first declining to preach but finally acquiescing and performing his task with such triumphant eloquence that the ground whereon he was pulped rose under him into a good-sized hill! He preached of the Gospel of Christ, which is the only kind of preaching that interests the Welsh. It is the strangest thing in the world that St. David's text on that memorable occasion

has not been preserved; because it is hard among the Welsh to hear talk of a wonderful sermon without having the text recited. The only part of a sermon which is reported verbatim by members of a Welsh audience is the "text." There is nothing a typical Welshman enjoys more heartily than a good hymn and an inspiring sermon.

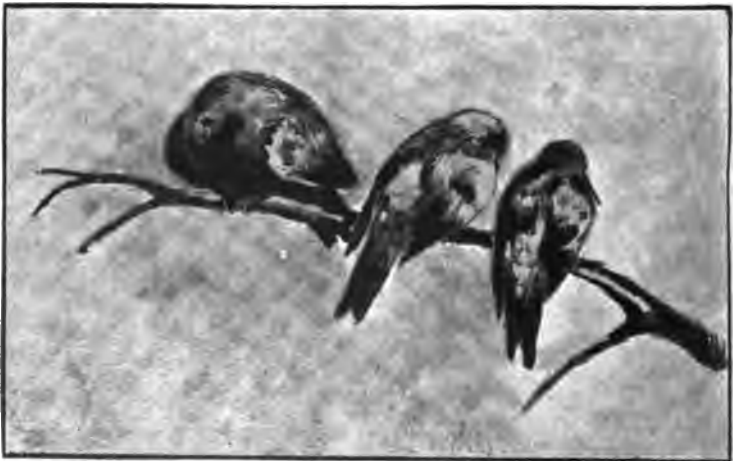
How characteristic of St. David was his journey to Jerusalem, "i lygad of ffynon," as we may say, for his authority and ordination as Archbishop of Wales; and, also, how simple and suggestive the four gifts he brought with him, all symbolic of his piety—an altar, a bell, a staff and a mantle; emblems of God's sacrifice, the call of the Gospel and the missionary outfit. The Welsh of to-day do not get either their religion or their politics from Rome and Lambeth but pass by and go straight to the Old Book. David's religion was patriotic. His motto was, "Wales for Christ," (*Cymru fo am byth!*).

We are loth to close these remarks without dwelling more widely on the Welsh national emblem, the leek. Could we think of a less pretentious herb or vegetable than a leek? Its only characteristic, as far as external appearance goes, is its greenness—it never seems to fade. Who has ever seen a withered leek? Midwinter it is green; exposed for sale or boiled in a crochan, it keeps its never-fading green. It is the emblem of invariableness like the true Welshman's

love of country and language. The English rose is wearable for show; the Scotch thistle is tetchy and untouchable with impunity (*nemo me impune lacessit*); but the leek is wearable, eatable and irascible and dangerous when cornered. "I don't want to fight, but by Jingo if I do!" expresses the temperament of the Welsh leek to perfection. The Welshman eats his leek boiled, but he who insults the national emblem has to chew it raw, for as Fluellen says in the play, "If a man can mock a leek he can eat a leek, and that out of doubt questions too and ambiguities." To eat one's words is a mild dose compared with eating a mocked leek. There is nothing also so sensitive as a Welshman's leek, unless it be the Irishman's coat-tail.

Some out of pure envy and mischief have endeavored to deprive the Welsh leek of the honor of its great antiquity, advancing the unsupported conjectures that it was

within recent ages imported from France and Switzerland. There is a beardless tradition that the Welsh under Edward the Black Prince, routed the French in a field of leeks, and that they thenceforth adopted it as their national emblem; but there is evidence ample that the leek is as old as Egypt, and it is historical that the Romans used it. If they had brought it with them into Britain, it is probable that the Welsh would have adopted its Latin name as well. The Welsh "*ceninen*" is prehistoric, and it is truly original and Celtic. Among the Romans it was supposed to have excellent qualities to improve the voice; and Nero the Emperor, who aspired to fame as a vocalist, made much of the leek and was nicknamed "*porrophagus*" (leek-eater). Can it be that we are, as a nation, indebted to the leek for our vocal excellencies; and are our Ben Davies and our Ffangcons blooms on the national leek?



IDEALS.

By T. Chalmers Davis, Idlewood, Pa.

Events, so far only as men are related to them, are the exponents of their thoughts and desires—ideals determine men's lives and shape the history of nations. As the universe expresses the thought of the Creator, so the history of a people expresses their thoughts, so far as human purpose and effort determine history.

History is full of illustrations; so is the commonest everyday life of men that never gets itself written. Business, art, poetry, science, literature, religion—most of all illustrate the thought and enforce the principle that lies at the heart of the doctrine of ideals.

No man ever rises above his ideal to stay, nay, no best man ever reaches his ideal. In the nature of things he cannot; for there is no ideal that is not beyond the possibility of present achievement, unless it be a very low one, always tending downward. What is achieved is ideal no more. If the ideal does not outrun achievement there is nothing to live for. If anything worthy is attempted and accomplished, if there be true life, and therefore healthful growth, the ideal will be forever reforming itself; it will grow larger, truer, diviner, and the mount of vision to-day only reveals a greater height, nearer the stars for to-morrow's ascent.

This much is not in the least speculative; this much is clear beyond the need of argument. A man's real ideal determines the lines of his activities. Many fancies and vague dreams there may be that do not enter volition, endeavor or achievement; but what a man really makes his ideal, that which he truly and persistently wishes to be, that above all things he tries to be, to that he bends all else. He may, indeed, dream and talk sentimentally of other things, but if we would certainly know what is uppermost in a man's thought of life; if we would be sure of his ruling love; if we would know beyond doubt what he wishes to be and it is of uppermost thoughts, ruling loves, and fixed longings that the imagination creates its ideal, there is an easy way to find out what we wish to know. When you wish to know what a man's ideal of life is, do not ask, "What does the man say?"

His words may mislead you as his posings deceive him. Inquire only, "What does this man really try to do?" When we find out what a man, who can choose his own lines of life, steadily tries to do, we have found out what he really wishes to be; we know what his ideal is.

If he is striving with all his might to win what men call fame, then

fame is his ideal and praise success. If he bends all his energies and consecrates all his powers to the accumulation of money, then no matter how fine are his words in mere talk about the true end of life we know what selfish worship he bestows upon the shrine of mammon.

Everywhere the statement holds good; a man strives hardest for what he most desires and his ideal is involved in its realization. This is true whether the ideal be noble or

ignoble, divine or devilish. It would be a great mistake to suppose that all ideals lift up; they as certainly drag down. The false ideal pursued not only degrades, it also destroys. Then

“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll !

Leave thy low-vaulted past !

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

‘Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by Life’s
unresting sea.”



MUSICAL NOTES.

By W. Apmadoc, Chicago.

If the editor of the “Cambrian” insists upon “prefixing” the above name with the universally abused and much mocked “Prof.” or “Professor,” I shall speedily secure an awful injunction against the very existence of the magazine. Seriously, it has become a meaningless title, and one that seems to jeopardize life and usefulness. I have yet to meet with a single conscientious musician who is willing to have such a handle (crank) to his name. In most cases, it is believed that “our friends” are those who do the mischief. Let us repeat in such a case a philosopher’s prayer—“Good Lord, deliver us from our friends.”

For the first time in the history

of the world, a chief of police—Joseph Kipley, of Chicago—put a ban on music lately. He has threatened to revoke the license of any place wherein melody and liquor are dispensed. It is reported that in the Harrison district, this mandate is strictly obeyed. Chief Kipley recognizes the fact that these saloonists are “wise in their generations,” and that they are using music, vocal and orchestral to lure the passers by in to hear “the latest popular airs of the day.” Many were at a loss to account for the “suddenly assumed puritanical attitude” of Chief Kipley.

Richard Wagner said more than once that music critics ought to be abolished because they do more

harm than good to the cause of art. There is much truth in the remark of the great music-dramatist, but it is not "all truth." It would be well for the cause of art, if many, who write up concerts and oratorios, could confine themselves to mere reports, and not attempt any criticisms.

Professor H. W. Parker, of Yale's chair of music ("Professor" comes in very properly here), lately condemned the Episcopal Hymnal in severe terms before an audience of clergymen and laymen in Boston, though he had a hand in compiling the same. He ridiculed it in epigram, and "peppered even the tunes he himself had written." He said in part: "Our hymnal to-day is a painful exhibition of vulgarity, tempered by incompetency. One of the tunes I just played is by a doctor of music. I hope his practice is small." We would like to have Professor Parker's criticism upon many "chorali" in our many Welsh hymnals.

We condemn drunkenness root and branch, but we cannot but laugh at the pranks of a drunkard, sometimes. One of them made a

vocal exhibition of himself in this city lately, when he heard of our fighting boys at Manila. In trying to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," he got "mixed" thus:

O, the bar tangled spanner.,
O, the spar bangled tanner,
O, the tar strangled barber.
Long may it wave.

Dr. Doyle, of Santa Cruz, Cal., in his exquisite sonnet to Beethoven peeps rightly into the poet-heart of the "mighty singer," when he apostrophizes music thus:

O, mighty singer! Giant voice of God,
Tuned to the thunder and the rushing
wind!

Thou'st heard the smit hills chide; thy
Titian mind

Compelled the secrets of the ocean broad;
Thou'st felt the earthquake when Jehovah
trod,

And told all this in music. Naught
could bind

Thy wondrous powers—not deafness
even—nor bind

Thy spiritual insight. Mountains nod
When thou commandest, and we seem to
hear

The trump of doom and Abdiel's warning
voice,

The clash of legions and the deep'ning
roar

Of falling avalanche and storm-lashed
mere.

The shout of wind-swept glens when they
rejoice,

And thunder of the surf upon the shore!



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

This vexed the bishop not a little, as he was anxious to push forward if possible as far as Rhuddlan before meeting any opposition. To make matters worse it was also reported by one of the scouts the night after the halt was made that several beacons had been lighted on the hills to the north, which proved beyond a doubt that the presence of the invading army would soon be if it was not already known to Gryffydd. Even the wily Idrys had failed to think of this mode of communication. And now that the plan of surprising the Welsh king had to be abandoned, he as well as Leofgar, realized that preparations must be made for a vigorous fight. Knowing that sudden as the summons was the Welsh forces would soon rally to the defense of their king. Accordingly the march was continued the next day under many difficulties to a slope a few miles farther north, where Leofgar decided to wait for the enemy. The bishop had already lost much of the enthusiasm and hopefulness with which he had started from Hereford. Being rather corpulent the excessive heat made him extremely uncomfortable, and seeing the ex-

hausted state of even his best forces, he was in anything but an amiable mood. Nor was the news brought him by courier sent by Einion ap Howel calculated to improve his temper.

"Einion ap Howel sends greeting to the bishop of Hereford," said the courier, addressing Leofgar, "and regrets to inform him that the advance of the English army is known at Rhuddlan castle yet by no lack of vigilance on his part. The beacons on the hill-tops betrayed the secret which tongues would fain have told. That which bespoke the presence of danger also summoned together the king's defenders. Gryffydd already counts his men by thousands, and will soon come against you from the north, while Trahaiarn who has hastened to the south will lead the men of Powys and of Deheubarth against you from that direction, and if possible cut off your retreat."

"Sancta Maria! hearest thou that, man?" ejaculated the bishop, casting a hasty glance in the direction of Idrys. "Insufferable heat, the army exhausted, the enemy coming against us from the north, and seeking to cut off our retreat in the

south! Surely we are in a great strait, and I know not what to do."

"Hear what the courier might have further to say, holy father, and prepare for battle," said Idrys.

"My message to the bishop of Hereford is ended; for Einion ap Howel presumes not to add advice to the information which may quicken the invention of superior wisdom" said the courier with more meaning to his words than at first appeared. Then he immediately left Leofgar's presence followed a short distance by Idrys.

"Hast thou a word from thy master to me?" asked the latter.

"He thinks the lion unwise to ally himself with the hound," was the significant reply.

"May not the hound help the lion to his prey?"

"More likely to his death! A suit of armor cannot change even a bishop into a tried warrior. If Gryffydd found Harold unwilling to meet him in battle need fear Leofgar? Einion would not advise the bishop; but his friend Idrys he counsels to seek revenge in some other way."

"Tell Einion that Leofgar's defeat shall be my triumph and Gryffydd's fall; and that I may need his help in the heat of battle. Farewell."

On his return to the bishop's tent Idrys found Leofgar in consultation with the southern division of Hereford, and a number of other chiefs. They all greatly disliked to give up the campaign; yet under the

circumstances it was decided, contrary to Idrys' wishes, to retreat at once to avoid the trap that Gryffydd had set for them. The bishop was still perspiring quite freely, and while issuing orders for the march he frequently passed his forefinger over his forehead to prevent the perspiration from streaming into his eyes. He soon managed, however, to set the army in motion once more, this time in the direction of Shrewsbury to avoid coming in contact with the southern division of Gryffydd's army. Though by no means in a fighting condition, the men had derived some benefit from the halt, and owing either to a desire to increase the distance between them and the Welsh forces, or to the abatement of the heat consequent upon the setting of the sun they made good progress at first. When night came on, however, they proceeded with greater difficulty, and the number of laggards increased so fast that Leofgar was forced to make another halt about midnight. But it was of short duration, for the bishop in spite of the demoralized condition of his forces was induced to resume the march shortly before daylight the next morning by a report that the Welsh king was following close on his track at the head of an army of strong men who were so lightly clad that rapid marching seemed to effect them but little. However Leofgar might have felt under more favorable circumstances he certainly now regretted his military under-

taking. And well he might, for his prospects were anything but flattering. A more experienced general would have seen that an army in the condition his was in could not out-march men who not only felt but little fatigue, but who were inspired with the hope of victory, and that his action in forcing his men forward was suicidal, as it left them no strength to cope with the enemy.

Meanwhile Gryffydd hastened on from the west and Trahaiarn from the southwest, each eager to overtake the retreating army. As yet the prince had found no trace of the enemy, but pressed forward with the hope of intercepting them. The king, however, knew from the constantly increasing number of stragglers that fell into his hands that he was on the right track. Not far from Shrewsbury the head of the Welsh column encountered Elnoth the sheriff with a force of a thousand men, evidently left with the view of harassing the king's progress. In the brief engagement that ensued, however, the majority of the men including the sheriff and other officers of note, were mercilessly cut down, and the rest made prisoners, while Gryffydd suffered scarcely any loss. Advancing a few miles farther the king espied the English army on the western slope of the Wrekin. Leofgar had hastily massed his troops, the archers occupying the front, the men-at-arms on foot in the rear, and bowmen intermingled with men-at-arms on the

wings. As the Welsh forces came in sight each of the English archers fixed a stake, sharpened at both ends, in the ground in front of him, with the point inclined toward the enemy, thus forming a movable palisade.

How the bishop wished at that moment that his men were in as good fighting condition as the enemy! How anxiously he watched Gryffydd disposing his troops for the attack. In the midst of chanting ecclesiastics he thought more of earth than of heaven. With thousands at his command he expected nothing but defeat unless God should confound the enemy, for half his men were so fagged and weak that they could with difficulty stand in their places. Idrys, who stood not far from him, also watched the various divisions forming into separate lines of battle, and had he not been absorbed in thoughts of revenge he might have noticed clouds of dust rising some distance to the left. Others saw them, and rightly inferred that Trahaiarn was approaching, greatly to their dismay. Then shortly after the terrible Welsh yell announced to the king that the prince was at hand and the king's troops greatly delighted immediately responded though the newcomers were as yet unseen by them, being hidden by a strip of wood that lay between them.

Although by this time ready for the attack Gryffydd thought best to wait till Trahaiarn was ready for battle before giving the order to

charge. Standing in front of his men, with the red lion of north Wales on the left, and the traditional red dragon on the right of him, he watched the men of Deheubarth and Powys pouring to the front, each chieftain arraying his command according to his own notion, but the prince, as the king's lieutenant, having oversight of the whole. As the Welsh forces were as yet beyond arrowshot from the English the latter could do nothing but bide their time to act. Nor did they have to wait long, for no sooner were the prince's men in battle array than the whole Welsh army rushed forward like a mighty torrent. at the king's command, rending the air with a shout that struck terror to the hearts of the English, who, sending a flight of arrows among their assailants, responded with fainter shouts of "Out! Out! Holy Cross!" As the enemy came nearer the bishop's men hurled their javelins at them, but in vain. Up the hill the fierce Welshmen charged, spearmen in front and archers and others bringing up the rear. Before this terrible rush the right wing of the English army broke and fled, and the left wing after a brief and ineffectual resistance fell into the greatest confusion. The center, which was composed of Leofgar's best troops and Idris' followers, held out heroically, until the Welsh, following up their advantage, made a determined assault on the weakened flanks as well as the front. The English then gave way, finding it

impossible to maintain their ground, and a terrible slaughter ensued.

In the midst of the fray Gryffydd, clad in his scant attire, did terrible execution with his sword. Charmed as it were against arrow and spear, he made a path for himself and followers through walls of steel, and with flaming eye and distended nostrils he presently found himself face to face with Leofgar and a number of his priests.

"Base priest!" said he, "thine hour has come. Thou hast prayed enough for others; now pray for thyself."

"It is thou murderous caitiff, that needs prayers," was the angry reply "for I have consigned thy soul to unquenchable fire and thy body to the ravens."

"Amen," cried the priests making a rush upon the king, some with swords and others with spears. But the king's courage and skill, aided by his guard, were equal to the occasion. Striking down the foremost ecclesiastics he left the others to the fury of his followers while he confined his attention to the bishop. The latter aimed several ineffectual blows at him with a huge Danish axe, while he with the agility of a cat made several attempts to pierce through Leofgar's armor. But he succeeded in doing so only after his antagonist's axe had grazed his left shoulder. Then glancing deprecatingly at his blood-stained shoulder he leaped over the expiring bishop to the aid of Trahaiarn, who with a body of veterans was opposing Idris and his mailed Knights.

At sight of the king Idrys redoubled his strokes, and in forcing his way toward the chief object of hatred he wounded Trahaiarn severely under the arm. Then as the prince fell he ground his teeth with rage and opposed himself to the king, who finding a long-looked-for opportunity to avenge the attempts made upon his life fell upon his malignant foe with all the fury of undying hate. For a moment all in the vicinity of the two leading combatants left off fighting and became interested spectators of a most fierce duel. But Idrys' followers realizing that their leader's strength was fast giving out put an end to the truce by attempting to come to his aid. The king's guard, however, gave them enough to do to defend themselves, while the king himself after receiving one or two slight wounds thrust his sword into Idrys' side causing him to reel and fall like a drunken man. Then amidst the shouts of his men Gryffydd with a triumphant laugh tramped on his fallen foe.

The battle was now soon brought to an end, and the victors applied themselves to the care of the wounded. Among others Einion ap Howel slowly traversed the battle field, more from a desire to find out what had become of Idrys than anything else. One of Idrys' men who had been taken prisoner had told him that he had fallen, and he wished to satisfy himself whether he was slain or not. After considerable searching he found him still breathing, though very faintly, and gave him some wine from a small flask

which he carried. This had the desired effect, and Idrys presently revived to find that his wound was less serious than had been suspected, the king's sword having touched no vital spot.

"I shall yet live to encompass the usurper's death," said he faintly. "I thank God that my faithful sword has put an end to that base upstart, Trahaiarn. Now that he is out of the way one great obstacle to the accomplishment of my purpose is gone."

"I fear that your sword did but poor work," said Einion, "for the prince was alive but a moment ago, and the royal surgeon regards not his wound as fatal."

While speaking Einion was too busy at dressing Idrys' wound to notice a small band of soldiers returning from pursuing the enemy and descending the hill in his direction, and before he could hardly realize what had taken place he found himself and Idrys completely surrounded. To make matters worse also he discovered to his dismay that the leader of the band was Cadivor ap Collwyn, the chieftain with whom he had quarreled not long before.

CHAPTER XVI.

Baffled.

King Gryffydd, beaming with the smiles of triumph, sat in his tent in the midst of a number of his chiefs, while the royal drinks went round. His left hand rested on his knee, and his right hand held his bejeweled drinking horn, which he

raised to his lips only after replying to a facetious remark made by one of the chiefs.

"Methinks it was an Irish lord," said he, "who when dying, was pressed by a priest to forgive his

a loyal friend, though not so helpful," the king laughingly replied. "I doubt not that Trahaiarn, did his wound permit him to be here, would express the same opinion. It is no little satisfaction to know that the



Prince Trahaiarn and his men.

enemies that he might receive absolution, replied, 'Holy father, I have none to forgive; they are all dead.'"

"My royal father evidently purposes to emulate the Irish lord," said Prince Meredith, amid an outburst of laughter.

"A dead enemy is as harmless as

base hound that has thirsted for my blood, will dog my steps no more. Heaven and earth what have we here?"

All eyes were now fixed on the entrance, where Cadivor ap Collwyn had just arrived with his prisoners well guarded. Conscious of the importance of his capture, and half

amused at the king's bewildered look, the chief hastened to say:

"The royal Gryffydd has not forgotten the quarrel I had with Einion ap Howel or its cause. My lord king will pardon me if I say that I was somewhat put out by his refusal to believe in the guilt of a man, of whose complicity in the crime of that treacherous knight who tried to force his way into the king's presence over the dead bodies of his guards I had not the least doubt. To-day, aye, within half an hour, I have had a renewed proof of his guilt. As I was returning with these my brave men, from pursuing the enemy, I suddenly came upon this caitiff nursing back to life the traitor who has more than once sought to rid Wales of her best defender and friend. And now I have brought both traitors before the king to await his pleasure."

Not a trace of the triumph that had so recently marked the king's manner and look was now to be seen. The thunder clouds of wrath rested on his face instead, and the lightning of revenge flashed in his glowering eyes. For a moment there was an ominous silence, during which Einion with his look bent on the ground, while the wounded Idrys lay on a stretcher with his tigerlike eyes fixed on Gryffydd's face.

"Heaven forgive me for not doing surer work on that prowling villain, and for refusing so long to believe in thy guilt, thou base dissembler," at last cried the irate

king. "The curses of the bleeding Cambria be on you both, and may the hounds of hell give your treacherous souls no rest. I will be guilty of no more bungling. The sun that now sinks in the west your eyes shall see no more, for before it appears again in the east I will make an example of you both to the terror of all traitors."

"Does the generous Gryffydd condemn a man to death without giving him an opportunity to vindicate himself?" said Einion, now looking the king full in the face.

"And dost thou, vile hypocrite, dare to insinuate that thou hast aught to vindicate?" was the cutting reply. "Do we need any proof but darkness to show that it is night? Vindication indeed! Let the devil prove that he is a saint!"

"I can prove that I am guilty of no treachery in this matter," persisted Einion. "If this wounded man be Idrys I swear that I knew it not until this preying buzzard pounced upon us. Methought I was befriending one of Prince Trahaiarn's men since their armor is so much alike. And here I am condemned to die a traitor's death as though I were guilty of high treason. The royal Gryffydd were more like himself were he more mindful of my loyalty in the past, and less prone to jump at evil conclusions."

"Thou surely didst look like a guiltless person when we came upon thee," sneeringly remarked Cadivor.

Up to this time Idrys' face had

been hidden from the view of those around the king by the obtruding presence of some of Cadivor's men. But now they were allowed a full view of him, and several of them exclaimed

"By my faith, there lies Caradoc ap Gryffydd, lord of Portascyth!"

"He the son of Gryffydd ap Rhydderch?" inquired the king, pointing to Idrys.

"Ay," said that individual, glowing at the king, "I am Caradoc, the son of that noble father whose rivalry to the throne of Deheubarth thy craven heart could not brook, and whose blood was shed by thy murderous hand. If I have failed to avenge his death and am myself to fall a prey to thy inordinate thirst for blood it is that heaven's sword may fall upon thy head with double force. I crave of thee no boon; to invoke the curses of ten thousand generations is more fitting. What thou art bent upon doing do quickly, for death is to be preferred to thy hateful and unholy presence."

"Thou shalt have thy desert soon enough, by heaven," cried the king, "far too soon for thy good. Nor shall I be more guilty of thy blood than of thy father's. I met thy father fairly on the field of battle and his fate was only what he wished mine to be. Thou, base craven that thou art, durst not meet me like thy father in open combat, but hast for these two years played

the traitor. Therefore thou and thy chief accomplice shall have a traitor's death. Where is the captain of my guard? Caswallon, remove these pests from hence, and as thou valuest thine own life see that they be not missing at early dawn, for then they must pay the penalty for their crimes."

The command was no sooner given than Einion ap Howel and Caradoc ap Gryffydd, or Idrys, as he has hitherto been known, were hastened away from the king's presence and placed under strict surveillance in separate tents. Before the two were separated, however, Einion snatched an opportunity to suggest to Caradoc in a whisper that it might be conducive to his interest to feign a degree of weakness that threatened to cheat the gallows.

The two culprits were not without the secret sympathy of several of the chiefs now in the royal tent, and while the king duly acknowledged his debt of gratitude to Cadivor for his valuable services, these chiefs secretly resolved that neither Einion nor Caradoc should be put to death if their escape could be insured by any assistance in their power. Yet they said nothing to each other indicative of their feelings or intentions: Nor did they show undue haste in leaving the king's presence, as it was near midnight when they sought their own quarters.

(To be continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

These are some of the contents of the "Trysorfa y Plant" for February: Miss Williams, the Missionary; Power of an Old Hymn; William II, German Emperor (with portrait); Peter and Paul; The Year of 1899; A Salvation That is Nigh; A History of Jesus Christ for the Young; New Books, Poems, Questions, Puzzles, &c. &c.

All the periodicals in Wales at present devote more or less space to the question of Ritualism. The following is the "Trysorfa's" lesson to children on the question of confession: Priest: Will you not come and confess your sins? Boy: Who to? Priest: To the priest. Boy: To whom does he confess? Priest: O, to the Bishop. Boy: And to whom does the Bishop confess his sins? Priest: To the Archbishop. Boy: To whom does the Archbishop confess? Priest: To God. Boy: Well, I spare myself all that trouble, I go right to God.

"Cymru'r Plant" has some interesting literature and some good pictures for the young ones in the February number. Among other pieces are "Life on Sea;" "Those Two Boys;" "The Children of Penuwch;" "The Bridge of Cenarth;" "The Battle of Marathon;" "The Happy Land, (music);" "The Dwarfs of Loc Gwel-tas," with several illustrations of places, ruins, localities, &c., in Wales. The frontispiece is a fine portrait of Dr. Emrys Jones.

There are many churches in Wales, formerly strong, which are now in a

dying condition. We could point out some in Cardiganshire which have withered under the crushing hands of oppression. I received a communication recently from that country stating that 16 farms, which were cultivated 30 years ago, by Congregationalists, and 9 held by Methodists, are now in the possession of members of the Church of England, which shows that the Congregationalists and the Methodists are being gradually weeded out.—
"Cwrs y Byd."

The "Dysgedydd" among other interesting subjects, dwells on the question of "Ritualism and Popery;" "The welfare and the progress of a people depend on its right views of religion. Morality is the outgrowth of its conception of the practical reality of religion. A nation that lacks practical religion lacks morality. Ritualism replaces true godliness, and the increase of externalism in religion destroys its spirituality. The divine is shut out by the material mediation and obtrusion of human inventions. The tendency of Ritualism and Popery is constantly toward paganism, makes God inaccessible, men mediators and ecclesiastical millinery and rituals means of grace. It is a system that considers human reason a superfluous and paralyzes every faculty."

The "Ceninen" for February contains a number of excellent articles on subjects of great interest to Welsh readers. Among others Social Life in Welsh Towns and Cities in the light of Greek Thought; The Vale of Teivi; Wes-

Ieyan Methodism; The Bard in Welsh Pulpits; Britain according to Greek and Latin Writers; Calvinistic Methodism and the Church; Samuel Roberts by the Rev. Evan Jones; Slate Quarries and Quarrymen; The Late Rev. D. S. Davies by the Rev. Dr. Pan Jones; Reminiscences of the Celebrated John Elias by Daniel Davies, &c.

In his paper "Britain according to Greek and Roman Writers," Prof. E. Anwyl, M. A., gives an interesting and instructive sketch of the general characteristics of the Britons and Gauls in ancient times. The Gauls were divided into three classes: the Druids, the Knights, and the Common People, who were in a state of slavery or serfdom. These Knights were similar to the nobility in other countries, viz the ruling class, followed by a class of dependents called *ambacti*. Very little is known of these classes, the nobility and the serfs; but the religious party—the Druids—which seemed to be the controlling element in Britain and Gaul get considerable attention and is particularly described. The Druids were the priests who had charge of religion and its rites, but they also were the educators and the judges of the people. Their decision was final; and excommunication followed disobedience and insubordination, which was equivalent to outlawry. This religious order also had a chief elected from among themselves, who was followed after death by the next one to him in position and honor; and in case of rivalry, a vote settled the difficulty. The office was of such weight that very often the parties would war over it.

In the second installment of "The Spanish-American War," in Harper's Magazine for March, Senator Lodge discusses the coming of war, the destruction of the Maine, the signing of the Ultimatum, and the battle of Manila.

This is the first account of the war by a man who has already a national reputation as an historian, and it presents a calm, dispassionate and truly historical account of the exciting events of 1898. Among other special features of the March magazine is the opening installment of "The Princess Xenia," a new serial by H. B. Marriott Watson, author of "The Adventurers." Of special interest is an article entitled "The Massacre of Fort Dearborn, at Chicago," by Simon Pokagon, a full-blooded Indian, whose father was present at the massacre.

"Cymru" for January is a double number and is replete with entertaining literature with many illustrations. "Cymru" is the only periodical of its kind among the Welsh; and it certainly deserves every possible patronage. The January number contains the following illustrations: *Betws y Coed*, Hugh Jones, *Pant y Ebedydd*, Mary William's *Tepot*, *Aberddawen* and a part of the lowland of Glamorgan. *Ffon Mon Farmhouse*, *Bethesda'r Fro Chapel*, the Ruins of *Tal-y-Llychau Abererch*, *y Gymwynas*, *Pont Aberglaslyn*, *Llain y Goetra* and several portraits. Among the excellent papers are the following: *Hither and Thither in Glamorgan*; *What Are We?* by *Iolo Caernarfon*; *Sunday School Prospects* by *Ellen Hughes*; *D. Huw's Great Sermon*; *Will the Servant*, by *Winnie Parry*; *The Progress of Sixty Years*, by the Rev. T. Jones; *Llanrwst*, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, by the Rev. H. Hughes; *The Cardiff Public Library*, &c.

Winnie Parry's description of Bil writing home to his mother in *Sir Fôn* is really humorous and laughable, and true to nature. "He would stop at a word to inquire how to spell it, and he would wear an aspect of doubt when

asking if really that was the right way to spell a word. Another time he would drop some ink on the paper, and he would say 'Go dang it,' and he would take his thumb to erase it! And sometimes, when in a quandary what next to put down he would sit in a reverie raking his hair up with the penholder until it would stick out like a brush, and he would finish with a streak of ink across his nose. And you ought to see him daub the stamp on, driving it home with his fist"—*"Cymru."*

In his article "What Are We?" the writer sums up the Welsh character in the following manner: "The Welshman's nature has more heat than light, more feeling than judgment, more ability than perseverance, more imagination than wisdom, more sensitiveness than strength of will, more power to dream than to analyze, to foresee and to provide; more instinct than reason, more affection than determination, more faith than righteousness. Some of the results of this is that we have much more poetry than philosophy, more music than science, and that our great preachers are much more numerous than our statesmen."

"Young Wales" in its remarks on Eisteddfodic Poetry, says: "The very idea of competition is antagonistic to the cultivation of true poetry—genuine, spontaneous as all poetry to be true must be. It is as impossible to write poetry at the beck and call of others, or with a view to obtaining a prize, and quite as absurd, as it would be to compose hymns, or prayers, or elegies simply as mental exercises or for the sake of filthy lucre. It may be admitted that a set subject may sometimes touch and inspire a competitor. No doubt *"Myfanwy Fechan"* appealed to Ceiriog as forcibly as if it were a self-suggested theme. But such instances are rare,

and scarcely justify the continuance of a system which is mainly responsible for the barrenness and stuntedness of Eisteddfodic Poetry.

A spirit of superficiality reigns and this seems to be the only spirit which can meet the accumulating duties and crushing exactions of present life. The leisure of former ages when things were enjoyed thoroughly, and, especially, books perused repeatedly and untiringly, is no more. To-day, things are written to be read once, skipped over superficially, merely tasting and smelling what should be digested. Therefore, literature is prepared for such readers. The demand is so pressing that there is no time for natural growth. Literature is to an annoying degree manufactured, compiled and prepared to meet the constant call for a large quantity of new matter. The ordinary reader, therefore, never thinks of perusing the same pages twice, and pages that are not altogether new is nuisance. This literary leech continually cries "give, give!" and it has to be silenced by a constant supply of novelty.

A most valuable feature of Harper's Weekly for February and March is its thorough discussion of the business chances and industrial possibilities of our new colonies. The Weekly has the most competent correspondents in Porto Rico, Manila, and Hawaii, and every American who is considering this question will find in the Weekly's special correspondence full and complete information in regard to the best investments, cost of living, etc. A very suggestive article, entitled *"Hawaii After Annexation,"* by Sanford B. Dole, ex-President of the Hawaiian Islands, discusses the openings for Americans in our Pacific possessions, their natural

resources and the opportunities they offer for development.

The chief delight of the Welsh book collector is a copy of a first edition of a Welsh translation of the Bible, by Salisbury, Morgan, or Parry. Of Salisbury's Testament (1567) there are twenty-nine copies reported. There is a copy at Merthyr Mawr, near Bridgend, bought in 1858 for £63. Mr. Bernard Quaritch offers a "doctored" copy with title and two of Bishop Thirlwal, for £84. It is difficult to come across even an imperfect copy of this version. Next in rarity and value comes Dr. Morgan's Bible (1588). Quaritch offers a "doctored" copy with title and two leaves in facsimile, for £63. Thirty-nine copies are known. An Anglesey gentleman has declined an offer of £100 for a copy in his possession, but imperfect copies may be picked up for a couple of guineas. There are sixty-six copies of Dr. Parry's Bible known, and Quaritch offers a perfect copy for £25. It is believed that further search will almost double the number of copies of these famous versions. In 1760 the parishioners of Llangattock-upon-Usk sold an almost perfect copy of Dr. Parry's Bible for £1, which copy is now in the possession of Mr. Egerton Phillimore, M. A.

Among the important features announced for early publication in Literature are two articles by Sir Walter Besant, in which he earnestly defends his position that publishers, as a rule, rob their authors. William Dean Howells will discuss "Frederick Remington as a Writer and Illustrator" and "Nathan Hale," the play that has lately made such a sensation in New York. With the issue of January 10 Literature became an American publication. The change was justified by the need in America of a high-class journal

of literary criticism, and by the fact that Literature had met with such universal favor.

Y Glorian is the title of a new Welsh weekly, which came into existence at Festiniog the first week of the new year, and is started as a rival (though not politically) to the Rhedegydd, which has been in the field for over a quarter of a century. Both are half-penny newspapers, and both are Liberal in politics. The editor of the new venture is Elfyn, the chaired bard of last year's *Eisteddfod*.

Among the modern theological teachers no one stood higher in point of freshness and suggestiveness than the late Professor Drummond, and many will be glad to hear that his works are to be translated into Welsh under the general title, "Gweithiau Drummond, dan olygiaeth Gwyneth Vaughan." The first book of the series is appropriately enough "Y Pennaf peth yn y Byd" ("The Greatest Thing in the World") which has been translated by Mr. J. Bennett Jones, C. S., and published by Hughes & Son, (12mo., pp. 61, 6d). In an introductory note Gwyneth Vaughan states quite truly that nobody familiar with Drummond's teachings will need an apology for reproducing them in Welsh, and that her object is to spread in Wales the influence already exerted by Drummond in Scotland and England. It is not stated whether the translations are to be confined to the booklets issued by Drummond during his later days or are to include his greater books, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and "The Ascent of Man." But while they are about it the promoters ought certainly to attempt a translation of the former remarkable work. It would be a distinct achievement.

SCIENTIFIC

A Dutch naturalist in Java has made remarkable observations on the increase of temperature which occurs in certain plants at the time of flowering. In one case the temperature in the flower was 21 degrees F. above the temperature of the surrounding air.

"M. Maige, by varying the conditions of exposure of plants to light, and keeping flowering branches in the dark, has succeeded in transforming the latter into sterile creeping or climbing branches," says Appleton's Popular Science Monthly. "Inversely, he has been able, by means of the localized action of light, to transform creeping or climbing into flowering branches. These results were obtained at the vegetable laboratory of Fontainebleau."

Physiognomists declare that the nose is perhaps the most important feature of all as an index to character. A Roman nose denotes an enterprising, business-like character; a long nose is a sign of good sense; a perfectly straight nose indicates a pure and noble soul, unless the eye contradicts it; a nez retroussé signifies a spirit of mischief, wit and dash; a large nose generally indicates a large mind and a good heart; a very small nose, good nature, but lack of energy.

It is earnestly to be desired that the practice of smoking by boys should be discouraged and prevented. That the practice is growing and increasing in extent no one who uses his eyes may doubt. Right and left boys of sometimes very tender years may be seen

puffing at cigarettes, and I am informed that there are certain very cheap (and nasty) cigarettes specially sold in packets at a price which brings them well within the reach of even a schoolboy's pence. It is bad enough that any boy should smoke, for the habit tends to undermine his nutrition on which growth and health depend; but it is much worse when what is smoked is absolute rubbish.

"We are all familiar," says Dr. D. G. Brinton in Science, "with the teaching of the physiognomist that thick lips indicate a sensual disposition, and delicate, finely formed lips coincide with a certain spirituality, firmness, and elevation of character. Dr. A. Bloch, in a thorough study of the lips from an anthropological point of view, believes that all such indications are imaginary. The form, size and color of these organs belong to race distinctions quite as much as the shape and dimensions of the nose. In fact, they are often in correlation. The pigmentation is notably different in the various subspecies of man, varying from a delicate rose to a dark-brown. In hybridity, like many other traits, the lips of one or the other parent may reappear in full character in the child. Really thick lips never occur, except as an anomaly, in the white race."

THE USES OF PEAT.

It is not generally known that peat may be used for textile purposes, and also for paper making. The exhibits at the Vienna Exhibition last year demonstrated this fact conclusively. Peat straw may also be used for many pur-

poses, such as fertilizing, packing, etc. When used for textile purposes it must be woven without the use of oils or water. Coats, hats, carpets, rugs, ropes, matting and pillows are some of the articles which have been made and which have been found useful. It is also a valuable substitute for absorbent cotton, possessing antiseptic properties as well.

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"It is true that certain anthropologists have put forth hypotheses about the origin of man—hypotheses suggested to them by the zoologists. These hypotheses are very probable, so probable that they are even taught by Catholics. The Darwinian theory of the evolution of species is no longer an object of horror as it was twenty-five years ago.

"But these are not promises. Although it is pretty nearly proven that living organisms have risen by evolution until the human species has been attained, this does not solve the terrible question: 'Whence come we?' for to declare that man comes from the rudimentary organisms of the first geologic epochs is only to remove the difficulty a little. . . . Whence come these living germs themselves, from which man has sprung by progressive evolution? And why? Assuredly it is impossible for us to know; we must resign ourselves to ignorance. Never has there been a scientist worthy of the name who has dared to promise us a certain solution to interrogations that must unceasingly be repeated.

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THE SEAT OF THE SOUL.

Understanding by "soul" the highest intellectual faculties, it is worth considerable trouble to find out where these functions are located. Savages believe that it is in the liver or the heart; cynics suggest that it is in the stomach; phrenologists place them

in the front part of the brain; but the most advanced physiologists, says D. G. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania, in science, are now inclined to teach that the posterior cerebral lobes have the highest intellectual value. Dr. C. Clapham's arguments to this effect are quoted with approval in the *Centralblatt für Anthropologie* (1898). These arguments are that man has the most highly developed posterior lobes, and this is conspicuous in men of marked ability and in the highest races. In idiots the lobes are imperfectly developed, and in chronic dementia these portions of the brain reveal frequent lesions. Numerous authorities are quoted in support of these and allied statements.

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HAS TWO HEARTS.

A colored person called William King, of New Bedford, Mass., has enjoyed the uninterrupted possession of two hearts for a century, as he is one hundred years old, and is still so hale and literally hearty as to be able to bend bars of iron across his arm. According to the *New York Herald*, which records this remarkable freak of nature, Dr. Munroe B. Long, of the Muhlenberg Hospital staff, a physician of high repute, after visiting King, said: "King has one heart on the right and one on the left side of the chest, whose separate beats in unison could plainly be determined. By a certain muscular contraction King let one heart drop to the left iliac region, where I clearly heard the beating; then let the other heart drop to the right iliac region, where its beating was also plainly heard, both beating in the lower part of the abdomen in unison. Next, King threw over the interior of the abdomen a wall of bone from the neck down, giving every evidence of having two sternums, or breastbones, one of

which is movable at his will and seems to lie behind the regular breastbone when in repose."

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THE FOOD AND ENDURANCE OF ARABIAN PORTERS.

Arab carriers bear great loads upon their backs and go at a trotting pace from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. During the month of Ramadan, the Koran forbids the taking of food between sunrise and sunset, and this law is said to be held sacred and rarely violated. Not only do these porters continue their arduous physical exertions during the twelve laboring hours of the day without taking any food during that period, but the French inspectors who are in charge of the gang told our informant that they would work better during the month of the fast than at any other time of the year, because their energy was not needed for digestion. At eventide these Arabs have a moderate meal of wheatmeal porridge, mixed with large proportions of butter (it is to be had cheap) or olive oil. Their expenditure for food is not more than six or seven cents a day, and the only luxury which they permit themselves is a cup of very strong black coffee and a cigarette. The idler exists on one cent's worth of bread with a little olive oil, which he buys for an additional five cents.—*The Vegetarian Messenger.*

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DOES DRINK "KEEP OUT THE COLD?"

Many people are induced to drink alcoholic liquors on the plea that they "will keep out the cold." This, like so many other traditions associated with the drink habit, has been completely exploded. The most recent testimony on this subject is that of Dr. Nansen, whose experience of cold has been peculiar and extensive. He says: "My experience leads me to take a de-

cided stand against the use of stimulants and narcotics of all kinds. It must be a sound principle, at all times, that one should live in as simple a way as possible; and especially must this be the case when the life is a life of severe exertion in an extremely cold climate. It is often supposed that even though spirits are not intended for daily use, they ought to be taken on an expedition for medical purposes. I would really acknowledge this, if anyone would show me a single case in which such a remedy is necessary; but till this is done I shall maintain that the pretext is not sufficient, and that the best course is to banish alcoholic drinks from the list of necessities of an Arctic expedition."

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EXERCISE AND GROWTH.

An eminent authority declares that judicious exercise has great influence on the growth of a human being. The stature is increased by hanging by the arms, and some experiments have been made with a view to ascertain whether hanging by the head has any effect on the length of the spinal column. It is claimed that a bed constructed on an angle of 45 degrees may be a useful accessory to growth. The body rests on the bed and is kept in place by a set of straps, these latter being so arranged that only a very slight pull comes on the spinal cord above the shoulders. The support is little more than the weight of the head itself, the idea being to remove all downward pressure from the spinal column. One student of this process has in addition attached light weights to his feet. He watches his condition very carefully and ceases his experiments if there is even the slightest sensation of discomfort or irritation along the spinal column. Just what effect this will have on the growth it is as yet too early to determine, but it is believed that

removing all weight from the spine and keeping the body fully extended during the hours of sleep will, if managed with prudence, increase the stature to a considerable degree.—N. Y. Ledger.

EGYPTIAN DISCOVERY.

It has hitherto been supposed that in Egypt the practice of embalming the bodies of the dead and forming them into mummies was the most ancient method of sepulture; But Prof. Flinders Petrie, the well-known Egyptologist, has, by recent excavations, thrown quite a new light upon this question of the ancient method of disposing of the dead. At Dehasheh, a place about 50 miles south of Cairo, he has discovered a series of tombs, in the coffins of which he has found complete skeletons from which the flesh had been carefully dissected, evidently previous to burial.

The coffins are of admirable workmanship, are made of sycamore, and are in perfect preservation, notwithstanding their 5,000 years' burial in the sand. It remains to be proved by further excavations whether the mutilation of the bodies was performed at a ceremonial rite, or whether this removal of flesh from the bones points to cannibalism on the part of the ancient people.

DEPOPULATION IN FRANCE.

The returns of the census for France which was taken in March, 1897, have now been published and compared with the statistics of the previous census, which was taken six years before. A year ago the number of people in France was 38,228,969, and at the 1891 census it was 38,095,150, so that in six years the population of France had only increased by 133,819 persons.

And even this trifling increase is more apparent than real for it has taken place entirely in the large towns and is due to the influx of foreigners,

such as Belgians and Italians, who are to be found in increasing numbers among the urban populations of France. In only 24 departments is there any increase, in 63 departments there is a positive falling off, and this is more especially marked in the rural communes.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

I am always delighted when I can place my hand upon any facts which tend to destroy the wretched pretensions of the Spiritualistic fraternity and of the allied tribes of modern mystics who flaunt their superstitions and their tricks in the face of the credulous and make capital (and money) out of the ignorance of their dupes. Over and over again I have been taunted with the "Spirit-Photograph" delusion, and have been challenged to explain how and why on a sensitive plate images and impressions may appear, such as, to all human knowledge, could never have existed in front of the camera. My reply has always been that of an old experienced photographer: "You can never tell what you may get developed in a sensitized plate," said he. It may develop certain impressions while it lies packed in its case, and we know scientifically that the printed letters on the paper wrapping of a plate have appeared on the plate which had never been exposed at all. Light is a great magician, and light-waves, under certain circumstances, are capable of accomplishing things which under ordinary conditions would be deemed of utterly impossible nature. Suppose some suggestion of a ghostly figure appeared on the plate under such circumstances, then by the credulous (or the knavish) it would be offered for our acceptance as a "spirit-photograph." Very material spirits they must be indeed if they are capable of giving off "light-waves" that can affect a photo as do solid bodies.—Dr. Wilson.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Professor Ryan, an Irishman born in Monmouthshire, says that that county is the Alsace-Lorraine of Wales.

In Ystradfydwg all school board notices issued to parents are sent in Welsh as well as English.

Dr. Samuel Johnson said that "one of the castles of Wales would contain all the castles he had seen in Scotland."

The first leading article in the "Cambrian" newspaper, Swansea, close upon a hundred years ago was written by the grandfather of the present Savage Landor.

Colonel Lewis, the Welsh officer who achieved the latest victory over the Dervishes, is described by Mr. Pearce, the war correspondent of the London "Daily News," as an officer of great valor and dash. Like most Welshmen, Colonel Lewis is a little man, but, then, so was Bonaparte.

A Carmarthenshire man, Private Clarke, who helped Lord Kitchener to win back the Sudan, was present at Omdurman when poor Neufeld was liberated. A cigarette was handed to him shortly after, and as he most lovingly drew in and blew out the smoke he remarked it was his first smoke for seven years.

An appeal has been issued in connection with the London Missionary to the

Churches of Wales, asking for aid in raising a larger sum during 1899 than has been raised in any previous year. The sum raised during the first year of the century toward this society was £10,000; last year the income was £104,000. The record year at present is 1896, when £190,000 was raised, and next year the committee hopes to head this figure.

Colonel Mathias and his uniform are becoming as famous and historical as William O'Brien and his most necessary garment of some years ago. Recently the Pall Mall Gazette had the following: "We have at last the true explanation of Colonel Mathias' tattered uniform. At Dargai, it appears, he was peppered, not only in front, but from the other three sides as well. He especially objected to being shot at from behind, and even those who do not profess to be military experts can understand his feelings."

Among those who promise to distinguish themselves in music, "The Girl's Realm" mentions the name of Miss Daisy A. Jones, who, in 1898, won the Pauer Memorial Exhibition at the R. C. M. At the age of eleven she won the first prize out of fifty competitors for pianoforte playing at the National Eisteddfod, and when up for the junior and senior examinations of the Association Board of the Royal Academy and College she passed with honors both in piano and violin, being the

only competitor of the year who had achieved this distinction in both instruments. Miss Jones is the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Llanbedr, near Crickhowell.

This is Judge Vaughan-Williams' happy dream: "It may be a dream, but I cannot but think that a church thus in touch with the Welsh people, with a Welsh liturgy, a Welsh ritual and a Welsh episcopate, would revive and appeal to the best traditions of the Celtic Church in Wales, and would not find the gulf between itself and Non-conformity impassable, and would soon rise to the rank of a national church, including within its folds all Welsh Christianity."

Bishop Benjamin Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, who became notorious for the great discussion raised by a sermon he preached on the 31st of March, 1717, at the Chapel Royal, before George I, was the only Englishman appointed to that see since the reformation, and, although he held the Bishopric from 1715 to 1721, he was never in his episcopal city. It is said that the appointment gave so much dissatisfaction to the people of the diocese that, mistaking an Irish prelate who was passing through on his way to Ireland for their own bishop, he received such bad treatment at their hands that, hearing of this, their real diocesan refused to reside amongst them.

According to English law, unsuccessful Welsh bards are liable to a year's imprisonment as vagabonds, unless they can show "visible means of subsistence" by some other occupation. A law to this effect was passed in 1403. In 1568 Queen Elizabeth issued a letter-patent containing a similar provision: "Any of the aspirants that should be found to be unworthy of the name and profession of bard, rhymester, or min-

strel would be expected to take up forthwith some honest occupation or calling; by omitting to do so, they would render themselves liable to be arrested and imprisoned as so many lazy and presumptuous vagabonds." But it is necessary to state further that these harsh regulations were made for North Wales.

The number of people in Lower Brittany, or Briez Issel, who are able to speak Breton is stated to be 1,200,000 and of this number over half a million are returned as speaking Breton only. On the other hand in Higher Brittany, or Briez Uhel, nearly two million speak French only. An almost straight line drawn from St. Brieuc, in the north to Vannes, in the south, will give a boundary west of which is Breton-speaking Brittany. It is said that the French speaking Bretons to the east of the aforesaid line are not too kindly disposed towards their Breton-speaking brethren.

Among the most curious of the old hostelry signs to be found in Wales is that of the Beehive Inn at Manafon, Montgomeryshire. On one side of a beehive are painted a jug and tumbler and on the other a bottle and wine glass. Underneath are the lines:

Within this hive we're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny;
If you are dry come in and try
The flavor of our honey.

At the time when the tithe sales were going on in the Manafon and Meifod districts many accepted the invitation with apparently satisfactory results.

The Rev. J. Pritchard, who is pastor of a large and interesting Kaffir Congregational Church at Port Elizabeth, and who is at present on furlough in his native land, says that the Congrega-

tional Churches in South Africa hold a proud position. There were 37 self-supporting native churches, with a membership of 11,000 and 70,000 adherents, and in 1897 they raised £12,000 for the support of their own churches. When Mr. Pritchard took the pastorate of Edwards' Memorial Church, Port Elizabeth, eighteen years ago, there were 75 members—now there are 450.

During the last century and the beginning of the present it was no unusual thing for occupants of English sees to be translated to Welsh ones. Bangor was pre-eminently a much-coveted place of preferment, for it was reckoned to be worth in Bishop Bethell's time ten thousand a year. Bishop Christopher Bethell, who died in 1859, was translated to Bangor from Exeter, having held Gloucester and Bristol previous to his removal to Exeter. His predecessor at Bangor, Bishop Majendie, was translated from Chester. Bishop John Randolph was translated to Bangor from Oxford, and after having held the See of Bangor for three years he became Bishop of London.

William Jones, a Cardiganshire magistrate, who was formerly the Unionist candidate for Cardiganshire, was fined at the last Tregaron Sessions for trespassing in search of game on land belonging to D. W. E. Rowland, Garth, Llanio, on November 25. The complainant and the defendant are neighbors and both are land owners. The complainant had previously given defendant leave to go over his land, but their friendly relations had ceased, and although the defendant contended that the permission he once enjoyed had not been withdrawn, the bench decided otherwise and inflicted a substantial fine.

An admirer of eisteddfodau as conducted by North Wales writes: "I

must confess to having held a strong impression that the north beat the south in adhering to the old lines of the national institution, but, seeing the course pursued by the promoters of the Cardiff gathering this year, I must admit that the programme is more in accord with the progressive tendency of things and the advancing and varied needs of the people. The industrial section is particularly good. The success of the Cardiff Eisteddfod will, I thoroughly believe, renew the life of the venerable institution and preserve it in fuller vigor for years to come."

One of the geographical difficulties connected with Wales compels the giving of long names to everything in the shape of an association or a society. Monmouthshire has always to be dragged in by the ears, and Wales itself divided in two. Thus we have the South Wales and Monmouthshire Brass Band Association and the South Wales and Monmouthshire Press Benefit and Superannuation Society. In the case of statistics we have to mention that Monmouthshire is included, so that from January to December it is South Wales and Monmouthshire this and South Wales and Monmouthshire that, without end. Hasn't the time come when Monmouthshire should be taken as meant when Wales is said? If a bill in Parliament is necessary first, for goodness sake let's have it.

Among those who left the Anglican fold when Dr. Newman seceded was a very promising young Welshman, then a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and curate of St. Mary's Church, with Newman as his vicar. This young Welshman was David Lewis, a native of Llanrhystid, Cardiganshire, and elder brother to the present dean of Bangor, the Very Rev. Evan Lewis. But, unlike Newman, David Lewis did not take orders again in the Roman communion.

but continued as a layman. He lived at Arundel, Sussex, a near neighbor of the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Lewis was a frequent contributor to the Roman Catholic organ, "The Tablet," and was esteemed by his co-religionists as an authority on canon law. Two Welsh clergymen remain of those who were undergraduates at Jesus College, Oxford, during the "Oxford Movement." They are Dean Lewis, of Bangor, and the Rev. Philip Constable Ellis, M. A., rector of Llanfairfechan, North Wales.

Dr. Crotch believed the military music of Wales to be superior to that of any other nation. "In the German marches, the models of the English, most of the passages are noisy, interspersed with others that are trifling, and even vulgar. In those of France, also, there is much noise, together with chromatic and other scientific passages. The Scotch Highland marches, called 'Ports,' are wild warbles, which might inspire courage, but which could not answer the purpose of regulating the steps. But in the Welsh marches 'The March of the Men of Harlech,' 'The March of the Men of Glamorgan,' and also a tune called 'Come to the Battle,' there is not too much noise, nor is there vulgarity, nor yet misplaced science. They have a sufficiency of rhythm without injuring the dignified character of the whole."

A class has lately been formed in Cardiff for the study of the Irish language, literature and antiquities. It is composed of gentlemen of various nationalities interested in Celtic philology, and is associated with the Gaelic League, of Dublin. The Rev. Father Hayde is president, J. Hobson Matthews vice president, and J. Donellan honorary secretary. Among the members are Dr. Smith, Mr. Burke, and many young Irishmen of intellectual tastes. This movement has some importance in view of the forthcoming Cardiff

Eisteddfod, to which Irish and Breton delegates have been officially invited, and is very significant of the widespread movement towards Pan-Celticism.

In the new "Free Church Handbook" Welsh affairs are specially dealt with in two short chapters—"The Facts About Wales" and "The Celtic Church in Wales." In the former the writer deals with the suggestion that the standard of sexual morality is lower in Wales than in England and that this in some mysterious way is a reflection upon Nonconformity. In South Wales and Monmouthshire the rate of illegitimacy is 33 per thousand, and in North Wales 66; but taking all Wales together the rate is below the average of England and Wales. Then in the matter of crime all the Welsh counties are below the average except Glamorgan, Brecon and Monmouth. In the chapter on the Celtic Church the writer states without hesitation that the ancient Welsh Church was founded long before the existence of the Papacy, that the earliest Christian settlements of Wales were independent, self-governing bodies, and that "the claim to a Welsh Archbishopric is simply absurd."

It is said that farm rents are being raised in Carnarvonshire and that farmers are so timid and so dependent upon the landlords that somebody ought to fight their battle for them. Who ought to fight the battle of farmers who are willing, as we know, to take farms at higher rents over each other's heads. One reason why landowners have contempt for tenant farmers is that landlords know that tenants will take each other's farms. What is wanted is something that would put a little backbone into farmers. Farmers are not true to each other and are more afraid of each other than they are of their landlords.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

A MEMOIR.

By J. P. Rowland, Philadelphia, Pa.

[A sketch of the life and services of the Rev. J. P. Harris, who departed this life November 5, 1898, at his late residence in Nanticoke, Pa. Aged 78 years.]

The subject of this sketch was born in Wales in the year 1820, and being the youngest of four children born to Rev. James and Martha Harris (nee Llewelyn). The deceased began to preach at a very early age in Wales and, evidencing unusual talent in that direction, was sent to college to be educated for the ministry, where he graduated in the year 1844, departing shortly thereafter for this country. In 1845 he was fully ordained for the ministry at Utica, N. Y., where he preached for some time. In the year 1846 he received a unanimous call to the pastorate of Horeb Welsh Baptist Church at Minersville Pa., where he labored with universal acceptance and phenomenal success for fifteen consecutive years. His greatest success was perhaps achieved in that charge during the year 1858, a great revival year, when there were added to the membership over three hundred converts. The writer recalls most vividly that great revival, just 40 years ago, being himself one of the happy converts and one of 57 baptized persons immersed on a cold winter Sunday morning by the deceased. Such religious awakening and fervor we have never since witnessed. The total accessions to the membership of the various churches at Minersville during that year must have aggregated about fifteen hundred. From

the very advent of young Pastor Harris, his church, though young and weak prior to his coming, sprang into the first rank of the churches in the growing town, and during his entire pastorate held its position as such. The growth and development of the young pastor was even more marked than that of the church, as was constantly evidenced by the repeated demands made for his services as a preacher, poet, editor and counselor. For years he wisely resisted repeated efforts to secure his acceptance of other charges greatly to the advantage and delight of the church at Minersville, feeling that God had called him to the work then in hand.

From Minersville he removed to Cataugus, N. Y., where he served with success and acceptance for a number of years, serving subsequently the churches at Hyde Park, Providence and Nanticoke. Up to the past few years, his congregations were Welsh, though his last charge was that of the English Baptist Church at Nanticoke. That his last charge held him in high esteem was evidenced by the beautiful floral offering, representing an open Bible, surmounted by a magnificent arch, all made of the choicest cut flowers. Indeed all the surroundings attendant upon the final obsequies, the lavish and tasteful floral emblems, the character and number of the attendants who came from far and near, the kind words spoken, and the beautiful tributes paid by all the speakers to the memory of the deceased, the large concourse of sympathizing neighbors and friends, the touchingly soft and sad requiems rendered by the choir as well as the

many tearful, thoughtful faces, all indicated unmistakably that a loved one had departed, that a mighty one had fallen in Israel.

In January, 1848, a little over 50 years ago, the deceased was married to Miss Elizabeth Humphreys, at Minersville, the celebrant being the venerable Rev. William Morgan, of Pottsville, one of the best known and most dearly beloved of the early patriarchs of the

where he holds a good position as a designer in architecture. Mary and Elizabeth, together with the son-in-law, Mr. Soeurman, with his two little sons, reside with the bereaved widow and mother; Mr. Soeurman being very successfully engaged in the drug business.

Alfred, the brother of the deceased, was a preacher of great ability and spent his life in the ministry connected



The Rev. J. P. Harris. (Icuan Ddu).

Baptist Church in Pennsylvania, long ago gone to his sure reward. There were begotten to them of their happy union seven children, two sons and five daughters, of whom two daughters have gone before, their remains now resting side by side in company with their sainted father in the peaceful, silent City of the Dead at Nanticoke. The elder son, Alfred, is an engineer, and resides at Pueblo, Col., as does also his daughter, Mrs. Thomas O. Richards, who was present at the funeral. John, the youngest son, who very much resembles his father, resides at Scranton,

throughout with the English Baptists, preceeding his brother. John, to his heavenly home only a year ago, and if I mistake not, spending the greater part of his life in connection with a single charge, Hoboken, N. J. He was pre-eminently a man of thought and invariably set his listeners to thinking and in which respect as well as to a certain extent, in his physiognomy and his style, he bore a striking resemblance to America's greatest divine, Henry Ward Beecher.

J. P. Harris, the subject of this sketch, was an excellent preacher and always exceedingly practical. He could

admire a beautiful theory, but had no use for a theory, however finely spun, that did not work. His life and his preaching were suggestively illustrative of the familiar couplet of Ellen Sturgis Hooper from "Duty:"

"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty,
I woke and found that life was Duty."

As a preacher he was clear, persuasive and forceful, fearlessly unfolding the truth alike to saint and sinner, to rich and poor, yet always fervent and loving in his proclamation of the Gospel. Good as he was as a preacher, he was generally believed to be equally efficient as a pastor by reason of his unusually large endowment of natural insight into human nature. In the defense of the truth, he was a lion, in sympathy his heart had all the tenderness of woman's. J. P. Harris, better known by his nom-de-plume, "Ieuan Ddu," was also a poet of renown among the Welsh people of the United States. The writer considers that as a poet he had few, if any, equals among his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic, and certainly, it is difficult to recall a single poet among his contemporaries whose poetic compositions equal in volume or surpass in quality those of Ieuan Ddu." He was not only a versatile writer but withal a very ready writer. His gift in language, whether prose or poetry, was certainly unusually large. Early in life he was a frequent competitor in the *Eisteddfods* of this country and of Wales and generally carried away the prize. Later in life he was much in demand and rendered service of the highest character as an adjudicator at *Eisteddfods* in all sections of the country, for which position he was eminently equipped by nature and education. His works in prose and poetry, if compiled, would make a large volume, and when it is remembered

that these creations of his fertile and ever active mind were really, so to speak, recreations wrought out incidental to his one great life-work of preaching the gospel, that he was rarely endowed will be at once recognized.

He also won for himself many fine encomiums as a newspaper writer during the period that he edited the "*Seren Orllewinol*," published at Pottsville. His ready manipulation of the pen, coupled with his ever open eye, active mind and observant habits, rendered him a great success in the above direction.

Perhaps one of the greatest benefits that J. P. Harris conferred in the literary line upon the young of his day and generation was his dramatization of the beautiful Scriptural stories of "Joseph and his Brethren," "Ruth and Naomi" and "The Wise Men of the East." The writer though then a youth in his teens, recalls with the greatest clearness the lasting impressions for good made upon his youthful mind by those graphic presentations of Gospel story impersonated as they were by the best local talent, comprising the leading and best religious personages in the community. He even now beholds with the most realistic vision, that born actor, the late James Evans, long gone to glory, alternately impersonating the patriarch Jacob and Kings Ahasuerus and Herod as only he could do. The writer recalls, indeed, still hears the echo of the heavenly refrain of the angels as rendered in "Wise Men of the East" by that inimitable quartette of which Edward Thomas, now of Scranton, was one of the sweet singers. The beautiful story of Joseph, teaching unmistakably that "God moves in a mysterious way. His wonders to perform," revealing the divine hand in the life alike of the individual and the nation was rendered profoundly and indelibly impressive.

Likewise the story of the birth of the Heavenly Babe unfolding the initial chapter of the great plan of salvation was lastingly impressed. When these religious dramas were produced in Schuylkill county forty years ago, churches and public halls were entirely inadequate to accommodate the throngs that assembled to witness their performance. To remember these dramas is to remember their talented author, and as long as their goodly impressions shall last, so long shall the blessed memory of J. P. Harris survive.

He was a true friend who never failed in his loyalty to those whose friendship he had once proven. He was a devoted husband, a loving father, a kind neighbor, a faithful citizen and a true Christian.

The foregoing are a few of the facts and reflections that have hurriedly come to the mind of the writer upon picking up the "Drych" and reading therein in the Welsh tongue Rev. Charles Jones' memoir of my revered friend and father in the Gospel, Rev. J. P. Harris, "Ieuan Ddu," whose life was "an epistle read and known of all men" a beautiful poem personified, a grand anthem, whose melodious cadences shall ever reverberate, who, "though dead still speaks" and bids me be true to God, true to my fellows and thus true to myself. Peace to his ashes. Fragrant his memory. Heaven's choicest benediction upon his family.

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E. M. Pritchard (Eryrog) who died February 7, at his sister-in-law's home in West Pawlet, Vt., was a native of Waenfawr, near Carnarvon, N. W. He resided some years in Utica, N. Y. and was well known and respected. Mr. Pritchard had considerable poetic inspiration and his pathetic little poem 'Run fath wyf fi a hwnw' in the "Drych" of February 23, the last he wrote, is beautiful. He was ailing for

a long time, but up to the last was buoyant and cheerful.

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In the recent Llandelli School Board election Watcyn Wyn refused to canvass or allow anyone to canvass for him. His name was printed on the voting papers as Watkyn Hezekiah Williams. The voters knew him not in this guise so he lost his seat. To all sympathisers the bard now quotes the words: "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

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The Welsh library of the late Rev. Owen Jones, B. A., Llansantffraid, is one of the largest and most valuable collections of Welsh books owned by any private individual in Wales. It contains a large number of first editions of Welsh Bibles and Liturgies, as well as Welsh poetry, and there are several duplicates of rare editions. Mr. Jones, since his retirement from ministerial work, rearranged his Welsh books and placed them in a separate part of his house, where they would be safe in case of fire. It is rumored that the books will go to Bala College.

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This is the twenty-fifth year of the Rev. J. Morgan Jones' pastorate at Cardiff, and it is to be fittingly celebrated by the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. When Mr. Jones came to the Welsh metropolis, a quarter of a century back, it was to take charge of the Welsh Methodists of Capel Zion, a chapel located on the site now occupied by the free library. The development in the center of the town necessitated the removal of Capel Zion, and with the money paid them for compulsory removal the Methodists built the fine little chapel which seems as if it will last for all time in Pembroke-terrace.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

"Your Honor," said the Irish barrister as he rose to plead his client's cause, "I shall first prove to the jury that my client did not commit the crime with which he stands charged. If that does not convince the jury, I shall show that he was insane when he did it. If the jury be even then unconvinced, I shall prove an alibi."

A High Church stranger calling at a village church near Llantwit Vardre, S. W., early one morning, inquired: "Have you matins in this church?" "Oh, no, sir," said the rustic sexton, "oil cloth right up to the chancel."

The marriage customs of nations are quaint. Here is one which is decidedly barbarous: A Hottentot widow marrying again has to cut off the the joint of a finger, which she gives to her new husband on their wedding day. Each time she becomes a widow and marries again she has to sacrifice one finger joint.

Great interest is evoked in London by the discovery that Shakespeare's father was the first English public analyst or "ale conner." His duty was to discover adulterated ale, which vocation he pursued by means of a pair of leather breeches. When he visited an ale house he ordered a pot of ale, which he spilt upon a table. Then he donned his leather breeches and sat in the liquor. If, on rising, his breeches stuck to the table, the ale was adjudged adulterated. The extent of the adulteration was gauged by the adhesiveness.

Dean Pigou once unwittingly married a man to his deceased wife's sister, which is against the English law. The verger, whose business it was to settle the matter about the bans, was at once cross-examined. "Oh, yes vicar," said he, "I knowed right well. I knowed parties." "But why did you not tell me? I should have forbidden them." "Well, vicar, it was just this way, you see. One of the parties was 84, and tother 86. I says to myself, 'Lord, it can't last long; let 'em wed, and bother the laws.'"

Women voted for the first time at certain local elections in Dublin, recently, and some curious incidents are reported. At several booths women voters presented themselves, and, presuming on the privileges of their sex, sought admission out of turn on the plea that the weather was spoiling their clothes. The ladies found, however, that they were treated merely as electors, and many of them in a huff declined to vote, and went away, loudly protesting against the impoliteness of the men.

The following anecdote illustrates the importance of correct punctuation:—At some ports in England prayers are offered for the safety of the crew of outgoing vessels. A slip as follows was handed to the sailors' mission chaplain: "Captain Jones going to sea his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation." And, amid the giggling of some, they prayed accordingly.

Most people are familiar with the lines of Cowper, in which he alludes to the raising of the revenue from the drunkenness of the people. He says:

Drink and be mad, then; 'tis your country bids;

Gloriously drunk—obey the important call;

Her cause demands the assistance of your throats

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

At Roublaix, one of the socialist strongholds of France, the 11,000 public school children receive free food and clothing at the expense of the town. Their dinner at school consists of soup, bread, vegetables, meat, and a glass of wine. At the beginning of summer and of winter each child receives a comfortable suit of clothes.

SUNSHINE.

"Dar's one of de sma'test mules in dis city," announced the proud proprietor of an ash cart to one of his patrons. "He unde'stan's eb'ry wo'd I say, same like he wa' a pusson."

"Hardly, I guess. Tell him to go ahead a little."

"Git up dar, Sunshine" and the mule began to back.

"Look at that now."

"Dat's what I'e tellin' you, boss. Ef dat mule don't undestan' me pehfect, how do he know how to do de opp'site every time? He never miss since I had him, boss."

WAS PARDONED.

At one time if a Japanese girl married a foreigner, she was instantly decapitated. A Portuguese gentleman was probably the first European to marry a daughter of the land of the chrysan-

themum with impunity. He went there thirty years ago, and fell in love with a Japanese girl. Her parents warned her of the fatal consequences of marrying him, but she persisted, with the result that the Mikado decided that she must be beheaded. However, after a correspondence of over five years' duration between the Portuguese Government and the Japanese Government, she was permitted to live.

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THE LITTLE GIRL'S BURDEN.

A good story is told by Rudyard Kipling at his own expense. During his stay in Wiltshire one summer he met little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's grand-daughter, and being very fond of children, took her in the grounds and told her stories. After a time Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling must be tired of the child, called her, and said, "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the small celebrity, "but he has been wearying me."

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SALARIES OF PRESIDENTS.

Very few persons would suspect how small the salaries of presidents of republics are, when the enormous sums crowned heads receive are taken into consideration. The foreigner often thinks the \$50,000 salary of the President of the United States is merely a joke, and that he receives ten times as much in reality, but the same foreigner may not know that the French President, in a country where the wealthiest monarchs once reigned, receives only \$120,000 a year. The President of the little Andorra republic contents himself with a salary of \$15 a year, and the President of the Swiss republic must be satisfied with \$3,000.

A GOOD LAW.

A Parisian who suspects that the food or drink which he has purchased is adulterated, can have the article analyzed free of cost at the municipal laboratory. If impurities are found, the city undertakes the prosecution of the tradesman, and after conviction the offender is not only liable to fine and imprisonment, but may be obliged to display in his window a sign reading, "Convicted of Adulteration." There is room for a similar law in this country.

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LINCOLN'S FIRST SPEECH.

Judge Bell of Mount Carmel, Ill., has a copy of Abraham Lincoln's first speech as a candidate. It was made near Springfield, and ran as follows:

"Gentlemen and Fellow Citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like an old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the international improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I shall be thankful, if not it will be the same."

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THE OLDEST.

The oldest lighthouse in existence is believed to be that at Corunna, Spain. It was built in the reign of Trajan and reconstructed in 1534. England and France have lighthouses which were built by the Roman conquerors. The famous Cordovan Tower of France, at the mouth of the Gironde, in the Bay of Biscay, was completed in 1611, in the reign of Henry IV. After standing 287 years it was still considered to be one of the finest lighthouses in the world, al-

though its height has been increased. The famous Pharos of Alexandria, antedates both of the above by many years, as it was built 250 B. C., but it is not always considered as a lighthouse.

—o:o—

DON'T MAKE A NOISE.

It is related of a well-known Treforest, S. W., minister that when preaching he never misses an opportunity of having a "sly dig" at the sleepers in the congregation. One Sunday night he occupied the pulpit of a chapel at Ystrad, and there was an overflowing congregation. The heat, however, had a very soporific effect upon some of the deacons in the "big seat," and this greatly disconcerted the preacher. Then the little boys in the gallery became very uneasy, and this was the divine's opportunity. "My dear boys," he said appealingly, "please do not make a noise, or you'll surely wake some of the people downstairs."

—o:o—

WESTMINSTER ABBEY CUSTOMS.

Burial in Westminster Abbey is not, of course, a question of money, but there are certain fees charged for interment within that ancient pile. Formerly the fees amounted to £150 or £160. Dean Stanley introduced many reforms in the scale of charges, with the result that the maximum cost is now £111 4s. 2d. It may, however, be £20 less.

The variations in the cost arise in connection with the contribution demanded for the fabric fund, which is £26 or £36 or £46, according to the place of interment. Other items in the bill are £34 2s. 2d. for fees to the dean, canons, choir and vergers, and £31 2s. on account of silk scarfs, hat-bands and gloves to the clergy, choir and vergers, which were formerly provided by the undertaker, and charged in his account. —Westminster Gazette.

AN ISLAND PEOPLE.

One of the English warships has been cruising among the Solomon Islands, which, you will find on the map, are northeast of Australia. The officers of the warship report that they found in these islands a race of people so large as to be called giants. The men were over six feet tall, and had long, straight hair, which they dyed yellow. The hair of the women was short. They are a copper-colored people. These people have no war weapons, and, of course, live in peace with each other and with their neighbors. They have no books and no history. The officers of the warship say that they have good homes, and are kind to their children.—The Outlook.

A NOVEL BAROMETER.

It has taken a clever Frenchman to discover a kind of barometer which may be safely called unique. An English journal tells about it:

It is nothing more nor less than the figure of a general made of gingerbread. He buys one every year, and takes it home and hangs it by a string on a nail. Gingerbread, as every one knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft, while in dry weather it grows hard and tough. Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant: "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Perhaps he may reply: "The general feels soft. He would advise your taking an umbrella." On the other hand, if the gingerbread is hard and unyielding to the touch, it is safe to go forth in one's best attire, umbrellaless and confident. The Frenchman declares that the general has never yet proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and would advise

all whose purse will not allow them to purchase a barometer or aneroid to see what the local baker can do for them in the gingerbread line.—Epworth Herald.

THE LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

"It just occurs to me," said Mr. Glimby, "that the language of animals depends not upon where they were born, but upon their kind. All of a kind speak in the same tongue, no matter where they come from. Thus, strolling down a South street wharf the other day, as I love to do, to look at the ships, I was barked at as I passed by a dog standing on the deck of a Norwegian ship. And this dog did not bark at me in Norwegian, but in its own universal dog language, which I could readily understand.

'And it was certainly an agreeable sound. It brought the far north country near, and made it seem homelike. It made the whole world home, for it brought to mind the fact that nature and the lower animals speak to us in familiar tones everywhere. It is only the tongue of man that is confused.'—New York Sun.

JOHN WESLEY'S HOUSE.

A sum of £5,000 having been provided by an anonymous donor for the purpose of maintaining John Wesley's house in the City Road, London, as a permanent Wesley Museum, the formal opening has taken place. The rooms are three in number. Hundreds of American and other visitors annually make a pilgrimage to these rooms, which are to-day in much the same condition in which they were in Wesley's time.

Deeply interested and affecting is the room in which Wesley died. In the front room is the high-backed, comfortable chair in which he used to sit and in which the president sits when presiding

over a conference. On the landing stands the old "grandfather's clock," once Wesley's, and on the bureau the famous tea pot presented by Wedgwood to Wesley. The lid is gone and the spout is broken, but an American offered £2,000 for the tea pot. The house was finished eleven months after the chapel, and Wesley first occupied it as he says in his journal, on October 8, 1779. The third room on the floor is the "prayer room," which Wesley used to enter at 4 o'clock each morning. All these interesting relics are now permanently preserved.

Father Beauclerk, who so successfully boomed the miraculous waters of St. Winifred's Well, Holywell, is leaving that place "because he feels the necessity of seeking work of a lighter and less onerous character." Why in the name of all that is ridiculous does he not take a dose of the healing waters and go on as usual? The inhabitants of Holywell, a rather dirty and retrograde place, have winked at the "miracles" because they paid and laughed at the poor dupes who brought their crutches, their money and their superstition to Holywell and took nothing back with them but their superstition. The Roman Catholic Church is wise and never pushes things to extremes. Father Beauclerk has done good work and now he is removed. There is work for him elsewhere and we shall have fewer miracles in future at Holywell. What an awful ass the public is to be sure!

In no part of the world did the marriage of the illustrious cantatrice arouse keener interest than in Wales, which Madame Patti has made her home for many years. At her beautiful residence Craig-y-Nos she is always the Lady Bountiful but the play of the prima donna's charitable instincts has been by no means confined to the fortunate peasantry living near her

Welsh home. The hospitals of Swansea, Neath, and Cardiff have all benefited by special concerts.

In Davies' "Mythology of the Ancient Druids" (a work which placed its author, the Rector of Bishopston, near Swansea, in the first rank as a writer on the history and manners of the ancient Britons), I find the following notice of "Cwn Annwn" (Dogs of Hades):—"Pwyll, Lord of the Seven Provinces of Dyfed, hunting in the Vale of Glyn Cwch, and listening to the cry of his hounds, hears that of another pack, of a different tone and coming in an opposite direction. The strange pack pursued the stag into the center of the grove and there threw him down. Pwyll admires the dogs, which were 'all of a shining white hue, with red ears.' This was the popular notion of the Welsh respecting the color of the Cwn Annwn, which Mr. Davies believes to be a mythical transformation of the Druids, with their white robes and red tiaras.

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ABOUT BACTERIA.

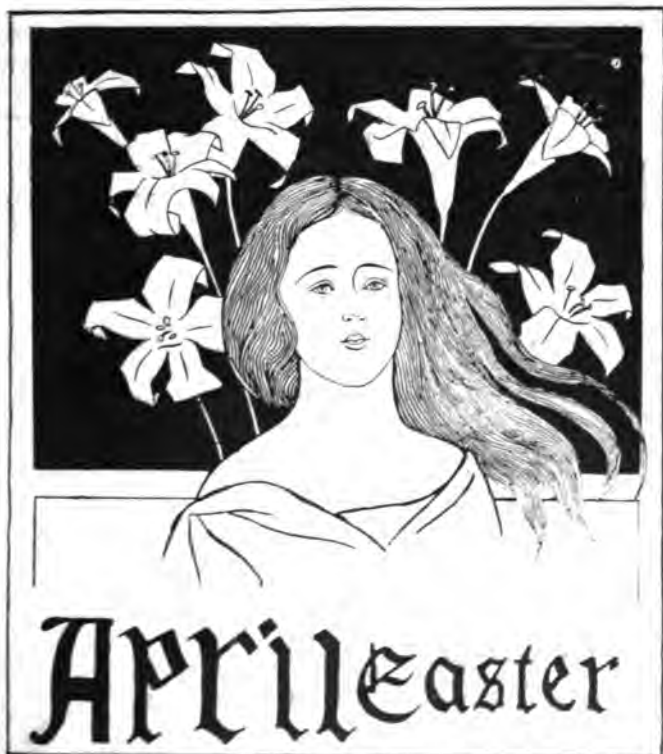
"Hokey-pokey ice cream sold in London streets, though full of bacterial life, turns out on inspection to be less harmful than was expected. The analyst's report says: "It contained upward of 500,000 organisms per cubic centimeter. The bacteria isolated were the *Bacilli coli communis* (the cream contained 200 or 300 per cubic centimeter), *Streptococcus pyogenes*, *Straphylococcus pyogenes aureus*, *Straphylococcus pyogenes albus*, *Bacilli liquidus*, *liquefaciens*, *liquefaciens fluorescens*, and *ubiquitus*. No *oidium lactis* could be found, nor could any diphtheria bacilli be discovered.' None of these microbes, however, are particularly injurious."

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.

APRIL, 1899.

No. 4.

JOHN RUSKIN.

By D. J. Williams, Peckville, Pa.

This celebrated man's eightieth birthday was the eighth of February, 1899. He received many congratulations on that day, and great interest was felt in the occasion not only in England, but throughout the English-speaking world. That his birthday should be a matter of interest to so many, reflects great credit on those who feel it, as well as on the man himself. As a writer on a great variety of themes he has exerted a refining and elevating influence upon the minds of millions of thinking people in many parts of the world. His writings are characterized by purity, vitality and force, which account for their wide and deep influence on the people of this age, and will, no doubt, continue good and beneficial in their influence for ages to come.

It is as an art critic that Ruskin is most widely known, and possibly his influence is more potent in this line than any other. His "Modern Painters" is a masterpiece. This great work alone would be sufficient to make him famous as one of the

great writers of this century, and of all centuries. He contends for truth in art as the basis of all permanent excellence; just as Carlyle, his great contemporary and friend, contended for truth and sincerity in life and literature. He contended for truth and conformity to facts in the realm of art. These great men were much alike in many ways. They were extremely sensitive, which is one of the marks of genius, and the source of some of the eccentricities which characterized them. Such men, very often, use strong and exaggerative expressions, which cannot be rightly understood without making a liberal allowance on account of their intense feelings. But both of them, by reason of their great powers of expression, their profound insight and their intense earnestness have exerted a quickening and a rousing influence for good on the minds of myriads. Both of them have added rich treasures of thought to the wealth of English literature.

If the perception of the beautiful, and the cultivation of the aesthetic

faculties is one of the elements in the evolution of the race, and we believe it is, then we must believe that Ruskin has contributed much that entitles him to be considered one of the apostles of progress. He teaches one to use his eyes, in observing the different natural objects which come within the range of our vision. He has proved himself a patient and intense observer, as any one will be convinced in reading his descriptions of the real truth of things as seen in water, earth, trees, valleys, mountains and sky. He nobly contends for truth in art, and he fiercely condemns all representations of nature that are untrue. He

points out how **closely** Turner, the great English painter, followed nature in his work. **All** true art must combine light and **shade**, the manifest and the hidden revelation and mystery, if it is **faithful** to the truth of things. **Truth is the** foundation of all permanent work, and the soul of all real excellence in art, literature and life. The **man** who like Ruskin has devoted a long and toilsome life to purify and refine the taste of his fellows deserves to be congratulated on having reached **such** an advanced age. If this brief **sketch** will serve to lead some to **read** his works, it will have answered a good purpose.



FALLEN LEAVES.

By Lizzie Owen, Denver, Col.

The sturdy oak, king of the wood,
Majestic grand, defiant stood;
It's massive branches towering high,
Resplendent neath the summer sky;
Its matchless robe of green at length,
Bespeaking beauty, life and strength;
Divine injunction guards the whole,
It moves the heart, it stirs the soul.

I came again and sought the place,
The scene to scan, the picture trace;
But lo! a blast of winter's morn
Had touch'd that tree, it's beauty shorn;
Upon the ground, faded and dead,
And under foot so thoughtless tread—
Were leaves— the leaves that kissed the sky.
In form and hue art could not vie.

Alas! how true of human life,
This surging, changing, constant strife;
How oft the plans so well contrived,
And castles fair, by time destroyed;
The morrow that should pleasure bring,
Produced instead the keenest sting;
Ambitions thwarted, hope and trust,
Alike have crumbled into dust.

AN APRIL FOOL.

By Lewis Leyshon.

Among many other customs, the facetious annual one of fooling on the first of April is involved in utter obscurity, and very probably will never be satisfactorily accounted for. Although fooling is practiced more or less every day of the year, yet the first of April has been set apart from time immemorial as an official day for fooling, and while other days may see a little fooling in a voluntary way, on the first of April it becomes a duty to fool or be fooled. The French call an April fool an April "fish," and I have never seen such a queer title explained.

Some state that fooling is a commemoration of the cruel way our Savior was sent from one court to another previous to His crucifixion; while others assert that the day celebrates sending the dove by Noah during the subsidence of the flood. The dove never returned, which in a way fooled the old patriarch. Would this idea of the flood explain the French title "fish" as applied to an April fool? Was it the first of April the fish got left on the mountain tops, whereto the tide never returned?

However it may be, it seems that the first of April was a memorable day, and its observance became so general that a man that overlooked or forgot it was considered a fool; or by some reason not now known,

the day was especially appointed for the testing of human wits. Very often this is done by sending a man on a nonsensical errand to seek something impossible or impertinent, so as to act in a ridiculous manner. A man's sanity is proved by ignoring the tempter. The greatest feat of the day is the successful fooling of the fooler.

Early in the fifties, in a rural parish in Wales, there lived a sexton of the funny name of Phillip Johnkins, who eked out a poor existence by working at a limekiln, and occasionally digging a grave for a departed parishioner. This Johnkins was a peculiar character, partially distorted, dwarfish in stature, with a large nose (somewhat Bergasque in appearance), possessed of considerable intellectual ability, a pretty voluble talker, but clownish in manner, which caused the lads very often to play rather cruel jokes on him. He lived in a little court off the main street, and, strange to say, had a very nice looking woman for a wife, and two fine children. Phillip had worked at the limekiln for some years, and had saved some money, when he asked the proprietor for a two weeks' furlough to visit his old home in Carmarthenshire with an eye to business. At the close of his furlough, he returned with his young

•

wife and settled down for good. Next Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Johnkins were at church, and everybody was surprised at the beauty and youth of the bride, as well as at the homeliness of the bridegroom. For some years they seemed to lead a very happy life, he having the reputation of being an exemplary husband. He was steady and assiduous, and she was always attentive to domestic duties, and their simple home was truly comfortable. But yet Phillip among the lads was a butt of ridicule, and a laughing-stock on account of his partial deformity. He was always a target for nicknames, jokes and jibes, and his resentment of those unseemly attacks would only augment the fun.

One fine first day of April in 1856, two of the lads came to the kiln with tears in their words, informing Phillip of the demise of Sally Jones, which to Phillip Johnkins was the authentic mother Sally Jones. He informed the foreman, shuffled himself into his coat, seized his staff, and directed his footsteps towards God's acre, which was located a five minute's walk away. He entered the burial ground; unlocked the tool shanty; shuffled away with his pick and shovel, and commenced without delay to "break" the grave.

He was not a bit afraid of work, so as soon as he had marked out the space for old Sally's resting place, he set to manipulating his pick to break through the outer crust. He had a weird habit of whistling when digging—not that he was irreverent, but somewhat he felt relieved of the

drudgery at the kiln. He dug six inches with this pick, and shoveled it; dug another installment, and was almost through shoveling it when his shovel slid over a plate. He took his pick, drove the point under the edge and pried it up, uncovering a good-sized iron crock (crochan), with strong handle of the same metal. Inside was a number of bags with gold coins—innumerable it seemed! Phillip became nervous: he felt a choking sensation, and his heart fluttered as if he had heart-disease. The sweat started out on his forehead, and big drops chased each other down his ample nose. Just then he espied the Vicar coming and he scraped dirt over the plate.

"Well, Phillip," asked the Vicar. "what's this job you are doing?" "I am breaking old Mother Sally's grave, sir," answered Phil, touching his hat.

"I am afraid, Phillip, the lads have been fooling you, unless you mean to bury Old Sal alive," said the Vicar. "I saw her a minute ago at the garden edge, how-dy-doing some passer by."

"Thinking of it, it is Fool's Day. too. Go drat, the lads!" said Phillip.

"I'll tell you, what ye'll do, Phillip; you have'nt been much fooled. cover that up, take the tools back. and adjourn finishing the grave until Old Sal gives up the ghost."

"That's right too, y'r reverence," added Phillip, and he scraped back the dirt, planted the sod as natural as possible, re-placed the tools in the

shed, and after much deliberate thought, decided to occupy himself the rest of the day in and around the graveyard, so as to be on guard and watch the treasure.

Although days passed without a single invader, yet this day Phillip was uneasy lest some one would enter and go straight for the treasure. He did not go home to dinner, thinking that would be the very time some one would be likely to come. So he hung around anxiously all the day, assuming to be busily engaged doing pretended jobs. When the sun was sinking into the West, and the evening shades were falling over the quiet City of the Dead, Phillip felt much relieved, and he lost no time hastening to the spot whence he pulled up the crock, which was tremendously heavy, side-dumped the barrow, rolled the vessel on, and wheeled it over home without exciting the suspicions of the neighbors. He opened the door, and wheeled right in, and locked the door. Mrs. Johnkins looked somewhat puzzled at this unusual manner of lodging barrows, and says she,

"And goodness to you, boy, where have ye been all day. You must be fainting for your dinner!"

"Don't talk, girl," he replied, "I have feasted on good luck, and I feel glorious! I am a modern Ali Baba!" and he started to jig and dance like a Methodist at a revival. Taking her by the waist, he said,

"Lo and behold! Let me call you henceforth Madam!"

She stared at the gold coins, clasped her hands, lifted her fine

face, and with an emphatic expression of satisfaction she blessed Phillip Johnkins. After making a fair estimate of the contents of the bags, Phillip narrated the story of the discovery; how he was fooled to dig the grave; how he struck the mine; how he stood guard over it, forgetting himself and family in the absorbing thought of securing a fortune

"I don't feel hungry at all," he said. "It seems odd, but I feel as if I had been in a five dollar St. David's Banquet!"

"You have supped on imagination; you better eat some solider food!" said Mrs Johnkins.

"Well, what have you?" asked Phillip.

"I have some neck of mutton broth with potatoes, parsnips, leeks, &c., and as usual—apple dumpplings," she added.

"That's a fine supper for a gold bug, ain't it?" asked Phillip with feigned displeasure.

They both partook of the simple meal, but seemed to realize that their erstwhile tastes had undergone considerable change, for both had already experienced a novel consciousness that they deserved a better repast, and could afford to get it.

The change came in good time. Phillip quitted work; moved into a fine house; people began to respect the Johnkins family; the children were sent away to school; Mr. Johnkins was elected member of the Poor Board, School Board, Church Committee, Chairman of the Local Lib-

eral Club; and Mrs. Johnkins figured equally highly among the ladies of the parish. To Mr. Johnkins' eternal honor it may be said that he never forgot the means by which he suddenly and so happy attained his

position in society (although he never mentioned it, except to his wife); and often in his best days he confessed to her "that nobody gets rich but somebody or somebodies are fooled."



HINTS TO THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

By H. O. Rowlands, D. D.

The student who enters the pastorate unprepared soon exhausts himself, and by a strange paradox exhausts his congregation also.

It is not more men for the ministry the churches so much need, but more man in the minister; not more ministers, but better, brighter, and a more thoroughly equipped ministry.

While in the seminary permit nothing to come between you and the studies incident to seminary life; and if you have time over, take the Pauline counsel and give yourselves to much reading. This is the receptive period of life; every cerebral cell is open and hungry, and it is God's purpose to feed it with knowledge.

Study, not only for the acquisition of knowledge, but also for the training and discipline the mind gets in such an exercise. There are ten informed minds where there is one disciplined for the dissemination of knowledge.

In any church, however small, you will find a large opportunity for the investment of every mite of intellec-

tual riches, every ohm of force, and all learning, culture, and knowledge you may acquire.

The battle demands not a large disorganized mob, but the smaller body of trained soldiers; so also in the battle the pastor must wage, intellectually considered, not many-sided information tells as much as organized and systematized knowledge.

The pulpit speaker has done much for his effectiveness and power as a speaker when he has trained his voice to speak not rantingly, but with the sweetness and resonance of nature, and the tones are not the metallic sounds of the throat, but the musical messengers that come from the regions where the heart beats and whence sighs come laden with love, pity and hope.

If I were an autocrat of a theological school I would place music, instrumental and vocal, in the curriculum; not only because it is an elegant and sacred accomplishment convenient everywhere, but because it is an equipment vital to the effec-

iciency of the pastorate and pulpit. It multiplies by two the minister's efficiency.

Musical culture will give the pastor better judgment as to hymns and tunes; it will be a constant training in voice culture, the most neglected of all pulpit exercises.

The crudeness, inefficiency and weakness manifested in the leadership of the prayer-meeting by many pastors make it evident that our seminaries have not considered a training for this work as a necessity; and yet, in a Baptist church the prayer-meeting, is almost, if not fully, equal in importance to the pulpit service.

Christian sociology, as applied at least to country and village pastorates is the old fashioned "pastoral work" systematized and carried forward on scientific methods; it lifts

the pastoral work from mere fussing with parishioner's doorbells to an intelligent system of elevating the whole church socially and materially, as well as spiritually.

"Higher criticism" is now an unfortunate term; it is counted either the fetich of the ironoclast, or the "hoodoo" of the timid; in reality it is an unbiased study of the literature of the holy scripture. It no more injures the Bible than does the searching telescope dim or cool the sun. Such a criticism is proper in the seminary; but not in the pulpit. Demonstrations in anatomy and vivisection are not for the public gaze, but for the student's eye. The preacher is not called on to change, criticise or qualify the message; he is to herald it as it is given him in the word of God.



ADDRESS TO A ROBIN.

By John D. Morgan.

We welcome thee, robin red breast,
And list with delight to thy song;
Then find a safe place for a nest,
And stay with us ever so long;
To pay for thy music so sweet,
Our cherries, when ripe, you may pick,
But be not too greedy, and eat
So many that thou wilt be sick.

THE WELSH IN MARIETTA COLLEGE.

By R. M. Stimson, Marietta, O.

Marietta College was founded in 1835. In its first decade, students by the names of Davis, Lewis, Evans, Jones, Williams, Owen, Howell and Powell indicate clearly young men of Welsh extraction seeking an education, although none of them were known distinctively as Welshmen.

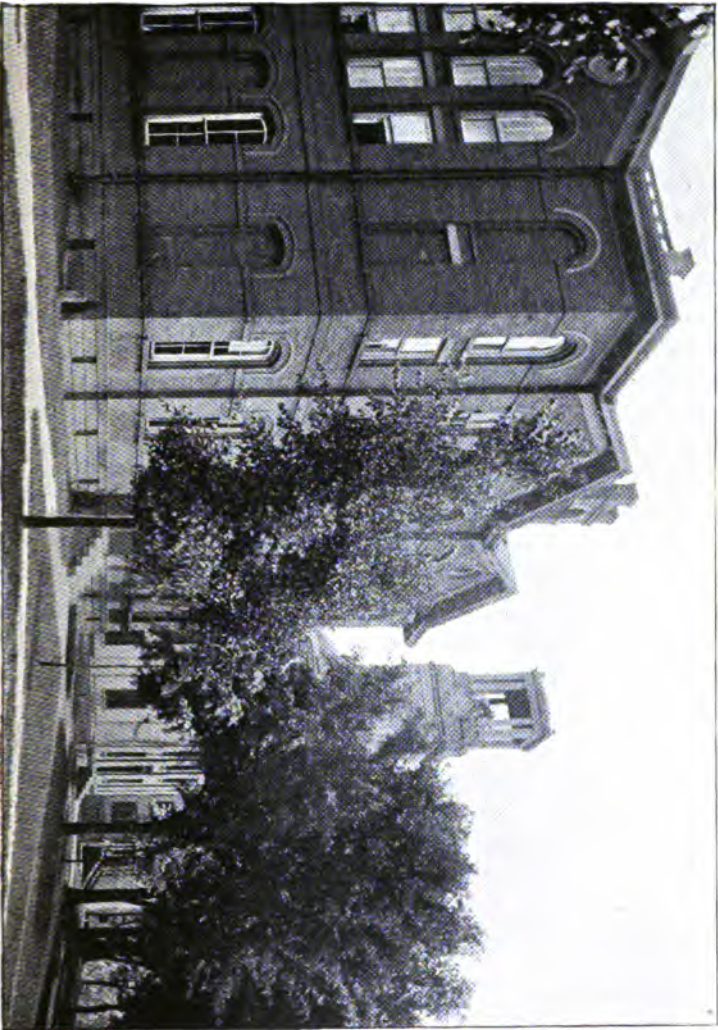
In the fall term, 1846, there appeared in the Academy of the College Evan Llewellyn Davies, from Jackson, Ohio, the first real Welshman to enter Marietta College. In the first year of his preparatory course, the writer, then a Senior, had the pleasure to be his instructor in Latin. He graduated with the second honor of his class, in 1852. He became a tutor in the College. His many years have been spent as a clergyman in the Western States, and he is supposed to be still living. Jenkin Davies Jenkins, from Gwallia (Wales), entered the Sophomore class, 1854, and graduated in 1857; and Peter S. Davies, from Minnesota, graduated in 1861.

So the College in its first quarter of a century can count only three Welshmen among the Alumni. With the three who graduate at the approaching Commencement, the Welsh Alumni of Marietta College will number forty-eight, all but six of whom date from the year 1872.

There have been twenty-four

Welsh students in the Academy, who did not enter the College, and ten who entered but did not complete the course. In the present college year, the number of Welsh students is thirteen, seven in the College, six in the Academy.

The year of the class and the names of the Welsh Alumni are here given: (1852), Evan Llewellyn Davies; (1857), Jenkin Davies Jenkins; (1861), Peter Samuel Davies; (1863), William Howell Evans; (1864), William Watkins; (1869), James Michael Rees; (1872), Richard Roderick Davies; (1872), John Lewis Davies; (1872), David E. Reese; (1872), Daniel Thomas; (1874), David Felix Davies; (1874), John Morris Davies; (1874), Wm. W. Rowlands; (1874), James William Reese; (1876), Richard Gregg Lewis; (1876), David Lewis; (1878), Daniel Miles Lewis; (1879), Daniel Jewett Davies; (1879), John Lot Davies; (1880), John H. Phillip; (1881), John Jones; (1881), Thomas Edmond Lewis; (1882), David William Morgan; (1882), Thomas Pierce Thomas; (1884), Daniel Dyfnallt Davies; (1884), George James Jones; (1884), Rhys Rhys Lloyd; (1884), Minor Morris; (1888), William Reese; (1889), George Watkins James; (1889), David Lewis Thomas; (1889), Richard Owen; (1889), Roger Morgan Wil-



Marietta College Buildings and Campus.

liams; (1890), Evan Evans; (1890), Homer Morris; (1891), Spencer Evan Evans; (1891), David Hugh Jones; (1891), Edwin Jones Lewis; (1892), Joshua Osea Griffiths; (1892), James Francis Jones; (1893), Thomas Dean Henshaw; (1893), John Morgan Lewis; (1894), John Elias Williams; (1896), James Evan Reese; (1897), Chester Chidlaw Evans; (1897), Thomas Jesse Jones; (1897), Edmund Owens; (1898), William Evan Davis; (1898), John Edward Jones; (1898), Thomas John Jones.

Of these forty-nine, all but Watkins are still living—six rank highest honor in their respective classes, and five second honor. It is safe that the average class standing of the Welsh students in Marietta College has been above the average of all students, as a whole. The character of the Welsh people is that of industry, sobriety, honesty, with a religious bent of mind, and this character has been maintained to a high degree by Marietta's Welsh students. Of these fifty Welsh Alumni, the ministers of the gospel reckon thirty-six, or three-quarters of the

whole, six teachers, two physicians, two lawyers, two business men, one editor, one farmer. Of the ninety-seven Welsh students in the institution, it cannot be recalled that there has been discipline for personal misconduct only in the case of one. Short of pecuniary means has been pretty generally the condition, but no young man, for the lack of money, has ever been turned away from Marietta College. Such aid has been given as could be, with funds usually sadly limited.

Evan L. Davies (1852), and John L. Davies (1872) were tutors in the institution; and James M. Rees (1869), Principal of the Academy, and David H. Jones (1891) Associate Principal, James Francis Jones (1892) Professor of Biology.

There are eleven (March 6, 1899) Welsh boys and girls now in the institution. Evan William Evans, a native of Swansea, Wales, a scholarly gentleman in the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, eight years, 1857 to 1865, was one of the best of Marietta's Professors. He died at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1874.



ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

 Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Tenth Paper.

With this paper the first epoch in the history of the St. David's Society is brought to a close.

General Morgan Lewis, because of growing infirmities and approaching old age retired from the presidency, although up to the time of his death he did not lessen his interest in the Society's welfare, or his friendship for the members. He having filled the presiding office from the establishment of the Society, a period of six years, his incumbency may well be called an epoch in its history.

I have said much respecting him in previous papers; but the debt of gratitude due him for his services in its behalf, and the respect due him for his own worth, justifies me in adding a further tribute herein.

None but those associated with him can comprehend the value of those services, especially when taking into consideration the luster he gave to the Society by his connection with it.

His illustrious career is an object lesson, not only to every Welshman, but to every American. He was in the front rank of those who established a government upon the basis of liberty and equal rights, for the individual man as expressed in the

Declaration of Independence, and carried out in the Constitution and general laws.

Francis and Morgan Lewis were perfect types of the "Fathers of our Country." Not types of any nationality, but of all, emigrant or native, who took part in freeing themselves from oppression, and establishing a nation that in 120 years has made itself impregnable.

The stern school of life through which they and their conferees had passed (most of them being men of limited means), the indomitable will power and wisdom displayed on the field and in the forum, demonstrated to the world that men of principle, possessing the courage of their convictions can never be overcome.

Bold and rugged in character, honest and unswerving in all their dealings, the struggle of the Revolution found such names as Washington, Jefferson (who was of Welsh descent), Franklin, Adams and Lewis in the van of all those to be honored by the new nation.

Picture the stern old merchant, before the conflict, foreseeing the effect of the paralyzing measures adopted for the government of the colonies, warning his fellow merchants of the impending danger, and urging them to take such action in

the emergency as might avert the impending crisis. All commercial enterprises was checked; all industrial progress forbidden, and even the teaching of trades and professions to the youth of the Colonies was absolutely prohibited.

The mother country caused the Revolution by other enactments than those usually and generally given consideration, but which Francis Lewis saw and realized years before the wrongs culminated in the struggle at arms. Like all, or nearly all other emigrants, he came here with but limited means to carve a fortune for himself, and having a liberal education to strengthen him, he succeeded in acquiring wealth and influence. He died, as heretofore told in this series, in 1803, his participation and services in sustaining the great Declaration of American Independence, of which he was one of the signers, having reduced him again to poverty.

The lesson for the youth of to-day is therefore rendered doubly impressive by the life of the son. Studious and practical, he was but nineteen years old when he was selected to deliver one of the honorary orations at his college, and almost immediately thereafter, at the outbreak of hostilities, took his place in the ranks of the Revolutionary Army as a volunteer. He inherited not only the zealous and self-sacrificing patriotism of his father, but the same sterling qualities of intellect and character. He was quickly promoted, but his duties, arduous and faithfully executed, while they

earned for him the commendation of his superiors were not such as brought him renown for gallantry and valor upon the tented field. His administration of military affairs in the Northern Department was such that much of the success achieved and the capture of Burgoyne's army was due to the manner in which General Morgan Lewis performed the duties assigned him.

At the close of the war he was admitted to the bar, and entered into the practice of the law. His services in behalf of the newly established nation were speedily recognized however, and honor after honor was bestowed upon him until he declined further political office.

The wisdom exercised by him while chief executive of the State of New York in regard to the Public School Fund has made it possible for every youth to place himself in competition with the best in the land. And when these facilities are taken advantage of they will enable the youth of our rising generation to achieve any position in the line of public service even, to the highest.

The incumbency of such a man in the office of President, and the weight of his influence and character gave the St. David's Society a prestige in the eyes of the community, and such strength in its career of usefulness that no tribute can be too great for General Lewis in the minds of those who enjoyed the pleasure of being a member of the Society with him during the six years which are now denominated the "first epoch" of its history.

Before leaving this subject, I desire to picture the results of the work of these two men and their compatriots, for General Lewis was a connecting link between this Society and the men who founded our national government. It is well, therefore, that the present and the rising generation of Welsh descent should realize the share their own forefathers and people had in establishing this nation, now in the forefront of the powers of the world.

The Colonists were mainly men of no title or wealth; simply citizens in the ordinary channels of life, regularly employed in the professions, trades or agricultural pursuits. They were without money, arms, ammunition or training for an armed conflict; and with nothing to sustain them but the religious and moral convictions of right, a sense of oppressive rule, and a desire to free themselves from connection with the most wealthy and most powerful kingdom then on earth.

These men untrained in the arts of war, or of diplomacy in the administration of government, or the intricacies of legislation, erected the most perfect model of representative government ever known, besides enacting a code of laws which ensures forever a just and equitable consideration of the rights of man. True there were some imperfections in the original constitution, but the assault arising therefrom in 1861, still further attested the wisdom and forethought of the founders; and the resulting abolition of slavery, ce-

mented the country more closely in the bonds of national unity.

Judge these men by their opponents, and their work was most marvellous. England's statesmen sustained by rank, wealth, power, and schooling had been practiced for centuries in all the arts and subtleties of administrative government.

Compare England's enactments to those of American Congress. One, tended only to strengthen a central power at the expense of individual rights; the other, afforded the unity of common interest with a supreme authority empowered only to protect the whole, and maintain a permanent peace. The result of the latter has been, that in one short century the population has grown from three to seventy-two millions of happy prosperous people, with a productive power unequalled on the face of the globe, and a government that is now so stable as to be impregnable against all attempts to overturn it from within or without. The States too have increased from thirteen to forty six, besides its territorial possessions, and the seeming conflicting interests of each only serves to strengthen them as a whole.

I do not wish to impugn the principles or character of England, which has always been in the advance of civilization, but rather to show the wonderful wisdom and forethought displayed by the men who founded this government.

Of the host of Welshmen who held positions in the physical struggle of

the Revolution, and the many who took part in the legislative work of the several States, and of the national government, few were more prominent than Francis and Morgan Lewis.

The St. David's Society may therefore well be proud of the fact that its first presiding officer was one of these men, and that through him it maintained a direct connection with the origin, establishment

and maintenance of the government of the United States. This is also a legacy that the founders of the Society will leave to their successors, who will conduct it to perpetuity.

These remarks, of course, do not really enter into the history of the Society, except as they form the link between the first epoch in the history of our country, and the first epoch in the history of our Society.



SIGNS OF THE COMING STORM.

— — — — —
A Tale of '59.

— — — — —
By E. R. Evans, Carnarvon.

CHAPTER I.

Huw Roberts, y Bryn, was as fine a specimen of a young Welshman of the period as you might wish to meet. Educated, perhaps, better than the majority of his fellows, and possessed of a considerable amount of common sense, it was but natural that he should take the lead in all things that appertained to the welfare of his equals in and around the historic town of Bala; and, endowed as he was with more than the average gift of good looks, it was equally as natural that he should be much sought after. Huw, however, had long since fallen, head and ears, as the saying is, in love with Jenny Jones, Tygwyn, the daughter of old

John Jones, one of the most successful farmers, and the highest respected man in the whole locality.

The Tygwyn family were noted for their piety, and for their great zeal for "the cause;" and the only drawback to what would otherwise be called a successful union between Huw and the fair Jenny, was the fact that the farmer as yet was not among the flock. John Jones was a deacon in the little chapel, and as such could not look with favor upon an alliance between his daughter and a man who had not embraced the religion he held so dear.

Huw and Jenny were one evening walking leisurely along the banks of the placid Llyn Tegid, and after the

manner of young people, had been whispering sweet tales of love in each other's ears. The sun was sinking low behind the distant hills in the west, and cast a rich tint on the face of the waters. "A beautiful sunset like this always sets me thinking," said Huw, "of the happiness

comes a professor of religion, should be beyond doubt honest and true, in thought and deed. If I could be such another man as your father, for instance, I would not for an instant hesitate. But come, darling, when can I hope to have you?"

"That's where it is," was the girl's



Huw and Jenny were one evening walking leisurely along the banks of the placid Llyn Tegid.

and joy which God has, in His goodness, arranged for man, but which so few realise."

The girl gave a sigh, and replied, "How is it, Huw, that you can think so nighly of the Great King, and yet stand aloof from His people?"

"I'm not good enough yet, Jenny, to think of such a course. Do you know, I think a man, before he be-

reply with a shy smile, "you know the condition—the only condition my father laid down, and he cannot withdraw it, for the rules of our church demand it. When you become a member we may be married, but not before."

Huw sighed in turn, and as the evening was becoming chilly they retraced their steps homewards arm

in arm, according to the usual custom. When they arrived at Tygwyn, old John Jones was preparing for the "family service."

"Come in, Huw, and join us," said he, when he saw the young man at the door. Huw needed no second invitation. Father, mother, and daughter, as well as he, seated themselves around the hearth. The old man brought forth a large Family Bible, placed his spectacles upon his nose, and, opening the sacred Book, which, by the way, had been well worn by constant use, read out in a clear voice a Psalm or two, giving, as he proceeded, a lucid explanation of the inspired writer's passages, and urging upon his hearers the duty of living up to the standard laid down by the Psalmist.

"You will now sing a hymn, Jenny," said he, turning to his daughter. The young girl immediately obeyed, and selecting that beautiful set of verses commencing:—

I fyny at fy Nuw,
Fy enaid, cod dy lei,

she sang them with such pathos and effect, and withal, such sweetness of expression, that the whole family were entranced. The closing words:

O Arglwydd grasol, cofia fi.

were rendered in so prayerful a tone, and so ardent and telling, that her father rose to his feet, shouted "Amen," so earnestly and fervently that he seemed to re-echo the sentiments of the poet. Then he went on his knees, followed by all of them, and prayed with such feeling and fervency as only our forefathers

could. Having commenced by thanking the Lord for his goodness, he gradually worked himself into the "hwyl," and finally offered up the services of all to God; and urged the Heavenly Father, mentioning each one by name, to take him or her under His parental care; and in His own good time to make them members of the Heavenly Family, who should for ever live with Him in glory.

What effect the prayer had upon Huw may be gathered from the fact that he rose from his knees with tears streaming down his cheeks, and soon afterwards became a member of the "Society." And when called upon to relate his experiences in that nursery of Welsh religion, he said that his conversion was entirely due to the prayers of John Jones on his behalf at that memorable "family service."

CHAPTER II.

The year 1859 was noted for two great events in the history of Wales. The first of these was the Revival; and the second the revolt against the landlords. The religious revival commenced soon after Huw's conversion, and its effects to a greater or less extent compelled him to take the course which he adopted in the near future.

It was election time; and Huw took the deepest interest in the political affairs of the day. A young man who exercised the faculty of thinking out and solving problems according to his own lights, he natural-

became a reformer. John Jones and he were returning from the Missionary Prayer Meeting one evening, and the conversation drifted into political regions somewhat in this way.

"It seems strange," said John Jones, "that the Squire should refuse to give us a site to build a new

same reply, 'No, the Squire cannot grant you a site.'"

"That's just where you make a mistake. You should see the Squire himself. Why, you know very well what the agent is—a man with no sense of honor or of justice, unscrupulous, overbearing and arrogant to you, but in the presence of



They were passing through the little wicket gate at the bottom of the garden, she roguishly threw a kiss at her lover, and bade them both "Good Luck."

bel. The success of the church has been so great that we are absolutely compelled to find a larger building."

The refusal is plain enough to me," replied Huw. "Don't you see, the success shows the more plainly the failure of the clergy."

"I have gone, cap in hand, three or four times to the agent," continued the old deacon, "and begged him, almost on my knees, to grant me a site, but he always gives the

his master a sneaking cur, who cringes and craves, and makes himself an object of contempt to anyone who calls himself a man; a creature with no character to lose—no soul to save."

"Don't speak like that, Huw. You should have a more Christian feeling towards your fellows than that," said the old man.

"Christian feeling, forsooth," and his eyes glared with intense hatred, whilst his arms kept motioning up

and down, after the manner of the excited Celt. "Christian feeling towards such a thing as Robin Scotch (for such was the nickname by which the agent was familiarly known), who turned my poor mother out of her home, and left us children homeless! Christian feeling towards the cur who disseminated such lies about my dead father, and who so misrepresented me to the Squire that I failed to get a farm! No, John Jones, I do not believe there is sufficient love in God's own bosom to forgive a man like that. If there is a sin that will not be forgiven, it is my belief that the oppression of the widows and the orphans is that sin."

"My dear Huw, I fully appreciate the intensity of your feelings, but remember that you are now a member of the Church of God, and as such have no right to bear malice or hatred. Forget the whole thing—it is past and gone now. You have succeeded in the world in face of all; and you have done more for your poor mother than ever you could were you on the farm."

"No thanks to Robin Scotch, though," muttered Huw, under his breath. But noticing the evident vexation of his darling Jenny's father, he readily turned the conversation to the subject of the chapel site. "We'll go together to the Plas tomorrow, John Jones," said he, "and see how we shall be treated by the Squire himself."

"Do you think he will see us at all?"

"Oh! dear, yes. Why shouldn't he?"

The old man sighed. "Why shouldn't he?" It was a pertinent question, and showed the independence of mind which the youth possessed. Yet John Jones loved him all the more for it. He knew the world better than Huw, though. He knew that his visit would be regarded as an insufferable piece of presumption by the Squire; yet so anxious was he for the success of the cause that he agreed to go.

Accordingly, next morning, Huw called at Tygwyn. The whitewashed, cleanlooking, thatched house presented quite a handsome appearance as he approached it, for was it not the house of his Jenny, the goddess of his heart? When he entered, Jenny was butter-making, clapping the rich-looking curd with her hands until the walls of the old house resounded. Though we might call it early nowadays, for it was ten o'clock, the kitchen looked clean and tidy, the hearth had been beautifully chalked, and the bars shone a brilliant black, whilst a bright peat fire lent a more cheerful aspect still to the cosy apartment.

"Father in, Jenny?" asked Huw, after the customary greetings peculiar to young lovers.

"Just gone up-stairs to change," was the reply. And while the pair were chatting together, for Jenny had left the curd, and the churn, and the clapping to the tender mercies of the strapping lass in the dairy upon the approach of Huw, and gone

to the kitchen to "make him welcome," John Jones came upon the scene dressed in his Sunday best. A white cravat encircled his neck, a long tailed coat and a "clos penglin" of homespun Bala wool, a grey pair of stockings, and buckled shoes, the latter of which were only worn when he visited the Squire on urgent farm business, completed his attire.

Huw had acquainted Jenny with the nature of their visit before her father came; and as they were passing out through the little wicket gate at the bottom of the garden, she roguishly threw a kiss at her lover, and bade them both "Good Luck."

CHAPTER III.

The twain, upon their arrival at the Plas, were shown into a luxuriously furnished hall to await the arrival of the Squire, who, after what seemed to Huw an unreasonable delay, marched pompously in. The Squire was a sleek, well-groomed man, whom the people had been taught to respect and believe, and generally regarded as benevolent and kind, but who at the same time was a bigoted believer in what he secretly considered a sort of divine right of landlordism. He took little interest in the welfare of his inferiors, nor cared much for their morality, education, or social progress. A thorough believer in

the Established Church, he looked askance at the Dissenters, but was fondly believed by his tenantry to be more tolerant than the general run of landlords in this respect.

He evidently knew something of the nature of the present visit, though he took care to hide that knowledge from John Jones and Huw, and addressing them in broken Welsh, said, "Well, John, and what has brought thee here so early? Dost thou want a reduction in rent, the same as the rest of them, or any improvements that Robin has neglected? Or hast thou come to see me on other business?"

"On other business, sir. Chapel business, sir."

"Oh, chapel business, is it? Perhaps thy chapel folk would like me to come to society, or prayer meeting, eh?" with a grin.

"No, sir; it is'n't that, sir. Our chapel is too small, sir."

"Ha, ha ha!" roared the Squire. "Too small for me, is it? Ho, ho, ho!"

Huw, who had noticed the evident misconstruction given to the remark, now replied, and less slavish, though not less respectful than the tenant, observed, "Not too small for you, sir, but for the congregation. The fact of the matter is, that the cause has been so successful that the church—"

"How dare you call that place 'a church?'" roared the Squire resentfully.

(To be continued.)

SAINT DAVID.

Glorious names of Cambria's heroes
 Sweetly chime upon the ear!
 O, how fit to sound their praises
 Who have lived in service here,
 To their God, and for their fellows!
 Over all the wrecks of time,
 Lo! the name of great Saint David
 Shineeth star-like and sublime.

—CADLE.



THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D, Slatington, Pa.

The vast majority of mankind grow up with little or no control over their faculties with regard to this great power; and strange to say, their children are allowed to follow in the same state of ignorance, leaving an inherent capacity to remain dormant, which if awakened and developed would actually lift the commonplace into the exceptional, and revolutionize the whole of life. To simply see a thing, as some people think, is not observation, for it is possible for a person to see a thing every day and yet observe nothing in connection with it throughout his life. In the true sense of the term, no person sees with his eye, but through it, consequently, in order to observe anything at all the mind must indispensably work in connection with the eye, for observation means that to some extent at least, the mind is stored with some facts regarding the

object looked upon through the eye.

* * * *

No one will deny that all genius lies rooted in a highly developed power of observation in some given field. The musician, for instance, hears melody throughout nature, where those who have not been trained hear only noise and turmoil. The dramatist sees tragedy and pathos; the artist, color and form; the author, tell-tale characteristics, individual and local, where the non-observant see, hear and find nothing at all of beauty, interest or note.

The power of attention and the habit of observation are invaluable in every sphere of life, for without them is to lose its cream, to do gross injustice to each of the five senses, and to let the faculties become anchylosed with rust.

* * * *

The eminent John Ruskin says:
 "No human capacity ever yet saw

the whole of a thing; but we may see more and more of it the longer we look. Every individual temper will see something different in it; but, supposing the tempers honest, all the differences are there. Every advance in our acuteness of perception will show us something new, but the old and first discerned thing will still be there, not falsified, only modified and enriched by the new perceptions becoming continually more beautiful in its harmony with them, and more approved as a part of the infinite truth." Now, in order to acquire the power which can realize this a constant union of thought and sight must be established whenever we undertake to look upon any given object.

A very erroneous idea is that which supposes that to simply open one's eyes and look at a book or at any object of nature is all-sufficient. The mind must inevitably accompany the look, or rather, the mind must exercise itself through the eye, otherwise there has been no observation, nothing whatsoever has been learned.

* * * *

To be able to see and note a thing well is an absolute impossibility without training. No reasonable person ever expects to sing well, to read well, or to reason well without training; and this cannot be realized without long practice, while to acquire a proficiency in any branch, the learner must be placed under the wise direction of a more advanced and wider experience. We are glad to note that in London at the present

time, classes in observation are formed and are becoming exceedingly popular.

And we sincerely hope this country will soon follow, and commence in the beginning, by shaping at least some of the exercises in the public schools for our children, with an eye to the development of this trait. We say, commence in the beginning, because this is an education which may be pursued through the whole of life, however long that may be, resulting in fresh interest and pleasure in each stage of the development.

* * * *

To verify what has just been stated, let any ordinary person who has not been blessed with such training (and the majority of us are in that class) take up any object whatsoever, and proceed to give an elaborate and complete description of the same, and, we are sure he will discover that his incapacity touches a degree impalpable heretofore. Again, to enhance the joy and happiness of life, one needs but to train himself to observe the bright sides and pleasant things concomitant with all dark and sorrowful circumstances in his history. For, in very truth, mercies and blessings far outnumber the others in the lives of all passing through this world.

I have seen people languishing upon beds of sickness, and yet rejoice in a ray of sunlight traversing the room, while others whine, and see only in it the ever present mote of dust. A person relates the pleasant and jolly time experienced at the

sea shore last summer, yet, if present, the observer of unpleasant trifles will constantly keep reminding him that the dust was abominable, and the mosquitoes a troublesome pest.

The snow storm of last month presented its troublesome and unpleasant aspects only to a vast number of people; the exhilarating exercise in cleaning the snow from around our residences, and the

pleasure of sleigh rides were utterly left unobserved.

Let us endeavor to awake and cultivate the powers of observation both in ourselves and in others, remembering that however difficult the effort of application may prove itself, the delight and pleasure afforded by so doing, will very soon, more than pay for all labor expended.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

One of the most entertaining and instructive speakers on musical matters of the present day, is Mr. William Armstrong, until lately, the musical critic of the Chicago "Tribune." He is a Bostonian, and a cosmopolitan—he is known and respected as an authority in London, Paris and Berlin, besides in the leading cities of America. Mr. Armstrong lectured lately on "American Song Composers." The compositions of McDonald Chadwick, Foote, Nevin, Paine and Clayton Johns were discussed by him, and "illustrated" by a number of our best singers.

Dr. Edward Lassen, the famous song composer, author of "Thine eyes, so Blue and Tender," has given up composing, and is snugly situated for life near Weimar. The royalties from his songs "furnishes

him with a very comfortable income." Lucky man.

Moritz Rosenthal, Madame Carreno, Emil Sauer, and William Sherwood form a wonderful group of great pianists, who have appeared during the present season along with Theodore Thomas Chicago Orchestra—a season of unqualified excellence and success. It is impossible to estimate the moral and artistic upliftment of such classic selections, artists, such as we have named above.

In "Musical America," it is said the salaries of the leading operatic singers for each performance, are as follows: Jean de Reszke, \$2,200; Lili Lehmann, \$1,250; Sembrich, \$1,100; Edouard de Reszke, \$800; Nordica, \$800, &c. These figures differ very materially from those published in the Chicago dailies, at

the time the Grand Opera Company was almost stranded in our midst. The highest figures mentioned above tend to show

"What fools these mortals be," that submit to such a condition of affairs. Such demands of greed and grab, in the long run, degrade the very foundations of art. It is well-known that one of the musical centers in Europe will pay these extravagant prices to any of the named artists.

The coming of Mr. Ben Davies is looked forward to with great pleasure. April 6 he will sing the tenor solos in the "Creation" in the performance of the same by the Apollo Club. This most poetic of all oratorios came out of the fertile brain of Haydn, as an inspiration created by a notable performance of the "Messiah" in London. It was first performed April 14, 1801. "Papa Haydn" thought he had overdone the matter. But he wrote better than he knew. When the notable performance of the "Creation," in his honor, took place before the greatest and grandest audience that ever gathered at Vienna, March 27, 1808, he broke down entirely under the effect of his chorus—"And there was light," and burst into tears, and stretching his hands upward, could only say, "It all came from heaven." Joseph was born in 1732, and died in 1809.

It is said that none of Handel's Oratorios choirs numbered more than 200. But it seems that the master-choruses of the great Saxon are well adapted to grand choirs of

any number. At the Boston Jubilee Festival of 1872, before an audience of 50,000, a choir of 11,000 rang out the "Hallelujah Chorus" with undescrivable effect. One cannot even imagine the tremendous power of 2,000 basses singing "And he shall reign forever and ever" and much less can the most vivid imagination describe the glorious climax, "Hallelujah," as brought forth by the mighty choir, orchestra and great organ! No wonder that Handel believed himself inspired when he composed the "Messiah," and said in "his quaint German-English"—"I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself."

The gathering of the Welsh colony to celebrate St. David's Day, on March 1st, at Sherry's, New York, was exceedingly brilliant. The musical part of the feast was entirely impromptu, and all the better for it. Mr. Evan Williams came in for his ovation as usual. The startling surprise was the first appearance of Florence Stockwell a richly endowed contralto yet in her teens, who sang "The Holy City" in a way that stirred the audience, who insisted on her singing again. Miss Stockwell then sang the new ballad "Nanny Frew," music by Parson Price, and poem by Hans de Groot. She gave it with fine voice and imparted so much genuine feeling and sentiment to its rhythmical phrases, while imparting the right comedy spirit that its genuine pathos struck a chord so responsive in the audience that the singer was received with a tumultuous ovation that end-

ed in three cheers being given by the five hundred diners for Fanny Stockwell. Such a furore is seldom witnessed at a Welsh celebration, and the young American was launched on her career with a strong

legion of friends, won by the magic of her voice and the innate beauty of "Nanny Frew." Miss Stockwell is a young lady of 16 summers, and the grand-daughter of Mr. J. T. Davies, Erie, Pa.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

About two hours after they left the king's tent an individual in the garb of a monk, repeating the pious saying so much affected by the monastic order of the period, proceeded from the quarters of the captain of the king's guard towards the tent in which Einion under the close vigilance of the watch without in total darkness lay. After a momentary detention by the guard he approached the condemned man, and in a low deliberate monotone began to offer him the consolations of religion. At the same time the two, unseen by the men without, hastily exchanged clothes, and a few words that passed with the guards for Latin. Then presently Einion, completely disguised, left certain instructions with his confederate, and muttering to himself passed out unrecognized by the guard. He seemed in no hurry; but advancing at a moderate pace,

he soon found himself near Caradoc's tent.

"Who comes there?" demanded a stern voice.

"A poor brother of the Order of St. Benedict, who comes hither to offer the consolation of religion to one Caradoc ap Gryffydd, who is condemned to die," was the reply.

"If he is not already beyond help, holy father, he soon will be. In either case I would advise you to seek a more deserving and promising subject. It is not fitting that those who serve the devil in this world should part company with their master in the next. Nor do I want to go to heaven if it be made up of villains such as this vile traitor, who has repeatedly sought the king's life besides murdering a comrade of ours."

"His sins no doubt are great, and greatly do I deplore his guilt, but ego sum nuntius of mercy, and as

such should not allow the vilest soul to go to perdition without an opportunity to repent. *Hic breve vivitur*, and may the Blessed Virgin grant me strength to do my duty."

"You doubtless speak the truth but if the Blessed Virgin have no better success in understanding your Latin jargon than I your success will be but indifferent."

"Thou art not expected to understand what only priests should know. But thou canst now step aside and let me see if indeed the condemned be past help or not."

"Our orders are strict, holy father, and must be kept inviolate. None, whether king or priest, may enter this tent without a written permit from the captain of the guard."

"Then read that, and interfere no longer with the performance of my sacred duties."

Charging the other guards not to relax their vigilance the petty officer hastened to a camp-fire two or three rods distant with the piece of parchment just handed him, and after acquainting himself with its contents he returned to where Einion impatiently stood and said:

"You are at liberty to enter the tent, and if you find the traitor still in the land of the living and can give him some powerful drug that will prevent him cheating the hangman you will serve the interests of the king far more by preserving his life than by hastening his soul into Paradise."

Caradoc had played his part so well that the guards more than half suspected that he had already died of his wound; but in reality he was in a much better condition than he was when brought before the king. He still maintained absolute silence when Einion entered, and pretended to revive a little only after the pseudo monk had given some wine out of a flask he chanced to have. Nor was Einion slow to turn this by-play to his own and Caradoc's advantage, for while the guards received the impression that he was working hard to revive the condemned man, he was in reality assisting him to put on the gown and cowl in which he had entered. Then he proceeded to prepare Caradoc for the doom which was supposed to await him, summoning to his aid all the Latin phrases at his command. This he did at first in a tone of voice meant for the ears of the guards, but gradually his utterance became so indistinct to all but the supposed invalid that the petty officer before mentioned threateningly remarked:

"If you speak not louder, holy father, we shall deem you an accomplice and not the confessor of the traitor."

"Confessions are made to God and not to men," was the reply, "and you should not disturb this most solemn service with your interruptions."

"I promise not to speak again if you prolong not your stay beyond all endurance."

Einion promised to be brief, and after a few more whispered words and an occasional groan and feeble response from Caradoc the pseudo monk brought the interesting farce to a close by remarking aloud:

"If you follow my counsel and forget wherein thy only salvation lies, it shall be well with thee. Vale."

The next moment Caradoc, clad in the garb of a monk left the tent unrecognized, and while the sound of his retreating footsteps grew fainter and fainter in the distance one of the guards peering in the direction he had vanished remarked to a comrade as they passed to and fro:

"Methinks yon monk is more learned than the majority of his order. By my faith, were he a Roman instead of a Cambrian the language of the first invader of our land could scarcely flow more glibly from his tongue. Were he Morgan, the royal chaplain, it would not seem so wonderful, for they say he talks with ease in four languages, and can read many more."

"Ay," was the reply, "but even he, they say, finds a close rival in the hermit who dwells in the cave near Cefn."

"By'r Lady, now that you have spoken of that crafty old hypocrite, I more than half suspect that he and none other was the base dissembler that just visited this tent!"

I declare to heaven you have struck the right trail, and you may

be sure he was here for no good purpose. I warrant you he was far more anxious to help our captive into freedom than into heavenly bliss. Confessor indeed! let the devil confess his imps!"

To Einion, who now impersonated Caradoc by occupying his place in the tent and uttering an occasional groan, this was an interesting talk. At any other time he would have given vent to his feelings in uproarious laughter; but all he dared do was to indulge in a degree of inward merriment that convulsed his whole frame. Perfectly unconscious of this the guards continued pacing to and fro, occasionally glancing toward the east to catch the first glimpse of dawn, and hoping that their charge could live long enough to grace the gallows. Little did they think that Caradoc was already some distance outside the limits of the camp, or knew of the conspiracy that had already done much toward defeating the aims of justice. As a part of this conspiracy a strange apparition now rose as from the ground, and seemed to paralyze the guards with fear. In the darkness nothing was visible but big glaring eyes and mouth, aglow with the most mysterious fire. Completely unnerved by the uncanny sight the superstitious guards forgot all about their charge. It was comparatively easy for him, therefore, to glide out of the tent, and rush out of their grasp before they could realize what had happened. And this is just what Ein-

ion did. Nor did the guards sufficiently recover their wits to grasp the situation before Einion had placed several rods between himself and them. The apparition being a short distance north of the tent greatly favored the wily chieftain's flight to the south, the exact direction in which Caradoc had gone. His progress was somewhat impeded, however, by the nature of the ground, and by the darkness which screened his fleeing form from the eyes of the now alert and chagrined guards, who, raising a general alarm as they went, blindly followed in hot pursuit. Here and there, also, he ran against a man, who, roused by the sudden outcry, rushed across his path completely bewildered, and once or twice he escaped capture only by leaving pieces of his tunic in the hands of those who tried to seize him as he hurried past. By winding in and out among the tents, and making free use of a

short sword he carried, he finally eluded all his pursuers, and sought the hiding place to which he had directed Caradoc.

No pen can describe the utter confusion which now prevailed throughout the camp. As the whole army, with the exception of those on duty and a few others, was fast asleep when the alarm was given, and therefore knew not the real cause of it, the wildest rumors were immediately set afloat. Some said that a remnant of the English army had attacked the northern part of the camp and had been repulsed. Others that several clans secretly in sympathy with Einion and Caradoc had overwhelmed the guards and set the condemned culprits free. But the king, after partial order had been restored, soon learned the real cause of the alarm and confusion by summoning the guards into whose custody the two traitors had been given, to appear before him.

(To be continued.)





FIELD OF LETTERS

"Cwrs y Byd" has several articles of interest; among others Reminiscences of the Rev. M. D. Jones; The Separating Line of Matter and Spirit; The Way Things are Run; Is There Peace? The People That Murder the Cause; The Social Market; Poems, &c., &c. "Cwrs y Byd" expresses satisfaction at the part Flintshire played in the House of Commons in the debate on the Queen's Speech; Sir John Brunner on taxing ground rents; Samuel Smith on Popery in the Church of England; and Herbert Lewis, who complained of Wales left out of the speech. Sir John is a large employer of labor in the County; S. Smith represents the Boroughs; and H. Lewis resides in the County.

"The Cronicl" has the usual quota of reading matter, viz., Monthly Notes, by Keinion; Varieties; Poems, etc.; Events of the Month; News Religious, Political and Social. The two articles, "A Minister in Want of a Church," and a "Church in Want of a Minister," are very readable and instructive. The first deals with the worldly minister after an easy job, and the second exposes the church who wants an omnibus minister cheap. These two sketches quietly suggest a serious state of affairs in religious life in Wales.

One thing may be predicted with certainty. Wales will never again follow the standard of any leader who cannot or will not appeal to the country on an issue which touches Wales herself. Too long have we been the Gibeonites of the Liberal party. In England a comfortable assurance seems to have sprung up that Wales is no longer a force to

be reckoned with, that "Welsh Revolts" are things of the past, and that Welsh Liberals will for ever more be possessed by but one desire, viz., to return a Liberal Government to power.—Young Wales.

There is danger in too much anglicization, and it is noticeable that English customs are affecting the Welsh character injuriously. One of the chief aims of culture is to bring Wales in contact with outside civilization, life and literature, but it will hurt Wales to make it dependent entirely on foreign thought. The "open door" policy should be adopted, and general influences that are beneficial should be welcomed; but our own characteristics should be preserved.—Cymru.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for March opens on a fine portrait of the Rev. Aaron Davies, Pontlottyn, S. W., accompanied by a short but comprehensive sketch of his valuable life spent in the cause of education; then follow bright pages of interest, such as: A little hero; A five year old preacher; Recollections of Dr. Owen Thomas; Gospel and Temperance; A meeting; A Letter from India; The late Rev. Owen Jones; Nicholas II. (with portrait); Reviews, &c.

"Cymru'r Plant" has for frontispiece a view of St. David's, Pembroke, and the following articles: In Memory of noted Welshmen; Playing Ladies; Michael D. Jones; The Counties of Wales—Radnor and Brecknock; Those Two Boys: In the East; Sunday School Classes of Blaenau Clydach and Festiniog; Tell Jesus (music); Bob the Gentleman;

with poems and several fine illustrations.

In his remarks on Voice Culture in the "Cerdor," David Jenkins gives his cordial assent to the complaints of Mr. A. Tindall as to the imperfect musical work done at colleges and other institutions. Students go there rather for prestige than for sound instruction in the arts of composition or singing. As Mr. Tindall says: "Indeed, I have known cases where these institutions have really spoilt the work of the private man. This is especially the case in singing." Mr. Jenkins thinks that it is too true that many a young student has entered these musical colleges to be spoiled rather than improved; and after their tuition many are less known and liked than before. There is cause also to believe that many aspire to musical fame neglecting the great and essential truth that naught may be gained without labor and perseverance. "It is a most unfortunate thing," Mr. Jenkins quotes, "that parents think if a child is fit for nothing else, it can be brought up to teach music. It used to be said, the fool of the family was sent to church; but I think now he is sent into the musical profession." Many love fame, but few love to take the pains and walk the path that leads to it. There are no short cuts to perfection.

Among the secret societies of Ritualism, whose aims are to Romanize the Church of England, and whose principles and methods are Jesuitical, is the "Guild of All Souls." It was founded in 1873, and its object is to cultivate belief in purgatory, prayers for the dead, and the saying of masses to relieve those in purgatory. It consisted in 1897 of 71 branch-societies, and 646 clergymen, of whom the public is utterly ignorant. In November, 1895, over a thousand masses for the dead were offered, and, on an average over 500 are said every month. While all these so-

cieties are working silently and continually for Popery, the one entitled "The Order of Corporate Re-union," is especially devoted to the annexation of the Church of England bodily to Rome; and in view of this every member is advised and commanded to remain in the Church, and not to secede individually, believing that to be the most effectual way of incorporating England with Rome and Popery. The Society of St. Osmund promotes the general use of Popish rites, the worship of Mary and the Cross, and the practice of exorcism. It also commends the restoration of old rites, which are nonsensical and pagan.

The contents of the "Drysorfa" for March are as follows: The Cross in the Words of Jesus, by the Rev. William Glynne, B. A., Manchester; The First Hymnal of the General Assembly, by the Rev. Thomas Levi; A Sermon; Diary and Letters of the Rev. Richard Jones, Llanfair Caereinion; Origen as a Teacher, by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, B. A., Merthyr Tydvil; Secret History of the Oxford Movement; The Calvinistic Methodists and Temperance, by the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, M. A.; Monthly Notes, Reviews, Sunday School Lessons, &c., &c.

Contents of the March number of the "Traethodydd" are as follows: A Poem, by John T. Job; The New Calvinistic Hymnal, by J. Puleston Jones; The Story of the Cross among the Gentiles, by Glynne; The Correspondence of the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala; The Sacraments, by Eleazar Roberts; The Life of Dr. Dale, by Griffith Ellis; Lenore (A poem) by Ex Tenebris; The Russian Emperor's Peace Message, by Evan Jones; Literary Notes, &c.

In 1816, the year following the Battle of Waterloo, was founded the Peace Society. Since that year this Society has, through opposition, ignominy and every

difficulty, continued to denounce unsparingly the folly and waste of war. Members of the Society of Friends have borne the brunt of the battle against this policy of violence among nations, and they have persevered in their efforts to attain the high ends of this worthy movement. Our countryman, Henry Richard, labored hard for years as its Secretary; but the fruit harvested hitherto has been meagre. From that time until now some of the most destructive conflicts have taken place, viz., the Crimean War, the Civil War of America, the war between Austria and Germany, Germany and France, Russia and Turkey, and other smaller wars. Nations did not seem only to be indisposed to listen to the arguments and exhortations of the Peace Society, but a kind of madness apparently had taken possession of them, forcing them to compete with one another in costly military armaments. The annual cost of these military establishments had increased between 1870 and 1898, in Great Britain \$87,000,000; in France, \$67,000,000; in Russia, \$100,000,000; in Germany, \$108,000,000, &c., &c.—Traethodydd.

The "Dysgedydd" has several interesting articles, such as the following: The Gospel of Paul, by the Rev. D. M. Jenkins, Liverpool; Williams of Llanwrtyd and the Temperance Cause, by the Rev. D. Griffith, Bethel; Reminiscences of Remarkable Meetings in 1859; Ritualism in Relation to Church Service, by the Rev. W. L. Evans, Penybontfawr; The Sunday School Corner; Practical Rules for Holy Living; The Cultivation of Religious Feelings; Events of the Month; Denominational Information, Reports, Poems, &c., &c.

Dr. Horton in his pamphlet shows that Popery, and we do not draw a line between Popery and Ritualism, because the latter is a branch of the former, reduces every nation into a pitiable state

religiously and politically, and that its policy is an obstruction to its development. Protestant Britain presents a remarkable contrast to the Britain of Popery in the middle ages, and the same fact is observable in regard to other nations, for while Protestant nations progress, those under Popish rule seems stagnated and in bondage. It is the story of Popery in every age that it deprives people of their liberty; it takes away the right of private judgment, and reduces the human mind to a mere tool in the hands of the priest, who alone is possessed of authority and the qualification to teach in religious as well as other matters; and, therefore, the will and conscience are placed in the church's keeping, who alone has sense to guide and lead. Ritualism tends unmistakably in the same direction as its history has already proved.—Dysgedydd.

The "Ceninen" for March, the St. David number, has the usual quota of instructive articles by leading Welsh writers: The Rev. Owen Jones, B. A., by the Rev. William James, D. D.; Thomas Gee, by the Rev. Aaron Davies; The Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach), by the Rev. Richard Morgan; Dewi Wyn o Essyllt, by Brynfab and Carnelian; Roger Williams, by Waldo; Mynyddog, by the Rev. Silyn Evans; Price of Cwmllynfell, by the Rev. Ben Davies; the Rev. D. S. Davies, by Dr. Pan Jones; The Right Rev. Archdeacon Griffiths, B. D., by the Rev. J. Morgan; Goleufryn, Charles of Bala, St. David (Poems), &c., &c.

Dr. Pan Jones in his continued article on the Rev. D. S. Davies proceeds with the story of the founding of the Welsh settlement in Patagonia. He tells of the unfortunate voyage of the "Rush," and its discouraging effects on immigration into that country, and recites the troubles and reverses of D. S. D. on the "Electric Spark," whose voy-

age was another streak of bad luck. After the affair of the "Rush," D. S. D. undertook to re-inspire confidence in the Patagonian movement by raising and organizing another party of adventurers numbering about 42, who hired the ship called "Electric Spark." The fate of the "Rush" having had such a bad effect on the project, it was thought advisable to take D. S. D. with them as a mascot, his return voyage being paid by the party on board. The members of this expedition had filled the ship with tools and implements of all kinds, and house furniture, and all the conveniences of life. The "Electric Spark" sailed out with only five hands, members of the party volunteering to act as seamen, and assist in every possible way. They sailed south, and after an uncomfortable trip they were driven among the rocks, but by dint of incessant labor, managed to keep it floating, and finally landed, where they were treated by the natives with great kindness and hospitality. The news of the shipwreck reached the States and Wales, and it was noised abroad that D. S. D. and others had perished. Funeral sermons were preached, and obituaries of the supposed departed appeared in Welsh periodicals and newspapers. When more favorable and correcter reports reached Wales, a considerable sum of money was subscribed to assist the shipwrecked party; but it has ever been a mystery where the money went, for only an insignificant sum came into the hands of the unfortunate voyagers. As Dr. Pan Jones says, "it got stuck somewhere either in New York or Buenos Ayres."

In "My Scrap Book of the French Revolution," Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer begins the volume with reminiscences of Thomas Waters Griffith, her husband's uncle, who wrote several books concerning the early history of Baltimore and Maryland, and left behind him a manuscript volume of his

personal reminiscences. With that portion of it which contains a narrative of his residence in France during the Reign of Terror and the rule of the Directory, Mrs. Latimer begins her volume. He was born in Baltimore in 1767, and died in the same city in 1834. He passed eight years in France during the stormy days of the French Revolution

Students of Celtic literature and language, whether Welsh or others, will hear with interest of a movement just started in Brittany with the view of rescuing the native tongue from further disuse. Between Breton and Welsh there is still a marked and obvious similarity—so marked, indeed, that the Roman Catholic Church, in its efforts to introduce in Wales a race of Welsh-speaking clergy, selects its students for this purpose from Brittany, in the belief that they will more readily master Welsh than English students. For Welshmen the situation is one of considerable interest. The relation of Breton to French is roughly what the relation of Welsh to English used to be in official matters. Thanks to Mr. Acland, Welsh is now recognised to a far larger extent than formerly, and its inclusion in the curricula of the Welsh national colleges and schools will greatly strengthen and safeguard its position for the future. Some such concession is now being sought for Breton. Moreover a literary body somewhat akin to the Welsh bardic Gorsedd is to be established in Brittany to preserve the language by popular methods similar to those employed in Wales, and quite lately introduced into Ireland and the Scottish Highlands. The extension of the modern Celtic revival to Brittany will be watched with interest in Wales, and if it has the assistance of enthusiastic Celtic students like M. Henri Gaidoz and M. Anatole Le Braz, it ought not to be less successful there than it has been on this side of the Channel.

SCIENTIFIC

An Italian medical journal states, according to "The New York Medical Journal," that while water will not quench the flame of burning petroleum in a limited space, milk accomplishes the object by forming an emulsion with the oil, disturbing its cohesion, and thus attenuating the combustible element.

Some experiments have been tried by Dr. Noel Paton, of Edinburgh. Dr. Paton has made a very thorough investigation into the life history of the salmon, the nature of the pigments, which color the flesh, and the changes in its condition during migration. He concludes that when the salmon enters the river it ceases to feed, and relies on its own muscular tissue; but it is a curious fact, however, that salmon rises to the fly, which would tend to militate against this view.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN IN GERMAN SCHOOLS.

A resolution has just been passed by the City Council of Wurtzburg, Bavaria, which is worthy of emulation. According to this resolution, the teeth of poor pupils of public schools of the city are to be examined and cared for free of cost, provided their parents give their consent. It is intended to treat diseases of the ear and throat in a like manner, should the first experiment prove successful. It is probable that with slight expense the teeth of the children may be attended to so that if the latter live they will not suffer from dyspepsia owing to improper mastication.

The city councilors of Ulm, Germany, have decided to utilize the spire of their magnificent cathedral as a meteorological observatory. The spire is one of

the highest buildings in the world. The instruments will be supplied by the Royal Observatory at Stuttgart, and the registrations will be made by the watchmen of the cathedral under the direction of Dr. Schimpf, a meteorologist. Next to the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the cathedral spire of Ulm will be the highest artificial post of meteorological observation in the world.

NO DOCTORS NEEDED IN TURKEY.

It is not generally known that medical science has made no progress whatever in Turkey, and that the poorer classes of that country have no skill at all in the treatment of disease. The popular belief among these people is that disease is God's will, and that to attempt to cure disease would be to interfere with the Divine judgment. Missionaries have frequently found cases of people ill with smallpox entirely neglected in order that the Divine will should have its own way. The so-called cures that are practiced show an equally unenlightened spirit.

Drs. Lange and Melzing, of Vienna, have succeeded in taking photographs of the mucous membrane of the stomach in the living subject. A stomach tube some 60 centimeters long, and with a diameter of 11 millimeters, is provided with an electric light at its lower end, and at the upper end is a camera. The stomach is first emptied of its contents, and after being washed is distended with air. Then fifty pictures or more can be taken in rapid succession in from ten to fifteen minutes. The apparatus can be turned on its axis so that all parts of the mucous membrane can be photographed. The photographs are naturally very minute, but they

, of course, be enlarged to any extent.

Letters have recently appeared in The London "Lancet," in reference to the deaths of newly born negro children. Several medical men have given the results of their experiments, and the evidence shows that the children are of the color of a light quadroon. It is recorded, in a paper published in The Journal of the Anthropological Institute, of the natives of the Warri district of the Niger Coast Protectorate that when pure negroes are born they are black like young rats, but at the end of one or four months they become black. From this it would seem that atmospheric conditions seem to be necessary to produce the full black colored negro.

It was long ago pointed out that certain constituents of expired air are incredibly powerful nerve poisons. These considerations should surely make us cautious on rebreathed air and sewer gas as mere carriers of accidental poisons such as influenza and pneumonia are the like but as poisons per se, and it is fish to be allowed to record a few very imperfect observations made by myself during some years past chiefly on the subject of rebreathed air, with certain inferences which I think tend, however feebly and imperfectly, to show that the poisons we expire have per se very definite effects on tissue metabolism, and need not a mere perfunctory mixture with fresh air but very large very continuous dilution before they are rendered innocuous.—Appleton's P. Monthly.

The plague microbe is most persistent. A Swiss paper gives the following facts: In 1660, the Dutch city of Haarlem was devastated by the plague. Whole families perished, and among them a family of the name of Cloux, members of which were buried in Haarlem church. Thirty or forty

years ago it was found that the masonry of the tomb was out of repair, and the vault was entirely rebuilt. The masons in charge of the work remained in the vault an entire day, and, strange to say, notwithstanding the fact that two centuries had passed since the epidemic, all these workmen were attacked with the infectious granular swelling called "bubo," and had to undergo treatment at the hospital. There were no symptoms, however, of the plague proper, and all recovered. It is impossible to give the reason for such a remarkable manifestation of the vitality of germs.

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ELECTRICITY AS A THAWING AGENT.

If the statistics were gathered of the number of houses that are burned down every winter, as the result of attempts to thaw out frozen pipes by the perilous methods ordinarily practiced by the householder, the results would be decidedly sensational. To Prof. R. W. Wood, of the University of Wisconsin, great credit is due for showing that a frozen water pipe may be thawed out by the expedient of running through it an electric current of the proper strength.

In the present case a stretch of 300 feet of pipe between a house and the street main was solidly frozen. One wire was attached to the pipe in the cellar, and the other to a faucet across the street. The flow of the current was down the service pipe, along the main, and by way of the frozen pipe to the connection in the cellar. It was only necessary to heat the pipe to sixty degrees, and it is stated that within twenty minutes there was a full head of water in the cellar. The apparatus employed was planned by Prof. Jackson, and is being used with great success, two houses at a time being relieved thereby from their water famine.

POISONOUS CLOTHING.

A number of laborers employed on the street cleaning force of Birmingham, England, were provided with new overalls and overcoats. The men were employed one day in cleaning away snow, and some seventy of them began to experience a severe itching of the skin and a general irritation, and this outbreak was soon traced to the clothing, says The Druggist Circular. Owing to its deliquescent nature, chloride of zinc is not a substance one would expect to find used as a filler of clothing, but it was found that the fabric contained a liberal amount of this salt, and on account of moisture present in the air on the day referred to, it was freely dissolved, for the solution had reached the skin. About one-half of those who were made ill by the clothing soon recovered, but the remainder received injuries of a very painful character. It has also been found that a sample of flannelette was examined, and it was found to be loaded with zinc chloride.

 WAS WAGNER CRAZY?

There was one passage of Wagner to which I gave ear recently, which was supposed to represent, through the medium of music, a scene in a forest. I closed my eyes, and did my generous best to find some suggestion of woodland sounds. There was neither note nor chord it all of it, so far as my ear could discover, which told of rustling leaf or bird song, or any other of the great or little voices of the woods. It might have been a train crashing through a trestle, or a foundry in full swing, or some great accident where there tearing and rending of giant timbers and a frightful loss of life; there were collision and crash and shriek, but not one inference of a forest sort was to be drawn from it. Indeed, beyond any of the above even, it suggested the

clamorous, dangerous wards of a lunatic asylum.

Recurring for one last thought to my theory that Wagner was a pure *maniac*, who raved in his so-called operas, let me say that it is a fact well known, and as I hold significant, that whereas there is a brigade of musicians, all lunatics, detained in German mad-houses, every last man of them, when questioned on that point—and they were questioned—professed himself a loyal adherent and admirer of Wagner. Not one of these lunatic musicians failed to hail Wagner as the king of opera, and his works as the very ultimate of melody. There you are; in music, as in other matters, one may say, "Like master, like man." Wagner was a lunatic, and every lunatic of musical pretension naturally flocks to his flag.—Dr. W. J. O'Sullivan.

 ORIGIN OF THE THIMBLE.

A thimble was originally a thumbbell, because it was worn on the thumbs, as sailors still wear their thimbles. It is a Dutch invention, and in 1884, in Amsterdam, the bi-centennial of the thimble was celebrated with a great deal of formality. This very valuable addition to my lady's work basket was first made by a goldsmith named Nicholas van Benschoten. And it may further interest Colonial dames to know that the first thimble made was presented in 1684 to Ann van Wedy, the second wife of Killian van Rensselaer.

Professor Saintsbury recently expounded the theory that "a man to exercise great influence should be born not too far before the end of a century, nor too far from the beginning of a century." Sir Walter Scott's success he traced in part to the fact that his birth in 1771 brought him within the charmed period. Two other points in Scott's were his broad patriotism, and the fact that he united with his literary

genius character in the best sense. Although Scotland had fortunately no deficiency in men of genius, said Professor Saintsbury, these had not always been men of character.

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AN ELECTRIC REVIVAL.

After noting the fact that English cities are awakening to the advantages of electric traction, but that, having fallen behind hand in this matter, they are obliged to look abroad, especially to this country, for equipment. "The Railway and Engineering Review" says: "It does seem rather strange that the nation which has always taken such a leading part in the development of electricity in experimental and theoretical ways should at this time be found so far in the rear in the practical application of electricity to what in this country is one of the best developed uses—that of the street railway. It was only a few years ago that electrical students in the United States had to send to England for all their text-books, and now we have the spectacle of English engineers sending to the United States for machinery designed according to the ideas of those former students."

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A KILLING SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The murder of the innocents of the nineteenth century is a march to untimely graves, not by order of a wrathful king, but under what is claimed to be the finest free-school system in the world. Go into any public school and you will see girls pallid as day-lilies, and boys with flat chests and the waxen skin that has been named the school complexion. Every incentive and stimulus is held out: dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges, the coveted flourish in the newspapers—the

strain never slackens. Watch the long lines filing past, each pupil carrying books—three, four, five—to be studied at night in hot rooms by fierce, sight-destroying lights. Time was when spectacles went with age. They are no sign of age now. Many must wear glasses to help eyes worn prematurely old by night work.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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ABOUT BACTERIA.

Most bacteria appear, under the microscope, as extremely small, often apparently homogeneous bodies of various shapes, round, oblong, rod-shaped, etc. They frequently exhibit active movements, which are due to the presence of excessively fine cilia. They multiply with extraordinary rapidity by transverse fission, but may also produce internally special resting-cells or spores. These latter are thick walled, and often capable of enduring an astonishing degree of heat without injury. Organic decomposition is mainly due to the activity of bacteria, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon the various forms of disease germs, nearly all of which are bacteria. Without them, the decomposition of dead organic matter would practically cease, and it would remain inert and useless as food for the higher plants.—Campbell.

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Newfoundland has at times a peculiar visitor, which is thus described: "The occasional grounding of an immense iceberg a short distance from the shore produces an astonishing local climatic change during its stay, preventing the ripening of crops and garden fruits, but presenting at sunset magnificent prismatic or iridescent effects."



Welshmen are found in the choirs of all the most musical churches in London.

When Aberystwyth folk write to their friends in the Welsh Metropolis, they write the address "Cardiff, South Wales." Cardiff contains one-tenth of the whole population of Wales—Aberystwyth included.

Among the Welsh industries which have died out is that of the manufacture of japanned ware. Once Pontypool was celebrated for the manufacture of such ware, peculiar to its kind, and named "Pontypool japan." Rope-making seems also to be dying out.

Some of the public houses in Wales bear curious names. One is called "Labor in Vain"—a motto represented by a picture of a negro being vigorously washed. Another is called "Pass By," an insincere title, which has a more straightforward neighbor in the "Slip In."

It is a mistake to say that the devil always finds work for idle hands to do. During the strike the members of the Aberavon Congregational Chapel had neither money nor work, so they filled up the time by excavating the side of the hill and preparing the foundations for their new chapel. This was done free of cost, and the contractors' expenses saved.

Teetotalism is now accounted a virtue even on hotel prospectuses. One of the

directors of the Park Hotel (Pontypridd) Company (Limited) is a licensed victualler, and a footnote in reference to him on the first page of the prospectus says:—"This gentleman is a total abstainer, and the fact of his being so will ensure that the comfort of abstainers frequenting the hotel will be properly regarded."

Taking everything together, and not looking too far ahead it is a wonder Wales is not put under the hammer and knocked down to the highest bidder. Here is an advertisement we cut out of the "Financial Times" lately: "For sale, a watershed in Wales, ample for the supply of London, intermediate towns, and the whole South of England.—Apply to R. Price, 18 Walbrook, E. C."

Poetic imagery is apt to run riot at times. At a students' cymanfa down line one embryonic Chrysostom described Snowdon as "a magnificent stud in God's white shirt;" another spoke of a mother's tears being dried with the towel of sympathy;" and a third, in portraying a mother's grief, told the affrighted audience that "her tears flowed so copiously as to have been enough to quench the flames of hell."

It is said that the custom of tying rags and bits of clothing to the branches of a tree growing near a holy well is still observed at three wells in Glamorganshire, namely, Ffynnon Cae Moch, Ffynnon Marcros, and Ffynnon Pen Rhys. The full significance of the custom is given in the following votive

mula of an Irishman:—"To St. Oobkill I offer up this button, a bit o' waistband o' my own breeches, an' waste o' my wife's petticoat, in remembrance of us havin' made this holy tion; an' may they rise up in glory above it for us in the last day."

We think it was silly of the South Wales daily papers to publish eight columns about a foot-ball match, but there can be no question that foot-ball matches are of interest to a class of people who have very few interests, and is a great thing to get them to buy newspapers. Besides, the Cardiff papers laughed at for making so much of a foot-ball match, and it is by this sort of laughter that newspapers are kept in moderation.

Sir Hubert Parry considers that the most musical divisions in Great Britain are (1) the western portion of Wiltshire, and (2) Wales and the border counties, especially Gloucestershire and Worcestershire. Sir Hubert ranks Wales as higher even than Yorkshire. "The Welsh," he says, "are a very imaginative and spiritual people—visually and poetic to a high degree. In the respects they are exclusive, and very fond of their own particular customs and choral exercises, but their music is undoubtedly good and refined."

A Cardiff Calvinistic Methodist, speaking of the two principal Welsh and English chapels belonging to his denomination in Cardiff, said that Penryn Terrace Chapel was attended by Englishmen who preferred worshipping in Welsh, and Clinton Street by Welshmen who preferred worshipping in English. The other Saturday night a Calvinistic Methodist minister arrived at Monmouthshire railway station. He was at once hailed by a deacon, who asked him (in Welsh) if he was coming to preach at the English chapel. "No,"

was the answer (given in English); "I am going to preach with the Welsh."

The "Westminster Gazette" man who peeped in at the recent London Eisteddfod held in the Queen's Hall was very favorably impressed with what he saw and heard. From an outsider's point of view, his comments are exceptionally interesting. He writes:—"The attractiveness of the institution is easy enough to understand. In its joint appeal to the artistic and sporting instincts there is nothing quite like it. Unite as here the attractions of an exciting foot-ball match and a high-class concert, and no wonder the product appeals peculiarly to a race so sporting and so artistic as the Welsh."

The interpreter at the Carnarvon Assizes recently created a roar of laughter by rendering the question, "Was the old man mentally capable?" into good idiomatic Welsh thus, "A oedd yr hen greadur yn llawn llathen?" This recalls an amusing instance of misconception which occurred at the Carnarvonshire Assizes many years ago. An old man who was a witness was asked the distance between two points, when he replied, "Ergyd careg glas hogyn." This was rendered, "A blue boy's stone throw." The Court laughed, and the interpreter assumed another hue—scarlet.

Référence made lately in the press to the health and longevity of Welsh farmers reminds a correspondent of a description published, in 1821, of one who had been farmer, innkeeper, glover, and professional angler, but in his eightieth year was guide to some of the picturesque localities in Wales. The description is unique:—"He is a little, slender man, about 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and, notwithstanding his advanced age, hopped and skipped about the room with all the vivacity and agility of a school boy. * * * He was dressed

in a blue coat with yellow buttons, a pair of old boots, and a cocked hat, and feathers of enormous size." Pugh, in his "*Cambria Depicta*," gave his portrait and a copy of his bill, which had the following note:—

"Mark, traveller, what rarely meets thy view:

Thy guide, a giddy Boy, of eighty-two."

A certain amount of romantic interest attaches to inn signs painted by artists who have afterwards become famous, and there is no more interesting story than that of the sign of the Royal Oak, painted by David Cox, the celebrated landscape painter, in 1847, and given to the landlord of the inn at Bettws-y-Coed, where the painter spent so much of his time. For nearly twenty years the picture hung in front of the inn, and was then taken down, framed, and glazed, and hung in the hall. Meanwhile the landlord had died. Trade declined, and at length the landlady was obliged to sell up the place. One thousand pounds were offered for the painting, but the freeholder of the property intervened, and claimed it as a fixture. The matter was referred to the Bangor District Court for decision, and the judge held that it was a fixture, and, therefore, could not be sold by the inn-keeper.

There seems to be a general agreement in Wales that Bala and Trevecca Calvinistic Methodist Colleges should be amalgamated at Aberystwyth. But the students, it is contended, cannot get along without working on Sundays, and it is said that Aberystwyth is not a good place to get Sunday engagement from! This objection is a very poor one. Aberystwyth is certain to become the great educational centre of Wales, and more colleges than one will surely be built there. Aberystwyth is not like Cardiff or Bangor on the extreme edge of the Principality. What would Cardiff give to be situated where Aberys-

twyth is? The Aberystwyth College has more than four hundred students, and in a few years will have a thousand if the governing bodies do not get frightened at the rapid success.

It is hardly safe to put down every Williams as a Welshman. Mrs. Latimer in "*My Scrap Book of the French Revolution*" relates the story of the Rev. Eleazar William, who was brought when a boy to Ticonderago, and was adopted by an Indian with white blood in his veins, named Thomas Williams. This Thomas Williams was Indo-Welsh. Eleazar was converted to Protestantism, and became a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and resided at Green Bay, Wisconsin. In 1841 Prince de Joinville made inquiries and showed him papers proving that Mr. Williams was a French Prince. A certain Frenchman by name Bellenger made a statement on his deathbed that he had brought the dauphin son of Louis XVI. from France, and placed him among Indians in North America.

Joseph Levering Jones, Philadelphia, Pa., descends, on his father side, from the early Welsh settlers of that State and city, his father was a brother to the father of the late Hon. Horatio Gates Jones, who presided over the Welsh Society of that city for thirty years, up to March, 1893. On his mother side the lineage of the Leverings is traced back to honorable people in the sixteenth century, in Cambridgeshire, England, the Leverings purchased land on the borders of the Schuylkill in 1691, the present town of Roxborough being originally and until recent years known as Leverington. Mr. Jones is at the head of one of the most successful firms of counselors of the city, and is also a highly respected member of the distinguished Union League Club, at present honored as its Secretary. Mr. Jones presided over

the annual re-union meeting and tea party of the First Welsh Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia on March 9th.

It is said farm laborers in Wales are becoming so scarce that field operations are hindered. This is good news. Life on farms has been a rough, joyless, unilluminated life. It is doubtful whether the alternative before Welsh boys in towns is much better, but there are chances—opportunities in it, and men and women will suffer much for a chance that may never be worked out into reality. Much has often been said about the imaginary poverty of Wales. We have always protested that Wales is not poor. Her extended seaboard has always given her sons an outlet, and the slate quarries and collieries of the North, and the iron works and collieries of the South have afforded well-paid alternative employments for agricultural laborers. No, Wales is neither poor nor humble.

The Rev. Evan Price, Ebbw Vale, recently addressed a meeting in that district and said the people there were not strong in their enthusiasm for the Welsh language. He argued that language was not the greatest badge of nationality. If they were so unfortunate as to lose their language, he hoped as a nation they would not lose their characteristics. A famous Welshman once said that Wales has kept its language but lost the characteristics that went to make it a nation. On the other hand, the Irish had practically lost their language, and had adopted that of their conquerors, yet they had not lost an iota of their characteristics. The Welsh people are deluded by the members of the Cymru Fydd mutual admiration class in London and elsewhere. If Wales is to achieve freedom or any greatness it will not be by acting as burden bearers for ambitious

Welshmen who want to bless their dear country from places in Parliament.

Mr. Justice Darling continued to have difficulty about the Welsh language at Carnarvon, but we think he has given in. Welsh is the birthright of the people, and it is simply stupid to object to the people speaking it. Not to be able to speak English may be a mark of defective education, or old age, or narrow experience, but it is nonsense to penalise the speaking of Welsh. We know that knowledge of English is not as general as English judges would like to believe, for if English were more common in the rural districts of Wales there would be far more visitors, and the people would be better off. There are not a few Welsh patriots whose only claim to reputation is that they speak, somehow, their native language!

The miracle business at Holywell is in serious danger now that Father Beauclerk has gone away. Petitions are being signed to secure his return. The Nonconformists of Holywell are distressed that the town should suffer by the falling off in miracles, and the local governing body is prepared to do what is handsome by the holy well and the rest of it. The average number of signatures to the petition received daily has been five hundred, and the total number is twenty thousand. The last day for petitioning was March first. We suppose Father Beauclerk will not be allowed to return. The Roman Catholic Church does not believe in indispensable priests.

Bishop Edwards is doubtful of any Romish practices in the Church of England. Is he a blind leader? Lawlessness and disloyalty were alleged, he says, to exist in the Church at present. Caution and calmness were essential in

estimating the extent and the history of the present troubles. In agitations extreme men came to the front and professed to speak in the name of others whose convictions they often inadequately represented, and whose numbers they invariably exaggerated. This was abundantly true of the present situation. No school of thought in the Church ought to be held responsible for the utterances any anonymous productions of a few extreme men. They wanted discrimination, not indifference. In some cases practices inconsistent with the main body and essentials of the liturgy had crept in; hence complaints of lawlessness and disloyalty. Sir William Harcourt had called attention to those things. It was greatly to be regretted that he should have thought it necessary to accuse those in authority of deliberate connivance at illegality, of failing in plain and straightforward action; in short, of insincerity. Such language helped no good cause.

When the Bishopric of Llandaff was vacant in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a number of the clergy in the diocese petitioned the Archbishop of Canterbury in favor of an Englishman being appointed as Bishop in preference to a Welshman. The reason they assigned for this strange and, apparently, anti-national request was that an Englishman, having no connections in the diocese, would be more likely to do justice all round than a Welshman, who would have so many kinsmen and friends around him to remember. This was, of course, before the days of Bishop Luxmore, of St. Asaph, for it is notorious that the income of the whole diocese of St. Asaph was divided in his time into two portions. Bishop Luxmore and his relatives took one-half the other half being divided amongst

the residue (being the very great majority) of the clergy.

Cardinal Vaughan, speaking against Ritualism, and rejoicing as he spoke, having in detail shown that the Church of Rome had actually inserted herself, or, more correctly speaking, had been inserted in the Church of England by her traitorous allies, declared:—"All this speaks of a change and a movement towards the Church (of Rome), that would have appeared absolutely incredible at the beginning of this century." According to Cardinal Vaughan, the doctrine of Rome have taken the place of the thirty-nine articles; the real presence, the sacrifice of the mass offered for the living and the dead; regular auricular confession, extreme unction, purgatory, prayers for the dead, devotions to our Lady, etc., are all taught in the English Church with growing acceptance. He seems to know more about the Church of England than Bishop Edwards does.

A volume long-looked for and touching on Welsh place names, *inter alia*, is the important forthcoming work by Professor Rhys and Mr. Brynmor Jones, M. P., which we are finally informed will be published soon after Easter. On the 23rd inst. Mr. Brynmor Jones will read a paper before the Cymmrodorion Society on "Early Social Life in Wales," which is, we take it, a liberal excerpt of the promised book and a sign that it is practically finished. To judge from the inklings we have had of the work—its original contributions to the history of the Welsh people, its revival of the great Aryan puzzle, and its argument in general—it promises to afford much subject-matter for the critical students of "Cymru Fu." Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish it.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

Half a dozen, more or less, of our readers are laboring under the hallucination that our "Welsh Notes" are paragraphs from Holy Writ, and therefore infallible. They are worried to find that they are questionable as to their utter truthfulness. They are mere straws showing the direction in which the Welsh wind blows.

Envious English journals are pointing out that the unique distinction of being the only lady director of a British railway company is enjoyed by Mrs. M. D. Thomas, The Elms, Mumbles, who is on the board of the Mumbles Railway and Pier Company.

John Davies, of Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire, died 1693. An industrious translator of works from the French—technical, philosophical, and scientific. There is a list of thirty-six works said to have been translated by Davies, some of which went through several editions.

Mr. Alfred Thomas, M. P., in a speech delivered at Cardiff, said that "if they wanted a rallying cry—one that would call forth the greatest enthusiasm in the Liberal ranks—then he had no doubt whatever that that cry would be Disestablishment!"

Wales, as was remarked by Principal Viriamu Jones the other evening, has lost a potent voice in Parliament by the demise of Lord Herschell. He was a keen sympathiser with the demand of the Principality for the provision of educational facilities, and it was in recognition of the support he accorded the movement for the establishment of

the Welsh University that he was created one of its first honorary Doctors of Law.

John Dyer, poet, artist, and divine, died 1758. He was incumbent of Belchford and Coningsby, in Lincolnshire. He was born at Aberglasney, in Carmarthenshire, his father being a lawyer, and died quite young. Dyer became a landscape painter of repute; but by his poem, "Grongar Hill" he is best known, and will always be remembered.

Judge Darling made the mistake common to all new judges when they come to Wales for the first time. He seems to think that, because a Welshman can say "Yes" and "No" and "If you please," he can understand Browning or an English barrister. It won't take Judge Darling long to know better; Judge Ridley learnt his lesson in a week.

After a night's carouse, a Welsh bard in Montgomeryshire awoke one morning to find himself between the four white walls of a prison cell. Turning to the Muse for consolation, he wrote on the white wall:—

"Duw anwy! B'le'r wy'n dihuo—pa
Pa ddwl bum wrtho? [ddiawl
Meddwl unwaith, eliwaith, O!
Mae rhywbeth wedi'm rhibo."

Thomas Idris Jones, Melincrythan, Neath, has received an acknowledgment from Baroness Patti Cederstrom of some lines on the occasion of her marriage. She wrote from the Grand Hotel du Quirinal, Rome:—"Pray accept my very best thanks for the charm-

ing verses you sent me on the occasion of my wedding. I can assure you that I appreciate the kind thought and attention."

Where is the purest Welsh spoken? Some say in North Wales, and others in the South, but the Vicar of Carnarvon, who has spent many years in both parts, declares that there is not much difference, because in North Wales they corrupt Welsh words for colloquial use, such as *afnats*" and *"ofnatsan"* for *"ofnadwy,"* and in South Wales the patois is enriched by the corruption of English words, such as *"starto,"* *"rito,"* &c. He admits, however, that the language of St. Clears district is beyond redemption.

Pritchard Morgan, M. P., it is reported, has been engaged by the Chinese authorities as administrator of the mineral and mercantile resources of the province of Szechuen. It may be explained that this is a province containing a population of 70 millions, with a superficial area of 166,000 square miles; and that experts in Chinese affairs have held it to be not only the richest but the most peaceful of all the provinces of the Chinese Empire.

That Merionethshire case of a man charged with stealing a penny seems to have awakened quite a lot of people, and they all agree with Mr. Justice Darling that it is a scandal that a judge, and a jury, and barristers and solicitors, and witnesses—but especially the judge—should have been brought into the county to try so trivial a case. For our part we prefer seeing the judges brought to Wales for penny cases than for murder cases and such like.

Among the curious epitaphs to be found in Welsh graveyards is the following inscribed on the gravestone of one John Morgan, who was killed on

the railway in the neighborhood of Oswestry:—

In crossing o'er the fatal spot,
John Morgan, he was slain;
But it was not by mortal hand,
But by a railway train.

Oadwallader Thomas, the bandmaster for 16 years of the Coldstream Guards, whose death is now announced at the age of 59, was a Welshman. He joined the band of the Coldstreams in 1853, and was a noted clarionet player. In 1866 he was promoted to sergeant, and in 1880, on the retirement of the late Fred Godfrey, he became bandmaster, from which post he retired about two years ago. For ten years also, down to 1880, he was bandmaster of the Duke of York's School.

The story of "Mary Jones," whose visit to Bala in order that she might procure for her own use a copy of the Holy Scriptures led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, is finding its way into a number of languages. A Spanish translation has been prepared by the Religious Tract Society, a new edition in French is in the press, from Calcutta there comes the news of an edition in Bengali, and from Tokio a very pretty edition has been received in Japanese.

The Rev. Allen J. Morton who departed this life February 13, 1899, at Kingston, Pa., was a native of the parish of Llangyrlaw, Montgomeryshire, N. W. He was baptized by the Rev. John Roberts, in 1852, and in the following year he went to South Wales, settling at Dowlais, where he commenced preaching. He was educated at Pontypool College, and was a co-student with Dr. Fred Evans; was ordained minister in 1861; was married in 1862; and emigrated into this country in 1863. During his career this side of the ocean, he was minister at Lans-

ford (where he was instrumental in building the Baptist Church), Upper Lehigh, Slatington, Pittsburg, Edwardsdale, Pa., and Parisville and Pomeroy, O. He died at his home in Kingston, Pa., in the 64th year of his age.

In a couple of cartoons contributed to the last issue of "Papyr Pawb," Mr. Dyer Davies very happily hits off the modern foot-ball craze in the Principality. On one side Shoni Jones ostentatiously displays his empty pockets to the figure of Patriotism, who appeals to her on behalf of the Daniel Owen and Prince Llewelyn memorial movements, while in the accompanying illustration the self-same Shoni is seen presenting a well-filled gold bag to the "W.F.U.," to the accompaniment of the loud hurrahs of a singing crowd.

The third number of the series of Welsh classics published by Mr. Isaac Foulkes, Liverpool, is devoted to "Alun," all of whose works in the free metres are included. By means of these useful little threepenny booklets the cream of Welsh literature will shortly be within reach of the humblest of our fellow-countrymen. This popular edition of "Alun" has been edited by Iolo Carnarvon, who supplies a large number of instructive annotations and a delightful memoir of the gifted author.

William D. Thomas, who died February 18, at Lansford, Pa., mourned by a wide circle of friends and neighbors, was a prominent and highly respected Welshman. Mr. Thomas had risen by force of character to a position of honor and influence among his fellow-men, and very deservedly, as he was a really honorable man, a lover of his race, a patriotic Welshman and American. He was a native of Pembroke County S. W., where he was born of humble parents in 1842. The family

soon moved to the Neath Valley, settling near Aberpergwm. There his mother died, and his father soon followed at Hirwain, a few miles east. A mere lad he was compelled to become dependent on his own efforts for a livelihood. He emigrated to this country in 1866, settling at Jackson, Ill. From there he came to Upper Lehigh, Pa., and soon to Lansford, where he resided to the time of his death, following the occupation of a mining contractor. He was for a time a Justice of the Peace, Chairman of the Electric Light Co., and a member of the School Board, and always took lively and affectionate interest and part in Eisteddfodic movements, in Welsh literature, especially poetry, as well as in the welfare of his fellowmen. He was in a high sense, a worthy citizen and a generous man, an honor and a benefit to any community. To mourn their great loss, he left a widow and a large family, all of whom he had well cared for and educated. He had a large number of friends and admirers who heard of his death with sorrow.

The University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, and Bala College, have each had a thousand pounds left by the late Mr. William Roberts, architect, Manchester. The Aberystwyth College students are increasing in number so rapidly that a large sum will soon have to be spent in providing additional accommodation. The work grows every session, and the success of the students is more than maintained.

Mayor Samuel M. Jones, of Toledo, is enlivening things with another of his vigorous and stirring campaigns. Some people call him eccentric, but he is a man of strong personality and of extraordinary ability. Besides being a wealthy manufacturer, with great business responsibilities, he is a musician, a social reformer and all-around philan-

thropist. Two years ago he made his first campaign for Mayor, and he enlivened it with music of his own production. He composed a song, "Divide up the Day." Mrs. Jones set it to music, and it was a campaign hit. This year he is a candidate for re-election, and he has a new song, "Industrial Freedom," which goes to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia."

Mayor Jones was born in Wales in 1846, and came to the United States with his parents when three years old. His parents were very poor, and it was necessary for the son, when old enough, to go out to work, and he says: "I bear upon my body to-day the marks of the injustice and wrong of child labor." When 18 years old he heard of the Pennsylvania oil fields, and went to Titusville, which place he reached with fifteen cents in his pocket. He found work, seized the opportunities that were presented, and in 1870 became himself an oil producer. In 1886 he came to Ohio and entered the Lima field, and since then has followed the business successfully in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

Besides the writings of "John Jones, Llangollen," mentioned in the Welsh catalogue of the Cardiff Free Library, there is extant by the same author a commentary on Matthew, with a revised translation, and another on the 1st Corinthians, and also a small work on the whole of the New Testament, under the title of "The Teachers' Testament" (*Testament yr Athraw*). Copies of these works are in the possession of the Rev. William Evans, M. A., Pembroke Dock, who has also a copy of the first volume of a serial called "Y Golgydd," which appeared in 1846, edited by the same author. We are told this periodical lived for three years. Who has copies of the second and third volumes, and also of his "Seren Foreu,"

a nice little serial for children? "Jones Llangollen" was a remarkable man. Justice has not been done to his memory. He certainly has a distinct place in Welsh literature.

Beriah Gwynfe Evans is still busy looking up materials for his new book on the history of Welsh Nonconformity, and it is of course no secret that one of the objects in view is to show that the place and importance of the Methodist revival of the last century has been somewhat over-estimated. This being so, the suggested title of the new volume, "Datguddio'r Diwygiad" ("The Revival Revealed") is a happy one. Mr. Evans, in the course of an interview published by the *Carnarvon Herald*, claims to have unearthed original manuscripts of the greatest importance, the existence of which, or at least the contents previous writers appear to have had no knowledge. He acknowledges the value of the assistance he has received at the hands of the authorities of the Trevecca C. M. College, and adds:—"The Trevecca collection of MSS. is invaluable, and the authorities have performed a public duty in arranging, cataloguing and indexing the MSS. It has taken a man the greater part of three years to arrange and index them. The public have no conception of the wealth of material for history which lies practically forgotten, not only at Trevecca, but elsewhere.

M. J. H. Davies, B. A., *Cwrwmawr*, a brother of Mrs. T. E. Ellis, is about to publish a new edition of the works of Tudor Aled, which will be included in the *Cymmrodorion* series. Mr. Davies is well qualified for the work, being a cultured Welsh scholar, and currently reported to possess the largest private collection extant of old and modern editions of Welsh books.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

A clergyman once went to visit a Glamorganshire farmer of the old type who was on his death-bed, and, after a few preliminary remarks, the vicar said that if his neighbor had anything on his mind, he hoped he would confide in him, and thus die in peace. "Well, sir," said the farmer, "if I had to live my life over again, I'd fish more with bait and less with flies."

A Swansea minister relates an incident which occurred in connection with a Swansea Episcopal church, which was communicated to him by a most reliable person. It was as follows:—"A baptism recently took place in the church of ———, and during the application of the water, the infant cried. As soon as the ceremony was over, Sister ——— approached the mother of the babe, and said, "I'm glad the baby cried when the water was applied to it, for that was a sign the devil was coming out of it."

The natives of some parts of India believe that the spirits of the departed retain the tastes which distinguished them while in the flesh. Rev. Dr. J. P. Jones, a missionary at Madura, writes that some time since an Englishman died in that vicinity, and the natives built a shrine in the jungle, near the place of his decease, and offered for years, in true sobriety, whisky and cheroots to appease his thirsty and unsatisfied spirit. If he actually consumed these luxuries offered to the sahib's spirit we are not informed.

A NEW VERSION.

A little girl told her mamma the story of Adam and Eve. "Dod, He made Adam, and He put him in a big garden, an' Adam He was so lonesome; 'n' then He putted him to sleep. He did, 'n' then he took out his brains, 'n' made a woman of the brains, 'n' then Adam he wasn't lonesome no more."

SHE IS CAPTAIN.

The boatwomen of China have no need to agitate for women's rights—they possess them. The boatwoman, whether she be a single woman or a wife or a widow, is the head of the house—that is to say, of the boat. If she is married, the husband takes the useful but subordinate place of deck-hand or bow oarsman. She does the steering, makes bargains with the passengers, collects the money, buys supplies, and in general lords it over everything.

CLERICAL INSURANCE.

The "Church Gazette" tells a curious story of a clergyman's cow:—A certain clergyman bought a cow, and, being a cautious man, insured it. A few weeks afterwards the cow, being tired of the monotony of its life, committed suicide. Comforting himself with the thoughts of the insurance, the parson wrote to the office, when he found, to his dismay, that the policy was only for a fire risk. He thereupon wrote to a keeper of

hounds that he had a carcass to dispose of at a low price. Unfortunately, there were two individuals of the same name, and the letter was delivered to the wrong one, who happened to be an undertaker. The body was fetched, and soon after a bill was sent in: "To fetching away and decently interring the body of one cow, 7s. 6d."

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WHAT THE CUBANS WANT.

Ye can't make a Cuban understand that freedom means th' same thing as a pinitinchry sintince. Whin we thry to get him to wurruk he'll say: "Why shud I? I have'n't committed anny crime." That's goin' to be th' trouble. Th' first thing we know we'll have another war in Cubia whin we begin dis-thributin' good jobs, twelve hours a day, wan sivinty-five. Th' Cubians ain't civilized in our way, I sometimes think I've got a touch iv Cuban blood in me own veins.—Dooley.

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A MUSICAL CRITIC.

Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury, entered a London Church one night, and standing in a back pew, joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workingman who was singing lustily in tune. The bishop sang lustily also, but not in tune. The workingman stood the discord as long as he could, and then, nudging the bishop, said, in a whisper: "Here, dry up mister; you're spoiling the show."

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THE BEST LITERATURE.

Th' only books I seen was th' kind that has the' life iv th' pope on th' outside an' a set iv dominos on th' inside. They 're good readin'! Now-thin' cud be better for a man whin he's tired out afther a day's wurruk thin to

go to his library an' take down wan iv th' great wuruks iv lithratchoor on' play a game iv dominos f'r th' dhrinks out iv it. Anny other kind iv r-readin', barrin' the newspapers, which will niver hurt anny onedycated man, is deshructive iv morals.—Dooley.

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YANKEE SCIENCE.

That story about the petrified forest brings to mind the experience of an Englishman who went out in search of petrified trees in America. He met a native ranger of the woods, and asked to be directed to some fine specimens. "Petrified trees," said the Yankee, "are not worth mentioning. There's a petrified man on the top of that hill." "What! what!" exclaimed the enraptured tourist. "Yaas, a petrified man. He went out hunting one day, and while aiming at a bird in the air got petrified on the spot, and his gun got petrified, and the bird in the air got petrified, and there they are still in the same position." "No, no," said the tourist, "the law of gravitation would have interfered." "Ah, stranger, that's little you know of this section. The law of grevytation got petrified too."

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BLIND HYMN-WRITER.

A woman of 70, a gentle, sightless soul, who is the most popular song writer the English language has known, lives in Brooklyn. She is Fanny Crosby, the blind poetess, who has written over 4,000 songs and hymns, among them the most successful of the Moody and Sankey songs. Three generations have sung Miss Crosby's hymns, which are heard daily in church or chapel. The most familiar of them are "Pass me not, O gentle Savior," "Jesus is Calling," "Rescue the Perishing," "Blessed Assurance," "Saved by Grace," "All the Way My

Savior leads me," and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," the last named being Miss Crosby's own favorite.

—o:o—

A TEACHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

The attention of those who are interested in educational matters is invited to the life work of Johann Jakob Haberle, an industrious teacher of the good old school. During his life he kept a diary of the number of punishments inflicted by him on pupils. He records that during 51 years he distributed "911,517 strokes with a stick, 240,100 birch rod smites, 136,715 hand smacks, 10,986 blows with a ruler, 10,235 slaps on the face, 8,000 boxes on the ears, 115,800 on the head, and that he set some 13,000 tasks from the Bible, so that it was necessary to purchase a new copy, through wear and tear, every two years. Seven hundred and seventy-seven times did Johann make his children kneel on dried peas, while 5,001 times he stood them in his corners with rulers over their heads."—Kansas City Journal.

—o:o—

ALL AMERICAN CHILDREN.

"Do you not have trouble with so many nationalities?" the spectator asked of the principal of a large school in the crowded tenement part of the city. "Oh, we hang the flag over the school platform," was the answer, "and have the regular exercise of saluting it, and the children become very patriotic indeed. They will not own, in most cases, that they are not Americans." "Yes," said the other teacher, "I often ask, 'Will the German children in the room stand up?' The Germans are more wedded to their fatherland, apparently, than other immigrants, for a few—though not by any means half—of them usually rise to this invitation. 'Now let the Italian chil-

dren stand,' generally brings no response at all, though the school is crowded with them in my district. But when I end up by saying, 'Will the American children stand up?' the whole school rises joyfully."—Outlook.

—o:o—

TOBACCO IN ENGLAND, 1845.

When I was a lad, fully half the population of both sexes, rich as well as poor, the banker equally with the workingman, were snuff-takers. My first schoolmaster always carried his snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket, and innumerable were his dips into it with two fingers and a thumb in the course of the day, while the big gauffered frill which protruded from the bosom of his shirt was always thickly sprinkled with it. We used to notice that he never seemed to relish one of his huge pinches so much as immediately after having administered a sound castigation to some recalcitrant pupil.

On the other hand, there was little or no open air smoking, except in the case of laboring men going to or from their work. In this respect lucifer matches have something to answer for; but for them the practice of outdoor smoking would never have grown to its present enormous proportions.—Chamber's Journal.

—o:o—

WORLD'S YOUNGEST LAWYER.

Undoubtedly the youngest lawyer in the world is Byron Howse Gilbert of Atchison, Kas., who at the age of seven years recently successfully passed a rigid examination before the Supreme judges of the Kansas court, and is the happy possessor of a certificate of admission to the bar, which, of course, will not take effect until he reaches the age of 21 years. Little Byron, it should be stated, is the son of a judge, and from whom, no doubt, he has in-

herited this wonderful taste for things appertaining to the law. His father took him to the court one day, and surprised the justices then sitting by asking them to examine him for admission, and though they tried to trip this boy lawyer, all their efforts were futile, and they had no option but to grant him the desired certificate. He has a desk in his father's office, and spends a couple of hours there every day after school.—Syracuse Standard.

—o:o—

'T WAS NOT SO.

According to the Cornhill Magazine, a clergyman was walking through the outskirts of his parish one evening when he saw one of his parishioners whitewashing his cottage. Pleased at these somewhat novel signs of cleanliness he called out, "Well, Jones, I see you are making your house nice and smart." With a mysterious air Jones, who had recently taken the cottage, descended from the ladder and slowly walked to the hedge which separated the garden from the road. "That's not 'xactly the reason why I'm a-doing of this 'ere job," he whispered, "but the last two couples as lived in this 'ere cottage 'ad twins; so I says to my mis-sus, I'll take an' whitewash the place so as there mayn't be no infection. Ye see, sir, as 'ow we got ten children al-ready."

—o:o—

A MARVELOUS X-RAY GIRL.

Miss Elfa, of Chicago, has a wonderful power of second sight. She can describe the contents of a purse without touching the purse itself, telling how many coins are in it, and what their value is. She turns her back to the street, and, with closed eyes, can

accurately describe every passer-by, mentioning the color and cut of each one's clothing and any physical peculiarity he or she may have. By looking at an invalid she can diagnose any disease, and suggest the proper remedies.

—o:o—

MR. GLADSTONE ON RIDDLES.

Among the minor provisions which appertain to a good social equipment is generally ranked a good stock of entertaining stories. I put in a humble plea in the same line on behalf of riddles; subject, however, to this remark, that mediocrity is not to be tolerated in riddles. In order to be available as good current coin a riddle should possess in the highest possible degree these two qualifications: First, it should baffle the skill and knack of the best riddle guesser; secondly, when in the orthodox fashion it has been given up, and the secret is revealed, the answer should strike the hearer with a certain compunction for not having perceived what was so simple and appropriate. As a specimen of the good riddle I would offer: "What is all the world doing at once?" I do not happen even to have known it guessed. The answer is, "Growing older"—perfectly indisputable, and, when once known, very obvious.—Watchman.

—o:o—

A commercial traveller who has been trying to open up business in Merionethshire says he can explain why the calendar which Mr. Justice Darling found awaiting him contained only one small case, and that a charge against a man for stealing a penny. He says it was the only penny in the county to steal.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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MAY, 1899.

No. 5.

THE WELSH BARONY.

By Joseph Levering Jones, Philadelphia, Pa

(Delivered at the Annual Reunion, March 9.)

It is a remarkable circumstance that more than two hundred years after the settlement of Philadelphia, in which Welshmen took so prominent and active a part, there should exist no edifice devoted especially to religious worship in the Welsh tongue, and owned by its congregation; and yet it need not occasion any surprise when we look at the development of our civilization here in Pennsylvania, and observe that fusion of English, Swedes, Welsh and Germans that made a settlement within its boundaries.

There are few races more tenacious of their language, and with more defined characteristics, than the Welsh; but the population in their old home was not large, and there were but a few thousand that originally, in the days of Penn, came into the new province which he founded, as settlers. The English immediately outnumbered them, and between 1700 and 1755, over one

hundred thousand Germans landed in the port of Philadelphia. The consequence was that the tide of immigration from Wales was overflowed by stronger tides of incoming peoples, and soon practically ceased. The English tongue was, from the beginning of the settlement, dominant, and the distinctive Welsh language gradually disappeared, to be kept alive only by the few new comers who brought with them the old tongue, generally retained by them until succeeding generation.

"The Welsh Barony," as it was called, of forty thousand acres, situated in the beautiful uplands beyond the Schuylkill, did not long remain under the control of its Welsh owners. It soon became subjected to the general laws of the province of Pennsylvania, and while its early proprietors indelibly stamped for all time the beautiful names of Haverford, and Merion, and Ardmore, and Bryn Mawr, upon it, those original

Welsh districts no longer distinctly reveal the presence of the Welsh race except in the name indicated, and in the historic memories of nearly two centuries ago. It may be said then, that it is no discredit that there is no edifice owned by people speaking the Welsh language in the city of Philadelphia, in which there is religious worship.

It is fortunate if the people from other nations coming to this country adopt a new allegiance, make themselves a part of a new destiny, and look forward with honest hopes and aspirations to the creation of homes for themselves and their children. It is fortunate if they bring with them the determination to identify themselves not only with the new institutions of which they become a part, but also determine to master the language which is spoken around them, which is to become their language, and in which they must think and speak, and which they must write if they would get all the benefits of the new civilizations they have sought, and of which they should become an essential part.

It is right, however, that the Welshman leaving the lovely valleys, the imposing mountains, the diverse and exquisite scenery, and the splendid history, interesting and heroic, associated with his own land—a part of that great commonwealth of England—should bring with him memories that may have grown up from childhood, and the deepest affections for the land of his birth. He who has felt no love of country

toward his native land, will not be likely to feel love of country towards the land of his adoption, and patriotism is a great virtue.—I may say it ought to be made a part of one's religion. Love of home, of country, and of God are safe, desirable and ennobling affections for every human being to possess; but however right that any one coming to our shores from the old world should bring and keep thoughts of that old world, of home, and friends, and associations, as sacred treasures to be sometimes unlocked and gazed upon, it is here where the foundations of a new home are to be established; a new career to be undertaken; a new tongue to be acquired, and the infinite possibilities of American life to be grasped and utilized to the utmost.

I venture to speak in this way because I feel a tender sentiment towards the land of some of my ancestors; because I know those sturdy, tenacious, dominant characteristics of the Welsh; because I know of their love of the memories and of the history of old Wales; because I know how deeply inbred is that Cymric blood which, in its strong racial characteristics and language has withstood many of the influences that have immediately surrounded it for two thousand years, and because I feel that it yields sometimes too slowly and reluctantly to the progressive ideas of modern times, and does not always take hold with willing energy of the advantages that are placed within its reach.

Still, if you ask me in what direction the descendants of the early Welsh settlers—those whose inhabitants are now firmly and for all time established here—can best exert their influence and power, I would say to aid the more complete establishment and the preservation of the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. That, as I understand it, is the aim of your trustees. Their motive is not the preservation of the Welsh language in our midst—it is the motive of affording to those unaccustomed to English speech, and inheriting and using their natural tongue—the Welsh language—an opportunity to listen in that language to the inspired words of the Bible and to the guidance and admonitions of their own ministers. It is the duty of those who have found fortune and comfort in this new land to welcome their relatives and race from the old, assist them as rapidly as possible in the practical acquisition of the English language, and in the meantime see to it as a solemn obligation, that the opportunity of religious instruction from the pulpit is furnished to them here.

The Bible should be the great guide of human conduct. He who infects his mind with its noble passages, and keeps in touch with it in his daily life, can never escape from its influence and its power. Its injunctions become a part of his

moral nature, mingle his thoughts and his ambitions, and influencing him, exert an influence on all with whom he comes in contact.

The Welsh Church of Philadelphia must be maintained as long as there is a person in our city needing its ministrations, and that will be so long as there is any one that speaks and thinks in the Welsh as his natural language. I confess with regret that I have not taken the interest in this religious institution, which is being fostered, that it deserves from one who has a common ancestry with yourselves; but the example, the steady enthusiasm and labor of your trustees and pastor exert their influence upon me as they do upon you. The establishment and maintenance of a distinctive church is a great work. It is such a work in which they are engaged. It is a generous, an unselfish, a Christian effort. It will be crowned with success. So long as this church, in its special field, needs to exist, it will surely be upheld, and its history, when it is finally written, will be descriptive of one of those forces that quietly assisted in improving the character of the Welsh people, and took a modest but effective part in the advancement of the civilization of the noble city, in the foundation and early development of which Welshmen bore such a conspicuous part.

THE GRAND OLD MAN OF WALES.

 By Cambrensis.

There are titled names in Wales to-day hardly known outside the county they live in; titles which honor those who wear them more than they honor the titles; but lives there a Welshman who has not heard of Thomas Gee of Denbigh, and does not honor and revere his memory as that of a peer, a prince? We have a nobility in Wales that has been forced upon us as a people; landholders who have through the ages figured as our leaders in religion and politics; but the people of Wales have never recognized them but as invaders. The people have had their own nobility—often poor, despised, oppressed, but yet the true representatives of their rights and aspirations, and they form a peerage of their own, among whom we find Thomas Gee. Although they wear their own simple Christian names, they are dearer to the Welsh heart than princes and lords, and they deserve the title of dukes (leaders) far more richly than those who wear their names like mantles. Jones Llanddowror, Thomas Charles of Bala, Williams Pantycelyn, John Elias, Thomas Gee, &c., are the "Lords Spiritual" of Wales.

The true leaders of the Welsh are moral and spiritual. A lord temporal, a mere wordly leader can

never strike the imaginative heart of the Welsh as anything but mercenary and vain; and this accounts for the fact that the ideal leader of the people in Wales is touched with the spiritual. Thomas Gee was a man that served God in all his work. He possessed the true secret of genius, as described by Emerson, "which suffers no fiction; which exacts good faith, reality and a purpose; and first, last, midst and without end, honors every truth by use." His activity through life was an honest expression of his personality; his works were an expression of a whole nature which was far removed from the common motives of men; the many interests and extensive activities of his untiring life show the greatness and strength of his heart; his great spirit made Wales its bride, which he honored, loved and labored for incessantly. "The retrospect of his life swarms" not with lost opportunities, but with accomplished facts.

Falstaff's boast that he was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others points to a great truth. True power breeds power, and the greatness of a man is not to be judged by the amount of work he accomplishes himself, but by what he is the cause of accomplishing.

The Great Master lived a brief life, and labored in public but three years; but down through the ages He has filled millions of spirits with his own ideals, and has made them or rather is making them active in doing good. Thomas Gee was moved by this same spirit; by means of the multiplex powers of

Thomas Gee, son of a father of the same name, was born January 14, 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo. His father was an Englishman who came to Denbigh, in the early days of Welsh Methodism to carry on the printing business of the Rev. Thomas Jones; and his mother a Welshwoman, Mary Foulks.



Mr. Gee's favorite horse named "Degwm," as he was a very young foal when the Tithe Bailiffs visited Mr. Gee's farm, Eglwys Wen.

the press he was instrumental in educating and enlightening his country; mere fame was not his infirmity, for a higher purpose and a purer inspiration alone can account for "a consistent career," as Mr. Rendell, M. P., said at his funeral, "marked by every private and civic virtue." He was not magnificent branches and foliage alone, but a veritable royal oak, gnarled and deep rooted in the love of God and man.

A few years later Thomas Gee, the elder, having become owner, and devoting his energy to mastering the Welsh language, founded the Gee establishment, which has done immense service to Welsh literature. Our hero was first educated at a school kept by a Mrs. Williams, of Castle Hill, Denbigh, and later at Grove School, Wrexham, under a Mr. Jackson. When a mere lad, he returned to his father's office to learn

the printer's trade, attending in the afternoon a school superintended by Rev. John Roberts. In 1836, when just of age, he went to London, where he soon commenced to preach. During his sojournment in the metropolis, he was a fellow-student of the late Sir Hugh Owen at the Sunday School connected with the Welsh Methodists in the Boro. In 1842 he married Miss Hughes, of Plas Coch, who still survives; and five years ago they celebrated their golden wedding. To them were born five daughters and three sons; two of them are Thomas and Robert, solicitors, and the third, Howell, successor to his father in the publishing business. The daughters are Mrs. Matthews, Amlwch; Mrs. Humphreys Roberts, J. P., the Hollies, Denbigh; Mrs. R. H. Williams, Government Auditor; Mrs. Davies, Manchester; and the eldest daughter, Miss Gee, for years her father's constant companion in his public journeyings on political and religious missions. He died September 28, 1898, in his 84th year.

The Monday following was as fine a day as one may see in Wales. Providence, as one said, seemed to smile on the thousands who had arrived from far and near to pay their last tribute of love and respect to one who had been their brave guide and champion of their rights. Being a man of the people, all classes turned out to pay him the last honors. In that procession was high and low, some of the highest families, scores of professional men,

wealthy merchants, and a mighty number of farmers, tradesmen, artisans and others. The death of the great man, whose life had served them all, had touched them all. Two beautiful incidents were noticed during the funeral services at the church and the graveyard. As soon as the family had assembled at Capel Mawr, a ray of sunlight—the only such beam, and that of unusual brilliancy—shone through one of the windows right on to the plate on the casket. The plate was too bright to look on, and the wreaths were beautifully flooded with light; this and the incident of the choir of birds which sang sweetly on the oak tree over the open grave reminded the Bible-loving crowd of mourners of the words uttered by the descending Spirit over the Great Master.

Thomas Gee's life is crowded with instruction to the character student. His make-up was strong in every element. His love of right was overpowering; and his fidelity to duty was unchangeable. He was not a respecter of persons. His love of justice and purity is a perceptible element in all his activities. In the performance of duty on the lines of justice and purity his preserving strength was admirable. Once he took up a duty he persevered to work at it, slowly, continuously and faithfully like the proverbial "old ox." His steadiness was always reliable, and his principle always active. He simplified all into love of God and man; from God he had purity, which in relation

to man became general justice. He did not believe in castes—a layman was as good as a priest, and a farmer as good as a landlord. He had no patience with artificial distinctions among men. He was the consistent opponent of the Established Church, not that he was opposed to its religion, but because it was established on un-Christian principles being supported and bolstered up by artificial means. He might have entered the Church, and his ability and strength of character would have been an honor to the establishment; yet even in his young days he saw the false position the Church held, and he adhered to that early view until his death. There were no priests to him in the Christian dispensation; the servants of Christ are all laymen; the sacrificial priest is an anachronism and a relic; and the minister or preacher who aspired and professed any exceptional spiritual patronizing or mediating powers between God and man was regarded by him as a pretender. Although an ordained minister himself, he, as one of his biographers has said quaintly, never “neck-clothed himself like a butler,” coated himself like a clergyman, nor tolerated himself to be “Reverended.” To him Christ was the only priest and sacrifice, and all Christians are lay-brothers.

This intense love of man is seen in all the lines of his activity as a pioneer, publisher, journalist, preacher, reformer, patriot, champion of Welsh education, farmer’s

friend, anti-tithier and nationalist. They were branches on the same tree—his love of God and his fellowman. His attitude in all these characters was perfectly consistent, and inspired by his love of justice to man. He was the life-long opponent of landlordism and State Churchism, which have been the most serious obstacles to progress in Wales. The landlords and the churchmen have continuously and stubbornly fought against the political, religious and educational emancipation of the people.

Throughout his life we meet with the same practical traits. He was thorough in everything. He has never been known to perform that contemptible feat of American politics, that of being perched on the fence—an interested neutralist. In every movement he was a pioneer. This is seen in the thorough way he took to the temperance question. The temperance pledge of 1830 allowed “beer,” but no “spirits.” To improve on this half-hearted reformation, Thomas Gee, then a mere boy, drew out an original pledge of his own, a pioneer pledge, including beer in the list of prohibited beverages; and kept it faithfully throughout life. The same independence, individualism and power of initiative are seen in him until his death. As a preacher and minister and also as a practical worker, devoting his services towards the development of the Sunday School system, his constant purpose was not to pose as a man of priestly importance, but as a useful

lay-assistant, helping as a brother and a co-laborer in Christ. This, probably, led him to assume the position he did regarding the question of the pastorate, thinking that a resident pastorate would tend to increase the authority of the minister. Although, practically, the pastor of Capel Mawr at Denbigh, he

This love of his fellowmen alone could account for the interest he took in all movements whose aims were to correct all abuses. All his activity was directed to enlighten, elevate, and emancipate his fellow-human beings; and all systems and institutions which interfered and obstructed the evolution of society



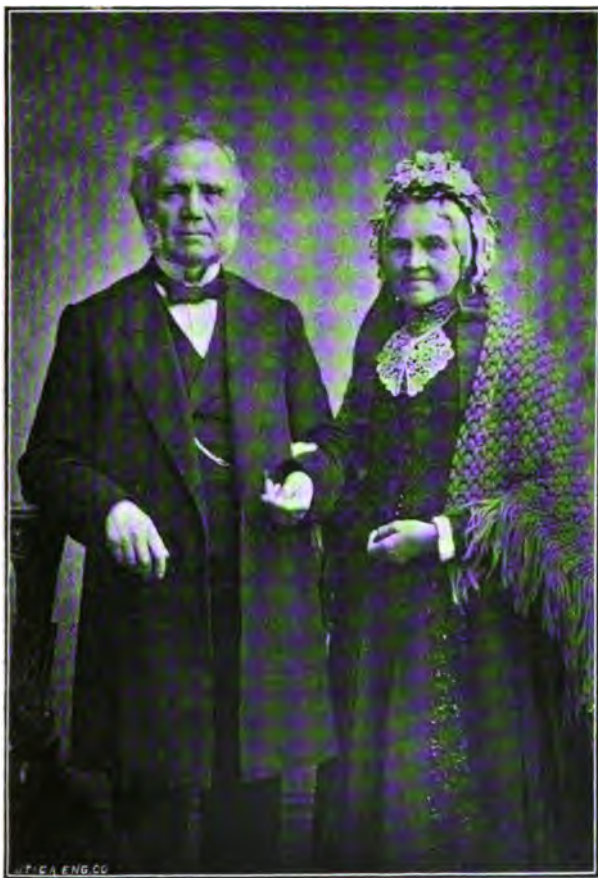
Front of Capel Mawr, Denbigh.

declined to be reckoned as anything, except a layman serving his brethren. He gave his services as preacher and minister gratuitously, all his labors being a labor of love performed from a sense of duty. His hearty services bestowed on rural congregations, who could not afford to pay a preacher must have been a God-send; and his excursions on horseback to meet his pulpit announcements must have given him a spiritual reward beyond the power of any pecuniary considerations.

had him for an untiring opponent. He was the friend of education against all advocates of ignorance; he was the friend of the farmer and the agricultural laborer against landlords and feudal laws; he was the friend of the Nonconformist against the unchristian and unfair system of taxation by tithes; he turned his face strongly against every form of corruption, oppression and class legislation. He allowed his property to be sold rather than pay tithes, and he would not permit his landlord to

ly for him, for the reason that he could not countenance what he considered to be a rank injustice. To him the system of taxing a Nonconformist to furnish a Churchman with

sheet worthy to be called the national organ of the Welsh people, for it reached the most intelligent readers throughout the Principality. he made strong appeals on behalf of



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gee at the time of their golden wedding.

igion was an unmixed abomination. As a Welsh nationalist he met every question that touched the Welshman. In the general elections of 1847, 1852 and 1865, he stood for reform and progress. Through his paper, the "Baner," a

justice and political freedom. In 1868, this work was partially rewarded in the election of such men as the late Sir G. O. Morgan and Henry Richard, who were the heralds of a new era of Parliamentary representation in Wales. Prior to that year, the boroughs in Wales

were owned by the landlords and the aristocracy. Every member was elected by appointment, and the Church backed the landlord every time. Landlordism and ecclesiasticism dovetailed beautifully. Ever since 1868 both establishments have suffered considerably, and they are to continue to suffer until justice and equality shall reign where oppression and corruption held sway.

But our sketch would fail seriously if we did not turn the reader's attention to the supreme work of his life, his great and continuous service to the literature of his native land. A truly great man always will perceive the real want of his times. Mr. Gee found Wales, in some sense, in darkness, and as soon as he succeeded to his father's business, it came to his mind that the true "Candle or Light of Wales" would be a printing press, and he forthwith undertook the task (stupendous in Wales) of supplying his countrymen with standard works. Chief among these was the *Encyclopaedia Cambrensis* (y Gwyddoniadur Cymreig), through which universal knowledge was brought within reach of the uneducated and the non-English-reading Welshmen. This was issued at the enormous cost to the pioneer publisher of \$90,000. The first portion appeared in 1854, and was completed in 1879, and was edited by the Rev. Dr. Parry of Bala and Mr. Gee. A second and enlarged edition of this was published two or three years ago, in ten 8vo. volumes, ranging in price from

\$37 to \$60, and contained nearly 10,000 original articles. In the production of this great work, Mr. Gee was assisted by an army of contributors who furnished articles on all subjects relating to history, philosophy, science, theology, religion, literature, poetry, and especially Welsh history archaeology and general information; and as Mr. Gee has ventured to say in the Preface, "The bulk of the articles are better adapted to Welsh readers than anything to be found in similar books in any language," a statement which has been verified by thousands of readers. The articles on Wales and the Welsh are especially valuable, containing all the information that is worth attaining relating to Welsh history and affairs. It is a library in itself, and it has been a light to lighten the twelve counties of Wales, as well as Welshmen beyond "Offa's ditch." This larger Light of the Welsh (*Canwyll y Cymry*) can be seen in remote parts of the Principality; and even hundreds of poor Welshmen have lacked other things in order to secure a copy of this invaluable work. It has shed its elevating and civilizing light into cottages as well as palaces, and has done more to disseminate general knowledge than any other publication. Scores of other books have been issued from the Gee establishment, among which may be mentioned the "*Traethodydd*," which continues one of our best and most substantial monthlies.

By means of the Welsh national

organ, the "Baner," Mr. Gee's influence had been strong and steady through the years. He was not only proprietor, but also acting editor, breathing through its pages his own patriotism, his own advocacy of the rights of Wales, as well as his denunciation of the many wrongs political and religious, inflicted upon her. The *Baner Fawr* and the *Baner Fach* (published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, respectively) have never failed in upholding the cause of Wales versus landlordism and state-churchism, and its sacred flame of patriotism was incessantly kept burning on its altar by the ever watchful and ever faithful champion of Welsh right and Welsh honor. His purpose was to make the *Baner* a national organ in support of national justice and fair play; a national magazine of information for the enlightening of the whole people and the development of their life on good and moral lines; he was not a bigoted sectarian, but a broadminded advocate of the rights of man, and a hearty opponent of favored institutions and petted establishments; he fought tithes and ecclesiasticism because they are not a part of the religion of Christ, but the relics of a by-gone dispensation and a palpable anachronism in the light of modern civilization. His policy was to have Wales subject only to justice, and freed from under the annoying bondage of a devouring landlordism, and a privileged and a self-righteous State Church. He opposed the political and the ecclesias-

tical systems, because they are obstacles to progress and emancipation.

The great lesson of his life is that the spring of his activity was subjective not objective, viz., he did not work for fame but from a deep sense of duty. He was not attracted from the outside, but moved by the spirit within, like the prophets of old. Our public men are too often working for personal and profitable ends; for fame, for honor, for position, for the visible and palpable things of this world, to be seen of men; but Thomas Gee was laboring to attain harmony between his soul and the will of God—his aim was godly, and the results were blessings for his countrymen. His whole life was from within outward; his public life was the natural outcome of his personal and domestic life, and both were exemplary. His public life on all its beautiful and strong moral lines was the mere expansion of his loveable life in his family. He was conscientious before God, in the presence of his family, and before the public. His whole life was a river that flowed from the spring of devotion to God. His ideal was not devotion to the past, to dying and long dead issues, but to the living and progressive principles of to-day, the needs of the modern man. He helped to brush old effete and obstructive systems and institutions out of the way to prepare the road for a more beneficent future. How well may it be said of him:

He gave his honors to the world again

His blessed part to heaven and slept in peace.

LOVELY LAND OF WALES.

The land of gorse and heather;
 The land of musical rills,
 Which in storm and sunny weather
 With song and rhythm thrills;
 The land of stately mountains;
 The land of verdent vales;
 The land of crystal fountains—
 The lovely land of Wales—
 Which on earth's heights and hollows,
 From dawn to sunset glow,
 The love of Welshmen follows
 Wherever Welshmen go.



ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Tenth Paper Continued.

The annual meeting of 1840 was held in the Shakespeare Hotel, at the junction of William and Duane Streets, at that time the center of the residential portion of the city. The site is now occupied by the News-boys' Lodging House, and was in the immediate vicinity of the old Sugar House, used as a prison during the Revolutionary War. The structure, an old frame dwelling, was once named Harmony Hall, and under that name had been a rendezvous of the Welsh residents of the city, anterior to the formation of the St. David's Society.

The anniversary was a cold, wet drizzly day, so that the presence of the General was hardly looked for.

But to the gratification of all he arrived early, appeared in remarkably good spirit, and was particularly social. He devoted his attention first to the invited guests and after the cloth was removed and he had opened the intellectual proceedings by a speech, he excused himself from the head of the table and circulated among the members of the Society—his many friends—around the board.

The old gentleman was a plain matter-of-fact man in his social civilities, throwing aside everything like distinction or formality; and on that particular occasion, he placed everybody more than usually at their ease, and contributed much to the sociability that prevailed.

as chairman of the evening, then proceeded to announce the regular toasts, the first, "The Day," was responded to by an original song, composed by Mr. Taliesin Williams, a talented young poet who had recently arrived from the mother country, and sung by Mr. Solomon. The music and its sentiment not only surprised but aroused the company to a pitch of enthusiasm that was maintained throughout the entire evening.

An original song was also the response to the second toast "Wales." It was composed by a young lady, Miss Maria James, the daughter of a Welsh muse, from whom she inherited a natural taste for music and poetry, which was only discovered by accident. She was engaged in a confidential position in the household of a wealthy family residing on the banks of the Hudson. A little brochure from her pen, entitled "The Day," a homely subject beautifully treated, and marked with true poetic fire, was read to her employer. He took a liking to her genius, and appreciating the inspiration that moved her; gathered her poetic effusions and published them in a collection under her name. When this young lady heard that their fellow countrymen were about to celebrate St. David's Day, she sent the following verses set to music to one of the members of the Society. They were sung by Mr. John Morgan, the Reading Secretary.

"Land where the Leek in the green vales
is springing
The cowslip and harebell their beauties
display,
And yearly the notes of the sky-lark are
ringing,
To herald with music the opening of day.
And shall we forget it, the bond that
unites us,
Though fortune may frown, or prosperity
smile;
No, not when the fete of St. David invite us
Again to recall it, the fast-anchored isle.

"Visions of youth, as ye sparkle before us,
How dear to each bosom were tales of
thy fame,
When still as the shadows of eve would
come o'er us,
Our fathers delighted to dwell on thy
name.
The leek, the green leek in thy valleys
shall perish,
(The sun o'er thy mountains withholding
his smile.)
When the sons of St. David shall fail thee
to cherish
In fondest remembrance, the fast-
anchored isle."

Her patriotic offering was rapturously received, and fully appreciated by the company.

The representatives from sister societies, and other invited guests, made eloquent addresses in response to the "Standard Toasts" assigned them; felicitous in expression, but necessarily brief, as the banquets of St. David's were always brought to a close at midnight.

The address of Rev. William Rowlands, D. D., attracted the closest attention. The Doctor was a pulpit orator of distinguished reputation, both in the Welsh and English languages. He was, however, more

fervid and eloquent in his native tongue. In personal appearance, he had a Websterian head, and, in fact, in build and action he bore throughout a striking resemblance to the great American orator, except that he was of slightly shorter stature. When confronted with a large and appreciative audience it aroused all his intellectual powers, then the great similarity between the two men was marked.

His lofty expression and freedom of thought made him very popular in the English pulpits of the city, which he was often invited to fill; notably those of the Presbyterian churches.

The sentiment to which Dr. Rowlands responded on that St. David's Day was "The Language, Literature and Religious Institutions of Wales;" one especially adapted to his sympathies, and exciting the brilliancy of his rhetoric. He closed his remarks as follows:

"In adverting to the religious institutions of Wales you have touched a string which I have no doubt has vibrated through the hearts of many here, with the most pleasant sensations and excited feelings of grateful recollections. The sensation in my own bosom was that of a delightful reminiscence; it recalled to my mind the times when I have made one of ten thousand, yea of thirty thousand, standing on the verdant sward of Gwyllt Walia's smiling dales, in a religious association, with all eyes concentrated on the man of God, as one while listening with almost

breathless attention, and another exulting in the exstacies of animated feeling, such feeling as a Welshman alone can understand.

"But I shall not trespass any further on your patience, except to add that my earnest wishes with regard to my co-patriots, the Cymry, is that their present high standing in this country for integrity, inoffensiveness, and obedience to the established laws of the United States, may be well-sustained—their mode of carrying on their national festival be such, as will reflect honor upon them as the representatives of Cambria—tend to unite them more firmly to each other, and secure the approbation of those high personages, who from time to time sanction this meeting with their presence. And last, though, by no means least, that the honorable eminence my fellow countrymen have already attained, as being, comparatively, among the most religious people on the face of the globe, may be maintained and perpetuated, verifying the prophetic stanza of their immortal bard Taliesin:

"Eu Ner a folant," &c.

They will praise their God.

I offer the following sentiment: "The memory of a poor Welsh preacher, the pre-eminent Roger Williams, of Rhode Island, the first propagator and undaunted champion of religious liberty on the shores of America."

The inclemency of the weather forbidding General Lewis to remain until the end of the banquet, he,

when the regular toasts were disposed of, withdrew, offering ere he did so the following volunteered sentiment: "Wales—Nor time, nor distance, shall ever erase her from the remembrance of her grateful descendants."

I would like to give the names and substance of the addresses of all the speakers on that notable occasion, but space will not permit.

In future papers, however, or perhaps an appendix, I will make personal mention of some who have notably aided the Society in its efforts to elevate the people of

Wales resident here in the eyes of their fellow Americans from other nationalities.

In concluding this description of the doings of the Society during the administration of General Lewis, I can gladly pay a well-deserved compliment to all the officers of the Society, those in the original Board, and those who succeeded them. The management of its affairs and its finances were conducted with a liberal economy, and without the loss of a dollar. This is all that need be said respecting this feature of the Society's history.



SIGNS OF THE COMING STORM.

A Tale of '59.

By E. R. Evans, Carnarvon.

"We do not call the building a church, but the people who congregate together are the church."

"Ho," sarcastically. "Fine church, indeed, to be made up of such folk as you."

Huw pocketed the affront but the hot blood rushed to his face, and he would have answered wrathfully had not old John, noticing the turn affairs were taking, meekly said, "Our church is getting numerous, sir, and we cannot find room for all our people in the little chapel, sir."

"And you want a new chapel, I suppose. Well, and what has that to

do with me? Do you expect me to build a chapel for you?"

"No, sir," replied the old man. "We thought, sir, you might give us a site."

"And what will you give me for a site? I don't suppose you can pay me for it."

"The Lord will pay you, sir, in His own good time, sir."

"And a jolly long time he will take to do it," replied the irreverent Squire, with a coarse laugh. "But let me see;" he thought for a moment, and then, addressing Huw,

said, "Young man, are you a member of this chapel?"

"I have the honor to be counted among them."

"And I hear that you are pretty prominent among the people. Are you not one of those who have dared to bring out a Parliamentary candidate against my nephew?"

"Well, sir, we have our political opinions," answered Huw, evasively. "I do not quite agree with those of the present member."

"And you dare to come to me to ask for a site for a chapel—you—you! What are you that you should dare oppose the rights of the landlord?"

Huw blushed again, but dared not answer, fearing he might compromise old John Jones.

The Squire calmed down, however, and proceeding, said, "I shall think of the matter on one condition, John Jones."

"Thank you, sir; thank you kindly, sir."

"And that condition is this. That you, and your chapel, church, society, or whatever you call yourself, shall take no part in this political intrigue, and promise that you will never oppose the heir of the Plas."

"We do not meddle in politics, sir."

"No, you don't, but this meddling youngster does, and he is one of you."

"Oh, I am sure, sir, that Huw meant no disrespect, sir."

"I'll answer for myself," replied Huw, bursting through the bonds of

policy, "I'll do what is right, Squire or no Squire. He has no right to be my dictator, to prescribe what views I shall hold, nor exact from me a subjection to his will. I'll have none of it." And with these words he left the room, leaving the Squire white with rage.

Old John Jones tried to assuage his landlord, but he utterly failed. The Squire turned upon him, and pointed to the door, saying, "Follow him, and don't expect anything from me. If that is the sort of spirit you encourage by your damnable Methodist cant, the sooner you all clear out the better."

Thus terminated the visit on which John Jones and Huw had built such high hopes. Thus was the cup dashed from their lips by the impetuosity of a daring youth, who however impolitic he may have been that day, laid the seed of a great revolution in Wales, which in after years brought forth fruit which are enjoyed to-day, but ripened with years of persecution and terrible suffering. The cruel, tyrannous abuse of the rights of property, perseveringly practised, brought, by degrees, a dangerous gleam into the eyes of Young Dissent, before which territorial potentates recoiled.

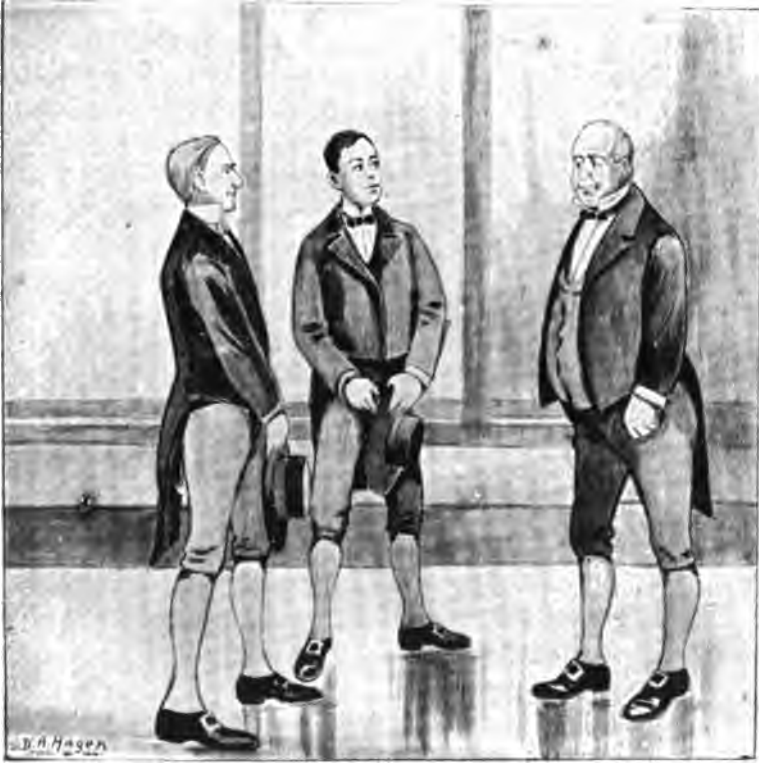
CHAPTER IV.

The story of the visit sped throughout the countryside with such rapidity and additions thereto that Huw found himself a hero, and an object of pity at the same time. There was not one that doubted the

honesty of the lad's convictions, but many there were who feared the result. His boldness had inspired others, and for the first time in the history of the Principality there arose an insurrection against squire-

traditional reverence felt in the great house, whose enormous influence, legitimate and illegitimate, was exercised sometimes very unscrupulously; and the struggle began to tell.

"Do you know, Huw," said Jenny



* * * And addressing them in broken Welsh, said, "Well, John, and what has brought thee here so early?"

archy, and a stronger detestation of the tactics of the Church party. Men began to think their souls were their own, and many secretly, others boldly, prepared to meet what was generally felt was to be a long fought battle.

Election day arrived; the battle was fought with energy and spirit, but there was after all a kind of

to him one day, as they walked together to a great preaching meeting, for the small chapel house had by this time become totally useless, and the services were held in the open air. "Do you know, I have a kind of feeling here" pointing to her head, "that we are going to have trouble."

"Let them do their worst, my darling, we are in God's hands."

"Yes," was the reply, "but what if the Squire should turn my dear old father and mother from the farm. They say a good many farmers have been threatened."

"So I have heard; but then, my Jenny, they can live with us."

"But what if the Squire should turn against you, too, Huw?"

"Well, I am independent of him, at any rate."

"Yes, but his arm is long, and he can smite in many ways."

"Don't meet trouble half way, my love. Here we are at the meeting."

And so they were. The whole population for miles around had flocked together, suspending all business and labor, and were standing around the improvised platform on which the ministers and the elders sat. A beautiful spot had been selected. An open glade, surrounded by rich woodland scenery, with the green sward sloping up gradually from the "pulpit" was thronged with people. Every heart accessible to impression; every eye fixed expectantly; every soul yearning for the Gospel.

There they were, half a dozen or more of the chosen preachers of the land—men of rare qualifications for their glorious work—unrivalled masters of sacred eloquence—earnest, self-denying, and devoted. They were men of stately and commanding presence, high, broad foreheads, and princely mien. Yes, here were a few of the leaders, who, a few years hence would victoriously lead the

sons of Wales from their thralldom to liberty. God bless them!

One of them, an old veteran, with long silver locks, eloquently held forth upon the sufficiency of God's salvation with an inexpressible charm, but by and bye he dealt with the ire of the Deity, made a pathetic appeal, followed it with a solemn warning, and an awful description of the terrible fate of the lost. The effect was indescribable. Hundreds, if not thousands, of eyes were riveted upon him. The eyes of strong men swam in tears, and loud and passionate sobs were heard on all sides. Over there, old Thomas, Tymawr, was screaming "God help me;" Dafydd, the drunkard, was crying so that you might have washed him in his own tears. Dear old John Jones was shouting "Diolch iddo," and swinging his arms around in the height of his excitement, whilst Huw stood mute with both hands grasping the arm of Jenny, and eyes fixed intently upon the inspired orator.

Such were a few of the outward and visible effects of that great sermon, but who can estimate its final results!

The morrow was the polling day. God had triumphed at the meeting: landlordism and the devil were victorious at the meetings on the very same spot the following day.

Need we describe the contest—the hard, unequal fight? Hardly. A few tenants of the great Squire ventured to follow the dictates of their own conscience; a considerable numb.

ore abstained, unwilling to go counter to the wishes of their landlord, and unable conscientiously to support him. The result was defeat, but not a glorious victory for the other side.

The Squire was wild. Why! the world was gone mad, thought he, to oppose the representatives of the Squire who for two or more centuries had held undisputed sway over the consciences of electors. "The people actually think their souls are their own," said he, that night. "Such atrocious folly must be punished. It is revolutionary and asphemicous. D—them."

His vengeance was swift, as swift and terrible. Several tenants, the objects of his wrath, were forthwith turned off the farms—aye, even without the customary notices. The estates of others were raised, and the worst persecution began.

John Jones, of course, did not escape. It was the morning fixed for the wedding of Huw and Jenny. The young man came there happy and light-hearted. On one side of the hearth sat the old man with head bent, and on the other the good wife shedding bitter tears over the well-worn Bible. "Oh! Huw!" screamed Jenny, as she ran to his arms, and buried her head in his breast.

"What is it, my love? Why these tears when we are about to be made happy?"

"We've to go—to leave the dear old farm," sobbed the girl.

Then the truth burst upon him.

They were the victims of the landlord's cruel tyranny. They suffered in consequence of his action. However he bade them be of good cheer. "This cloud will pass by, sooner perhaps than you think. Come, cheer up," said he, with more hope than he felt.

But alas! the poor old man was crushed. Here, on the threshold of the grave as it were, he was thrust out from the homestead where his father and his grandfather, and his father before him, had lived and died, to starve in the face of a cruel world.

There was no wedding that day, it was indefinitely postponed. The shock was a heavy one, but, as if that was not sufficient, poor old Mary Jones, suffering as she did from heart disease, before the shades of night had fallen, struck with such a powerful blow, departed from a world of woe; and her spirit joined the angels in heaven.

Let us draw the curtain upon the sad scene. It is too sacred for worldly eyes to gaze upon. But even this scene was not all. Driven by the persecuting, tyrannical, oppressive landlord from his home, aye, even from the town, with his daughter and her lover with him, he, one night, died on the roadside on his way to the county town, but his body was taken back to Bala, where, a few days afterwards, thousands of his fellows came to pay their last respects to the memory of one who for years had been amongst their leaders.

With heavy hearts Huw and Jenny left their native town, having meanwhile joined their hands and hearts, and faced a country in the far west, where scores of their oppressed countrymen had already gone to found a free colony in Patagonia, far from the influence of squires and their merciless oppression. They shared the common prosperity in

that far-off land; and less than a decade afterwards, the spring which burst out in the Merionethshire mountains became a torrent of indignation throughout the land, sweeping clearly before it all those who had held the people in bondage, and preparing the way for a host of blessings which eventually Wales enjoyed.

(The End.)



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

The Ebenezer Prout article in the April number of the "London Musical Times," is a literary contribution of much merit, and will furnish inspiration to many a musical aspirant. When at eighteen years of age he knew nothing of theory, and an array of "consecutive fifths" in one of his attempts at "arranging some tunes," gave him an introduction to that theory.

The Eisteddfod could be much improved by adapting the performing incident concerning his winning of the ten-pounds prize, offered for the best composition for a string quartet by the Society of British Musicians, in 1862. One of the judges was the big-hearted Dr. Joseph Joachim, who planned the performance in public, of the best quartet, before announcing the name of the winner. Fancy the feelings of young

Prout, when he heard his own composition played by four artists in the presence of a musical audience, and of seeing the president opening a sealed envelope, and asking, "Is Mr. Prout here?" Of course he was there, and "as Father Willis would say:—He was there—all there!" It would be a feature of interest and pleasure to adopt this plan of singing the prize glee, anthem or *choral* on the Eisteddfod stage, thus *honoring* worthily the composer. A prize won in such a manner would be highly significant, and a worthy recognition of merit. But in order to attain to so much excellence, Eisteddfod committees must reform themselves most effectively.

During April, Mr. Ben Davies sang twice in Chicago, once in the "Creation," given by the Apollo Club, under the energetic leadership

of Mr. Harrison M. Wild, and again at the Mendelssohn Club Concert. On both occasions we had additional proofs, if any were needed, of how finished an artist Mr. Davies is—no gush, no bombast, no violent twisting of the text to please pit nor gallery gods—but an idealistic rendition of the simple but sublime melodies of the immortal Haydn. Mr. Davies was particularly pleased with the orchestral accompaniments. We are to thank Mr. Wild for this, who patiently labored to tone the splendid Chicago orchestra into the spirit of an accompanying power, and into the submissiveness of temper necessary in accompanying the will, thought and feeling of such a song-interpreter as Mr. Ben Davies is. We are proud of having such a singer sent into the world by "Little Wales," but there is another true artist in every sense, which shines brightly in the sphere of artistic instruction, at present, and who reflects all possible honor upon his nation, I refer to Mr. James Sauvage of New York.

In the list of "Choral pieces for coming choral competitions," published in the London "School Music Review" for the choirs of Kendall, Macclesfield, Yorkshire, Carlisle, Northampton, &c., there are no prizes mentioned. Some prizes are awarded for excellence, but this is a secondary matter. How would such a plan suit our large-prized Eisteddfodic choirs? Would it be possible to hold an Eisteddfod for

art's sake, with nominal prizes given in recognition of true merit?

The following was published by the magazine mentioned:

"One of the prizes offered at a singing festival recently held in Wales was a pair of trousers. The 'Musical Herald' wants to know what would be done in such a case if the prize should have to be divided." This is dignity with a vengeance.

"Music," the "Magazine of Art, Science and Technic of Music," published monthly by the able and fearless critic, Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, of Chicago, is doing royal service in the cause of music. We have no other publication like it. It is, in musical literature, and critical articles on par with the leading literary monthlies of New York and Boston. We cannot possibly estimate the moral and artistic worth of such writings. The frankness and directness of Mr. Mathews's criticisms upon musicians and musical works are undisguised blessings in the present state of art.

The tagging on by his majesty the editor of the Sherry (N. Y.) account to my March notes has caused some to question when did I "pop down to Sherry?" It is not invidious to reply that I never knew anything about this Sherry, and only knew by reputation of another Sherry, alluded to in the doggerel—

"O Sherry, Sherry,

You make me merry."

It was pleasing to read of how Miss

Stockwell made my old friend Mr. Parson Price's "Nanny Frew" such a deserving success.

As a specimen of high-tone criticism, the following will amuse the reader:

According to history that is perhaps a trifle shaky on real facts, Solomon's Temple must have had several concerts that developed quite a body of sound, if not music. For example Josephus speaks of a performance in which 200,000 singers, 40,000 sistrums, 40,000 harps, and 200,000 trumpets took part. We dis-

like to intimate that Josephus was intentionally stretching the truth—but at least we can say that undoubtedly he was mistaken. You see 480,000 performers in one concert would fill up a stage as large as that in Studebaker Hall in the Fine Arts building—and crowd a little at that. We have a real admiration for the genius that can concoct such an enormous lie—but we realize that the gate-money couldn't possibly be enough to buy the beer for the trumpeters alone, to say nothing of the sopranos.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

There were twelve of them in all, and as they obeyed the summons they trembled with fear, well knowing the mood in which the irate king would receive them. They brought with them the individual whom Einion had left in the tent out of which he went to Caradoc's assistance, and who had not been successful in his attempt to escape. As it was still quite dark the identity of the prisoner was revealed to them only as they passed the camp fire that burned near the royal tent, and the discovery was not calculated to diminish their fears.

For a time the king, incensed by

the state into which the camp had been thrown, and already suspecting the cause for the general alarm, paced like an enraged lion in front of his tent, unable to control himself sufficiently to question the guards. Nor was what they now tremblingly narrated to him of a soothing nature. The real character of the deception which had been practiced on them they discerned only after discovering that the man in their custody was not Einion; but it now enabled them to show the wrathful Gryffydd that they were less culpable than at first appeared. The king's disappointment was too

great at the traitor's escape to allow the occasion to pass without wreaking his vengeance on some one. Therefore, while yet in the heat of passion and while the narrative of the guards was yet unfinished he seized a javelin and hurled it through Einion's confederate, who proved to be a faithful member of Einion's command. It was a wonder also that he did not fall upon the guards; but after one or two more outbursts of wrath he surprised even those that knew him best by commanding that they be simply placed in custody to await his further pleasure, and seeing signs of approaching daylight he also gave orders that the army put itself in readiness to march.

He knew the nature of the country and of the fugitives too well to entertain any hope of overtaking them, else he would be only too glad to send a number of troops in pursuit of them, or even to convert the whole army into a searching party. The two were already secure among the hills, and fearing no immediate pursuit they sat down under a tree on an eminence about a mile from the camp and in full view of it.

"How fares your wound now?" asked Einion.

"I fear my flight will not be good for it," was Caradoc's reply. "It was certainly a happy thought of yours to take my place that I might leave the camp at my leisure in this monkish garb; otherwise it would have gone ill with me, for my

strength was not equal to a rapid flight."

"I hope Meiric has succeeded as well as we, for without his timely aid neither of us would have been able to escape, unless one of the chiefs, who managed that apparition so well would have volunteered to act as father confessor to me."

"Ha, ha, that apparition was a grand ideal. It is strange what marvels a few pieces of rotten wood arranged on a shield can perform."

"Ay, and superstition is worth something after all, if it be only that one might appeal to it in time of danger. Ha, ha, I would have given the estate that is mine no longer to give if I could have seen the faces of the guards when that friendly ghost appeared."

"It was a fortunate circumstance for you that it frightened them out of their wits. But what will you do now that your estate will be confiscated. Remember that I shall not forget that your devotion to me is the cause of your present plight; but after I have done all for you that I intend to do, where will you live and not be in danger of detection?"

"Where I have already spent a large share of my life. Nor shall I live in fear of being molested. Let me have that monkish garb."

It took but a moment for Einion to don the gown and cowl and to remove a false mustache, thus completely transforming his looks, and Caradoc viewing him in the

grey morning light suddenly exclaimed

"By St. David it is my friend, the hermit!"

"Ay, and I shall be as safe in my cave in the future as I have been in the past," was the reply.

Having thus shown that he and the hermit were one and the same Einion now explained how he had succeeded, being a bachelor, in dividing his time between Colsul Hall and the cave. Then watching the departure of the army through the trees he and Caradoc at length cast their eyes about them for a fit place in which to hide until such time as they might in safety float down the river Severn to Portascyth.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Visit to Powysland.

After a brief stay in the neighborhood of Rhuddlan, during which Gryffydd made a promise of allegiance to King Edward of England, the army was again disbanded, leaving the king and his court to enjoy a short interval of rest. Time, also, which is a good healer of wounds as well as of sorrows, at length enabled Trahaiarn to leave his room, but as the restoration of his strength did not keep pace with the healing of his wound, the surgeon suggested that a trip to Powysland would be advisable as soon as he was strong enough to take it. As a preparation for the journey the prince began to take frequent rides in the vicinity of the castle, accompanied some-

times by his squire, and sometimes by the princess. Nest was less pleased with the surgeon's advice than was Trahaiarn. Not that he relished the separation that it involved more than she did, but after an absence of two years or more he naturally wished to combine the pleasure of a visit to his parents with a change of climate. Not much was said on the subject, however, until the prince informed her one day as they rode together in the direction of Conway that he had decided to start for Powysland on the morrow.

"Must you start so soon?" said she. "Nay, must you go at all? Of course, I wish you to get well, and the sooner the better; but must you go so far to secure a change of air? I do not thank the surgeon for putting that idea into your head, for who is to go out riding with me when you are gone?"

"I was not aware that I am the only available young man in your father's court," said Trahaiarn with a smile.

"Nor am I the only young woman in Rhuddlan," retorted Nest, "but I am myself, and being myself I have the privilege of my own preferences."

"I shall miss your company as much as you will mine, so much so that I have half a mind to ask your father to let you be one of the party."

"You have not asked me yet whether I want to go or not. You men take too many things for granted."

"I thought that since you were

anxious to have me stay you would be equally pleased to accompany me since I have decided to go."

"Indeed! who would be so foolish as to want to follow a lover that must always have his own way?"

"Or stay with a sweetheart who is equally persistent in making her will supreme. But let us be serious now. I feel I must go to-morrow, although I regret the necessity, for heaven knows how much I shall miss you."

Continuing the conversation they at length returned to the castle. Upon entering her room the princess found Enid in a sadder mood than she remembered ever to have seen her, and though divining the cause of this change she asked with affected cheerfulness

"Has there been a storm, or are we to expect one soon that the sky has lost its brightness?"

"No, the sun is about to depart," was the prompt reply. "Heard you not that the prince leaves for Powys to-morrow? They say it a settled matter."

"Where the prince goes the squire must needs follow," said the princess, assuming a lightness of manner that she did not feel. "Hence as the thought of Trahaiarn's departure drives the sunshine from thy face, some one should weep for poor Cadwallader. Pray fetch me an onion, and let it be strong enough to open the flood-gates of my tears."

"If it please you, they say when the sky lights up suddenly it is but a sign of a speedy shower."

Enid was quick to see that Nest

felt less cheerful than she appeared; indeed when night came more than one silent tear dropped on Nest's pillow. To her the journey to the farther end of Powys seemed almost like going out of the world, and traveling was attended with so much risk that she imagined all sorts of calamities as likely to befall her lover. Nor was her maid less concerned about Cadwallader. Yet both tried to be light-hearted, as the prince and his escort of a score of men left the castle gate early the next morning. Trahaiarn and his squire also appeared more cheerful than their feelings warranted, and the occasional glances that they cast over their shoulders testified that their hearts were reluctant to part from the loved ones left behind. Could they have seen into the future, one of them at least would have been strongly tempted to postpone the journey indefinitely; as it was the small calvacade soon disappeared from the view of the anxious watchers in the castle.

The prince and his escort were fortunate to make the journey when the roads, which were usually very bad, were at their best. Their course for the most part lay through a thinly settled country, where not a little of the primeval wildness was yet untamed by the hand of man. Now they followed the banks of a river, anon they traversed a hill or mountain. Here they looked upon fields of golden grain ripe for the sickle; there they rode between tall trees or passed by a monastery or through a village. The latter in all

cases was a collection of rude dwellings built in the immediate vicinity of the scarcely more pretentious palace of a lord or chief, who held his estate subject to the king, and sublet it to free men and serfs. Of the modern towns which lie along the same route to-day there was little or no signs. A rude fortress occupied the spot where Denbigh Castle was built in a later age. Another frowned where Ruthin stands, and not far from it was the lime-stone block on which the famous Arthur beheaded his rival Huail, the brother of Gildas the historian. A more notable fortress than either of these stood farther south, and its remains are known to the historian as old Oswestry. At the time of which we are speaking it was called *Caer Ogyrfan*, after a hero co-existent with King Arthur. This important military post occupied an eminence of oblong form, and covered upwards of fifteen acres of fertile ground. It was surrounded by two ramparts with deep fosses. At the foot of the hill, and surrounding the whole, was another foss. This stronghold was well known to Trahaiarn, and into it in due time he rode with his escort. The garrison gave him a princely welcome both on his own account and by reason of his official relation to the king.

"By my faith, Madoc," jocularly remarked the prince to the commandant of the garrison, "I have taken thy fortress with but a handful of men, and without the loss of a single hair. Since we are masters of the

situation be kind enough to bring us something to eat and drink."

"Since we have permitted the wolves to enter our fold," was the laughing rejoinder as the newcomers threw themselves on the ground. "we must not begrudge them their fill of mutton."

"And of steaming mead and *cwrw*," suggested Trahaiarn with a wink at his men.

"Ay, and mead and *cwrw* if ye will," added the commander. "though the demand rather spoils the figure, for I have yet to learn of wolves that brew."

"It is easier for thee to change thy figure than for us to change our appetites," retorted the prince.

"Oh for me to change my opinion of their capacity," said Madoc. "By my faith, I do believe ye can beat us all eating; but when it comes to fighting I am not so sure of your proficiency."

This sally was greeted with a chorus of laughter, and served to turn the conversation into other channels, each soldier in turn contributing some reminiscence in his own military career, while the refreshments fast disappeared. At length Trahaiarn and his escort resumed their journey, arriving in the course of a few hours at a small town on the western bank of the Severn, thence following the river to the spot where Newton rose in a later day; after crossing the stream they rested a moment on the summit of a hill to admire the romantic scenery for which that locality was already

famous. Touched by the picturesque view which everywhere met their gaze, and especially by the fine cascade which, rushing with impetuosity over a shelving rock, wound at its base through a wild glen, each of the party tried to embody his sentiments in verse. As Trahaiarn, however, lay some claim to poetical proficiency, the others waived their claims in favor of his production, which translated ran thus:—

"Beneath a bright sky amidst visions of beauty

And strains of sweet music, enraptured we stand;

The sunbeams while speeding on missions of duty,

Kiss flowers so enchanting and foliage so grand;

Green hills like huge sentinels brave, never-sleeping,

Yon vale in its richness and loveliness guard,

While beauteous cascades ever foaming and leaping,

Add grace to the scene and inspire the bard."

Galloping forward the riders soon left the valley of the Severn miles behind them, and in the course of a few hours more the prince found himself in his childhood home. Like the houses of most of the princes and lords it was a clumsy dwelling with walls of woven branches, plastered on the inside, and with a thatched roof supported in the center of the hall by a row of long posts. The inside was as ungainly as the outside, there being scarcely any artistic display and but little furniture. What few ornaments there were decorated the room where the happy mother now received her valiant

son, whose unexpected arrival brought a glow of pleasure into her kind, beautiful face, despite his somewhat pale and fatigued appearance.

"I need not tell thee, my son," said she, seating herself on a cushion beside him. "how exceedingly glad I am to see thee again alive, though it grieves me that thou art not in perfect health. When I heard of thy mishap I greatly feared thy wound would prove fatal, and if I inwardly cursed the base traitor who inflicted it I hope I may be forgiven."

"You forget, dear mother," was the reply, "that he who plays with dangerous weapons cannot expect always to escape injury. I received my wound in battle, and it might have been inflicted by another and deadlier hand."

"True, but it was no common enmity that gave thee thy wound, but unbounded malice. Caradoc hates thee with all the malignity of a treacherous soul, because thou durst be Gryffydd's friend."

"That I know quite well, and he is as ill-pleased with his failure to slay me as I am with his escape. The king thought he had given him his death thrust in the hand to hand conflict in which they engaged; but by the aid of that arch-traitor, Einion ap Howel, he opened his eyes again in this world, finding that he had been more scared than hurt, and by the assistance of the same wily miscreant, and the secret connivance of a few malcontent chiefs he also cheated the executioner, when the king had both him and his fellow traitor in his absolute power."

(To be continued.)

LOVE AND LIFE.

By D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

The doctor at the bedside sat,
 With finger on the wrist his message sent
 Up to the spirit's office, to find what
 Might be the patient's soul's intent
 That day
 Whether to yet remain or fly away.

Wan, heedless, with glazed eye the patient told
 Of vanished hopes regarding a long stay;
 The spirit steadily relaxed his hold
 As tenant of the house of clay;
 And vied
 With ail the doctor and his potions tried.

Bright angel—in came his betrothed, she took
 His hand and knelt beside the bed—
 Poured forth her soul thus with an upward look
 "God grant that I may suffer in his stead."—
 A thrill
 He felt—he with and for his love lives still.

Ah! when in abject low estate the race
 Suffered and died through leprosy of sin,
 Crushed by despair, behold with wondrous grace
 The Son of man pours freely for his kin
 His soul
 In agony, that love may make us whole.

The genius of true love expresses best
 Itself through suffering, and thus it breathes
 Love and new life into its object's breast,—
 Shall we to whom the Lord his love bequeathes,
 In truth
 Not consecrate our lives to Him from youth?





THE AWARD.

The prize of \$5 for the best novelette not exceeding 4,000 words, each competitor to select his own subject as advertised in March number of the "Cambrian" is awarded to the author of "The Tragedy of Cader Idris;" and the second prize, two years subscription to the "Cambrian" to "Rhys Llewellyn" (A Welsh Romance). "The Tragedy of Cader Idris" will appear in our June number.

The Cambro-American Pulpit.—Edited by Rev. Vyrnwy Morgan. Introduction by Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. 8vo. Buckram, 611 pp. Rough Edges. Gilt Top. Complete Index. Price \$2.00. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Few nations since the apostolic age have produced a stronger race of preachers than the principality of Wales. Welsh preachers are noted for the originality of their thought and style. The men who have made the country famous are remarkable for their dramatic genius, their subtle analytical power, and their unusual oratorical ability. Preachers of irresistible power founded the Welsh pulpit. They preached in simple meeting houses devoid of the attractive features of the modern church. Yet such was the virility of their preaching that the meeting halls were filled to overflowing, the congregations were moved and thrilled by the great sermons, and the pulpit took an active part in shaping the destiny of the people.

This volume of representative ser-

mons from the Welsh-American pulpit is prolific in those qualities which have made the older school of Welsh preachers famous. As Theodore L. Cuyler says in the introduction: "The fervid evangelical spirit of these men breathes through the pages of this volume. Their fire is the flame kindled by the Holy Spirit; their aim is to convert and quicken immortal souls." There are thirty-two live and original sermons covering a variety of topics and noteworthy for their forcefulness and originality. The live preacher who is always eager for fresh and attractive material on the fundamental and enduring principles of Christianity will find this book suggestive and invigorating. The sermons are preceded by an interesting and instructive lecture by the Author on, "Wales as it Was, and as It Is." The book contains excellent half-tone portraits and brief biographical sketches of the contributors.

FREDERICK EVANS, D. D. (Ednyfed),
A Memorial, Edited by B. D. Thomas, D. D.: American Baptist Publication Society.

This is a volume of reminiscences by friends and admirers, and lovingly dedicated to his widow and children. "It has been prepared by loving hands to aid in keeping the memory of a loved one perennially green," as the Introduction states. The volume is composed of articles contributed by friends and admirers of the Rev. Fred. Evans, on the different phases of his life, which form a complete biography. The volume also contains many illustrations, and con-

cludes with the Rev. D. Pugh Griffiths' prize poem.

"Sleep, Oh, Sleep," a song by Prof. J. W. Parson Price to beautiful words by Eugene Field. This is the angels' lullaby song over the silent graves. The music harmonizes with the soothing sweetness of the words, and the song cannot fail to please and delight lovers of melodious music: W. A. Pond & Co., 124 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

It will always give us pleasure to commend such juvenile publications as "Cymru'r Plant" and "Trysorfa y Plant" to our young readers. Since the invention of printing, there never was better and purer literary provision made for the young. Such periodicals serve to show that as a nation we appreciate what is good and beautiful; and both the above mentioned monthlies help to educate our Welsh children.

"He Sleeps Upon Havana's Shore" is a song by Dan Rees, words by Thomas Killen, and published by D. O. Evans, Youngstown, O. It is the story of a gallant sailor who died in the late war with Spain. The pathetic words blend so naturally in the musical settings as to insure the popularity it has already attained. Price 50c. postpaid.

The contents of the "Dysgedydd" are as follows: The Age and the Church, by Principal L. Probert, D. D., Bangor; Plato's Republic, by the Rev. James Charles, Denbigh; Reminiscences of the Great Revival of 1859, by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; The Beginnings of the Congregational Cause in Blaenau Ffestiniog, by the Rev. Pryce Howell; Events of the Month; Sunday School Lessons, Obituaries, Poems, Reports, &c., &c.

"Cwrs y Byd" administers its knocks as usual. It compliments the Grand Old Man, the late Mr. Gladstone, as the

pseudoholy one who sowed the seeds of the papacy in the parish of Hawarden. Hawarden to-day is considered a hotbed of popery.

This game little periodical is also opposed to the partition of China by the so-called Christian nations. "What would the English say," he adds, "if the Japanese had put in claims to Liverpool, the Persians to Glasgow, the Turks to Southampton? That would be quite as reasonable as what is done now by the Powers."

"Cwrs" also takes a practical view of religious matters; and, truly, now, should not Christians be more practical? Christian profession is so generally naught but a thin veneer. "It seems that churches are quite satisfied with the bare accession of new members. They boast of their new members by the dozens and scores; all right, but what real good these churches and their additional members are doing in society? It would benefit these churches to inquire how many of these converts mean seriously to follow Christ and do as He did? Could you think, reader, of Christ choosing twelve landlords to be His disciples, or counting among His followers people who are too proud to associate with their poorer neighbors?"

A Memoir of the Rev. John Thomas, D. D., Liverpool, by Owen Thomas, M. A., and J. Machreth Rees: London, Alexander and Shephard, 27 Chancery Lane, W. C., 1898; J. C. Roberts 58 Howard Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

This is a volume of over 600 pages, giving the history of the life and labors of a notable preacher and minister. It is a complete biography with many illustrations, which add greatly to the value and interest of the volume, and its perusal will widen and deepen the reader's acquaintance with one of the leading preachers of his time. Price \$2.

In his "Notes" in the "Cronicl" for

April, Kenion gives an interesting sketch of soldier life and its attendant social evil in India, and the horrible way the Government panders to the lust of its red-coated servants in the East. It certainly would not hurt to have the British army Christianized. He also gives an insight into the Marriage law, which shows the effect of tradition and prejudice in England on popular measures. Landlordism and Churchism leave their impress upon everything. A Non-conformist couple may be wedded in a chapel without the presence of the Registrar, who nevertheless, gets paid. But the most curious provision is that which compels every chapel to furnish itself with an iron safe to keep the records, although the Church of England is allowed to use a wooden box or an ordinary drawer! Such action is perfectly ridiculous!

"Trysorfa y Plant" opens with a portrait and sketch of William Ivander Griffiths, an excellent Welshman who has done great service to his country in many ways. He was born in Aberavon, Glamorgan, S. W., in 1830. He is the son of Manuel Griffiths, Superintendent of Cwmau Coal Mines and a leading Methodist. He has been a leader in tin manufacture; has superintended tin works in France and Italy. He has also taken great interest in literature, music and science. He has been a successful choirmaster, and was the founder of the Literary and Musical Festival at Workington, England. He has been throughout his life a leader in everything that is good and beneficent. "Trysorfa y Plant" is as beautiful and instructive as usual.

At the close of its report of the London Eisteddfod, the "Cerddor" reproduces the following favorable remarks from the "Telegraph," which has never been over-friendly with the Welsh:

"Provision was made in the program for competitions of various kinds; in prose, poetry, translations and elocution, as well as in vocal and instrumental music. But it was the 'divine art' which drew out the London Welsh in strong force, each evening, and not them only, but also a considerable admixture of English sympathizers. This was a very agreeable feature in the proceedings. Celt and Saxon met in friendly rivalry on ground which involved no disadvantage to the smaller nation. Each of the rivals has something to learn from the other, and if the Englishman may with advantage catch something of the Welshman's energy and enthusiasm, he of the British stock may benefit by taking to himself somewhat of the supplanting Saxon's restraint."

Contents of the "Ceninen:" Llan-sanan and its celebrities, by Spinther; Reminiscences of the Rev. John Elias, by Daniel Davies; The Bard in the Welsh Pulpit, by Fratri; The Rev. D. S. Davies, by Dr. Pan Jones; Parts of Wales (Carmarthenshire), by Watcyn Wyn; From Elba to Waterloo, by the Rev. Emrys Ap Iwan; Theology and its Limits by Principal Probert, D. D.; The Poet's Kingdom, by Anthropos; The Teivy Valley, by the Rev. D. Stanley Jones; Calvinistic Methodism and the Church in Wales, by the Rev. D. Jones, B. A.; Mission of the Church in Wales, by the Rev. G. Hartwell Jones, M. A.; Correspondence, Poems, &c., &c.

In his remarks anent the book "In His Footsteps," which has had a wonderful reception in England, the editor ascribes its remarkable sale not so much to its literary merits as to the practical truths it touches. It discusses the gigantic evils of modern society—the crushing power of monopolies, of organized selfishness, the liquor traffic, etc., which seem more and more to

work society like a machine. The rich wax richer and the poor poorer; boodle controls all the levers of the political machine; the church is largely incorporated with the world in the attainment of secular ends; the chief spring of action being selfishness; money making being the kingdom, the power and the glory of the present dispensation. Can it be true that sainted clergymen of the Church who spend much of their time contemplating holiness with uplifted eyes have vested interests in breweries and distilleries? Is society making for unrighteousness?—"Cronicle."

Contents of the "Trysorfa" for April: The Rev. Francis Jones, Abergale (with portrait); Dr. Dale of Birmingham: The Place of the Cross in the Words of Jesus, by the Rev. Wm. Glynn, B. A., Manchester; Diary and Letters of the Rev. Richard Jones, Llanfair Caereinion; John Chrysostom, by the Rev. John Davies, F. A. S., Pandy; Secret History of the Oxford Movement; The Methodists and Temperance; The Church's Relation with the Sunday School; Monthly Notes, &c., &c.

We need no apology for bringing the question of ritualism before our readers time after time. The question is a burning one, deserving of general attention; a question that will work itself to the front soon, and will predominate over all others in the near future. It is a small cloud, the size of a man's hand at present, but soon there will be a tempest. It is being understood more and more thoroughly every day, and it is realized that Britain depends on its solution. This is the question will move Parliament, will break up political

parties, will be discussed on every platform, and will absorb every other consideration. In the coming Armageddon, the Protestant Reformation will be completed and ratified. The Ritualists in a convention held under the leadership of Lord Halifax in London, threw down the gauntlet. They challenged and dared the law of England; they renounced the authority of Parliament and the Bishops. The "British Weekly" argues that the Nonconformists should help the evangelical party of the Church of England in this crisis. But how can the Nonconformists help the clericals whose hearts are filled with the spirit of Phariseism? The Church is about to be weighed. It is our duty as Nonconformists to be loyal to God's truth.—"Trysorfa."

There is more Welsh spoken in Wales to-day than ever before. It has been made more a matter of necessity in labor, education, law and ecclesiastical organization. The earliest statutory recognition of the Welsh language in civil affairs, was when Queen Victoria, ten days after her accession, June 30, 1837, signed a bill which sanctioned the substitution of Welsh for English in the words of declaration and contract which made marriage legal. It was a new departure; and the recognition has gone on ever since, so that now knowledge of Welsh is essential to obtain many Government appointments and in several matters affecting the State Church. No one claims that Welsh can ever become the language of commerce or of science. It is incapable of rendering such a service. It is deficient in technical terms. It is essentially the language of poetry, music and religion. Beyond these, it cannot go.—"Cambro-American-Pulpit."

SCIENTIFIC

Purchase at any drug store a pound of phosphate of ammonia. Dissolve it in water, making a strong solution, and then keep it in the laundry for constant use. While preparing to starch the clothes, pour a little of the solution into the bowl holding the starch, and the linen will come out of the wash fireproof. Any outside clothes washed with the solution will be fireproof.

During the recent religious fetes in Turkey the government sent police officers to all of the druggists' shops to seal up packages of potassium chlorate in order to prevent its use in the manufacture of explosives.

"The latest invention is a pipe line made of glass," says the Bradford "Era." "The glass manufacturing firm whose plant is located at Port Alleghany, near Bradford, Pa., is preparing to make glass tubes that can be used for sending oil or gas across the country, for carrying off sewage, supplying cities with water, etc. The glass pipe does not corrode, it is impervious to electrolysis in underground conduits, and it is claimed is less likely to leak than iron pipe. An Ohio company is now putting in such a pipe line and a practical test of the system will soon be possible for a distance of one hundred miles."

According to "The Medical Sentinel," it has been ascertained by careful observation that certain families in a village of St. Ourn, France, enjoy absolute immunity from tuberculosis. They are gardeners of excellent habits who intermarry among themselves, and keep apart from the immigrant laborers. The latter suffer severely from the disease. It is considered probable that

hygienic conditions are not the sole cause of the difference, but that by a kind of natural selection a race immune from tuberculosis has been developed.

A successful process for the deodorization of petroleum is reported in the "Revue Scientifique." It is the invention of a French manufacturer, M. Tempere. Says the "Revue:" "M. Tempere uses acetate of amyl, a slightly inflammable substance that burns with a clear flame and without odor; its density is about the same as that of refined petroleum, with which it mixes intimately, and to which it communicates its own agreeable odor. A lamp filled with kerosene prepared by this process gives out no odor in burning; even the smoke that rises when it is blown out without lowering the wick is deodorized."—The Literary Digest.

Petit Bleu, of Brussels, recently had a curious experience in which it was shown that no one is indispensable in this world. The compositors having struck, the text accompanying the illustrations was written out on the typewriter; then the typewritten sheets and the copy for the pictures were pasted on large sheets of cardboard, and the whole was reduced by photography to the required size. From this negative a photo-engraving was made from which the paper was printed.

Fatalities on the street railroads of Chicago have decreased nearly eighty-five per cent. since the surface lines have equipped their cable and electric cars with fenders, in accordance with an ordinance. In the last two months only three persons were killed on the street railways of Chicago, whereas in

the same period of 1898 there were eight victims, and the average for half of last year was nine deaths each month. All the surface roads have not as yet fulfilled the requirement of the ordinance, and it is probable that the number of fatal accidents will be even smaller when every car is provided with a fender.

The function of poetry, as I understand it, is to pierce to what may be behind phenomena. I am not yet certain that spiritual truth is the most beautiful thing in the world. Behind phenomena I have found an inexorable irony. Phenomena themselves are often beautiful; but perhaps they are only accidentally connected with spiritual truth skin-deep, the complexion of this irony. I may ultimately find that irony includes beauty, and is greater than beauty. If poetry, aided by science, should find that truth is ugly, poetry will say so; but, as nothing is ugly to science perhaps poetry may learn a lesson.—Davidson.

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A WONDERFUL RAILWAY.

The most important incident of the season relative to the development of the far northern gold fields was the ceremony attending the running of the first train of the Yukon and White Pass route from Skagway to the summit of the pass. The affair was made the occasion of international interest, the Canadian officials and the officers of the railroad meeting at the summit and fraternizing amid speechmaking, banqueting, and the drinking of champagne. The banqueting hall was a long tent, and though the atmosphere outside was at a temperature of 45 degrees below zero, the cold did not in any manner cool the ardor of the hosts and their guests.

From a scenic standpoint a trip over

White Pass in a modern upholstered railway coach has no parallel; the rugged grandeur of the rocky defiles, the jutting crags around which the railroad winds, the tunnels through which it cuts, the hundreds of waterfalls thousands of feet below and above the snow-tipped summits straining to penetrate the sky, present a scene that thrills the senses. When it is considered that this road has been built in a non-producing country, a thousand miles from the nearest railroad—transcontinental or otherwise—a thousand miles from the nearest telegraph office, and four thousand miles from the base of supply, an idea of the achievement can be imagined. The construction of this mountain road has been compared with the building of the Trans-Andean line in Peru, but engineers familiar with the conditions confronting both undertakings declare that the White Pass line is the more interesting from an engineering point of view. Mr. H. M. McCartney, an engineer of ability, now living in Salt Lake City, says that the success attending the construction of the Alaska venture is indeed wonderful.—Scientific American.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND POISON.

If a dose of poison is swallowed through mistake, and the patient dies, even though the physician and the patient are expecting favorable results, does belief, you ask, cause this death? Even so; and as directly as if the poison had been intentionally taken. In such cases a few persons believe the poison swallowed by the patient to be harmless; but the vast majority of mankind, though they know nothing of this particular case and this special person, believe the arsenic, the strychnin, or whatever the drug used, to be poisonous, for it has been set down as a poison by mortal mind. The consequence

is that the result is controlled by the majority of opinions outside, not by the infinitesimal minority of opinions in the sack-chamber.

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A CRANNOG.

The remains of a "crannog" have been found on the river Clyde. It is the remains of a dwelling built on piles. It is fairly extensive, with a circumference of 184 feet. The piles are of oak, and show under the mud the distinct marks of such cuttings as a stone axe would make. The cross beams are of fir, birch, and hazel; in the refuse mound the pastoral character of the dwellers are shown, for there were bones of cattle and sheep. Many fire stones were found and also a whetstone. The most important discovery was undoubtedly a wooden canoe, 37 feet long, cut from a single oak tree. The crannog belongs to the neolithic age. The crannog is about a mile east of Dunbarton Castle. It is below high water mark.

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A REGULAR BEVERAGE.

Bonn on the Rhine has been investigating the liquor drinking habits of its small children. Out of two hundred and forty-seven children of the age of seven and eight years in the primary schools, there was not one who had not tasted beer or wine, and about one-quarter of them had tasted brandy. Beer or wine was drunk regularly every day by one-quarter of them. Eight per cent. received a daily glass of cognac from their parents to make them strong, and sixteen per cent would not drink milk because they said "it had no taste."

—o:o—
THE BIGOTRY OF IGNORANCE.

I assert, and am prepared to defend the statement, that neither the Jew of the past nor the present deserves the

hatred or contempt of the Gentile; literature has lied them into undeserved disrepute, and I go further to say that the senseless antagonism of Christianity, as represented by so-called Christians, is enough to make Him that sitteth in the heavens laugh, were it not for the cruel, unjust condition that is produced by the bigotry of ignorance and the senselessness of superstition. The world is coming under the influence of that grand idea of a universal brotherhood. The tide may rise and fall, but the ships of human righteousness will cross the bar and discharge their freight for the enrichment of the world, and the low tide will see them harbored at the wharf.—B. Ussher.

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LIQUID AIR.

It is bewildering to dream of the possibilities of a source of power that costs nothing. Think of the ocean greyhound unencumbered with coal-bunkers, and sweltering boilers, and smoke-stacks, making her power as she sails, from the free sea air around her. Think of the boilerless locomotive running without a fire-box or fireman, or without need of water-tanks or coal-chutes, gathering from the air as it passes the power which turns its driving-wheels! With costless power, think how travel and freight rates must fall, bringing bread and meat more cheaply to our tables and cheaply manufactured clothing more cheaply to our backs. Think of the possibilities of aerial navigation with power which requires no heavy machinery, no storage-batteries, no coal.—McClure's Magazine.

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THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

A writer in "The Lancet," January 21, says that no one has come nearer than George Humphrey to an accurate conception of the secret of longevity. The

total number of aged persons whose life story was examined by him was close on 1,000, 74 of whom were centenarians. His conclusions were these: "1. That the primary factor in a long life consists in an inherited durability; the vital machinery is wound up to go for a given period, and but for accidents or in spite of them it will go till the time appointed. 2. That an important part of the primary inheritance is good digestive and nutritive power. 3. That temperance is necessary in the use of the nutritive functions both in eating and drinking, and in regard to all kinds of food and drink. 4. That an energetic temperament and active habits conduce to longevity."

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WHAT MRS. EDDY BELIEVES.

When she applies her own logic to practical life, the only kind of matter which she really thinks of as illusory is the body of man, the contents of the druggists' shops, and also, it appears, of the bakers'. Everything else for her is as real as for a child or savage. Thus the "earth's diurnal rotation" is, she informs us, "one of the everlasting facts;" and more remarkable still, while corn is merely an illusion of Mortal Mind, "the sweetness of the clover" and "the breath of the new-mown hay," which doctors "profanely" say produce hay fever, are in reality nothing less than the actual "smile of God." Let me present her followers with one more jewel from her casket of divine truth. The unreality of the material senses, she is contending, is proved by our

every-day experience. Here, she tells us, is an overwhelming example of the fact. When the so-called material eye looks out on a wet day it sees no sign or hint of anything but an eternal down-pour. "But the barometer—that little prophet of storm and sunshine—denying the testimony of the senses, points to fine weather in the midst of moist clouds and drenching rain.

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HE SAW IT.

Two hundred years ago Cyrano de Bergerac appears to have anticipated in his writings one of the most important inventions of modern times—the electric light; although, of course, he could not have known of it. Still, however, the coincidence is interesting. He says, "The old landlord brought in crystals full of glowworms to light the parlor, but seeing those fiery little insects lose much of their light when they are not fresh gathered, these, which were ten days old, had hardly any at all. My spirit stayed not until the company should complain of it, but went up to his chamber and came immediately back again with two bowls of fire so sparkling that all wondered he burnt not his fingers. "These incombustible tapers," said he, "will serve us better than your wick of worms. They are rays of the sun which I have purged from their heats otherwise the corrosive quality of their fire would have dazzled and offended your eyes. I have fixed their light and inclosed it within these transparent bowls."





WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Hugh Jones, who became Bishop of Llandaff in 1566, was the first Welshman to become bishop of the diocese in almost 300 years.

A meeting of land agitators in North Wales the other day was wound up by the singing of "The Land of my Fathers."

Captain Jones, commander of the "Mayflower," the ship which carried the Pilgrim fathers across the ocean in 1620, to their home in the west, was a Welshman.

The period between the years 1100 and 1282, the era preceding "Llewelyn ein Llyw Olaf," and the conquest of Wales, is, according to Mrs. Ellis Grffith in the "Cymmrodor," the brightest in the annals of Wales.

Ancient Welshmen looked upon the bagpipes with the same horror as their descendants look upon the street hurdy-gurdy nowadays. Dafydd ap Gwilym said of the bagpipes:—

"Ni luniwyd ei pharwyden,
Na'i chreglais ond i Sais hen."

The preachers of the Corff are bewailing the gradual but sure disappearance of a cherished perquisite—"Baco'r achos"—from the houses where they put up on their travels. The lot of the proffwydî is indeed getting a hard one.

It would be interesting to learn in how many instances have public-houses put

their names to places of worship. We have, for instance, Capel y Plough in Brecon, belonging to the Independents; Capel y Star, in North Pembrokeshire, a Baptist conventicle, and Capel New Inn, Carmarthenshire, the centre of a Calvinistic Methodist sphere of influence.

Carmarthen, according to "Watcyn Wyn" in the "Geninen," is noted for its churches, its chapels, its schools, its colleges, its fairs, its markets, its castle (which has been turned into a prison), and its bridge. According to the editor of the "Journal," the town is noted for its particular type of street arab, who speaks a jargon which is neither English nor Welsh, nor yet good Irish.

According to a writer in the "Tyst," the Roman Catholic cause at St. David's grows less by degrees, and is now beautifully small, owing, it is said, to the departure of the founder to Haverfordwest. The number attending the Roman Catholic Chapel at present is stated to be six. It surprises one to learn there are so many in a place where the best preacher in the Welsh Church so frequently holds forth.

The following figures of the maximum attendances at the National Eisteddfodau of the past were given at a committee meeting of the Cardiff National Eisteddfod. The highest number on a single day at Cardiff in 1883 was 20,000, Newport 18,000, Pontypridd 14,000, Swansea 20,000, while at Llanelly

the attendance taken all through exceeded those at any previous gathering.

Cadrawd the other day suggested several explanations of the meaning of Crumlyn. It is almost certain (writes J. M., Aberdare) that the original name was Crwmglyn, from Crwm and Glyn. The Welsh crwm always meant "crooked" or "bent," and glyn a narrow vale or glen, and no name could better describe the place, viz., "a crooked, narrow glen." By dropping the "g," which is often done, the word would be Crwmlyn.

A gentleman has offered the Liverpool National Eisteddfod Committee a crown of gold to be awarded in addition to the money prize in the Crown competition. At previous Eisteddfodau the bardic crowns awarded were silver crowns, and the offer of a crown of gold will, it is calculated, be the means of inducing some of the leading Welsh poets to compete.

"The Shepherd" (Y Bugail) has been chosen as the subject of the poem for the chair prize at next year's National Eisteddfod at Liverpool. For the Crown poem competitors are to be asked to write on "Williams, Pantycelyn." In respect of both those classes, the wording adopted by the committee is "for the best piece of poetry in any measure," so that the awdl and the prydddest will be eligible for either chair or crown.

The first sod has been cut for the Victoria Promenade in commemoration of her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee at Llangollen. This promenade along the banks of the river Dee will be opened during the coming summer. Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.P., stated, at the inauguration of the project, that the promenade would stretch along one of the finest reaches of river scenery in

the United Kingdom, and was a very fitting memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee.

Under the editorship of Robertus, who is now stationed in the Rhondda, a Welsh quarterly, entitled the "Wawr," has been started in Treorky Welsh Wesleyan Circuit. The editor contributes to the first number an inspiring article on the many phases of the work in the circuit, while Orlando writes in a sanguine spirit of the share to be taken by Treorky in the Million Guinea scheme. The quarterly has an attractive appearance, and one may hope that its appearance indicates the dawn of an era of prosperity for the cause in the Rhondda.

A subscriber writes to us complaining of the way the "Cambrian" indulges in a little fun occasionally. He says he has "to hide the 'Cambrian' from Welsh maidens who delight in scanning its 'Welsh Notes,' for something to laugh at." We are glad to find that there are a little sunshine and laughter in its pages. We never intended the "Notes" to be "Death Notices."

Surprise has often been expressed that those who are engaged in teaching in Wales, and especially those engaged in the public educational movements of the Principality, do not take the trouble to learn Welsh, and so be enabled to get at Welsh life and thought at first hand. It is said that Principal Bebb, of Lampetr is getting on well with his Welsh studies. Principal Reichel was able years ago to make a Welsh speech, and Mrs. Viriamu Jones has for some time found leisure to take lessons in Welsh.

One of the features of the ninety-fifth birthday gathering of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London recently, was the magnificent birthday cake of the society, which occupied a

prominent position on the platform, and was cut by Miss Evaline Charles-Edwards, a little girl who is the great-great-grand-daughter of the Rev. Thomas Charles, the founder of the society. It is interesting to know that, through the efforts of the society, the Bible can now be had in 320 languages, and that 151,000,000 Testaments and Bibles have been issued.

A unique Welsh book has just been published by Messrs. Davis and Evans, of Bala, bearing the title "Praying and Public Prayers." There is not another such book in the Welsh language. The volume contains a number of excellent articles on prayer and public worship written by Principal T. Charles Edwards and others. Following these are some forty prayers delivered by so many well known Free Church ministers of Wales. It might be thought that one and all pray alike, but this volume, for which the Rev. D. Cunllo Davies is responsible, furnishes very striking evidence to the contrary.

The release of the collier charged with murder at Merthyr now adds another to the list of undiscovered criminals in the iron districts. One of the most singular of these cases was early in the century at Cyfarthfa, where the wife of a gamekeeper disappeared under peculiar circumstances. The gamekeeper stated that she left home early one morning to visit her relations in the country, and never returned. Mr. William Crawshay, grandfather of the present Mr. Crawshay, was told of this, and of the suspicions of the woman's friends, and had a strict search made, even to the getting of detectives and bloodhounds from London, but without success. The gamekeeper lived to be a very old man, and died in receipt of parish relief.

"Y Gymraes," the only periodical for women now published in Wales, gives in its April number a very readable

sketch of a Welsh lady who has for some years past been working in connection with the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission Society in India. This is Mrs. Hensley, nee Miss Lloydie Hughes, whose uncle, the Rev. Hugh Roberts, Rhydymain, was for years a missionary of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists on the Khassia Hills. Miss Hughes was married last January to the Rev. Ernest Arthur Hensley, M. A., and with her husband will shortly return to India to take up her residence at Lucknow.

It appears that lager beer has been manufactured for years at Wrexham, and that, while excessive railway rates have prevented the beer coming on the London market, it found its way into the Soudan so long ago that when our troops marched into Khartoum the other day an old bottle was found in Gordon's palace grounds. The fact that an English (no, Welsh) lager beer can find its way to Khartoum, but cannot profitably reach London, is a comment (says the "Globe") on the way in which we encourage our home trade. This is not the way to make our Empire lager.

One of the historic landmarks of Merthyr Tydvil, is about to be cleared away by the urban council. It is the Ynysgau Arch, at the bottom of Castle Street, a few hundred yards from the Castle Hotel. At the time of the great riots in 1831 an old woman lived in the little house over the arch, and was picturesquely occupied in knitting when the Highlanders began firing on the mob. Unfortunately, a bullet struck the old lady, and she tumbled down, knitting and all, and was recorded in local history as one of the victims, who are supposed to have been nearly fifty in number.

The first annual St. David's dinner in Calcutta was held at the Saturday Club,

7 Wood Street, on the 1st of March, 1899. The fine ballroom of the Club presented a very charming appearance. The walls were festooned with flags and banners intermingled with patriotic inscriptions as follows: "Cymru am Byth," "Gwyl Sant Dewi," "Cymru, Cymro, a Chymraeg," "Y Ddraig Goch a Ddyry Gychwyn." By the joint efforts of Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Pugh, the tables were tastefully decorated with choice flowers and ferns sent from all parts of the country. In spite of the short notice, which prevented several from joining the festivities, over sixty ladies and gentlemen assembled to do honor to our patron saint.

Llansannan, the locality where the commemorative column recording the lives of five eminent Welshmen, natives of the place is erected, has been prolific in famous men. Among them may be reckoned Meirig Llwyd, an ancestor to Edward Lluyd, the archaeologist, Gruffydd Hiraethog, Tudor Aled, the bard, William Salesbury, Iorwerth Glan Aled, Henry and William Rees, the distinguished Dissenting ministers; Sion Tudur, chief bard of the Caerwys Eisteddfod in 1568, and many others. The column, which is the production of Mr. Goscombe Jones, A.R.A., is said to be a beautiful piece of workmanship. The names and deeds of the five men commemorated have been inscribed in letters of gold, and above them stands a fair goddess—Ceridwen's image, presumably—in the act of crowning her favorites with a wreath of immortelles.

Middleton has left on record the contempt of Englishmen for Welshmen, or perhaps Frenchmen, in the phrase "Welsh ambassador," as applied to the

cuckoo, either because Welshmen came down in the spring from the hills of Wales during the months of the cuckoo's appearance to raid or to work in the fields, or because under "Welsh" we are to understand French and foreigners generally, as the cuckoo was observed reaching Great Britain from France. Among the famous fools in Great Britain are cited the "cuckoo-penners" of Somerset, who believed they could prolong the summer by caging cuckoos.—"Bird Gods."

Welshmen have not yet fully realised the metamorphosis that is imminent in Breconshire and Radnorshire if the London Welsh Water Scheme gets through. The proposed dam on the Yrfon, about a mile above the village of Llanynis, will create a lake about six miles, with two branches to the north from three-quarters to a mile and a half in length, having an area of 2,850 acres, and containing 51,000 million gallons. Most of us are acquainted with Lake Tegid, Bala, the largest natural lake in Wales, but this reservoir in the Yrfon Valley will be about three times larger, and—perish the thought!—in this reservoir will be submerged those two delightful spas, Llangamarch and Llanwrtyd. The good folk of Llanwrtyd are in despair, and offer to the scheme a most strenuous opposition. "Is it not possible," writes one of them in a recent communication, "to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of the many thousands that visit Llanwrtyd annually?" What makes the proposal still more unpalatable is the fact that the submersion of Llanwrtyd is understood to be not essential to the carrying out of the scheme.



PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

RICHARD P. HOWELL.

The late Richard P Howell, a prominent citizen of Racine, Wis., was the son of Daniel and Sarah Howell, who lived in Pennant, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, where on the 3rd day of September, 1831, he was born. There

and collector in his native parish; Thomas, the sixth son, is a citizen of our own city, and Moses, the seventh son, died in Cardiff, Wales, in 1881.

The early years of Richard P. Howell, who was the second son, were spent at home with his father on the farm and in the flannel manufactory. During



Richard P. Howell.

were seven sons and two daughters in this family. One sister died in infancy; the other was drowned when she was about 2½ years old. The seven sons attained prominence in their respective avocations. Daniel, the oldest, has been a government official at the old home for many years. Samuel, the third son, came to this country and died in Cincinnati, O. David, the fourth son, is in Aberystwyth, Wales, and is one of the leading merchants of that interesting city. Abraham, the fifth son, is clerk

this time also he attended the schools of the parish. When he was about 23 years of age he came to this country, arriving at Racine July 4, 1854. From this time on he experienced the toil and the trials of a young man in a new strange land. First of all the patriotic spirit which is manifested on our national day stirred him, and he resolved to become a true American patriot. With this determination he spent the first few months on a farm, binding the golden sheaves in the primitive Yankee

style. During these months he came into touch with the pioneer's life as he turned our wild prairies into productive farms. Then he became an apprentice and learned the carpenter's trade. In this he came into contact with the enterprising spirit of the men who delighted to see the Indian huts replaced by the palatial homes of modern civilization. On account of the panic of 1857, when business became so depressed, that there was but little work for the carpenters to do, he, instead of waiting for something to turn up in his particular trade, adapted himself to the circumstances, and took what chances there were by working in the J. I. Case's manufactory. In less than two years Mr. Case made him contractor to build separators, as a member of the firm of Howell & Owen.

Until 1875 Mr. Howell was engaged in this business. At that time he was afflicted with rheumatism, and it made him an invalid. With a view of regaining his health he crossed the ocean several times, and tried the noted baths at Bath, Buxton, and other places. In all he crossed nine times. Not being successful he tried the waters of Hot Springs, Arkansas, since when his health was much improved.

Mr. Howell was called upon to fill many honorable positions. For six years he was a member of the Board of Supervisors, for five years was a member of the board of education, and 1882 was elected assemblyman from the First District. For many years he was a trustee of the Taylor Orphan Asylum, and its secretary. He was connected with the First National Bank for many years, and a director for years. He was also a member of the Masonic fraternity, and one of the oldest members of the Welsh Presbyterian church, of which he served as treasurer and trustee.

Much of his time during the past fifteen years was devoted to the care

of trust funds, and the administration of numerous estates. In every official capacity in which he served Mr. Howell discharged his duty with credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents. His business career was a successful one, and the confidence and respect of the entire community was accorded him. He ever manifested an interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the community, was a man of unblemished character, and his life was distinguished by integrity, honor and fairness in all of his relations with his fellow men.

In the year 1861, on the 25th day of September, at Milwaukee, he was married to Miss Ann Thomas. Two sons were born to them, one of whom died at the age of four years. Last winter his health was impaired by the grippe, and on the night of the 30th of March, 1899, his noble spirit returned quietly and most peacefully to God, who gave it. Besides his wife and son, there survive three brothers, one of whom, Thomas Howell, is president of the Board of Education.

April 3 the funeral services took place at the family residence, 720 Park Ave., in the presence of a large concourse of relatives, friends and neighbors, the Rev. R. T. Roberts officiating who preached an eloquent sermon upon the life and character of the deceased.

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MR. AND MRS. CADWALADR JONES,
GOMER, OHIO.

The late Cadwaladr Jones was born February 1, 1813, at Drwsnantuchaf, Llanuwchllyn, North Wales, where his ancestors had lived for many generations. When young, his parents moved to Nant y Dugood, Dinas Mawddwy, N. W., and at the age of 19, he with his sister Catherine, emigrated thence to Ebensburg, Pa. In a short time he left for Ohio; bought land in Gomer, and in 1846 was married by Dr. Chidlaw to

Miss Ann Rees of Llanbrynmair, N. W. Nine children were born to them, five of whom are still living, and two sons filling important positions.

Mr. Jones was a man of excellent abilities. He was a good scholar, according to the advantages of those days; taught school for years, and served with honor in several political offices in Putnam Co., O. He was brought up religiously from his youth, and was of unblemished character. In him were united the poet and the philosopher; his

children in the way of righteousness. She was known among her neighbors as a kind-hearted, hospitable wife, and always lived worthy of a true Christian. She survived her husband 13 years, and departed for the inheritance above February 19, 1894, at the age of 73. She was buried by the side of her husband in Tawelan Cemetery, Gomer, and below their respected names are the following stanzas engraved:—

Gwr a'i einoes goronai—wirionedd,
Yr uniawn a bleidlai;



Mr. and Mrs. Cadwaladr Jones.

conscientious devotion to duty won for him the confidence of all in his good judgment and integrity. He was deacon and treasurer of Gomer church for many years. After several months' illness he passed away quietly September 19, 1881, in his 68th year.

Mrs. Jones was born in Llanbrynmair, North Wales, in 1821, and when 19 years old she emigrated to America. Before her marriage she and her three sisters lived in Cincinnati. They were excellent young women, and very devoted to the Welsh Congregational Church. Mrs. Jones possessed a clear mind, sound judgment, and a tender conscience. She was a very practical woman, and could express herself fluently on many topics. She took pains to bring up her bright

Mor gadarn trwm ergydial
Yn erbyn byd ar ben bai.

Of home she was the light and life,
A thoughtful mother, faithful wife;
In all she acted just and wise,
And left a name that never dies.

Portland, Ore. R. Mawddwy Jones.

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REV. E. C. EVANS, D. D.

By Rev. W. D. Williams, D. D.

The Rev. Dr. Evans, pastor of Emmanuel Congregational Church, Montreal, died March 27, 1899, at the age of 50 years and 11 months. Born at Ffynon Las, a small farm of two acres, Llangranog, Cardiganshire, S. W., he

early exhibited scholarly tastes and marked ability. When quite young he became a pupil teacher in one of the common schools of his native parish, and gave promise of distinction in that service. But when about twenty-one years of age he decided to seek and make for himself a place in the United States. He came to Richville, N. Y., in 1869.

The writer first met him in Oberlin, O., in 1871, where, together with other young Welshmen, the Revs. Griffiths, Hughes, Jenkins and Phillips, he was a student. Of the group he was the tallest, a youth of attractive bearing, an excellent scholar, aspiring and popular. There was not, among the hundreds, one student who gave larger promise, but he was fragile.

After a time, and in order to be nearer cherished friends in Northern New York, he retired from Oberlin, and entered Middlebury College, Vermont. Immediately his worth was recognized, and he graduated valedictorian of his class in 1876. His alma mater, in addition to degrees given him in course, conferred upon him, in 1892, the doctorate in divinity. His theological course was pursued in Yale and Oberlin, and he was graduated from the latter seminary.

It is the writer's impression that he began to preach in Capel y Wig, where, as a lad, he publicly confessed Christ, and united with his people; but his pastorates were Norwood, N. Y.; Brainard and St Paul, Minn.; Indianapolis; Springfield, Mo.; and Emmanuel, Montreal, whose unanimous call he accepted in 1895. Wherever he served he was greatly beloved. Invariably his helpfulness was felt by all the Congregational churches over a wide area. While carefully watching over his own, and feeding them bountifully, his care was great for all the churches. He was a leader, and, wherever known his leadership inspired confidence. There has not

appeared in the Congregational ministry of the United States during the past twenty-five years or more, a Welshman who combined in himself so well the scholar, preacher, pastor and leader. But he was never robust, and the frailty of his tall form was a frequent menace. He battled much against the possible inroads of consumption, and to his constant vigil is due the enormous work he accomplished despite a weak constitution.

Rev. Dr. Evans was an excellent preacher. Nature endowed him with many of the qualities of an orator, and his heart was evidently engaged in his work. Pastoral duties were manifestly a pleasure to him. Mental excellence, blended with pronounced piety, characterized him everywhere. He was a true friend.

He leaves a widow, one son, and three daughters, and his departure is mourned by thousands. The supreme dispenser of events to man has seen fit to call him away when his day was at its noon. His work on earth is done; he "now rests from his labors here," to "serve Him day and night in His temple" above. Brave, beautiful soul! He loved his God, and he served his generation. We shall cherish his name, until we meet, and, like him, we shall awake after His likeness and be satisfied.

Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendship up.
Where partings are no more!

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THOMAS E. ELLIS, M. P.

Thomas E. Ellis, M. P. for Merioneth, North Wales, died at Cannes, South of France, April 5, in the 40th year of his age. His remains were brought to England the following Sunday, and finally buried at Cefnddwysarn, near Bala, April 11. He passed away comparative-

ly a young man, with bright prospects before him.

Mr. Ellis' political career was interesting. He was no sooner in Parliament than he began to use his opportunities of serving his native land. The session of 1886 was short, but he obtained from the Government the publication of a separate education report for Wales; in 1887, he took up the tithe question; in 1888 he protested against the tithe sales in Llanefydd; and year in and year out he never faltered in his effort to benefit his native country. His activity covered every Welsh grievance, and he was tireless in his labors in behalf of his countrymen. In fact, he sacrificed his life on the altar of his patriotism, and exhausted his strength at the early age of 40.

Tuesday, April 11, the remains were interred in the Cefnddwysarn Cemetery on the Merionethshire hills. The spot is within sight of the little farm house of Cynlas, which will henceforth be prominent in Welsh history as the birthplace of one of Cambria's greatest sons. The scenes witnessed will not easily be forgotten. Wales has seen many gatherings of larger proportions; Bala, too, has been the theatre of many a stirring event which looms large in the annals of Wales, but it is questionable whether within living memory there has been seen in Wales a concourse more thoroughly national in character, more completely representative of every creed and party, of every movement, social, political, and educational, than that which gathered to pay the last tribute to the son of Cynlas. Many hundreds arrived on Monday evening, and were eye-witnesses of the pathetic little ceremonial that attended the arrival of the remains at Bala Chapel, but the next morning visitors were to be counted by thousands. Heavily-laden specials steamed into the little

town from an early hour from all portions of the Principality, and before 11 o'clock the streets were literally packed. Festinlog quarrymen were largely in evidence; so, too, were the country farmers, and even far-off Glamorganshire sent its deputation of colliers, and Pembrokeshire, in the extreme West its delegation. Educationalists were present by the hundred, political, temperance, and kindred societies, public bodies of every description, the landed proprietors, the magistrates—in fact, all aspects of the national life were here represented. In delightful contrast to the weather of the previous days, the climatic conditions were, on the whole, favorable. There had been a heavy fall of rain over night, but the rain clouds cleared soon after dawn, and the morning was bright and sunny, though the air was distinctly chilly. Cefnddwysarn Cemetery is three miles from Bala on the Corwen road.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pritchard, 7259 Coles Avenue, Windsor Park, Chicago, Ill., who celebrated their sixty-third marriage anniversary lately, claim to have been married longer than any couple now living in that city. Mr. Pritchard is 82 years old, and his wife 78. The celebration was attended by many of their grand and great-grandchildren, and a large number of friends.

Mr. Pritchard was born in the south, but his sympathy was with the Union, and two of his sons served in the Twenty-Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. One of them, Frank, died in the war. The surviving children are William, who lives at Atherton, Ind.; Albert G., whose home is in Cloverland; Silas, who resides at Seleville; and Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, Chicago. There are 20 grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren living.



A WELSHMAN'S APPEAL TO THE LEGISLATORS OF AMERICA.

[The Rev. J. T. Griffiths, Lansford, Pa., sends us the following Appeal from among the literary remains of the Welsh patriot, Morgan John Rhys. Mr. Griffiths is possessed of a good deal of interesting material bearing on his life, which he is arranging with a view towards publishing a volume of his life and works.]

Citizens:

You stand in the place of God to make laws for man. Justice and mercy should be stamped on all your proceedings. You are not ignorant of the principles of good government. You well know that to be the best government in which all the inherent rights of human nature are inviolably secured, legal authority is maintained, and restricted to its objects. The power of the state is employed to promote the general happiness; and inequality itself tends to preserve equality of law, and partly of obligation among all the members of the community. Legislators of the United States, are you ignorant of the signs of the times? You cannot be. The proximity of West Indian Islands and the state of the negro under the French Government cannot escape your notice. But we have peace at home. Yes, sirs! Where is the man barbarous and stupid enough to give the name of peace to the silence, the forced tranquillity of slavery? It is, indeed, peace; but it is the peace of the tomb. The silence of slaves is terrible. It is the

silence before a hurricane. The winds are yet hushed, but from the dark bosom of an immovable cloud darts the thunder the signal of the tempest which strikes at the moment the flash appears. The silence that force compels is the principal cause of the miseries of nations, and of the destruction of their oppressors. Absolute authority was never designed for mortals; the best natures will abuse it. It fills the mind of man with great and unreasonable conceit of himself; raises him to a belief that he is a superior species to the rest of mankind. So great is the danger that when a man can do what he will, he will do what he can. Slavery is productive of pride, luxury and licentiousness, and the dissoluteness of manners, which the unrestrained power of gratification produces in the slaveholder and managers, cannot fail sooner or later to involve in ruin the country where this abuse of reason and humanity is permitted.

Legislators! Will you wait until the cloud bursts on your heads? May the manes of a Franklin with his electrical rod prevent the shock; may the memory of those men who were martyrs to the cause of liberty inspire your souls to acts of righteousness and deeds of mercy. Proclaim the jubilee. You have no time to lose. If you are not expeditious the laurel will be taken from you, and repentance will come too late. Show yourselves, therefore, to be men, who have the interest of your country at heart, and the philosopher shall not complain that "the rulers of America"

are not worthy to be trusted with an empire, the most extensive that ever obtained a name in any age or quarter of the globe. I am, citizens,

Georgia, Feb., 1795. Philantropos.

—:o:—

A BOY'S ESSAY ON BREATH.

Breath is made of air; we breath with our lungs, and sometimes with our livers, except at night, when our breath keeps life going through our noses while we sleep. If it wasn't for breath we should die whenever we sleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe; they should wait till they get out doors, for a lot of boys staying in a room makes carboncide, and carboncide is more poisonous than mad dogs, though not just the same way. It does not bite, but that's no matter so long as it kills you.

—:o:—

THREE QUEENS.

It is a noteworthy fact that the greatness of England has been so signally emphasized under the rule of her three Queens. In the days of Elizabeth were laid the foundations of that vast supremacy of the seas which has since never been disputed with us; in the time of Anne the victories of the British arms under the ever-glorious Marlborough maintained and magnified the proud position of the kingdom; and under Victoria the work of the empire has been brought to its present magnificent development.

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BENEFIT OF PEERAGE.

Every one may not know what the term "benefit of peerage" implies. A peer can demand a private audience of the sovereign to represent his views on matters of public welfare. For treason or felony he can demand to be tried by his peers. He cannot be outlawed in

any civil action, nor can he be arrested unless for an indictable offense, and he is exempt from serving on juries. He may sit with his hat on in courts of justice, and should he be liable to the last penalty of the law he can demand a silken cord instead of a hempen rope.

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FEEDING HENS ON NEWSPAPERS.

The latest and most novel use for old newspapers that has come to our notice has occurred lately when a gentleman stepped into this office and purchased 100 or more to feed his hens. He tears the paper into shreds and soaks it in sour milk until the whole mass becomes a pulp, when he feeds it to the hens and he claims that it adds greatly to their egg producing qualities. The newspaper is gradually extending its field of usefulness. From food for thought it has expanded until within its sphere is already included food for goats and hens.—Lisbon Patriot.

—:o:—

HIS LAST WORD.

A hospital surgeon was about to perform an operation on a poor peasant suffering from a cancer of the tongue. A number of medical students were in attendance. The surgeon warned the patient that the operation meant permanent loss of speech. "If you have a wish to express, do so now," he added. "It is the last word you will ever utter." The spectators waited in silence. For a moment the peasant bent his head; then, with a touching accent, he exclaimed, "Praise be to Jesus Christ." It was his last word.

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OBEYING THE ROBIN'S WARNING.

In some parts of Warwickshire the tapping of a bird around the house is looked upon by the superstitious as a warning. A doctor was recently summoned in hot haste to a farmhouse not

many miles from Birmingham. He found an old man in bed, but in perfect health, and asked why he had been sent for.

"Why, sir," replied the daughter-in-law, "there coom a little robin about the door; we knowed it was a 'call,' and we thought it must be granfer, so we put un in bed and sent for you."—*London Telegraph.*

—:o:—

QUITE AS GOOD.

Gen. Otis, who commands in the Philippines, is a good soldier and at the same time one with tact enough to see when discipline should be given, and when the rod of authority should be restrained. A Kansas soldier writing home relates the following incident of the firing line: "Gen. Otis came along and once when the boys had ceased firing for a minute he said: 'Well, boys, how are you coming?' Only a few of the boys knew him, and one of them said: 'All right, pard, how's yourself?' Another of the boys who knew Gen. Otis told him to shut up, that the man was Gen. Otis. The general overheard him and said: 'That's all right, pard is as good as general to-night.'"

—:o:—

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

The editor of a paper in Nevada has taken to the hills in the hope of saving his life, as a result of his getting the report of a cattle show and a concert mixed up. The spicy article in question, when in his paper, read: "The concert given by six of Carson Sink Lake's most beautiful young ladies was highly appreciated. They sang in a most charming manner, winning the plaudits of the audience, who pronounced them the finest herd of short horns in the country. A few are of a rich brown color, but the majority are spotted brown and white. Several of the heifers are able-

bodied, clean-limbed animals, and promise to be good milkers."—*Exchange.*

—:o:—

TELEPHONING WHEN SNOWBOUND.

A special despatch from Gallatin, Tenn., of March 11, says: "J. T. Dunham, attorney, had an appointment to a lawsuit of Castilian Springs, eight miles from here, but the weather was so cold and the snow so deep that he would not make the trip, but remained at home and employed the telephone, through which he conducted the suit. Through his instructions the witnesses were examined and after all the evidence was in Mr. Dunham made his argument to the court over the telephone. A decision was quickly rendered in his favor."

—:o:—

A GREAT EVENT.

It is not too early, says the "Daily Telegraph," to predict that the leading event of 1901 will be a great national and Imperial celebration of the foundation by King Alfred—whose millenary occurs in that year—of the first English navy. So far the arrangements have taken no definite shape, but one of the proposals to be considered is a naval review at Spithead, eclipsing in grandeur and extent even the glorious assembly of battleships which took place in connection with the Diamond Jubilee celebrations.

—:o:—

Professor Manuel Garcia, who is still pursuing his profession as a teacher of singing, attained the age of ninety-four recently. His early years were spent in France, but the Revolution of 1848 drove him forth, and he has since lived in England. He was a brother of the famous Malibran, and sang with her in New York seventy-three years ago. His most famous pupil was the great Jenny Lind.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N.Y.

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Invitation!

THE FIRM OF MAHER BROTHERS AT 56-57 FRANKLIN SQUARE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TENDERING TO THE PEOPLE OF UTICA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY AN INVITATION TO CALL UPON THEM.

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❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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THE SURVIVAL OF THE STRONGEST AND THE SUBJUGATION OF THE WEAKEST.

By the Rev. W. R. Evans, Peniel, O.

Often in our study of scientific and social questions, we come upon the stereotype expression, "The survival of the fittest." But in order to obtain a concise and comprehensive view of an object or thing, we must view it from the reverse side or end. Any attribute or quality suggests its opposite. When we speak of strength, it is associated in our mind with weakness, though we may be unconscious of the fact. When we speak of up, it implies down. Likewise the "survival of the fittest," means the subjugation or extermination of the weakest. In the struggle for existence, the weak are crowded off the arena ultimately to perish. We read with a feeling of horror of the heathens of old murdering the weak and debilitated, and that for the mere crime of being weak. In this competitive age, the extermination is by slower process: the murder is not outright and speedy,

but the sum of the groans and agonies of the victims is not mitigated nor lessened.

Now the question is. Have the weak a right to exist? Have they any right that the strong should respect? Has the strong, in the struggle for existence, any right, by sheer force, to brush aside the weak, and regardless of their needs and rights, possess all the good things of life himself? This is the problem that social evolution presents to us for solution. If all men were born equal, the problem would be easily solved. We could then say to every man "Hoe your own row or starve." But all men are not born equal. Some have by birth inherited brain, energy, tact, and health, others the reverse. The first are not to be praised nor the last blamed for their heritage. The strong engage much more of our attention than the weak. Yet the strong do not demand our care nor

deserve sympathy. Put potatoes in a cart and the biggest get on top but the smallest bear their weight.

The rostrum and the press often remind us that the worthy will find employment; skillful workers are always in demand; men of brain, tact, and energy are always needed. But what if a man be born without capacity for the development of those requisite qualities? What can he do? I have no sympathy for the indolent, the spendthrift, and voluntarily ignorant. But according to Scripture and our observation men are variously endowed. They have received one, two and five talents respectively. And any teacher of youth will agree with me that the one-talented boys are by far the most numerous. One may have brain but feeble body; such cannot compete in the race. Others have mind and body of ordinary strength, but lack energy, or will power, or tact, or forwardness, &c. Such may struggle as for life to get on top, and the reward will be impaired health and premature death. The road to eminence and wealth is strewn with the dead bodies of ambitious youth, struggling for supremacy.

One writer says: "Whatever your work I don't care what it is, and it makes very little difference what it is—become scientific in it, and you needn't worry over that horrible bugbear of the incompetent making a living. True every word, but we all know that a large portion of our race in every land, has not

the natural capacity to "become scientific," in anything. Should there not be work that the unscientific can do and earn an honest living? This is the great desideratum. Fifty years ago that class of laborers could readily find something to do. Now, with our multiplicity of machines and mechanical contrivances, steam and electricity as motive power, the unskilled laborer is brushed aside and the skilled alone are in demand.

Again we have observed that in the scramble for wealth and eminence, it is not as a rule the morally fittest that survive or get on top. The requisite qualifications for worldly success are ordinary strength of mind and body, energy, tact, shrewdness, agreeable disposition, cheek, and a conscience of the india rubber sort; one that will stretch when necessary to reach the almighty dollar. I do not mean in saying this that the wealthy are not as good, morally, as the poor. The poor lack the ability and opportunity that the rich possess. But I will say this, that a man has no particular use of his conscience nor of the Sermon on the Mount when he aims for the speedy acquisition of immense wealth or political aggrandizement. The qualifications needed are, not humility, self-denial, brotherly love and stern integrity, but shrewdness, williness, tact, smiling face, sweet and modulated speech, self-assertiveness and slumbering conscience. These are the traits that as a rule bring men to the top:

but there are exceptions, thank God.

We love to talk of the success and exaltation of those on top, but what of the downtrodden fellows below, that cannot in the nature of things arise to a much higher elevation? They are unskilled laborers, and by all possible efforts cannot be otherwise. What is to become of them? The more mechanical improvements and inventions we have the worst for these unfortunates. There is no good times in store for them. I do not know but that a civilization that is built on scientific

discoveries and mechanical inventions will in the end effect its own ruin if divorced from the principles taught and exemplified by the Carpenter of Nazareth. If the following injunctions were carried out the social question would be solved: "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of you please his neighbor, for his good to edification." (Rom. 15:12). "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."



IN AND ABOUT MONTEREY.

By Winifred L. Jones, Utica, N. Y.

Memory can never bring back more charming or more welcome pictures than the scenes of August, '95, when we spent a few weeks on the Pacific coast. A ride of about one hundred miles south from San Francisco brings one to Monterey and its neighboring summer resort, Pacific Grove. At the latter place we took up our abode. Certainly "beautiful for situation" is this little town, looking down from the hillside on the broad Pacific, and if it is not the "joy of the whole earth," it is the joy of many Californians. The stretch of sandy beach attracts many bathers, and the rocky cliffs,

against which the ocean dashes, have a fascination for all. A long point of land covered with rocks extends far out into the water and is known as "Lovers' Point." On any pleasant forenoon you may find many a comfortable nook among the rocks in which to settle down with your novel, but if you go there on some bright moonlight evening you will find that the lovers for whom the point is named are there in such force that the sign "Standing Room Only" really ought to be displayed.

The wonderful beauty and variety of the flowers in this region is almost

beyond description. Roses climbing to the roofs of the houses, fuchsias growing into small-sized trees, heliotrope in great clumps and the geranium in many varieties growing wild everywhere. A low hedge of calla lilies rather astonishes the Easterner. All about one sees the brilliant orange eschalschia, or California poppy—the State flower.

Of course we soon go over to Monterey, the quaint old Spanish town—and stroll through its sleepy, dirty, foreign looking streets. We look with interest on the old adobe houses, some even having the red tiled roofs of former times.

The old Mexican custom-house still stands, and on it rises the shaft from which floated the first American flag raised in California. There are a number of old dwellings with balconies extending around them, where the *senoritas* used to sit and watch and smile at the dashing young officers going about the town. Now all are deserted, for Monterey is a city of the past. It was formerly a port of entry, with a flourishing trade and a promising future, but it suffered from the rivalry of other cities, and it is now a struggling, dirty town, with its buildings fallen into decay.

Before we left we called on a pleasant little old Spanish lady, who had in front of her house a most magnificent climbing rose tree, forming an arbor from the gate to the door. The tree was full of great yellow roses, and when we

learned that it was under this tree that "The Spanish Cavalier," was written, we straightway went in and begged for some roses. The old lady understood no English and smilingly shook her head at our attempts to talk to her, but she gave us some of the largest roses from the topmost branch, and we went on our way rejoicing. Tradition saith that she is the lady to whom the Spanish cavalier sang with his guitar, and that when he left her he gave her a tiny branch of a rose tree, telling her that by the time it grew and bore flowers he would come back to her. But "man is ever faithless," and the old lady yet waits beside her rose tree, now full-grown for many a year.

The center of the social life of this part of the coast is the famous Hotel del Monte, known throughout the country for its magnificent grounds—said to be the finest in the United States. These cover over one hundred acres. Parks of pines and live oaks of extraordinary beauty, exquisite flower gardens, lake and field blending into the most charming views, all combine to make Del Monte famous the world over.

No one ever leaves this vicinity of Del Monte, Monterey and Pacific Grove without enjoying at least once the Peninsula drive—commonly called "the seventeen-mile drive." Of this drive, Charles Dudley Warner says: "This seabeach drive can scarcely be rivalled elsewhere, either for marine loveliness or variety of

coast scenery. It has points like the ocean drive at Newport, but is on altogether a grander scale and shows a more poetic union of shore and sea."

It was our pleasure to take this famous drive, and much we enjoyed it; but the feat of which we were most proud was our seventeen-mile walk over the same route. One morning a party of us started out, against the protests of friends and relatives, who were sure we "never could stand it," and would be "just tired to death." First through the pine woods for some distance, then out along the coast, past "Point Joe," a Chinese fishing village, where the odor was such that with grim, set faces we hurried on. Soon we came opposite the Seal Rocks, covered with many fighting, barking seals and hundreds of sea gulls. A little later we reach Cypress Point and all decide that it is time for lunch. So we sit down under one of these strange old cypress trees. They are indeed unique, this specimen of cypress having been found nowhere else. Gnarled and broken as they are, and twisted into the most uncouth shapes, they give to this lovely coast a strange fascination. We watch the dashing waves for awhile and even venture out to the farthest extremity of the "Loop" and feel the spray. Then the march

is resumed. It is indeed fairly exhilarating to walk in the bracing air along this ocean road. No one thinks of fatigue, and after a time we come to Pebbly Beach. Here not a grain of sand is to be seen, but little stones of all shapes and colors. Just before us is the curious Arch Rock, through which we see the landscape beyond. Far off in the distance, across Carmelo Bay, is the old, historic mission of San Carmelo, built in 1770. Here rest the bones of its founder, the sainted Father Junipero Serra, famed for his missionary labors among the Indians in the early days. The old brick building is crumbling away, and it is but seldom now that mass is said, but the memory of the good old place will live for many years.

At Pebbly Beach we leave the Pacific and turn our faces homeward across the peninsula. Occasionally we pass Chinese boys, who try to sell us the pretty polished abalone shells: It is hard to resist, but at last we do leave them.

With occasional stops for rest, we walk through the beauties of field and forest. Late in the afternoon we again reach the shore of the bay of Monterey. Soon afterward we arrive in Pacific Grove and triumphantly greet the doubting ones of the morning. "Tired? Not a bit! And we've had a glorious time!"

A TRAGEDY OF CADER IDRIS.

By T. Edmunds, South Poultney, Vt.

At the foot of Cader Idris—one of the most romantic mountains in romantic Wales—stands the pretty country seat of Albert Thorne, a wealthy London manufacturer. The house, a noble granite structure in Gothic style, rears its grand columns in the center of a park of splendid oaks, such as the "Land of Song" is noted for. Standing on a gentle slope, it is indeed a beautiful villa, and its trim and clean appearance, its well-kept lawns and surroundings are sufficient evidence of its master's pride. The eminence of its position gives it a full and sweeping view of the beautiful valley "Cwm Hafod Oer" lying beneath, from it can be seen the quaint steeples of many quaint little churches in the adjoining villages, proudly holding up their heads, proclaiming the peaceful and pure moral atmosphere of little Wales.

Valley View is at present full of guests, the hunting season being at its height, but as we deal with only one of their number we will introduce him to the reader. Eric Ashley was a rising and popular young English barrister, a proud, well-built and handsome young man of twenty-eight, whose whole appearance plainly bespoke of pride and high self-esteem. He had been a classmate of Harry Thorne, only

son of the Thornes, at Oxford, and was now in Wales to spend his vacation at the home of his old schoolmate, and as he was a brilliant conversationalist, as well as a daring rider and sure shot, he was one of the favorites among both sexes at Valley View.

One day, (the third day of his visit) not being in a very sociable mood, he entered the park for a stroll, thinking to find solace in a cigar and his own undisturbed company. At the farther end of the park was the gamekeeper's lodge, a pretty little ivy-covered cottage, snugly hidden by rows of ancient oaks, and save for the tell-tale path leading to it from the main park road, it could be passed even by a keen observer, without danger of detection. The lodge was inhabited by a sturdy young Welshman by the name of Ivor Parry, and his charming sister Blodwen, his genial little housekeeper, and as Eric approached that part of the park, Blodwen was blithely singing an old Welsh air, called "Serch Hudol," (The Allurements of Love), and her clear ringing voice attracted his attention. Determined to see the fair singer, and to satisfy his curiosity, he directed his footsteps toward the door and boldly knocked. Blodwen tripped lightly to answer the sum-

mons, and blushing furiously at sight of Ashley, awaited for what he would say. He was struck dumb with her charming beauty, and, at first, knew not what to say, but power of speech soon returning, he politely asked for a glass of water—which, by the way, he did not at all need. After asking him in and seeing him seated she started for

the entrance to the park, returning from her simple shopping at the nearest village, and turning, he walked with her toward the lodge and went in. This time, her brother was at home, busily occupied in packing game for his master. After seating himself, Ashley opened conversation with Ivor, who was a bright intelligent young fellow;



* * * * The eminence of its position gives it a full and sweeping view of the beautiful valley "Cwm Hafod Oer" lying beneath. * * * *

the spring to draw fresh water, and soon returning, was pleased to see her visitor's thirst quenched. He thanked her for her kindness and talked with her about the weather, their picturesque surroundings, and light topics of the kind, and after an hour's pleasant chatting of this manner, he departed, expressing a wish, as he gazed into Blodwen's flushed face that thirst would again visit him on the morrow.

The day following he met her at

they talked of many things, but Ashley's eyes were closely following the pretty form of Blodwen, as she glided to and fro about the house, attending to her household duties; and anyone not so unsuspicious as Ivor, would at once perceive that she was more in his thoughts than the subjects they were discussing. Looking at his watch he was surprised to see how soon the afternoon had sped by, and as it was the dinner hour at Valley View, he took his

leave; on the way he began to seriously question himself, whether or not he was in love with this winning little Welsh maid? He half-believed he was, and, not to do him an injustice,—vain and shallow-hearted though he was,—he had, after his own peculiar fashion, grown very fond of Blodwen.

He contrived to meet her daily, and soon began to pour epithets of love into her willing ears. One evening in the soft twilight of the fading summer, they were seated together on a rustic bench, close to the lodge; the brown-thrush was joyously singing his anthem of praise in the neighboring hedge, while the blackbird, as if determined to conquer his sweet-toned rival, was filling the air with his own beautiful cadenzas. It was just such an evening that a pair of lovers might wish and all their surroundings seemed to have joined in concert to make them happy. "Are you sure that you love me, Blodwen?" asked Eric, clasping her plump little hands tightly with his own.

"Yes, Eric, with all my heart," was the soft response, as she looked steadfastly into his own brown eyes.

"Well enough to be my own darling little wife?"

"Yes, Eric."

"Have you told your brother of our courtship, Blodwen?" he asked.

"No, I think Ivor knows nothing about it," she replied, blushing, and feeling quite guilty at the mere thought; for the brother and sister

had always confided all their secrets to each other, and in this breach of trust, she felt as if she had stolen from her brother, something that rightly belonged to him.

"Good!" answered her lover. "and we may as well keep our secret to ourselves a little longer; when the proper time arrives, we will publicly announce it. What say you, little one?"

"As you say, Eric. You know what is best."

"Yes, darling, for in another short week, I must return to London, but it will only be for a few months, and perhaps I can manage to spend a day or two in Wales occasionally; besides, it will not be long before I shall return to take you away for good and all, to be my own precious little wife."

Poor girl! She felt a strange sinking sensation at her heart, at the bare thought of his leaving her. for, in the happiness of her first passionate love, it had never entered her mind that he must, sometime, return to his home and occupation, and it cast a dampening shadow over her spirits,—jolly little maid though she was. Neither of the pair said much more that evening, and they soon parted, with the usual good-night kiss the one to return to the splendors of Valley View, the other to the humbly furnished gamekeeper's lodge.

Another week soon sped by, and it was the last day of Ashley's vacation; the evening upon which, he and Blodwen must part with that

sad, heart-piercing word, farewell! They were again, occupants of the bench in their favorite trysting-place, but never before, had they both been so silent and gloomy; there appeared to be no change in their surroundings. Nature wore

all else, to see you take it so deep to heart. Cheer up, my love, like the brave little woman you are; it will be but a short time ere we will be united so that nothing but death can part us."

"I cannot help feeling depressed



* * * They were seated together on a rustic bench, close to the lodge. * * *

her brightest smiles, the brown-thrush and the black-bird carolled as sweetly as ever, but this evening, they had not that cheering influence upon their two listeners in the park.

"Blodwen, dear," said Eric, "our parting is surely a cruel blow to us both: but it grieves me, more than

and sad, Eric, but I will try to be brave. Oh, how I shall miss you."

"That is right, darling, and we shall not be altogether estranged, you know. I will write to you regularly, twice a week, while you can, through the same means, let me know of everything concerning your sweet self, Ivor, the Thornes, and,

in fact, everything relating to my acquaintance in Wales. It will almost seem, dear, as if we were together at those times; but I had forgotten, I have a pretty little present for you to-night;" (slipping a beautiful ring on her finger.) "This shall be a token of my love for you, and also of our engagement."

"Oh! How beautiful! Thank you, Eric, it shall be a constant reminder of you in your absence."

"You will often think of me, Blodwen?"

"Every hour in the day, Eric, my thoughts shall be of you."

"Faithful little heart and you may rest assured that my constant thoughts will be of you; but come, darling, it is growing late, and every minute will but make the parting more cruel. Kiss me good-bye, little one, and keep up your courage, think of the happiness the future has yet in store for us."

Poor Blodwen, she was by this time sobbing pitifully and in the intervals between each sob, came, from the lowest depths of her true little heart, the sad, earnest words, "Good-bye, Eric, and may God guard you from harm." Tenderly kissing away her tears he arose to go, and the parting was over; but little they thought that they had parted, never on earth to meet again. Dejected and sad, she returned slowly toward the lodge, and, not caring to wait for her brother's return from his evening rounds, retired, but not to close her eyes in

sleep. All night long she was a prey to her own dismal thoughts, and in the morning she looked pale, worn and haggard. She saw her lover conveyed to the railroad station for the early London-bound train. He waved his handkerchief to her, and she answered with a sad wave of her hand. Now, that he was gone, she made a courageous attempt to appear bright and face the duties of life, (remembering his parting words, like a brave little woman. In this she was fairly successful at first, receiving his love-laden epistles, regularly, and promptly answering them in her quaint, pleasant manner, filled to the brim with her longing and simple gossip.

But, alas! for poor Blodwen, after one short month his letters began to lose their punctuality, and very soon, ceased altogether: her lover had forgotten her in the busy, never-ceasing twirls of London society. His conscience smote him at first for his unfaithfulness, but his vain, cold heart had many tactics to overcome that weak and depressed accuser—his conscience. As for Blodwen, she faded like a frost-bitten rose, the bloom had left her cheeks, her songs were all forgotten, her activity gone forever: she moved about like one in a dream, and answered all questions with a husked, heart-broken voice. This pitiful change was soon noticed by Ivor, and half-suspecting the cause, he entreated her to confess, which she did, making a clean breast

of the whole affair, but never guessing how deep her brother's heart was pierced with the same cruel shaft that had blighted her hopes and shattered her health. Ivor swore a terrible oath to himself that, should he ever meet his sister's deceiver, he would revenge her wrongs—aye, even to the death.

Thinking that change of air and scenes would benefit her, and help her to forget the sorrowful past, Ivor induced her to visit relatives in Denbighshire, where she stayed for only a few weeks; returning still more sad and broken-hearted. The poor girl was by this time but a deplorable shadow of her former self, once so gay and light-hearted.

At about this time, Harry Thorne was thrown from his horse, meeting with an accident which the doctors pronounced fatal, and Eric Ashley was telegraphed for, at the dying man's request. Upon his arrival he carefully avoided the park and the gamekeeper's lodge, as if they were forbidden grounds; and neither Ivor nor his sister knew of his presence. The wounded man died soon after Ashley's arrival, but he stayed for a few days after the funeral, and in the afternoon of the day before his intended departure, he walked alone up the mountain to procure some species of rare fern growing there, intending them for a botanist friend in London. Not being thoroughly acquainted with the mountain paths he lost his way, and darkness soon falling he knew not what way to turn; in his predica-

ment, he roamed blindly about, not realizing the dangers of precipices and natural pitfalls of the mountain, until he slipped and felt himself, for a moment, sliding through space and dropping heavily on his feet in a deep crevice in the rocks. He was not hurt, however, although badly frightened and a little dazed, and upon lighting a match he perceived at a glance that he was imprisoned without hope for release, unless some one would find him and assist him from without. A dismal place, indeed, to pass a long autumn night, with the dried, skeletons of some wild animals rattling beneath his feet, and nothing, save the screechings of owls and his own cries, to break the monotonous stillness. He shouted lustily for help, thinking that some poachers might hear him and come to his rescue. While Ashley was thus entrapped, Ivor, the gamekeeper, was slowly climbing the mountain-side on the lookout for his natural enemies—the poachers, and hearing a faint cry from far up the mountain, he hastened forward, believing that he was on their tracks, and burning to capture them, for they had of late been very bold and troublesome. Little he knew, as he hurried on his tedious climb, that he was to meet with a foe far more hateful to him than a poacher, and as he drew close enough to plainly distinguished the cry of "help," he thought he would make an easy capture. After some difficulty he located the spot from whence came

the cries, and being well acquainted with the treacherous hole where Ashley was confined; he knew at once that some one was a prisoner at the bottom, so, bending over the edge, he asked, "Who is there?"

"A stranger," came the answer, "will you kindly help me out?"

"Aye, that I will, and thankful for the opportunity," replied Ivor, recognizing Ashley's voice. He trembled with excitement, anger and hate, for at last he had met with his darling sister's deceiver, and revenge—sweet revenge—were almost within his grasp. He soon had Ashley safe on terra firma, and oh! the contrast between two countenances as the barrister recognized his deliverer. The one was filled with guilt and consternation, while the other wore a deep-set, determined expression, that was fearful to behold. Ashley was on the point of offering his thanks, when Ivor, divining his purpose, abruptly checked him with the words:

"Keep your smooth-tongued thanks, you vile deceiver of my innocent sister; for this meeting with you is recompense enough for my trouble."

"What do you mean, man, with your insulting speeches?" asked Ashley, becoming more collected; for at heart he was not a coward. "Are you hurt?"

"No."

"Good! Then I mean this: To-night I will revenge my sister's wrongs; you must fight me to the death, or suffer yourself to be shot

down like a dog. Have you a pistol?"

"I have."

"Loaded?"

"Loaded!"

"Then we will fight; we are each others equal with pistols, and we will decide upon a plan of action, which shall be as fair for one as the other."

"See here, man, I am not afraid to fight you; but let it be to-morrow, with seconds and proper attendants."

"It must be here to-night, and with no others to interfere," and there was a dangerous gleam in his eyes; which plainly affirmed that he would have no alternative.

"On this bleak mountain top?" protested Ashley.

"And why not here? To these very slopes, dear to a Welshman's heart, did my valiant forefathers retire, outnumbered and pursued like the hunted deer, by your cursed nation. Here among these very cliffs, did the ancient bards and minstrels of my people, sing their sweet melancholy lays, over their lost liberty—wrenched away from them through massacres and foul deeds, by your noble race—and here, on this very spot,—sweetly-remembered by Wales for its connection with patriotism and heroic deeds—shall I, to-night, revenge my sister's wrongs. Will you fight?"

"I will!"

"Then we will mark out a proper distance and you will count three!

Trust me that I will do nothing dishonorable, and I will trust you."

Both men faced each other and Ashley's clear voice, firmly counted, one, two, three!

Crack! Simultaneously on the given signal, both pistols rang out together, and rent the still evening air, were echoed and re-echoed by the mountain cliffs sounding as if two large bodies of musketry had opened fire on each other. Both fell, pierced through the heart by those cruel, unerring messengers of death—each other's bullet. The gamekeeper had reaped his revenge, and paid for it with his own life, while Ashley's folly had already cost two lives. The inmates of Valley View, becoming very anxious about the non-appearance of their guest, and fearing some harm had befallen him, sent out searching parties and great was their consternation upon finding him and the gamekeeper lying dead but a few yards away from each other. It could be easily perceived that there had been trouble of some kind; but no one could offer an explanation to the sad mystery except that, perhaps Ashley had been mistaken by Ivor for a poacher, and in return had mistaken the gamekeeper for a foot-pad; that Ashley had refused to halt on Ivor's command, and fired in self-defense and that Ivor in duty bound had on the same instant drawn and shot Ashley. No

one could furnish a more plausible answer, so, sadly and silently, they were carried down the mountain; Ashley to the sad, mourning house of his host, and Ivor to the little lodge in the park.

Would to Heaven that we could close our pitiful tale without adding to the terrible scene already described; but no, we have yet to reveal the most heart-rending part of our story. The silent bearers of poor Ivor's dead body, upon entering the lodge were confronted with a sight that struck terror to the stoutest heart. It was the body of poor Blodwen, lying white and motionless in a pool of blood, her right hand firmly clutching one of her brother's heavy pistols. Stretched upon the table lay a London daily paper bearing the date of the previous day, while above one of its most conspicuous columns, in large letters was the announcement—as one of the coming events of London swelldom—the wedding of her faithless lover to a wealthy English heiress. Here, then, with the dead body of heart-broken Blodwen was the clue to the mountain mystery, the denouncement of Ashley's inconstancy, a proof of Ivor's deep brotherly affection, and the key to the motive of her own terrible deed.

So ends our sad and tragic tale of peaceful Cader Idris!

MUSICAL MODES.

 By Andantino.

Ancient philosophy was one part observation and three parts conjecture—a strange mixture of fact and fable. Fables were the cods wherein popular truths were enwrapped for better preservation and transmission, for long before people appreciate and comprehend truth and reality, fable serves as the next best thing. We are often disposed to look with pity on those childish ages of the world when all nations of the earth were studying their primers, as it were, taking a child-like view of the realities of life; in fact, the only view they could take of things, with their undeveloped mental powers. Human nature being fundamentally identical, has through the ages shown general instincts which prove it to be one, while under varied conditions and under the constant influence of separate environments, it has branched out into different families with instincts and mental traits peculiar to themselves. Characteristics, good or bad, are not developed in an age—the good or bad qualities we inherit are the results of a long series of lives. This is true of music as well as any other faculty—it is not a genius that can be planted at once but is the slow and gradual outgrowth of the soil. Music, as well as tobacco, cotton, oranges,

palm trees, etc., has its geography; and there are nations in whose hearts music is indigenous and needs little cultivation. Therefore, every nation has a music and a song of its own. If nations had remained separate, the music of each would be distinct, and its song would unfailingly express the sum total of its state of development; each national song would have its own peculiar key and mode. Since nations have subjugated each other or been subjected to each other, mixing their civilizations and blending their national peculiarities their music also has become as regards its key and mode equally affected; but yet in proportion to conditions. The subject nation may dominate the governing nation in philosophy, art, music, etc., as Greece did in the case of Rome; and it seems that the negro race in America has affected its music greatly. The pathos of slavery and the resulting struggle for emancipation, has touched the national heart so deeply and beautifully that the best national music has sprung from that crisis, and the national experience has been wonderfully enriched.

There is much truth in the statement that “the character of the music of any nation is the thermometer of its physical sensitiveness and

moral sentiments." The kind of civilization a nation has inherited, the vicissitudes of its growth, the character of its experiences, the struggles it has gone through, its conquests and triumphs, its failures and disappointments, the government it has lived under, its conditions, its environments, its fears and hopes, its religion, its politics, its aspirations, etc., etc., all have contributed through the ages to affect and modify the key and quality of its music. Music is the vocal expression of the national character. We may expect Chinese music to be antiquated; the African, simple and undeveloped; French, merry and frivolous; Italian, mellifluous with spurts of barbarity; German, philosophic and mystical; Irish and Welsh, romantic with strong touches of melancholy; English, in matter of fact, worldly, unemotional, commercial, colonizing, Britannia-rule-the-wave kind of music; and the American, a pathetic, emancipating, Great West, double-expansion, Spain-smashing, and world-subverting for humanity's sake sort of music. Therefore, we easily see the appropriateness of Leibnitz's definition that "music is a calculation which the soul makes unconsciously;" music is the sum total of a nation's experience expressed in its vocality.

Taking a general view of national music, we may expect that of successful and conquering nations to be somewhat Phrygian, in the major key, suitable to gaiety and

pleasure, while the tone of a subject nation, of independent spirit, should be Dorian, in the minor key; serious, grave, melancholy. The Dorian is pre-eminently and peculiarly Welsh, and there is no nation which can sing the minor key with such consummate feeling. A professor was once teaching a class of English students who after several attempts to sing a minor passage, called his Welsh pupil, to render it, which he did satisfactorily. Often, after that, the professor would request our Welsh singer to render minor passages for the edification and delectation of his pupils.

Ancients tell us that this Dorian, serious, solemn, melancholy, minor mode was suitable to religion, and Plato in his "Republic" proposes to make use of it for spiritual purposes. We may be permitted to add here, that the Welsh have made excessive use of this Dorian, this solemn and melancholy mode in their religious gatherings. This kind of grave, slow and melancholy music is sung almost exclusively, and this solemn mode has so dominated the Welsh religious mind for the last hundred years, that really the national spirit has been injured and its aspirations dulled. If we believe in the theory of the sonorous fluid of music, we must accept the conclusion that the Welsh spirit has been long ago thoroughly saturated with melancholy and despondency, because we as a people have sung nothing except slow and solemn music at our religious meet-

ings for generations. For over a century, Welsh mothers have rocked their children to sleep singing to them sad and solemn tunes. Such a thorough change has been wrought in the national spirit that a solemn church tune is fast becoming our national anthem. There seems, however, to be a change in the wind and our ideals which for the last hundred years have been exclusively religious, are again becoming more national; we have turned thoughts more to secular questions, education, politics and the affairs of this world.

This melancholia in music influenced our preachers; they read, prayed and preached in the minor key; they read the lightest passages, even the Songs of Solomon, in the same solemn and melancholy tone, and even described the joys of heaven with tears in their voices. This has certainly helped to make the Welsh spirit depressed and despondent, and we really and conscientiously believe that it is time to apply a remedy which we shall later on specify.

Just to illustrate this point we will tell this little story. A friend of ours, now an old man, told us that the popular hymn tune of fifty years ago "*Ni bydd diwedd Byth ar swm y delyn aur, etc.*" always fills him with feelings of displeasure. It came about in this wise: Over fifty-five years ago when a small boy, he very often attended prayer meetings in a log church in the

State of —, and when pretty near dead for sleep they would keep repeating the "*Ni bydd diwedd, etc.*" until the grand but melancholy old tune became to him an instrument of torture. There is reason to believe that such experiences have filled thousands of Welsh hearts with gloomy thoughts for the rest of their lives.

Analysis of the influence of the major and minor keys on the mind will give us the following facts: The major inspires thoughts of the present, the actual and the practical; the minor conveys the spirit to the past or on to the future. Therefore, the minor mode is qualified to absent the mind from duties of to-day to dream over years that are past, or to expect happiness in the far distant future—in the life to come. So we may expect that the fluid of depressing music constantly charging souls would wean them from the affairs of this life, creating in them a lack of interest in secular duties. The revival of education and politics in Wales is beginning to counteract this evil: and by adopting a suggestion as old as Plato, we may, accelerate the reformation. Plato said "That no change could be made in music without a similar one being made in the state." The evil that has been wrought by over-indulgence in melancholy music can only be remedied by the general adoption of brighter tunes. Above all, we should avoid using, except very seldom, those melodies

which recall our despondent ex- the clouds which have so long cast
periences, for that is the only means their gloomy shadows over our na-
by which we may hope to disperse tional life.



TO SUNBEAM H——.

By J. Mills Davies, Los Angeles, Cal.

Pretty little Sunbeam, with your eyes so blue
And your winsome smile—we all love you;
Stately little lady, if no secret, pray
Tell me, what have you been doing to-day?

"In the kindergarten, making pretty things,
Paper squares and crosses, hearts and rings;
Then I dressed my dolly, and she looks quite gay,
That is how I spent my time to-day."

Happy days of childhood! memory brings to me,
Scenes of long ago, so full of glee;
When no cares beset me, and my heart was light,
Playing with my toys from morn 'till night.



THE MASTER OF THE MIND.

By G. James Jones, LL. D. (Llew o'r Llain.)

Writers on ethics very early began to speculate as to the number of the cardinal virtues. The list given by Plato is the most celebrated. Aristotle built upon that list, expanding it considerably. Yet in a foot note on page 341 of his Manual of Ethics, Professor Mackenzie of Cardiff University, Wales, says that: "It might be held that Plato and Aristotle were really engaged on distinct problems. Plato sought to give an account of the

cardinal virtues, i. e., the general elements involved in all virtues; whereas Aristotle sought to give a list of special virtues, exhibited not in all virtuous activities, but in particular kinds of virtuous activity." Yet he states further that that interpretation does not seem to him tenable. The Platonic list is as follows; Wisdom, (Prudence,) Courage, (Fortitude,) Temperance, (Self-restraint,) Justice, (Righteousness.) That constitutes Plato's conception

of man's sphere of moral activities. That conception is broad and comprehensive. Reducing that conception in all that it implies to actual experience is more than any philosopher has accomplished. Aristotle objected to placing the essence of virtue in an intellectual activity, thus making virtue and knowledge one; hence destroying the pathological element associated by nature with every moral act. He claimed that it is not reason, but the sensations, passions, and natural bias of the soul are the first ground of virtue; that there is an instinct in the soul striving unconsciously after the good before it is sought with the full moral insight. Exercise, he said, renders man acquainted with the good, and not perfect knowledge. Whether we look at the Platonic view, and put the emphasis on the intellect, or at the more elaborately discussed theory of Aristotle, and put the stress on the affections, as those affections are expressed in actions, there is still a something painfully wanting in man's moral furnishings for the attainment of virtue. There is no incentive to right use of intellect or moral exercise other than a supposed love for an undefined good. These great teachers gave us the best they had. To their credit let it be said of them that they have led us to great elevations, but human possibilities, intellectual or spiritual, are not seen from mountain tops of Greek philosophy, but from the mountain top where Christ

was crucified. From that eminence men see within themselves the faculties and powers never dreamt of by Plato and Aristotle; they feel within themselves ocean currents swelling majestically, as they seek new shores of usefulness upon which to spend themselves that were never felt by Greek philosophers, or are felt by materialistic teachers of to-day; visions of grandeur open before them that are not seen by other eyes; a sound that is a discordant jingle in other ears is a most captivating music in theirs; a consciousness of being in harmony with the purposes of the Eternal sweetly resting in their soul with the conviction that to fill out the full measure of their possibility a principle not hinted at by philosophers, either ancient or modern, must sway its influence upon them or within them, and that is holiness. I do not use the word holiness to mean that delusion under the influence of which some persons think themselves above and beyond the guilt and power of sin, but I use it in the sense Paul used it, meaning wholesomeness—the resetting of broken moral powers. Philosophers as such contemplate the mental and ethical possibilities of man, but Christ looks at him in all his possibilities, and by means of the Gospel offers a force or a grace other and higher than all powers indigenous to his nature. Perfection of character is not the evolution of intellectual or ethical virtues, but the accomplished work of the Spirit.

Looking his followers in the eye, the Master said: Unless your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God. (Matt. 5:xxii.) A qualification other and superior to all moral excellence is required at the start in the candidate for citizenship in the kingdom of Christ. With the philosophers the disciples looked for the highest good in a perfect order of civil affairs. They may have differed as to what constituted that perfect order. The philosophers minimized the individual and magnified the state. The disciples minimized humanity and magnified the Jew. The restoration of the kingdom to Israel was the Judean ideal. That was the order of things for which they labored, longed and prayed. When the question was directly put to Jesus he simply said: "It is not for you to know the times and the seasons which the Father hath set within his own authority." He cut off further argument by introducing a nobler theme. "But ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you." (Acts 1-8.) Without that power then, whatever else one may have, it is impossible to fill out the full meaning of life. That power is not the evolution of "the natural instinct in the soul striving unconsciously after the good before it is sought with the full moral insight," but the gift of God. It is a power let fall from the throne. He who accepts that power understands the wonderful meaning

of the cross of Christ, and his own mission in the world. The presence and influence of men and women of such spiritual endowments render the world better, its burdens lighter, its beauties more enchanting.

The science of psychology regards the intellect as one of the three fundamental faculties of the soul; the other two are the sensibility and the will. To the intellect is given the power to know; to the sensibility the power to feel; to the will the power to choose. The intellect, like the arm, the finger or the foot, follows the law of growth. It is hard to say why the intellect of one man attains a greater degree of development than the intellect of another as it is to say why the body of one man grows to six feet or more while the body of another reaches four feet or less; one turning the balance at 285 pounds or over while the other weighs 100 pounds or under; one very tall and slim, the other very short and thick, while others again find themselves between the two extremes. Yet bigness is not greatness. The intellect of one man develops along certain lines while the intellect of another finds conquests in other fields. One man may become the master of many sciences and be regarded by the world as a truly great man, and yet unless he is endowed with "the power" he is still short of his possibilities. He is like a traveler climbing up the mountain side with every upward step seeing more and more of the

beautiful landscape laying below, but before reaching the summit ceasing to ascend, the more enchanting views beyond are hid from his gaze. There are beauties, natural and moral, forever hid from the vision of mere intellect. It is a daring assertion, but I believe that the most important words in the world bearing on the science of psychology are written by a man named Luke: "Then opened He their mind." (Luke 24-45.) Christ is the master of the intellect. His touch is the touch of light. The ignorant in the fundamental truths of religion is intellectually below his possibility notwithstanding other attainments. Every one ought to use every available means for the cultivation of the intellect, but let him know that in that intellect are sanctums locked, and that the locked sanctums can be opened only by the touch of the Master. The truly enlightened sees, not only natural, moral and ethical beauty, but also spiritual visions. He sees what others do not see, and hears and feels

what others do not hear and feel. Possibly, the three men who have interpreted most correctly the spirit and mission of "a government of the people by the people, and for the people" are Washington, Lincoln and McKinley, not that other Presidents were blind to the moral mission in the world of this great government, for they were not. These three men were carried by the Spirit to the mountain top; they saw with clearer visions; hence they have attempted and accomplished greater and higher things. Each of them represents an epoch; each epoch represents the nation rising up to to a new and a higher life, pulling other nations up with it. What Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were to the theocracy of old, Washington, Lincoln and McKinley are to the new world. The master touch of Jesus alone enables men to see highest possibilities and gives them power to do highest duty. Men so touched and endowed are the true leaders and benefactors of the race.



AN OLD FASHIONED GARDEN.

By T. C. Davis.

Wandering down the leafy cloister that leads to it, our truant fancy strays into the olden, golden days and resting on a rustic seat, 'neath the dreamy boughs of a sighing willow, we enjoy a snatch of that lost and delicious leisure of the olden time.

The stalwart chestnuts link their sinewy arms and seem like files of infantry surrounding this mimic paradise, but here and there are openings through which the marauding children enter and pilfer the over-burdened trees of their luscious fruit.

In one corner a patch of ground had been prepared for the cultivation of vegetables and garden stuffs, and the plants, uncared for, flourish in neglected abundance. Dreamy-winged, the wanton winds tangle the silken tresses of the lissome corn, whipping them out in flossy ravelings of gold, and over yonder the pumpkin drags its lazy length along and knocks to gain admission to the ground.

The grass outspreads like an em-

erald cloth, whereon the dew and sun fashion their embroideries of bloom. The meek-eyed violets shine like stars and mingle contentedly with the mimic emblems of the sun. Where the shadows are deepest the fiery lilies burn like torches lit for a carnival. At the foot of the garden a pilgrim brook lingers, and his reedy plaints breaks on the soul like the far, faint music of a dream. The rich, regal roses part their crimson lips and bewitchingly breathe stories in perfume, until our senses are drugged with the siren songs, and drowsily we dream and find the long-forgotten yesterday.

It is here the bucolic swains stroll in the lush, June twilights to gather flowers and listen to the silver-throated nightingale pour forth his passionate harmonies. The fires burn low where sunk the sun, and already the violet twilight thrills with the lyrics of the minstrel crickets.

Retracing our steps we reach the old mansion, now tottering to decay—

Upon whose walls the graceful ivy climbs
And wraps with green the ancient ruin gray;
Romance it is, and these crisp leaves her rhymes
Writ on the granite page of yesterday.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

All this I have heard and more. He is still hatching mischief, for the sun has set but twice since he paid thy uncle Bleddyn a secret visit."

"I expected to learn that he was again plotting against the king, for he has the persistence of a blood hound, but I was scarcely prepared to hear that he has shown his face in Cibwyr Hall after all his treachery. It must be that the rumors I have heard from time to time charging Gryffydd's half-brothers with secret complicity in the murderous attempts that have been made upon the king's life are founded on fact. Ambition and displeasures might easily breed treachery."

"There are certainly strong grounds for suspicion, and thou wilt do well to sound thy uncle when thou payest a visit to his hall."

"I shall not fail to do so. And now let us change the subject. I am sorry my father is not here. I hope he will return from Dyved before I leave."

"It is somewhat early for thee to speak of leaving, having just arrived. Nor will I part with thee until thou hast a more rugged and healthy look than thou hast at present."

"Your good fare and motherly solicitude, together with this pure air will soon mend my looks."

Dinner being now ready, Trahaiarn and his men partook of a bountiful repast, and the prince's mother noted with satisfaction that his appetite bid fair to rival that of any of his men. Nor was her delight diminished when he told her in confidence soon after of his relations to Nest.

During his first week at home he made frequent excursions to neighboring estates. Then he went as far as Cibwyr, where Bleddyn ap Cynvyn then resided, and found his uncles playing a game resembling the modern chess with his brother Rhiwallon. Suspending the game the players rose to greet the prince, and expressed their pleasure at seeing him fully recovered after his late encounter with Caradocap Gryffydd. This gave Trahaiarn an opportunity to turn the conversation into a channel which would serve his chief purpose in making the visit.

"I hear that the traitor has honored you with a visit recently," said the prince, addressing Bleddyn.

Bleddyn glanced somewhat embarrassed at his brother, and feeling that he must say something, replied,

"Ay, the cunning knave has been trying to buy one of my slaves. He thinks Dicus ap Engan Goch would make a most admirable hostler, and

was as anxious to press me into a sale as—as thou art to wed Gryffydd's daughter, if reports are true."

"Methinks his visit has a deeper intent," was the reply. "He is not in need of a hostler so much as a horse to speed him to his purpose. Think you it seemly for the descendants of Rhodri Mawr to associate with a man who has to my personal knowledge thrice attempted your brother's death?"

"Gryffydd's enemies are not of necessity ours," said Rhiwallon; "nor are we bound to make his quarrel ours, seeing that he cares no more for us than for the aliens who hover about his possessions. If he thought it contrary to his dignity to treat us as brothers, he might at least have rewarded our services as allies, for I doubt if Gwynedd would ever have been his without our assistance."

"Then Caradoc's mission was rather to make you a slave of his ambition than to buy one of your slaves," sarcastically remarked Trahaiarn.

"Rhiwallon said not that," Bleddyn hastened to reply; "nor shouldst thou draw conclusions that are unjust from his words. What he says about Gryffydd is true, and I might add that his late successes have spoiled him more than his enemies. He had better not carry his head too high, for 'pride goeth before a fall,' as the old saying is. Rhiwallon and I, however, shall never lift a hand to hasten his downfall."

"There are others who would readily do that, as there are other ways

to injure a man than by lifting the hand," insinuated the prince.

"Ha, ha, thou art a suspicious dog," said Bleddyn. "How soon young dogs learn the tricks of old ones. But let us talk on more agreeable subjects. A piece of good beef and a cup of steaming mead, for instance, for here comes Ivan to announce that dinner is ready."

Trahaiarn and his men willingly shared in the hospitality of Cibwyr Hall, as they were very hungry after their morning ride; yet the prince was a little more reserved than was his wont to be on such occasions, owing to an increasing conviction that Caradoc's murderous plots would be aided rather than checked by his uncles. Nor did he hide this conviction from his mother on his return home in the evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Trahaiarn Falls Into a Trap.

After spending a few more weeks in his ancestral home Trahaiarn, now in the full enjoyment of health and strength, decided to return to Rhuddlan Castle. The morning he and his men started on their journey was all that heart could wish. The sun smiled upon them from a cloudless sky, the breath of autumn fanned their bronzed faces, and where the virgin forests did not attract them with their charms, visions of ripened fruits and harvest fields in which the reapers were at work presented themselves to their view. Occasionally the song of fair maid-

ens as they followed the sickles, binding the golden grain, delighted their ears; and sometimes the rich voice of some lusty swain as he engaged in some light work amused them. Nor was there a lack of musical attempts among themselves, when the country through which they passed possessed no engaging attractions.

Thus while they pursued their journey northward the morning gradually wore away, and noon found them dismounting before the hall of one of the king's most loyal chieftains. Outwardly the hall was no more attractive than many others; but the true hospitality of its owner made it peculiarly attractive to the prince and his escort. The chief had known Trahaiarn from childhood, and the two were no sooner seated together in the hall than they were plunged into reminiscences of former days.

"Dost thou ever think of the day when thou didst win thy first prize in archery?" asked the host with beaming face. "Ha, ha, well do I remember Howell ap David's discomfiture when thine arrows stole the championship from him. Thou wast only a beardless lad, then; but thou wast old enough to show of what mettle the Princes of Powys are made."

"Whatever skill I displayed," was the reply, "did not surpass your own in playing with the two-handed sword. Had the valiant Caradoc a few hundred such you the Cledyv Deuddwrn of Britain would never have had to pay homage to

the short sword of Rome. St. David! what blows you dealt! What visions of cloven foes delighted my youthful fancies while witnessing your marvelous feats. It was the height of my ambition to be able to wield the two-handed sword as you did."

"Thine efforts, if reports be true, have often since done credit to thy ambition; and yet, old as I am, I would be strongly tempted to pit my strength and skill against thine did occasion present itself. If I do say it, I have ere this cleaved in twain as strong a foe as thou wouldst be."

"You speak as though you half suspected the time would come when we shall meet each other as foes."

"No, I meant not that; my words must have belied my meaning. I meant to say that I would not be afraid to compete with thee in the games, and my reference to what I had done was in proof of what I might yet do in the matter of handling the two-handed sword. Foes, indeed! I could as easily imagine St. David turning traitor to his country which he so passionately loved while in the flesh as you and I being at enmity with each other."

"We will not discuss further possibilities, then, for discussion may breed what we would most gladly avoid. We will discuss what promises to be an excellent dinner instead. By the way, if your mead equals that of my Uncle Bleddyn's, I shall not be averse to spending the

rest of the day with you, for if I have a weakness for anything it is for good, steaming mead."

"There thou hast touched upon a subject which of all things would be most likely to result in a quarrel. Good mead is what this hall has never been without, and if thou findest this not more to thy taste than any thing thy uncle ever produced, I shall have a poor opinion of your judgment. As for thy leaving my humble abode to-day, that is out of the question. I do not have the honor of thy company so often that I shall dismiss thee before I have a chance to look thee over, especially now that thou art betrothed to the fair daughter of Gryffydd ap Llewelyn. And now that I have mentioned the matter, I must tell thee that I commend thy taste, for in my opinion she outshines the other daughters of Cambria as the sun does the stars. I do not say this to flatter thee, or to make thee blush, which I observe thou art disposed^d to do; but because I know whereof I speak. And were I not afraid it would make thee vain I might commend her taste in the choice of—I came near saying—the future King of Cambria."

Trahaiarn's men would have been greatly amused at this dialogue had they heard it; but as they occupied the part of the hall devoted to inferiors, what passed between their master and the host on the other side of the screen that divided the room, escaped their attention. The

hum of their own voices, also, especially after the excellent fare of the hall had put them in good humor, was such as to prevent any one from understanding what was said in the chief's department had he been disposed to listen. The prince and his entertainer, on the other hand, were so accustomed to the loud and confused voices of their retainers, and so interested in their own thoughts and affairs that they talked together as in absolute privacy. Thus the afternoon glided almost imperceptibly into evening. Although Trahaiarn's reference to spending the remainder of the day with his old friends was made more in jest than in earnest, he at length yielded to the importunities of the host, and before sunset it was understood that they would not leave the hall until daybreak next morning.

When the hour for starting arrived Trahaiarn bade his host good-bye, and accompanied by his men, who were in the best of spirits, he rode away with moderate speed. It was yet quite early in the day when they reached Llanidloes, where they found the flannel market already the center of a lively trade. Each of the numerous traders vied with his neighbors in trying to attract customers, of whom the number was constantly increasing, and the jangle of voices increased accordingly.

"Come this way, good people, if ye want a bargain," cried a burly fellow in a voice of thunder. "Here

you can buy the best goods for the least money. Welsh flannel; the best in the market!"

"Ay, go to him if you want to be cheated," shouted a female voice immediately to the right of him. "His flannel is so thin that you can see Cadair Idrys through it with your eyes shut. If you have money to throw away I advise you to go to him. But if you want a flannel of the softest and most durable texture come and examine this. It is softer than the tongue of a love-sick swain, and thicker than the veil that hides a maiden's thoughts."

"So fine an article should certainly find a buyer," said Trahaiarn, coming to a halt in front of the woman. What will you take for the whole piece? Come now, here is the one great chance of your life."

"One yard costs as much as another," was the prompt reply. "If a little of a good thing is worth a good price, surely much is equally valuable. Nor are our chiefs so poor that they cannot pay a fair price for the best flannel in the market. Give me three pence a yard, Sir Knight, and you can have the whole roll. I will not sell it for a half-penny less."

So saying the woman handed the flannel to him for inspection, and while he examined it she enlarged still further on its merits.

"Did you weave this fabric?" asked the prince handing back the goods to her.

"Had you been a resident of these parts a mere glance at the flannel would answer your question. There be those who are considered good judges that declare that only one woman in Powys can weave a fabric like that."

"Ah! then your husband must be among them," said Trahaiarn, with a smile. "But I fear he is not as good a judge of flannel as he was of your looks when he married you."

"I would sooner trust his judgment of flannel than yours of good looks," was the angry reply.

"I can buy a better article for less money in Flint," continued Trahaiarn, inwardly amused. "What think you Cadwallader?"

"I think we can find not only better flannel, but fairer maids nearer home," was the aggravating reply.

"They must be fair indeed if thou be a sample of the men they fall in love with," sneered the woman. "There is no maiden in Powys but would rather have a gate post for a husband than have thee. Wert thou turned loose in the woods our men would take thee for an ape."

This sally greatly amused the crowd which had gathered around the woman's stand, and Trahaiarn and his men resumed their journey amidst much merriment at Cadwallader's expense.

"By my faith," said the latter crestfallen, "you led me into that predicament."

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

In this city, as well as lately in the cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, we are now enjoying the triumph of common sense, and of the common people, over much lack of sense, and over faddism, and many other isms in connection with the performance of operatic works. For the last eight weeks, and the triumph is still going on, we have English Opera by the Castle Square Opera Company, at Studebaker Hall, with crowded houses each time listening sweetly to, and learning patiently the power and pathos of the English words, rather than appearing owlshly wise in the empty sound of foreign languages. Heretofore we have had foretastes of a sure coming change from the condition of listening to foreign birds at \$1,000, \$1,500, and \$2,000 a night, and hearing the burden of a chorus of Italians grandmothers, when Carl Rosa, Theodore Thomas gave English Opera a number of years ago, and the Bostonians, &c., later on. Italian opera, to be sure, even now, will successfully bring out a brilliant array of dresses and diamonds, and, the clattering of tongues, lisping and otherwise. But we are much indebted to the Castle Square Opera Company for perseverance, talent, culture, enthusiasm, and success in teaching the American people that operatic singing is not less enjoy-

able and effective because we are enabled to understand the text. In addition to unqualified excellence in singing and acting, the price of admission is within reach of the middle classes—the great bulk of true lovers of music.

Of the splendid singing of Mr. Ben Davies in the "Creation" lately, Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, writes in the May 'Music:' "Mr. Ben Davies is one of those well-taught matter-of-fact English oratorio singers such as the English school knows so well how to turn out. It is a pleasure to hear him, because he is so well taught and so sure."

The writer had occasion, lately, to speak to, and question a large class of college students, and found them fearfully ig—no, "much neglected" in the matter of knowing a "wee little bit" about music, though all could sing lustily some hymn-tunes, "My Country Tis of Thee," (one verse only), and were anxious enough to get a whack at "Just One Girl," and "On the Banks of the Wabash." No student of literature can consistently and safely neglect the simple principles, and history of music and musicians. The educational world is out of joint unless music is part of its life. Music is essential to art. It is a blessing that the love of melody is universal, but the mission of music to, and in the soul, will not have its

full sway until the intellectual make up is looked after in families, schools and universities.

In relation to the last paragraph, nothing can be more appropriate than the following quotation from the critic W. J. Henderson, of New York. "It has not yet dawned on the minds of most university authorities that music has a place in the general culture of our time. It is treated as a thing apart in all schemes for musical instruction in the colleges. The university is laboring to produce lovers of art, of literature, of philosophic thought. It is quite as much a part of its business to teach the young to comprehend and to enjoy the works of Mozart and Beethoven as to revel in the luxurious English of Coleridge or the more luxurious forms of Gothic architecture."

In a recent number of the "*Drych*," the sturdy Welshman, and the veteran correspondent, Mr. D. F. Lewis, of Cleveland, O., writes sensibly on the scarcity of Welsh melodies, if we are to judge in the matter from the ordinary concert and Eisteddfod programs.

We echo his complaint that there is too much singing of the same melodies, beautiful as they are, by singers good, bad, and indifferent. It requires much vocal culture and melodic appreciation to properly render these well-known effusions of the old Welsh harpers.

There is no scarcity of melodies, but much scarcity of quest for, and study of the more than one thousand national airs that enrich our Cambrian musical literature—several of them to be found in "Songs of Wales." Allow a personal reference. In my "Song and Poesy Evenings," I have sung to my own English version of the original words, "Erddygan Hun Gwennllian," "Dwfn yw'r Mor," &c., melodies which are perfect in form, permeated with that pathos which emanates from the heart of nature, and born out of the tragic incidents that characterizes so much of our history and traditions. But, these melodies among many others seem to be totally unknown to our Welsh singer. This question deserves a special article.



THE MINSTREL'S LONGING FOR WALES.

By Shenkin Shadrach, Wilksbarre, Pa.

O, Gwalia, there's something majestic
To me in the view of thy hills;
Enchanting, indeed, is the music,
That flows from thy silvery rills.
In fancy, I see, now before me,
Thy mountains and valleys, so gay;
And yonder the primroses dancing
In bloom to the breezes of May.

In Gwalia, the songs of her warblers
Ring out from the branches all day;
The stranger he listens, enraptured—
So rich and so sweet is their lay;
And heard are the notes of the cuckoo,
In April, in May and in June;—
Her quaint voice resounds through the valleys—
Enchanting, indeed, is her tune.

No wonder, wherever I wander,
My heart for thee doth ever long,
For nature hath made thee an Eden
Of beauty, of pleasure and song;
Oh! when I must part with my treasures,
With all that I cherish on earth,
My last wish shall be to be buried
In Gwalia, sweet land of my birth.



FIELD OF LETTERS

The "Cronicl" in an instructive article on the late Thomas E. Ellis, M. P, for Merioneth, says that there is cause to believe that he sacrificed his life in the cause of Wales. It was he, undoubtedly, more than any other Welsh member, that succeeded in forcing Mr. Gladstone to recognize the fact that the question of disestablishment in Wales was imperative; and even, his funeral proved the national truth that religious inequality should not exist in a civilized community. It can be said that Mr. Ellis hastened his early death by the untiring efforts he continually put forth, aided by the Welsh members, to force upon Parliament the rights and claims of Wales in opposition to Toryism and the Church on the question of education. His labors were incessant until the early hours of the morning, determined that Wales and the Welsh members should not be subservient and subject to the will of the Tories. On that memorable night, even under the incipient attack of his mortal disease, he stood bravely to his post, until finally compelled by his friends to go home.

The April number of "Cymru" contains several entertaining articles, among which are the following: Snowdon and its associates; The Rhondda Valley; The Earthquake in India; A Remarkable Welshwoman; Verses from Nature's Bible; Education in Wales under Victoria; with several illustrations, poems, etc., etc.

Mrs. Williams, Ty Capel, Llanfair yn Nghornwy, Anglesea, is a notable character. For half a century she has kept record of all the texts of the sermons

she has heard. She has several books filled with them. She has learned by rote Dr. Charles's "Hyfforddwr," and the Welsh C. M. Confession of Faith; but the marvel of her life is the fact that she has committed to memory the whole of the Bible, completing the remarkable task when about sixty years old. She has been through her life a busy and an industrious worker, combining in her personality the commendable traits of Mary and Martha.

In Welsh literary circles a question of some interest now being discussed is the publication of a Cofiant (Life and Works) of the late Mr. Tom Ellis. It is satisfactory to learn that the family at Cynlas have resolved themselves to arrange for a Cofiant worthy of the subject, and as the account of Mr. Ellis's life and work must necessarily embrace a period of great importance in the revival of Welsh nationalism, political, social and literary, the volume will be of permanent value. It is already settled that it shall include a fair selection of Mr. Ellis's public addresses, but the final selection of editor has not yet been made. In all probability, Professor O. M. Edwards will be invited to undertake the task.—Young Wales.

The "Dysgedydd" for May is an enjoyable number. The frontispiece is a portrait of the late Thomas E. Ellis; Some of the Conditions of a Minister's Success; A Chapter of Confessions, by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool; Along the Shores of the Mediterranean, by Prof. E. Anwyl, M. A.; The Church Member with the Dead Creed—Creed and Life; A Paper on Do-nothings and

Do-alls; "Dr. John Thomas's Memoir," by the Rev. H. M. Hughes, B. A., Cardiff; Events of the Month—The Death of Tom Ellis; The House of Commons and Ritualism in the Church; Sunday Newspapers; Tercenary of Oliver Cromwell; Reviews, Correspondence, Mission Reports, &c., &c.

Is Britain to be despoiled of her Sabbath by the worshipers of Mammon? Two proprietors of London dailies have started Sunday issues of their papers, the "Telegraph" and the "Daily Mail," and as far as we can see, there is no difference between the Sunday and the every day editions. The Sunday after Easter, 700,000 of one, and 500,000 of the other were issued; and probably, they were bought by the worldly-minded, who read hardly anything but Sunday papers, and who care for nothing higher. We are glad to find that a general boycott has been inaugurated against this form of Sunday desecration, and the religious classes are disposed to withhold their support and patronage. Many news-agencies have refused to take the Sunday editions for sale; and public corporations, merchants and business men have expressed their determination not to advertise in them. So the Sunday "Telegraph" and "Mail" are doomed. The Jews who own most of the London newspapers, care very little for the Christian Sunday, it being in their estimation a mere common working day; but it is a matter of serious import whether the laboring classes are to be deprived of their only day of rest.—Dysgedydd.

The May number of "Young Wales" is largely devoted to the story of Tom E. Ellis's life and death. It opens with a poem by Sir Lewis Morris—In Memoriam: Thomas Ellis, M. P.; and followed by a series of articles. "Tom Ellis," (1) by W. Llewelyn Williams, M. A.;

(2) by Alfred Thomas, M. P.; (3) by Isambard Owen, M. D.; (4) by Albert Spicer, M. P.; (5) by Dr. Edward Jones, Dolgelley; (6) "College Reminiscences of Mr. Ellis," by Richard Jones; "Our Departed Leader," by the Editor; "At Westminster," by T. Arthemus Jones; "Another Plea for Welsh Particularism," by Henry Jones, Editor "Western Daily Mercury;" "Gwallter Mechain's Trophies," by Gwilym Hughes, Cardiff; "The Daughter of the Mill" (continued) by Annie Pierce.

D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., in his paper in the "Cerddor" on Music, hopes that the masses in Wales will devote themselves to the cultivation of instrumental music, as they have hitherto done in vocal music. It is very little help and patronage, he says, we may expect from the rich. "The growth of musical taste," as Sir Hubert Parry has said, "is not among the aristocracy, but among the people. Our rich are not a particularly musical class, and I do not expect much from them. Our great hopes are centered among the middle classes, and it is a hopeful sign that wherever they are helped and instructed to form a judgment at all, they prefer what is serious and elevating to music of an inferior kind."

Contents of the "Trysorfa" as follows: God as Creditor, and Man as Debtor, by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Porthmadog; Recollections of the Rev. Hugh Hughes, Abergele; Dr. Dale of Birmingham, by the Rev. R. H. Morgan, M. A., Upper Bangor; The Welsh of South Africa, by Dyfed; Athanasius, by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle; The Calvinistic Methodists and Temperance, by the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, M. A.; Monthly Notes by the Editor; Reviews, &c., &c.

The Editor in his "Monthly Notes" devotes a little space to the Sisterhoods

in the Church of England. These Sisters seem to act as assistants to the priests. They enter the household first, and prepare with kindness the way for the welcoming of the priest. They distribute alms, and expect humbled souls in return. The way in which they are prepared and empowered to perform their work is as follows: Firstly, the bishop blesses a candle, and places it in her hand; then her garments are taken in hand by him, and blessed with signs of the cross—"Bless and sanctify these garments so that they be to thy hand-maid a defense, &c., and a protection from the attacks of the devil. It is a mystery, how mere blessed garments may keep out the wiles of the Devil, which are spiritual. Then the robe is given to the Sister, in which she is to appear before Christ! It is hard to abstain from making light of such childish and imbecile views of spiritual matters.—Trysorfa.

In "Cwrs y Byd" for May, "The Dividing Line Between Matter and Spirit" is continued; "Penrhiwgaled," a Welsh drama is drawing to a close; "The Way of the World," by the Editor, is as readable and original as usual; The Balloon Man; Order or Disorder; Smokers and Tobacco; Obituaries, Correspondence, poems, &c., &c.

Anent Rev. C. M. Sheldon's book, "In His Steps," which is so popular in England and Wales, "Cwrs" says that the book is very simple, and although we all profess to follow Christ, there is not one among his readers who has lived in obedience to Christ's command. Two men were one day discussing the contents of the book, and were becoming so interested in the argument, when one of them drew out his tobacco pouch and was preparing to fill his pipe, when his opponent asked him seriously if he thought Christ would have done that, that is, if Christ would have smoked?

Then "Cwrs" proceeds to say that Christianizing and civilizing pagans sounds beautifully on the ordinary ear, but most of it is perfect nonsense, when it is thought the way things go in Christian lands. Pagan countries are fast being ruined with rum and whisky. The English took India, and are fast destroying it with popular Western sins. Would Christ have done like this—and this? "Cwrs" thinks not!

We welcome the "Haul" (a Welsh Church organ), which has for its mottoes the old Welsh adage, "In the face of the sun and in the eye of light," and "God's Word uppermost." The April number contains the following articles: The late David Williams, B. D., Vicar of Llanelly, and Canon of St. David's; St. David and the British Church; The Church and the Reformation; God and Nature; Charity as a Part of Church life; The Nature of Sacrifice in the Holy Sacrament, etc., etc.

"LL" in his remarks on the Blessed Sacrament in the March number, seems to take a peculiar position. He says, "The Church teaches that the Sacrament is a sacrifice," then he corrects himself by the statement that it is a "remembrance of Christ's sacrificial death." Then he makes the strange assertion that the Sacrament is a showing forth of the death of the Lord "not to the world, but to God." That is, certainly, not the Protestant view, and the Bible does not teach it. The writer halts between Popish and the Protestant opinions.

In the April number, "LL's" ritualistic views are controverted successfully, and it gives us pleasure to find the old Protestant position of the Church of England stated clearly and positively by the Rev. Evan Jones, Trefdraeth. It is astonishing the way the Ritualists are led away, and relapse into ceremonialism. They relapse so easily into a pre-

Christian state of mind, and rationalize about God's truths as if they were mere children. Take for instance the preposterous idea of the mass being a sacrifice—the pagan notion of God being influenced by the priest holding up a manufactured and a spurious imitation on behalf of the people. Having deceived themselves and their misguided and superstitious followers, the priests believe God is no wiser than themselves. It is monstrous in the face of the patent fact that the Bible teaches the truth that the death of Christ did away with the priest's work. With the death of Christ, all priesthoods disappeared, and the sooner that is believed the better for man's welfare.

Dr. Joseph Parry writes as follows of Prof. Marks Evans of Wilkesbarre, Pa., as a musical composer: "I am glad to find in my friend, Mr. Geo. Marks Evans, such proofs of progress and gifts as a composer. I have read with pleasure his 'Te Deum' and 'There is no Death,' and I discover in the former an able, varied, and devotional setting, constructive skill, a melodic vein, too scarce now-a-days, proper harmonic coloring, and with varied tempi and rhythmic elements in our tonal art. The same comments may be applied to his male chorus, 'There is no Death,' much of which I admire for its rhythmic swing, go and vigor."

Among the contents of "Cymru" for May, are the following articles: Rhondda Valley (with illustrations); Three Old Books; The College of Ffrwd Fal; A Journey Through the Snowdon District; Old Characters of Llangernyw, and an interesting miscellany. The editor relates some reminiscences of Tom Ellis. Now that the Editor has been appointed successor to Mr. Ellis,

we congratulate him heartily, hoping that he will represent "Cymru" with the same ability and affection as he has hitherto served her in a literary way. We are sure that every good Welshman will wish Mr. O. M. Edwards God speed on his political career. He is able, and he is willing to help Wales, and may other champions of the cause of our native land follow in his footsteps.

If there is one thing more than another that distinguishes the Welsh as interpreters of music, and helps to the belief that they have really musical natures as distinct from mere scholasticism in the art, it is their soulfulness—the absolutely unique way in which they enter into the spirit and design of what they sing. I remember discussing this with the late Sir Joseph Barnby, who impressed me with his enthusiasm for Welsh choruses. "They always seem to me," said he, "to sing as if they had but one mission in life, and that mission was to sing. It is the one thing that lifts Welsh choral singing into superiority—their intense earnestness." But the last year or two have revealed different views from other eminent musicians who have been called from England to adjudicate at the great "annual." It is dangerous ground to touch upon, but it is an interesting fact that the gentlemen who—I think I am right in saying so—were first to see no beauty in "intense earnestness" were Scotchmen, and however scholastically musical some may be, the Scotch as a nation are about as unmusical by nature and dramatically unmotional as a people can well be. And so there is room to doubt the wisdom of "decrying the intensity which has been the distinguishing mark of choral art in the Principality.—R. Gould Thorne in "Young Wales."

SCIENTIFIC

The best antidote for depression of spirits generally is work—work is all absorbing. The poor who drudge for a living seldom develop chronic diseases of the nerves and mind, despite the great hardships to which too many of them are subjected.

Vesuvius was recently covered with a heavy snow fall while the crater was in eruption. The sight was a very strange one; three streams of red hot lava moving at one time through the white snow.

A SWALLOW'S FLIGHT.

Some one, wishing to test the flight of a swallow, caught an untamed one that had its nest on a farm in Shropshire, England. It was taken in a cage to London, and then set free. Eighty minutes after its release it was back at its home, having traveled one hundred and forty-five miles at the rate of two a minute.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

If statistics are to be trusted, it is clear certain animals are being rapidly killed off by man, while others, if they are to maintain their ground at all against the slaughter to which their race is subjected, must increase at a rate which even sanguine naturalists may despair of seeing realised. When I read, for example, that in 1898 241,708 seals were captured (value £80,000) by steamers, and 30,000 additional by sailing vessels and shore fishermen, I begin to think of seals qualifying for the extinct category in a few years. In addition, in 1898, the Dundee fleet captured six right whales, 984 white whales, 591 walruses, 779 seals, and 80 bears. From

these 297 tons of oil and 112 cwt. of "bone" were obtained. Truly the sea is a kind of Alma Mater, in the best sense of that term, to adventurous man. But the slaughter of its tenants cannot proceed at this rate for ever.

IS POETRY PASSING?

The question, "Is poetry passing?" has received some attention lately. Mr. I. Zangwill, in a recent interview, is reported as expressing his belief that the need of poetry is not a need that the race can outgrow. The form may vary, but the substance will remain. He said: "I think poetry will survive as long as the language; that great poets will appear from time to time. The separate form is capable of such exquisite use that it will not soon be abandoned without great loss to the race."

A NEW LIGHT.

A locomotive headlight using acetylene gas has been devised by a Canadian inventor. The apparatus consists of a cylindrical cast-iron generator, five inches in diameter and twelve inches long, together with a water reservoir and condenser. The charge consists of about ten pounds of carbide, which is put in a wire basket and placed inside the generator. The water from the reservoir, dropping on the carbide, generates the gas, which is led through a small pipe in front of the reflector.

THE BIBLE AND MICROBES.

Governor Roosevelt, of New York State, has signed the bill to prevent the spread of bacterial diseases, and permitting witnesses to dispense with the

kissing of the Bible in the administration of oaths. It is very satisfactory to note that proper sanitary regulations have now reached even the police courts, where they were badly needed. For a long time, however, many of the magistrates have not used the Bible in the court room, or have warned witnesses against using it, and great credit is due to Magistrate Pool, who inaugurated the move to do away with the kissing of the Bible in court.

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MUST BE EXAMINED.

The North Dakota Senate has passed a bill requiring all applicants for marriage licenses to be previously examined by a board of physicians as to their mental and physical fitness for the marriage state. The certificates must show that they are free from hereditary diseases, with special reference to insanity and tuberculosis. The idea is to insure that the children born of future marriages shall be sound both mentally and physically. Legislation of this kind is interesting, but that is about all that can be said for it, for there is nothing to hinder the contracting parties from going over the border into adjoining States to have the ceremony performed.

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A POPULAR QUESTION.

The question of the commencement of the next century is occupying the minds of the curious, and it is widely debated whether the present century ends with the current year or with the next, 1900. It is an old saying that figures never lie, and it is true in this case. It seems utterly strange that any should argue that 1899 completes the 19th century, since the figures themselves do not state so much. The 19th century will be complete with the close of 1900. We do not know of any system of computation whereby 99 makes or completes 100. The next century cannot come in

before this is finished; and if a century means 100 years, the one hundred must be counted, before we may think of commencing the new. If a man had 100 men to count, he would not think of calling the 99th the last man. The last man would be the 100th. If we owed a man \$100, the 99th dollar would not be the last of the amount of indebtedness. No one would take \$18.99 as full payment for \$19.00; and why should we accept 1899 as completing 19 centuries?

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THE REINDEER'S FOOD.

In Sweden the food given to reindeer is "reindeer moss," a lichen highly prized by the Lapps, and which grows abundantly in the Arctic regions, almost as luxuriantly on bare rocks as in the soil. It covers extensive tracts in Lapland, making the summer landscape look like a field of snow. The domesticated reindeer are never as large as the wild ones. The domesticated Siberian reindeer are larger than those of Lapland. No care at all is taken of the deer. They thrive best by being permitted to roam in droves and obtain their own sustenance. The moss can be used as human food, the taste being slightly acid. Attempts have been made to feed hay, roots, grain, etc., to the reindeer, but they have not succeeded.

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LAUGHTER AS MEDICINE.

"Therapeutic effects of different kinds have been attributed to laughter by the gravest medical writers from Hippocrates downward. The Father of Medicine laid special stress on the importance of merriment at meals. The old physicians recommended laughter as a powerful means of 'desopilating' the spleen. Fonsagrives said that mirth is the most powerful lever of health. Tissot professes to have cured scrofulous children by tickling and making

them laugh. Durmot de Monteaux relates the strange case of a gentleman who got rid of an intermittent fever after witnessing a performance of 'Le Mariage de Figaro,' at which he had laughed consumedly. Other learned doctors state that nephritic colic, scurvy, pleurisy, and other affections are favorably influenced by laughter."

—British Medical Journal.

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NEW PROCESS OF CLEANING BED LINEN.

In a circular, the surgeon-general of the German army, Colar, in Berlin, calls the attention of the heads of the garrison hospitals to a new cleaning method, which is to be employed in future, as thorough experiments have proved it to be of advantage. According to this method, petroleum is added to the water besides soap and soda, taking as many grammes of it as there are liters of water used; e. g., 30 grammes of petroleum to 30 liters of water. This admixture of petroleum does not only admit of an easier cleaning, as well as less tear and wear on the linen, but the wash also retains its color, is thoroughly disinfected, and the expenses are considerably reduced by a saving in soap.

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EXAMPLES NEEDED.

It is recommended by "The Electrical World," that electrical people "take their own medicine" by using electric vehicles more than they do at present. It says, "We know of but one president of a local lighting company who has an automobile, yet it would seem obvious that many such dignitaries might, by setting the fashion to their own cities, stimulate greatly the consumption of 'juice.' We know of but one electrical supply or manufacturing company that handles its materials with an automobile delivery wagon. There may be

others, but they are doubtless extremely few and far between. Yet here surely is the chance by example and positive demonstration to help along the speedy coming of the new industry from which electricity is to derive an enormous development. Electrical journals may push these things on public attention; but the stimulus needed is the example of the whole electrical fraternity itself going in for automobiles. In the meantime, the manufacturers of these vehicles do not bemoan any lack of orders."

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LYNCHING DOES NOT STOP CRIME.

"There is nothing to be said in extenuation of the black crime of the negro Hose. He richly merited any punishment that could be meted out to him. If his suffering could compensate for that he had inflicted, he deserved slow torture. Or if the dread of like punishment would prevent others from committing such nameless crimes as that of Hose, then even the horrible spectacle of yesterday might be justified for the good to be accomplished.

"But experience shows that lynching does not prevent others from committing this crime, and even the burning of the wretches on several occasions has not served to put an end to these dastardly outrages. If these resorts to violent punishment had the desired effect, even the sternest stickler for law and order would scarcely protest against them. But when they fail of the end aimed at, what is accomplished by following the crime of the individual with the lawlessness of a mob?"—The Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.

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John Fiske in his book "Through Nature to God," enlarging upon the idea of Herbert Spencer that "the ultimate form of religious consciousness is the final development of a consciousness which at the outset contained a

germ of truth obscured by multitudinous errors," the author employs a new line of argument to show that the doctrine of evolution, properly understood, "does not leave the scales equally balanced between materialism and theism, but irredeemably discredits the former, while it places the latter upon a firmer foundation than it has ever before occupied. When we have once thoroughly grasped the monotheistic conception of the universe as an organic whole, animated by the omnipotent spirit of God," continues the author, "we have forever taken leave of that materialism to which the universe was merely an endless multitude of phenomena. We begin to catch glimpses of the meaning and dramatic purpose of things; at all events, we rest assured that there is really such a meaning."

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THE EXCAVATION OF BABYLON.

German archaeologists are busy with plans for the excavation of Babylon. The late Sir Austen Henry Layard, the explorer of Nineveh, was the first one to do anything in the way of excavating Babylon, then Sir Henry Rawlinson followed. The excavations, it is claimed by the Germans, were done in a half-hearted way, and they are determined that their work shall be thorough. It will be very costly, and it is estimated it will occupy five years. It will be carried on by the Orient Society jointly with the Directors of the Royal German Museum, and the leader of the expedition is Dr. Robert Koldewey, who has already had much experience in such work. The expeditions will start from Beirut going from there to Aleppo, whence they will travel by caravan to Bagdad. Babylon itself is two days' journey from Bagdad, and consists of rough mounds scattered on the banks

of the Euphrates, under which lie the ruins of a great city. The excavators will begin with the fortress which is what remains of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, where Alexander died. In addition to their excavating upon the city site proper they will investigate a number of other ruins situated near.

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THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.

"We have enlarged our conception of God until, when we use the term God to-day, we mean neither the magnified man of the Jew nor the nature of the Pantheist, but both of these and a greater idea than either merged together. And when we speak of man we have larger thoughts than any people who preceded us. Take the Hindu religion; it despises man as man, sees no glory in him. It divides the race up into castes, in which one man has the right to despise another. Take the Jewish religion: it had some idea of brotherhood, but it was like the brotherhood of our secret societies of to-day; it included a few people bound together in one nation, and it regarded everybody outside of that bond as ignorant of God and morality. When we come to the Christian, we have something larger than a national bond, people of all nations were taken into fellowship. But it was still a brotherhood only of those who came in, and the people outside were not regarded as children of God or in any real sense as brothers and sisters one of another. The new religion of which we are spelling out the words to-day is something larger and grander; it will be content with nothing less than a brotherhood of all men, in the closest and holiest bond, as sons and daughters of the Eternal Living God."—Rev .B. F. Mills.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Dr. Joseph Parry's specially selected Concert and Operatic American Tour is going to be a great musical attraction during August, September and October, and according to present prospects, will be a great success. This will be the greatest combination of Welsh artists that has ever visited the United States. Among the artistes are Madame Ashworth Hughes, Principal Manchester Concerts; Miss Hannah Jones, the Patey of Wales, Principal Albert and Patti Concerts, &c.; Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, Principal Tenor Crystal Palace, and Queen's Hall, London; and Mr. Meurig James, Winner Evill Goldberg and Leslie Crotty Prizes at Royal Academy, London. Musical Director, Dr. Joseph Parry; Accompanist, D. M. Parry. Programmes consist of (1) Operatic Recitals in costume of "Blodwen," "Sylvia" and "Arianwen;" (2) Grand Miscellaneous Concert; (3) Grand Sunday Sacred Concert. General Agent, Mendelssohn Parry, c/o Gomer Thomas, Esq., Danville, Pa.

Welshmen attain eminence as doctors and preachers, and great financial success as drapers.

When George Borrow proposed an excursion into Wales, about fifty years ago, his wife objected, because such a tour was unfashionable.

Calvinistic Methodist are so strong in numbers in Anglesey that they practically control the whole island. The monthly meeting is the bench of magistrates, and the county council, and

make up more than half the police committee. The policeman gets a happy time over there.

The Rev. Benjamin Thomas, a Welsh clergyman in London, has made the discovery that old Vicar Prichard of Llandovery, author of "Canwyll y Cymry," was a High Churchman.

A Welshman who once lived in the Argentine Republic says that the only sincere words of praise he ever heard uttered by a foreigner in favor of that country were spoken by an Irish washerwoman, who, speaking professionally, of course, declared the Argentine to be "a foine dryin' counthry, anyway."

An English musician was looking over a Welsh tune-book. He could understand most of the names of the composers, but there was one among them, the one he liked best of all, he wished to know more about. He was (he said) Alo Jimridge. It was found to be "Alaw Gymreig" ("Welsh Air")—our truly national composer.

The first Welsh grammar was published at Milan early in the second half of the 16th century. The Principality has had another grammar from the Continental Press, written by a learned German scholar named Dr. Sattler. This book, said by some to be the best grammar of Welsh extant, consists of 418 pages, and its price is 11s.

The early editions of George Borrow are much sought after by collectors, and

fetch fairly good prices. The rarest of his books is the three volume edition of "Wild Wales," which does not often turn up for sale. The other editions are all unattractive by reason of the small type, printed in double columns. There ought to be a demand for a good edition of "Wild Wales," which was first published in 1862.

A monument to the memory of John Elias o Fon has been decided upon. This year is the hundredth anniversary of the advent of the great Welsh divine to Anglesey, and will be commemorated in the manner indicated. This will be the third monument erected by the Welsh Methodists, the first being that of Charles o'r Bala, and the second that of Daniel Rowlands of Llangeltho.

Literary workers in Wales come largely from the industrial classes. Mr. J. Byrnach Davies, the translator into Welsh of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Pabo the Priest," is a shoemaker, and lives in Llanfyrnach, in Pembrokeshire. Mr. Davies, who does all his literary work after a hard day's work at the lapstone, has made his mark in the eisteddfod.

A policeman who doesn't understand a word of English has been sworn in at Carnarvon. The oath was administered in Welsh, and the officer gave his replies in the vernacular. This is the test which would have sadly bothered King Edward when he met the clamor of the Welshmen by bringing out his new-born babe at Carnarvon Castle, and saying, "Here is a prince for you who can't speak one word of English."

Wales has produced, not only a literary policeman in Police-constable Ashton, the bibliographer, but an artist policeman in Police-constable T. Jones, now in the Leeds Police. Jones has just had a picture accepted by the com-

mittee of the Royal Academy. It is a moonland scene. The painter himself describes it as broad in treatment, and says that he has made a specialty of the cloud effects. This is the first year he has tried to get into the R. A.

Mr. O. M. Edwards will be the first duly accredited Calvinistic Methodist preacher to enter Parliament. It is true that "Mabon" is also a popular preacher, but then "Mabon," like the gifted lady "Cranogwen," is an irregular, whom no Monthly Meeting has authorised. We understand that one Methodist Church in Glamorganshire is already arranging to have these two members of Parliament to its next annual preaching festival.

Cardiganshire, though the most typically Welsh of all the counties of Wales, is better off than any of them from an educational point of view. It has four or five intermediate schools, one university college, and one college-university. It has also about half a dozen weekly newspapers, and two or three monthlies—a better record than any other Welsh county can show. Glamorgan's record may loom bigger, but, then, that county has six times the population of Cardiganshire.

Sir William Roberts, the distinguished physician, has died at his London residence in his 70th year. He was a native of Anglesey, and commenced practice in Manchester, being for some time consulting physician to the Royal Infirmary of that city, and Professor of Clinical Medicine in Owens College. He removed to London in 1889, four years after being knighted, and took his place as a leading member of the Medico-Chirurgical and other societies. In 1893 he was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Opium.

Festiniog is the stronghold of North

Wales Methodism, and the county of Merioneth is, perhaps, the most Methodist county in Wales, barring Anglesey. The Corff has made vast strides in Meirion during the last 55 years. Taking the western portion only, we find that the membership of the churches has increased from 2,904 in 1854 to 8,919 in 1899. The Sunday School has now 11,335 members, as against 6,165, and the adherents 15,373, as compared with 8,182. The total collections are £11,630, as against £1,821, and the average subscription per member now ranges in Festiniog from £1 6s. to £2 10s. There is, however, another aspect to the question. In 1854 the total debt on the chapels was £221; to-day it is £19,943.

New Quay has contributed its share to the mission field. The first missionaries to Madagascar, the Revs. D. Jones and — Bevan, were from the immediate neighborhood, and the following are to-day serving the missionary cause:—The Rev. W. Jenkyn Jones, B. A., and his brother, Mr. E. Jones, at Brittany; the Rev. J. Ceredig Evans, on the Khassia Hills; and the Rev. D. Picton Jones, who is now in this country engaged on a translation of the Gospels into the hitherto unwritten language of the natives of the district round Lake Tanganyika.

Miss Mary Owen (Mrs. Ellis Griffiths), in her very able paper on "Welsh Folk Music," now incorporated in the Transactions of the Cymmrodorion Society, advances a theory concerning the temperament of the old Welsh which will be new to many readers. Miss Mary Owen holds that "our ancestors were not sad and mournful as they are sometimes supposed to have been. Though the untoward fate of their country accounts for the note of sadness in many old Welsh songs, I believe the Welsh were a merry and a vivacious people. All this has changed now, and how far

the religious revival in Wales had this effect it is difficult to determine."

Gwydyr Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of York were staying recently, as the guests of Lord Carrington, is one of the finest historical mansions in the country. It is generally described as an Elizabethan building, but many parts of it are clearly older than the "spacious times" of the sixteenth century. No attempts has been made to modernise the interior, which, with its low-roofed rooms, oaken floors, ceilings, and furniture, is still practically in its original condition. One of the rooms contains a bed which was occupied both by Queen Elizabeth and Charles I., Queen Elizabeth in the course of a tour in 1568, and Charles I. when he fled to Wales after the Battle of Chester. The castle has been in the possession of Lord Carrington since 1896.

The following notice appeared in the "Baner ac Amserau Cymru:" "The Cambrian" for May, a monthly magazine in the English language, published by Thomas J. Griffiths, Utica, N. Y. Not often we see a more attractive publication. The opening article is "The Welsh Barony," by Joseph L. Jones of Philadelphia, containing the substance of an address delivered on St. David's Day, and very interesting. But to us, very naturally, the most delightful is the article entitled "The Grand Old Man of Wales," by Cambrensis. In this excellent sketch, the life and character of Mr. Thomas Gee are treated with much fairness. We do not know who "Cambrensis" is, but it is evident that he is conversant with the story of Mr. Gee, and, withal, a great admirer of him. Cambro-Americans who knew Mr. Gee know, also, that the picture is true. The article is also illustrated by several cuts. In this number, also, is a great variety of entertaining and instructive material."

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

O. M. EDWARDS, M. P.

O. M. Edwards who succeeds the late Tom E. Ellis as member for Merioneth, was born at Llanuwchllyn on the 25th of December, 1859. His father is a

teacher there for two years, it is also said that he was ignorant of the English language until he was at an age when most boys leave the elementary school. Strange as this will appear to people unacquainted with Welsh coun-



O. M. Edwards, M. P.

small farmer on the Wynnstay Estate, and his mother is a woman of strong personality. Mr. Edwards is the eldest of four sons. Professor Edward Edwards, a brother, is one of the most popular members on the staff of the University College of Wales. Another brother was on the staff of Barmouth County School. Though he is said to have been educated in the village school at Llanuwchllyn, and to have been pupil

try life it is not at all singular, for the little English learnt in school is forgotten in the home where Welsh alone is spoken, and many children in the country districts pass the sixth or even the seventh standard, and are not only then incapable of expressing themselves in English, but have instilled into them a dislike and suspicion of the Saxon and all things that are his. This fact makes Mr. Edwards's subsequent career

all the more creditable to him. In his youth he was a great reader of the Welsh Bible and of Welsh theological works and biology. After leaving the elementary school, he went on to the Grammar School at Bala, where Mr. T. E. Ellis was also a scholar, and then entered the College of Bala founded for the training of ministers for the Calvinistic Methodist connexion, which was then under the guidance of Dr. Lewis Edwards, the celebrated Welsh divine. There he remained for five years, and so great was his aptitude for learning that in the fifth year he was engaged as a lecturer.

It seems that at first he intended entering the Calvinistic Methodist ministry which in those days afforded almost the only acceptable career for the gifted sons of Welsh farmers. The University College of Wales at Aberystwyth had been established some seven or eight years previously, and by 1880 was opening the eyes of young Welshmen to wider and more varied careers, not only in Wales, and not only in England, but throughout the British Empire and the English-speaking countries of the world. Mr. T. E. Ellis, a fellow student at Aberystwyth, commenced his career as private secretary to influential Englishmen of business and without, perhaps, aiming for it, ultimately found opportunity to enter Parliament and to embark on a distinguished political career. Mr. S. T. Evans and Mr. Ellis Jones Griffith, also students at Aberystwyth, became barristers with chambers in London, and ultimately a seat in the House of Commons. The bent of Mr. O. M. Edwards's mind was probably educational. Winning a scholarship at Aberystwyth of £15 per annum in 1880, he went to Aberystwyth with the intention of taking the University of London degree, which was then the main aim of the students. Prize after prize fell to his lot, as well as the modern languages scholarship, showing that a Welsh stu-

dent can beat English students in their own language and on their own ground, which fact was accentuated in a remarkable manner by his passing in 1882, when he was but twenty-three years of age, the intermediate B. A. examination of the University of London, standing first in all England in English honors. When at Aberystwyth, Mr. Edwards occupied a pulpit nearly every Sunday, in addition to doing hard mental work on the six other days of the week.

In 1883, he took the London B. A. degree, and then as many other Welsh ministers had done before him, proceeded to Scotland, where at Glasgow University he studied philosophy under Caird, and English literature under Nichol. He remained at Glasgow for one session only, but at the end of that session he was placed in the first position in each subject. In the autumn of 1884 he proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford. While an undergraduate his career was a succession of triumphs. After keen competition he gained the Brackenbury history scholarship; in 1886 he carried off the Stanhope prize for an English essay; in 1887 he took the Lothian prize, and a first class in the history school; the following year he took the Arnold prize for an essay on "The History of the Protestant Reformation in France," thus performing the unprecedented feat of winning the three great history "blue ribands" of Oxford. His success immediately attracted towards him the attention of the College authorities, and during his career as a student Dr. Jowett, the master of Balliol College, and all the Balliol dons took the kindest interest in him. Most of the students who are anxious to obtain a high place in their examination spend four years as undergraduates, but Mr. Edwards was an undergraduate for three years only.

Having succeeded to this degree, he went for change and rest to the Con-

inent, and from thence first attracted the attention of his countrymen by publishing a series of letters in remarkably pure and picturesque Welsh in the organ of the Methodists for North Wales. On his return to Oxford, he was made lecturer in history in Balliol; then lecturer in Corpus Christi; in 1889 he was elected to a fellowship and a tutorship in Lincoln College; and next he was appointed lecturer for Trinity College. He also became lecturer on literature for the three women's halls, and gave private lessons to pupils of conspicuous ability.

On Dr. T. C. Edwards resigning the principalship of the University College of Wales, many Welshmen looked to Mr. O. M. Edwards as his successor. It was understood that Mr. Edwards was induced by Dr. Jowett not to leave Oxford where he said he would without doubt attain ultimately high position. In after years, however, Mr. Edwards sought the chief inspectorship of Welsh intermediate schools in order probably to be more in touch with his native country. Nevertheless, while in Oxford he published various periodicals in the Welsh language with the object of elevating Wales on its past or, as it is expressed in Welsh, "Codi'r hen wlad yn ei hol." He also published an English monthly magazine entitled "Wales," but ultimately abandoned it as well as a Welsh quarterly which was published at a shilling. He has likewise compiled text books for Welsh intermediate schools; was entrusted by Mr. Gladstone's Government to report on the state of education in Wales; and was engaged by an English publishing firm to write the history of Wales for "The Story of the Nations" series.—*Cambrian News*.

—o:o—

Mr. John Edwards, of Festiniog, now studying under the portrait-painter Bonnat at the Academie des Beaux Arts, Paris, has had a work accepted

for the Salon of this year. Mr. Edwards is only 24 years of age, and his capabilities are highly spoken of.

The late Mr. J. O. Jones ("Ap Ffarmwr") was a native of Dwyran, Anglesey. It was a pious wish of his to be buried in the land of his fathers, and he now sleeps in peace in the little churchyard where he played in his childhood.

Archdeacon Bruce says he has the original copy of the famous old song about "Tany the Welshman," and he gives assurance that the word now used as "thief" is "chief" in the original—"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a chief." So far, so good; we hope the archdeacon will now explain away that awkward incident about the leg of beef.

It is not generally known that the late Lord Aberdare was proficient in Welsh, and could readily translate even Welsh poetry into English. His translation of "Y Bardd a'r Gwew" (The Bard and Cuckoo) was published in "Y Cymrodor" some years ago.

Miss Winifred L. Jones, the authoress of "In and About Monterey," in our present number, is the talented daughter of the Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, D. D., of Utica, N. Y., a staunch and constant friend and patron of the "Cambrian." Miss Jones has already distinguished herself in her studies, is a proficient scholar, and has a bright future before her.

"The Lovely Land of Wales," a part of which was used in the last "Cambrian" without due credit to the author, is from the pen of our able countryman, Mr. Taliesin Evans of the "San Francisco Chronicle." The poem appeared in the "British Californian" in a report of last St. David's meeting in San Francisco, where Mr. Evans delivered a patriotic address.

One of the most heroic figures that flit across the horizon of Indian warfare in recent years is that of a young soldier who may be regarded (says the "South Wales Daily Post") as a native of the Aberdare Valley, the Hon. C. G. Bruce, of the 5th Ghurkas, the son of the late Lord Aberdare, and the brother of the present peer. In the fighting on the Northwestern frontier it was his daring band of Ghurka stalkers who put a check to the night "sniping" from which the British soldiers suffered so severely. Captain Younghusband, the famous explorer of unknown lands in Asia, has devoted more than one paragraph to the resource and daring of young Bruce, and Sir George Robertson, the political officer at Chitral during the famous siege, in his fascinating work just issued, "The Story of Minor Sieges," bears the same kind of testimony to the merits of the Ghurka officer. He alludes to Bruce as an officer "famous all over the frontier for muscularity, and his power of influencing Orientals. He proved his ability in innumerable ways," observes Sir George Robertson, when dealing with the expedition that relieved the plucky garrison of Chitral.

The late Mr. Ellis at the time of his death was engaged in editing one of our old Welsh books, and Dr. Emrys Jones, Manchester, relates that when the late Chief Whip was passing the last proof sheets he said, "Poor Morgan Llwyd, how sad to die at 40." Within a week he too passed away, and we might now say, "Poor Tom Ellis, how sad to die at 40."

Mrs. Gladstone, the "Whitehall Review" says, has decided not to go abroad this spring. She is very much improved in spirits, and, although feeble, is in fair health. She pathetically tells

her friends that the light has gone out of her life, and her only ambition is to join her late husband. Like the Queen, Mrs. Gladstone retains her sight in a remarkable manner, and knits with as much energy as when she was twenty years younger.

The other day there died at Amlwch, in Anglesey, Thomas Griffith, who was the boatswain of the ill-fated Royal Charter at the time of her disastrous wreck in the Red Wharf Bay. He was the last survivor of the 30 who were saved from that terrible wreck, Joseph Rodgers, the gallant seaman who saved 30 lives, having been buried a few weeks ago.

Mr. Jones is the great man in Llanfyllin, a little town in Montgomeryshire. In the town council particularly Mr. Jones is everybody. The mayor is Mr. C. R. Jones; next come Alderman J. Jones, and Alderman C. R. Jones, while of councillors there are T. R. Jones, R. H. Jones, and R. Jones, and the medical officer is also a Mr. Jones. A patient collector of quaintnesses says that on twenty Welsh town councils there are 46 Joneses, 33 Davieses, 23 Williamses, 19 Evanses, 16 Hugheses, and 16 Thomases.

The late Rev. D. S. Davies, of Carmarthen, judging by Dr. Pan Jones's account of him, may be said to have lived for many years with water, metaphorically speaking, on his brain. He was an inveterate enemy of baptism by immersion, and spent his lifetime and a small fortune in combatting (as he called it) heresy. He once paid three guineas for a small Greek book which would go into his waistcoat pocket. In his study there were whole bookshelves filled with nothing but works on baptism.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

A Welsh clergyman who joined the ministry of one of the Free Churches was recently asked why he had made the change, and in reply said, "In the Free Church the preacher always gets right down to business, but in the Episcopalian Church he takes an hour or so to read the minutes of the last meeting."

—o:o— WHITE HANDS.

There is only one kind of hand which I dislike—the "white hand" so common in fiction, and, I am sorry to say, in fact also. It always reminds me of trotters. It is ghostly, it is not natural, and it is produced artificially by being made to perspire under cover. Many women have it. It is an odious blemish.—London Truth.

—o:o— A CURIOUS POSTAL SYSTEM.

In certain parts of Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, a very informal postal service is in vogue. As the mail steamer reaches a landing place, a man goes ashore with the letters, which he places in an unlocked box on the pier. Then the passer-by who expects a letter opens the box, turns over the letters, and selects his own, unquestioned by anybody.

—o:o— THE KANSAS BOYS.

In a letter home one of the Kansas boys in Manila says that when General Miller was organizing his expedition to Iloilo he asked General Otis to assign the Twentieth Kansas to his command,

giving as a reason that the men had been under his command in San Francisco, that he knew them and had confidence in them, and believed they would stand their ground in any fight. "That settles it," said General Otis. "I need them here."

—o:o— IMITATING THE MUSIC OF A CASCADE.

Certain tribes on the Amazon have been fascinated by the music of the waterfall. Musical instruments were found in use among them consisting of a complicated mechanism by which water was poured from one bowl into another, in imitation of the cascade, and then returned by the receiving bowl into the vessel which had poured it, so that by a repetition of this mechanism a constant murmur of a cascade could be kept up so long as the audience desired or the player was able to perform it.—Good Words.

—o:o— MOST CURIOUS CLOCK.

One of the most curious clocks in the world is that which Amos Lane of Amidee, Nev., constructed some time ago. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands and lever, is connected with a geyser, which shoots out an immense column of hot water every 38 seconds. This spurting never varies to the tenth of a second, and therefore a clock properly attached to it cannot fail to keep correct time. Every time the water spouts up it strikes the lever and moves the hands forward 38 seconds.

SLEEPING MACHINES.

Experiments have been made recently with some curious devices in the shape of "sleep machines." Sleep will sometimes result from fatigue of the eyes. Looking at trees or other objects as we rush along in the train will frequently "send us off."

An ingenious gentleman has produced a machine for this purpose. It is a box surmounted by two fan-like panels, one above the other, revolving horizontally in opposite directions. These panels are studded with mirrors that throw upon the retina a vibrating flood of twinkling light.

—o:o—

GREAT LOVERS OF WATER.

The Siamese are more devoted to the water than any other nation in the world. They are nearly always bathing, generally with their clothes on, and they never go anywhere by land if they can possibly go by water. The streets of Bangkok are like those of Venice, and the inhabitants say that their idea of paradise would be a town with canals where there were currents in both directions, so that they might be spared the effort of rowing.

—o:o—

A HORSE WITH SPECTACLES.

Among the wonders of Surrey, which is a suburb of London, is a horse that wears spectacles. He wears them for a purpose, too, for his eyesight is so dim that he can't see a yard in front of his nose unless he has on his "specs." Toby goes about his daily duties calmly. He had suffered from myopia for two years. Veterinary surgeons recommended some kind of glasses. Toby got them, and wears them. He owns the unique distinction of being the only four-footed animal in the world equipped with spectacles.—Boston Advertiser.

A SINGULAR STATEMENT.

The movement for the study of the Irish language in Ireland has met an obstacle in the opposition of a number of prominent Irish educators, among whom are Dr. Mahaffy and Dr. Atkinson, both of Dublin University. Dr. Atkinson is regarded as the greatest living authority on the Irish language and literature, and might have been expected to favor the proposed renaissance, but he takes the surprising ground that the mass of extant Irish literature, including the modern folklore, is too indecent for popular teaching.

—o:o—

A MODEL REPUBLIC.

Switzerland is the least illiterate as well as the most truly prosperous country in the world. She is, in fact, the only republic, for the people make the laws. Her government is of the people. In Switzerland, to work with your hands is honorable—manual training for both boys and girls is a part of the public school system. Switzerland has no navy, for the same reason that Bohemia has not, and while every man is a soldier, yet three weeks' service every year is only a useful play spell. In Switzerland there is no beggary and little vice. Everywhere life and property are safe. The people are healthy and prosperous and happy.

—o:o—

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

The teacher of a school in the rural districts assigned each pupil the task of writing an original story.

On the day when the stories were read a bright little towhead arose and started in as follows:

"On the green slope of a mountain stood a first class Jersey cow, with three legs."

"That won't do, Johnnie," interrupted the teacher. "You are one leg short."

"No I ain't," replied the future author. "You don't wait to git my plot, which is that a railroad train cut off one leg, and the owner of the cow got \$3,000 damages, and moved his whole family to Paris in time for the exposition where the girls will be married to rich Frenchmen and die happy afterward."

—o:o—

BABIES IN CHINA.

When a Chinese baby takes a nap, people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk, perhaps. If the nap is a very long one, the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far away, and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never waken. Sometimes men are sent out on the street to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home. If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So, whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping along after them.

—o:o—

WHERE THE HOSE ATROCITY OCCURRED.

The town of Newnan, Ga., forty miles from Atlanta, is one of the most interesting little cities in the State. It is the county site of Coweta, and contains something like 5,000 people. It is surrounded by a pretty farming country, and is situated upon a hill which gives it a picturesque appearance. It is not a new town, and is one of the wealthiest and most cultured communities in Georgia. In proportion to population it is the sixth wealthiest town in the State, and ranks sixteenth in the United States. It is a place of old families, of

comfortable homes, of beautiful trees and handsome churches. The people are eminently religious, and give liberally of their means to support congregations and erect elegant sanctuaries.

—o:o—

NOTHING NEW.

Attention is directed to the fact that not even wireless telegraphy is new under the sun. It is asserted that as long ago as 1746 a man named Winckler proved that it was possible to transmit electric signals several feet without connections of any kind. In the following year, Dr. Watson, bishop of Mandaff, transmitted electricity through the water of the Thames, so that the shocks were felt at a receiving station on the opposite shore. In 1748, Benjamin Franklin made a similar experiment across the Schuylkill River. Others made experiments of the same sort in later years. But the fact remains that these men accomplished nothing practical or useful in that particular line. One who develops an idea is entitled to greater credit than he that originates it, but knows not how to produce useful results from it.

—o:o—

TALKING WITH FOREIGNERS.

"I am frequently amused," said a gentleman who notices things, "in remarking the tendency of most people to raise the voice when addressing a foreigner who has an imperfect knowledge of the language. The impression seems to be that the louder one yells the more likely one is to be understood, whereas the proper way to speak to a foreigner is to use a low, distinct tone, and, above all, pronounce each word separately. What makes any strange language hard to understand is the habit which natives fall into of running the last syllable of one word into the first of the next.

"For instance, you might make a sound like this, 'Ice awm is terb lanket

ooday,' and while I would know perfectly well that you said, 'I saw Mr. Blank to-day,' no Frenchman or German, even with a good theoretical knowledge of the tongue would have the faintest idea what you were driving at. Then, the chances are, you proceed to repeat the sentence faster and faster and louder and louder, and go away marveling at the stupidity of our cousins across the pond."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

—o:o—

RUDYARD KIPLING'S METHODIST ANCESTRY.

It is well known that Rudyard Kipling is of Methodist ancestry, but it is not as well known that both his father and mother are children of the Methodist manse. His paternal grandfather was the Rev. Joseph Kipling. I remember him well, for when I was in my teens he was second minister in "our circuit." He was a good, devoted man, and much respected. But he was as plain as a pikestaff in appearance, dress, type of mind, preaching, and everything. He belonged to a well-to-do Cumberland farming family. The brilliancy of the grandson did not come from him. His son, John Lockwood Kipling, was educated at our Ministers' Sons School, Woodhouse Grove. He married Alice Macdonald, daughter of the Rev. George B. Macdonald, also a Wesleyan minister. I knew him fairly well. He was a man of very unusual gifts, brimful of poetry, wit and eloquence. If Rudyard Kipling got his name from his paternal grandfather, he undoubtedly got his brilliancy from his maternal grandfather.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.

—o:o—

FUNNY TOOTHACHE CURES.

Before the days of dentists, and when people generally believed in the value of charms, there were ever so many mysterious ways of preventing tooth-

ache. One of these was to dress the right side of the body first—right stocking, right shoe, right sleeve, right glove. A favorite plan in Scotland was to draw a tooth, salt it well and burn it in full view on glowing coals. In Cornwall many save their teeth by biting the first young ferns that appear.

The custom of catching a common ground mole, cutting off the paws while the little creature still lives, and wearing them, is traced to Staffordshire, England. Some people who are fond of exercise believe that walking 12 miles—no more, no less—to get a splinter of the toothache tree that grows particularly well in Canada and Virginia will drive away the worst ache and pain that ever tortured a poor tooth.

The belief that toothache is caused by a worm at the roots is prevalent in many parts of the world; hence this cure: Reduce several different kinds of herbs—the greater variety the better—to a powder. Put a glowing cinder into this powder and inhale the incense. Afterward breathe into a cup of water and the worm will be gone forever.

—o:o—

At the annual meeting of the Council of the Free Churches of North Wales, held at Corwen, Dr. Owen Davies, of Carnarvon, referred at considerable length to difficulties which the Baptist denomination feel in regard to joining the Council of the Free Churches on account of their view of regarding close communion. Dr. Davies stated that all the Welsh Baptist churches without exception held the close communion views, and the executive of the North Wales Council had decided that this was one of the subjects upon which the Council could not ask co-operation. Dr. Davies hoped that the resolution which had been passed would remove all difficulties, and that the Baptists would in future be foremost in their support of the Free Churches Union.

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Invitation!

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❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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THOUGHT IN SONG.

Prof. H. W. Jones, Topeka, Kan.

Music has ever been a powerful factor either for good or for evil. It has often wrought when other means have failed. It has nerved the soldier for battle, and again, it has lulled to rest the billows of passion, and made brethren of foes. Now it whispers of things divine, or thunders forth the hallelujahs of right triumphant; or ever it may be devilish in its insinuation, or openly blasphemous in its trifling with the most sacred of human instincts. The powers of darkness realize fully as well as the angels of light the attractiveness of well adapted music, and this class of music is not to be heard alone in church or opera, but also in the saloon, the dance hall, and other mechanisms of evil. Each institution uses the class of music that will best further its purpose—at least theoretically this is true.

The power of music lies not in the instrument, nor yet in the personality of the performer, or singer, save as each may have the ability to ex-

press such thought as is contained in what is rendered. There is, or should be, back of every composition some thought in the mind of the composer, which he has chosen thus to express. Some think in rhythm and words; we call them poets. Some think in rhythm and tones; we call them musicians. Some think, but not in rhythm nor tone; we call them prose writers. The basis of whatever is produced is, or should be, thought, and neither words nor tones which are devoid of thought will ever move the world. No performer on earth is able to make effective much of the so-called popular music, for the thought contained is at a minimum. It has always been a little difficult to obtain anything substantial from vacuum.

One very obvious reason for the power that lies in effective song is that thought is involved in our melody and in the words. There is either agreement or disagreement entire or partial between the thought

expressed in the melody and that expressed in the words. If music and words are adapted more or less perfectly to each other, the combined, or reinforced thought is stronger than that of either alone, and there is thus an advantage in song. If words and music are not adapted to each other, there results a cancellation of thought. Each neutralizes the other, and the combination is weaker than either alone. If there be no advantage in a combination, it were better far that each element should stand on its own merits as a poem, or a song without words. There are melodies which no words will enrich; there are words to which music can add no power. The indiscriminate combination of melodies and poems is one of the causes that conduce to that "tired feeling" of which a thoughtful musical public frequently and justly complain. Think of a congregation singing, in the minor key, of the glory and happiness of the New Jerusalem, or of the agony of Christ on the Cross in major, double quick-march time. Reflect on the probable fate of that youth who would serenade his thoughtful sweetness by expressing his tender emotion in a melody which might well serve as a rallying song for a victorious football team. He should be ostracized together with his friend who wrote a slumber song with full orchestra and brass band accompaniment. True these may be extreme cases, but unfortunately they are not fictitious. Much of our church music is

open to this criticism, and many of the songs used in the Sabbath schools are magnificent illustrations of "musical misfits." Interspersed among hymns and tunes which are worthy to live as long as the race are others, utterly devoid of value either literary or musical, of sickly sentiment, of doubtful rhyme, of variegated metre, and of deformed feet. They sell and are sung probably on the theory that songs are judged by the company they keep, and, while the really worthy songs give respectability to a book, those less worthy furnish the publisher with "padding." Happily, there are some signs of improvement in all this. Nor should it be inferred that sacred music is more faulty than other kinds, for—but tell it not in Gath—one frequently encounters a misfit even in such foreign and "cake walk" songs as are sung by Sig. Gasolini and Sig. Pickaninni respectively—two gentlemen, by the way, who are loved unwisely but too well by the American people.

In the hurry of business, we are apt to think that real value and commercial value are synonymous. The song that sells readily is not always the best song. The dime novel sells more readily than the Bible in some communities, and among some classes. Whisky often sells more readily than flour, but the real value of each is immeasurably different from the other. Art can not be reduced to a money basis. The world's best songs—those that have stood the test of time—were not written for a prize.

The grandest painters did not paint according to their pay. In art, reward, here or hereafter, comes for service; in business, service comes for a reward. The value of a song is not to be measured by the popularity of the composer, nor, alas, in the number who sing it. Rather does its worth consist in what it does to make the world brighter and better —in what it has of thought, matured and well wrought out. A thoughtless song well sung is effort wasted; a thoughtful song sung thoughtlessly is labor lost; but a thoughtful song sung thoughtfully carries therewith a message, for good or evil, upon which may hang the fate of a nation, or the eternal destiny of a race.



THE WAR-SONG OF DINAS VAWR.

By Thomas Love Peacock.

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
 But the valley sheep are fatter;
 We therefore deem'd it meeter
 To carry off the latter.
 We made an expedition;
 We met an host and quell'd it;
 We forced a strong position
 And kill'd the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
 Where herds of kine were browsing,
 We made a mighty sally,
 To furnish our carousing.
 Fierce warriors rush'd to meet us;
 We met them, and o'erthrew them;
 They struggled hard to beat us,
 But we conquer'd them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
 The king march'd forth to catch us;
 His rage surpass'd all measure,
 But his people could not match us;
 He fled to his hall-pillars;
 And, ere our force we led off,
 Some sack'd his house and cellars,
 While others cut his head off.

THE CAMBRIAN.

We there in strife bewildering,
 Spilt blood enough to swim in;
 We orphan'd many children
 And widow'd many women.
 The eagles and the ravens
 We glutted with our foemen;
 The heroes and the cravens,
 The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle.
 And much their land bemoan'd them,
 Two thousand head of cattle
 And the head of him who own'd them;
 Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
 His head was borne before us;
 His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
 And his overthrow our chorus.



THE OBSERVATORY.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

Attending the meetings of the B. Y. P. U. at Taylor, Pa., the other day, a young lady accosted me in a kindly manner with—"We very seldom see you any more, but we commune with you occasionally, for we take the 'Cambrian' now."

This set me thinking somewhat, the conclusion of which was, that now and again I should note down some observations in these columns which would at least attempt to be of peculiar interest to the fair sex.

Let many more of the wives and daughters of Cambro-Americans take the "Cambrian," and I am certain of two things as a result—the men will at once take more interest in it, and the "Cambrian" itself will soon develop so as to be second to

no other magazine of its kind in the land.

First of all, it strikes me that to be pretty and beautiful is a condition that never lags in interest with the younger portion of the better half of the race, if indeed at any period of their life, and especially so while on the sunny side of middle age, the demarcation line of which should always be with them at fifty.

The woman who is indifferent to her looks is short of a vital element essential to true womanhood. And the bachelor who remarked the other day on seeing a young woman steaming her face—"If I had a wife and saw her doing that, I would at once apply for a divorce," sadly lacks in true conception of the philosophy

of woman's life, if indeed, he is not a pronounced cynic.

* * * *

Learn to be beautiful. Some will doubtless grin and scoff at the idea, nevertheless, the thoughtful will readily recognize this to be infinitely more practicable and profitable than many of the tomfooleries incumbent upon the students of the present day. God meant woman to be attractive, to look well, to please, and it is one of her duties to carry out as far as possible this intention of her maker. But that steaming, powdering, crimping, cosmetics and dress are to do it all, and to suffice, is more than we can be brought to believe in our present status of mind.

What then are the essentials? What is the line of procedure which must be undertaken in order to realize the accomplishment? The walk the movements of the body, and above all, the expression of the face particularly the eyes are the visible exponents of beauty, while at the same time these are the fruit of the mind, the temper, the intellect, the spirit. The training then must of necessity be first and foremost in the sphere of mind and spirit, and consequently, the soundest and most profound doctrine in matters of the toilet is that, based upon scientific research, which places the inward man first and pre-eminent, while the outward takes the second rank and is esteemed as an essential appendage.

* * * *

The cultivation of inward graces and of the mind is the most potent

cause and agent of beautifying physical effects. And just because we love to see girls look well, as well as live to some purpose, we would urge upon such a course of reading and study as will confer such charms as no modiste can possibly supply. The power of education to beautify is such that it will absolutely chisel the features; many a thick pair of lips, clumsy looking noses, and plain features in general have been so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment as to be unrecognizable. And the fact that so many people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened summer of good looks and mellow tones, must indisputably be attributed to this. Again, there are no sources of more deleterious effects upon some of the vital organs of the body, and consequently, directly affecting the circulation, as anger, worry, fretfulness and malice. The subduing of these tendencies and the cultivation of the inward graces, is therefore obligatory if only for the complexion's sake! Add to this cultivation a brave endurance of the ills which befall you on the pilgrimage of life, and youth itself will be freshened and prolonged far beyond the usual time. The sophisticated young woman will probably scorn the advice which instructs her to regard ruling her temper and cultivating a charitable spirit in the line of cosmetics and toilet, that however, will not mar the truth that a tranquil mind, a gracious spirit coupled with a good circulation are excellent re-

cipes for a clear eye and a beautiful complexion.

* * * *

A pleasant, cheerful countenance is always attractive, and should be cultivated concomitantly with the foregoing inward graces. To become experts in this as in anything else requires persistent practice and exercise, and one must not expect to be proficient in a week or even a month. Bernardine in "Ships that Pass in the Night," took twenty-six years to learn how to smile! Every spare moment endeavor to relax the muscles of the face with a smile, and practice the art. Men do not like to see women worry and fret, and every girl possibly expects to become the guiding-angel of some man or another.

The sunshiny woman—what a prize! Her nature abounds with the radiance of sweet, generous impulses and kindly sentiment. The ocean of love in her heart causes

these to rise in waves which break into the sweetest smiles upon the shore of her charming face, and with which she warms and kindles the heart and soul of the sterner sex. When such becomes a wife she is a helpmate in very truth, and brings into her husband's life an element of joy that no future calamity can entirely eliminate. She is the effervescence of the sunbeams brightening all within the radius of their influence, a sort of mental bracer, a melancholia dispeller, and a power making for good wherever she is found. Her name is not legion, alas! neither is the gem found in vast numbers, but, like the diamond, she scintillates the more brilliantly amid the dark, sombre and gruesome surroundings of every day life. May God bless her, and may she multiply until sufficiently numerous to usher the advent of the crowning age of goodness and love.



POET LAUREATE'S TRIBUTE.

"An Indian Summer" is the title of a poem by Mr. Alfred Austin published in the *London Times*. The Poet Laureate likens the Queen's life to the cycle of the seasons. There are thirteen verses; the last two are as follows:

O what a harvest, Lady, now is ours!
 Empire, and fame, and glory, and above
 Glory and fame, a Universe's love;
 Love rooted deep in reverence that ensures
 Remembrances of your Name, as long as time endures.

Long may the Indian Summer of your days
 Yet linger in the Land you love so well!
 And long may we who no less love You dwell
 In the reposeful radiance of your gaze,
 A golden sunset seen through Autumn's silvery haze.

THE ARMY AND THE NAVY.

Delivered at the Ivorite Banquet, New York.

By Gen. Thomas L. James, New York.

You have given me a topic as broad as the earth, and as wide as humanity, and one that stretches back beyond the memory of man and the record of history.

The Celtic people have ever been a warlike race. Without arms and without discipline, the ancient Britons, on the first invasion, beat back the Roman army commanded by the greatest soldier of his time, Julius Caesar himself. The ruined castles that dot the mountain sides of the land of our fathers bear witness to their love of liberty and to their dauntless courage. Defeated though they have been, they were never subdued. No people have greater reason to be proud of their leaders in the Middle Ages than have the Welsh over the deeds of Prince Llewellyn and "stout" Owen Glendower. The mere mention of Harlech Castle recalls its gallant defence by Owen ap Evan ap Ivan. When summoned by the Earl of Pembroke who had invested the castle, the dauntless Welshman replied: "I have held a castle in France until all the old women of Wales had heard of it; and I shall hold this castle until all the old women of France shall talk about it." And hold it he did, for seven long years, fighting not only the foe without, but gaunt

famine within, and, at last, marching from out its crumbling walls, with colors flying, to the strains of triumphant music and with all the honors of war.

We Welshmen may, too, glory in the deeds of that great man, Oliver Cromwell, who was the first to teach the crowned heads the lesson, that they ruled not alone by the will of God, but by the consent of the people they governed. Look at him as he led the charge of his "Old Ironsides" at Chester, and rode down the trained veterans of Prince Rupert. Again observe him, at Naseby and at Worcester, and also when, between the land and the sea, and confronted by an army of three times the number of his, as the sun arose, he quoted from the Psalm: "Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be scattered;" and, hurling his army against the foe, "out of the nettle, danger, he plucked the flower, safety," in the crowning victory at Dunbar.

And, coming down to our own times, for I must be brief, we can point to, and glory in the distinguished services of those grand soldiers of the Revolution, "Mad" Anthony Wayne, the captor of Stony Point, and to Daniel Morgan, who won the victory at Cowpens.

In our Civil War, too, if General

Grant was of Scottish descent, Sherman of English extraction, and Sheridan of Irish lineage, we Welshmen can claim that that gallant Captain "without fear and without reproach," the "Rock of Chickamauga," the illustrious soldier, George Henry Thomas, who never lost a battle, was of Welsh descent. The heroic com-

velous discipline, they closed their shattered columns, and still came on. Old "Pop" Thomas, however, was there, and suddenly rang out his stern command: "Whole line charge bayonets,"—and Hood's army was ground to powder.

In a little graveyard near the city of Troy, overlooking the lordly Hud-



Gen. George H. Thomas.

mander of the Army of Cumberland will be remembered as long as the Rock of Chickamauga stands. Nor can the people of the Republic ever forget that bleak December morning, when, at Nashville, the Confederate veterans of a hundred battles, under the lead of the intrepid Hood in person, charged the Union army. On they came, just as day was breaking, expecting an easy victory. Cannon, loaded to the lips, tore huge gaps in their ranks; but, with mar-

son, rests all that is mortal of the great commander; but the lesson of his life and of his deeds is the property of the country he served so well and of the race whence he sprung.

To children of ours poring over Plutarch's pages, we can say that Wales has heroes, and point to the deathless name of George Henry Thomas.

One word as to the Navy: "Hearts of oak and iron and steel are our ships, and gallant tars are our men."

The deeds of Blake, of Drake, and of Nelson, that made their names immortal, have been re-enacted by the sailors of the American Navy, and there are no prouder names on the roll of fame than Paul Jones, Richard Barry, Stephen Decatur, Bain-

Welshmen, and challenge the naval powers of the world to match them if they can.

I should be guilty of infidelity, did I fail to mention the name of that famous Chaplain of the United States man of war "Texas," the Rev.



Chaplain Harry W. Jones.

bridge, Hull, Charles Stewart, Thomas McDonough, Oliver Hazard Perry, Farragut, Porter and Cushing. If, to-day, we Cambrians cannot claim the greatest naval commander living—I refer, of course, to that sea king, Admiral George Dewey,—we can, at least, assert our kinship to Admiral Sampson and "Fighting" Bob Evans, both sturdy

Harry W. Jones, a Baptist clergyman, and a full-blooded Cambrian. He it was who read the burial service over the dead marines at Guantanamo, while a battle was in progress, and while the burial party was under fire, and some of its number wounded, the Spanish troops firing on the party, in disregard of decency and the laws of humanity. This pic-

ture of a "man of God" reading reverently and calmly, the "service for the dead," while men are dropping around him like ten-pins from the effect of wounds inflicted by bullets

from rifles in the hands of barbarous Spaniards, reveals the chivalry as well as the high courage of our old Cambrian race, to which it is our honor and our glory to belong.



A KANSAS PULPIT.

Rev. H. J. Whitby, B. D.

In the current number of the "Advance," we have the portrait and a partial notice of the life of Rev. C. M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas. Rev. Sheldon is known to a majority of your readers as the author of "In His Steps," a work which is easily the most popular among the popular books of the day. It is not my intention to discuss the work or the public state of mind, which finds itself mirrored in the work. The philosophy of the popularity of this little book is a question for the philosopher. I desire simply to supply a few facts about its author. This I believe, will be of interest to your readers.

Last week the Congregationalists of this State met in Rev. Sheldon's church, which is called the Central Church of Topeka. The church is by no means central to the city; for its location is not far from Washburn College, which adjoins the country district. "In His Steps" has, however, made Mr. Sheldon and his church the centre of an interest which is as wide as the social unrest

of this closing decade of the century. The church is in a growing portion of the city, and is second to none in the influences which it sends forth to the community. The building itself is in no wise imposing, as you see it for the first time as you step down from the car at the corner, and when you enter it you are very agreeably surprised to find a very commodious edifice, divided off into two large apartments, one for the main audience room, and another for reception purposes, or, if needs be, for increasing the sitting capacity of the main audience room. Both these rooms were used as one during the State Association season, and there was nothing to remind you that they were two rooms save the two or three slender pillars, which stood in the line of division. The preacher when he occupied his pulpit, looked straight out upon these two rooms, having to his right his own study and a class room. The study looked as if it might be the daily study of the pastor.

Mr. Sheldon himself is singularly

devoid of the clerical appearance. Anybody might, with the best of intention, have taken him to be a kind-hearted business man as he found him busily occupied in receiving and directing visitors with the committee appointed for that work. Indeed, one of the visitors took him to be such a person. In the evening, however, the pastor rid himself of the round coat, and donned one more in accord with the traditions of the pulpit. Mr. Sheldon, doubtless, would not stop on a little matter of this kind, any more than he would stop to ask why he runs the matter of his sermon so often into the mould of the story form, instead of the classical pulpit forms. The form is to him, one would think, a secondary question. At the centre and core of the man's life is a deep spiritual soul saving-purpose, which dominates whatever he does.

About a year ago it was the privilege of the writer of these lines to stay with Mr. Sheldon in one of the Eureka homes of this State a few days. During that time we were very deeply impressed with the man's earnestness and simplicity. The social question is to him, as to many more, a very real question. His

contribution to its solution is given not merely in his books, but in his own practical, every day work. The interest, Anglo-Saxon interest, which his works have called forth is to be attributed, chiefly, to the fact that his preaching has back of it unusual amount of practice.

Mr. Sheldon was born at Wells-ville, New York, February 26, 1857, and his father was a preacher who broke down as a pastor, and took to farming in South Dakota, where the lad developed a robust constitution, and Mr. Sheldon loves to remember how one winter he took all the works of Scott out with him, and devoted all his spare moments to them. Then he went to Phillip's Academy, Brown University and Andover. While at Andover he wrote for some of our most popular story papers. The Central Church, Topeka, is Mr. Sheldon's second pastorate, and is the creation of his own and of his fellow workers, &c. His stories are most of them given to his own people, and then to the world. He is still young, and may yet reap a fortune in place of the one he has lost by not securing copyrights upon his works.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Two waifs were arrested lately in this city, by a magnificent looking sergeant of police, for singing in the streets incidentally. There was a scuffle, of course, while hundreds of citizens cheered the plucky lads, who succeeded in tearing the fine blue coat of the officer into shreds. The boys got the best of it, also, in the Justice Court, where they were slightly reprimanded and dismissed. The pretty singers only sang "Just One Girl," but there may be reasons why Bobbie could not stand it. Some "one girl" doubtless, had made his life miserable, and to be reminded of it in the open street was too much for him. One of the prettiest sights, and the sweetest singing that the writer had listened to for some time, was to watch a boot-black of about 10 summers singing the same "One girl" song one evening to a large crowd waiting for a street car. He received many a nickel for his voice and talent.

When will the day dawn when glee societies, choral unions, or oratorio societies will become a permanent fashion in our musical Welsh neighborhoods, rather than spasmodic competitive choirs? The writer has pleaded for "organizations" from many an Eisteddfodic platform. We have the voices, the fervor, the pathos and enthusiasm galore, but

we are still minus the study of music, the sufficient love for the art that produces patient work, the desire to excel in true and unstrained singing, and intelligent interpretation of important works. It is a significant fact, as stated in a "Musical Times" of recent date, that many Eisteddfod committees are at the mercy of the choirs, and unless well known glees and choruses which have been sung thread-bare, in a sense, in prize competitions, are selected as test pieces, they will not condescend to take part. This is a deplorable state of affairs, and it is true in many instances in this country, as well as in Wales. It is old time that the Eisteddfod should be reformed, and be made an uplifting power in the interest of education and art.

It was at the Tonypanydy Eisteddfod, held Easter Monday last, that a most unique mode of prize-giving originated, which has been commented upon by some of the American musical magazines, but not to our credit. We quote from the May "Musical Times:" "In the smaller male voice choir section the Blaenclydach music lovers, under Mr. Benjamin Davies, gained the first prize, which included a pair of boots for the conductor; the second prize, which included a pair of trousers for the conductor, being won by the

Wardy Male Voice Party, conducted by Mr. Jonn Michael."

Otherwise, the said Eisteddfod was a most enjoyable and successful affair. We are inclined to believe that the "boots" and "trousers" were intended for fun and frolic, such is the mirth-propensity of the average South-Walian when he breathes the atmosphere of an Eisteddfod.

Paderewski, the celebrated pianist, was married the other day to a Polish lady of culture, and one worthy of his genius. The music-room of the artist is covered all over with musical relics representing almost all of the great composers of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. Fine paintings and lithographs of the celebrities look down from the walls all around. It is said by his intimate friends that Paderewski is one of the most sensible and considerate of men, and that the silly hero-worship exhibitions indulged in at his piano recitals by American ladies in our leading cities, amused him greatly, but he wisely, and with much dignity, also, allowed the silliness to proceed, because the ducats came along with it in shovel-fuls.

It is said that Reginald Roberts,

tenor of the Castle Square Opera Co., now singing in their twelfth week of splendid work in Chicago, is of Welsh descent. Surely, he has the Keltic fire in song and action—I am inclined to pronounce him one of the most satisfactory "act-gan-wyr" in the land, with a tendency to waste precious emotion. Blessed is the man or woman who can sing warmly and keep cool also.

At the London Crystal Palace, Saturday afternoon concerts, the novelties and revivals of neglected works" are the most attractive features. This leads me to ask—when shall we hear some of the "neglected works," or "buried compositions" the prize compositions of hundreds of Eisteddfods?

Mr. Hirwen Jones, the tenor, is praised by the London press for his excellent singing in the Bach choir contest lately at Queen's Hall, when Professor Villiers Stanford conducted some of the standard works. This scholarly musician, Prof. Stanford, yielded the baton gracefully to Sir Hubert Parry in the second part which consisted of the latter's setting of scenes from Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."



Our Country this! our Home, for here we live,
And life is here the best that heaven can give;
The land we live in, like the Promised land,
Has goodness, breath and cheer on every hand.
O! what a land is this! such stores, indeed,
Well nigh sufficient all mankind to feed!

—E. E.

THE GIFT OF MUSIC.

By R. Davies, Pittsburg, Pa.

That the gift of music is peculiarly a heritage of the Welsh people is a fact which is not likely to be disputed by any one who is in any degree familiar with the Cambrian character. The German or the Italian is musical largely because of his environment; his musical achievements are the results of opportunities in a land abounding in concert halls, opera houses and conservatories, to say nothing of the fact that a musical education is commonly a legacy handed down from father to son, from generation to generation, until the process has evolved immortal geniuses like Handel, Mozart and Wagner.

In truth, everything, except, perhaps, purely personal circumstances—is favorable to the development of musical talent; in Italy and in parts of Germany and France, even the climate is disposed to deal kindly by the indigent plodder after knowledge

and fame. On the other hand, the Welshman is musical not because, but in spite of conditions by which he is surrounded. To acquire even a rudimentary knowledge of the divine art he is compelled to struggle against adverse forces, such as lack of means and opportunities, as well as the industrial character of his country, which bars the toiler from the advantages derivable from residence in cities which contain institutions specially adapted to the needs of self-helpers.

Nothing, then, remains but the Eisteddfod, which, practically indispensable as it is to the student, fulfils the part of a critic rather than of a teacher—of an incentive rather than of a school. Yet, despite countless obstacles, Cambria's musical sons and daughters are winning laurels which come only to those who have the courage to enter the lists and the power to succeed.



A MEMORIAL TO EMINENT WELSHMEN AT LLANSANNAN.

At Llansannan, Denbighshire, in the presence of a large gathering, Mrs. Herbert Roberts, the wife of Mr. J. Henry Roberts, M. P., on May 23rd, unveiled a memorial to William Salesbury, the translator of the New Testament into Welsh; Henry Rees and William Rees, the two eminent preachers; and Tudor Aled and Iorwerth Glan Aled, two noted bards. The erection of the memorial was only made possible by the generosity of Mr. Kearley, M. P., who has a house in the beautiful Aled Vale, in contributing a sum of 200 guineas towards the object, and the other hundred guineas required was subscribed locally. The Rev. Dr. Ellis, rector of Llansannan, undertook the duties of honorable secretary, and Mr. John Morris, J. P., of Llety yr Eos, and Liverpool, acted as chairman of the committee. Mr. Goscombe John, A.R.A., the sculptor, was commissioned to carry out the work, and the memorial which stands in a conspicuous part of the little village took the form of a bronze figure of a Welsh maiden sitting on pedestal steps, at the back of which is a monolith of Denbighshire limestone. The maiden is attired in the traditional Welsh costume, and is wearing a wreath of flowers to commemorate the five Cymric dead, all being symbolical of simple country life.

The most prominent figure in the

assembly was probably Sir Roland Vaughan Williams, the Lord Justice of Appeal, whose presence was accounted for by the fact of his descent from one line of Wm. Salesbury. Another descendant of the same celebrated Welshman in the gathering was Mrs. Mainwaring. Mrs. Davies, Treborth Hall, wife of the late Lord-Lieutenant of Anglesey, was there as the daughter of Henry Rees, as were also her cousins, the Rev. Henry Rees and Mr. Ebenezer Rees (Liverpool), sons of William Rees. Mr. Hughes and Mrs. Hughes, Penmaenmawr, represented the family of Iorwerth Glan Aled. There was a heavy downpour of rain, which hindered matters considerably. Mr. Herbert Roberts first addressed the assembly briefly in Welsh, and the ceremony of unveiling the memorial was then accomplished by Mrs. Herbert Roberts.

At an open-air meeting held in a field close by, the chair was occupied by Lord Justice Sir Roland Vaughan Williams, whose first duty was to call upon the Archdruid and Eifionydd (editor of the "Geninen") to recite poetical compositions prepared for the occasion. The chairman, in his address, said that they were there to commemorate those who in their time did much for what was good and true in Welsh life, and he knew from what he had seen that day that those present commemorated those

men with all their hearts, because he noted the way in which they had received the mention of the name of Mr. Thos. Ellis, who had done so much for everything that was good in Welsh life. He was proud to say that, as representing the Salesbury family, there was present that day Mrs. Mainwaring. And he was also happy to say that, to a certain extent, he might himself claim connection with the same family. He did think once he was descended from another William Salesbury. He knew from his mother that she was directly descended from the Salesburys of Bachymbyd. Henry Rees was described as the greatest Welsh preacher of his time, and when that was said of a man he must be a very eloquent man indeed, for whatever else they could do in Welsh they could preach. William Rees was not only the first Welsh novelist, but was also the first person to conduct successfully a paper in Welsh. The fifth worthy whose memory they honored was Iorwerth Glan Aled, and he alone of the five was buried at Llansannan. He did not think that those names were inaptly put together that day. The early bards were associated with the fighting heroes of their day and the sentiment of Welsh independence and self-reliance, but they also appealed to the moral and artistic side of the Welsh people. In fact they appealed to the national sentiment on all sides. The bards were national patriotic poets and leaders of Welsh thoughts, and as such it was their business to

educate Welsh sentiments. When the bards first came along their productions were necessarily handed on from mouth to mouth, but since the art of printing had been invented it might be asked why retain the institution of bards instead of keeping abreast of the progress of the world. The reply which he would make to that was that though the machinery was altered, the old bardic spirit and the old bardic duty were there just the same, and that spirit and that duty were the assertion of sentiment as one of the great forces that govern the world, the assertion of sentiment enforced by no external authority whatever as distinguished from statutory law enforced by the executive of the State, and he thought it was worth while to preserve and foster this sentiment, which had played and was playing an important part in the history of the world. The Peace Conference, for example, was assembled because of the increased power of sentiment in the world. The power of sentiment was already seen in civilised warfare, and so with peace. He thought the time would come when neither ambitious autocrats nor Jingo statesmen would go to war simply because the sentiment of Europe was so strongly against it. Let him, however, not be misunderstood. There might arise causes of war which were so just that he should hope that the Welsh bards would again go about in the old spirit and encourage the Welsh people to fight for what was right. All that he was trying to urge upon them

was that to encourage the bardic spirit was to foster national sentiment, and who could say that in the making of the British Empire sentiment had no share. Wales was not after all content with ideals, as was proved by the fact that in no

proud of the fact that he had the honor of representing in Parliament a place that could boast of being the home of so many mighty and far-famed men, whose spirit and deeds were symbolised in the beautiful memorial which they had just un-



The Memorial at Llansannan.

portion of Great Britain did they find so advanced a system of education.

Speeches were also delivered by Mr. William Jones, M. P., Mr. O. M. Edwards, M. P., Professor Lloyd, Rev. Cadvan Davies, and the Rev. Elfed Lewis.

At night another public meeting took place in the Calvinistic Methodist Church. Mr. Herbert Roberts, M. P., who presided, said he felt

veiled. He rejoiced that such a movement had borne practical fruit, and that the memorial was a fact in the history of the country. They were under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Kearley, by whose generous aid the project had been made possible, and he trusted that the example of Llansannan would soon be followed by many other localities in Wales upon which rested the lustre

of their famous dead. That memorial would always remind them of those best characteristics of their race, which had made Wales what it was to-day. The men whom they were celebrating were giants, and their influence still ruled in many ways the life of Wales. The present memorial would ever remind them of a striking group of their true heroes, and would, he hoped, stimulate them to strive to catch the spirit

and to live out the principles which had given them an abiding place in the history of their country. After referring to the death of Mr. Thomas Ellis, he said it was a solemn occasion to them all, and it behoved them to ponder well the lesson of that beautiful work of art, and to see in it through the shadow of death the light of life, and in the hard and narrow path of sacrifice the only way to imperishable fame.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By R. v. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"Not I," said the prince. "Thou didst jump into it of thine own accord.

From Llanidloes the cavalcade followed the river Severn for about fifteen miles, then went almost directly north through Llanvair and along the Vyrnwy to a point a little south of Oswestry, where it struck the main road. As the prince was anxious to press forward, no stops were made, except what were necessary for refreshments; hence he and his escort hurried by Oswestry early in the afternoon, and came in sight of Eliseg Pillar, a little before nightfall. This pillar was then intact, and according to an ancient custom, stood on a tumulus surrounded with green trees. The shaft,

which, with the exception of the capital, was round, was fixed in a square pedestal, and measured twelve feet. Like all other pillars of the period to which it belonged, it was a memorial of the dead, and was surrounded with an inscription. As the cavalcade approached it Trahaiarn's attention was attracted by an ancient bard who was standing before the pillar seemingly trying to read the inscription. and presently he exclaimed:

"So you, also, venerable bard, are anxious to wrest from the ancient column its long borne secret. I hope you have succeeded better than most people who have made the attempt."

"I fear, Sir Knight, that my suc-

cess is but indifferent since my father neglected my Latin," replied the bard, casting a quick glance in the direction of the voice. "I was just wishing that some one better acquainted with the language of our first invaders might come to my assistance, and perchance I am fortunate enough to find such a one in you."

"If you mean that I am able to read that inscription," said Trahaiarn, "I must surely disappoint you, for in the matter of Latin my education is as defective as yours. But if you so desire I can tell you the substance of what scholars say the inscription contains."

"I shall not depreciate your kindness, seeing that next to reading the inscription itself nothing would be more acceptable than a narrative of its contents."

"There is but little to tell. As you see, the pillar is old, but not so old as to be classed with the rude columns of Druidical times. It was erected in memory of Eliseg, the father of Brochmail Ysgithrog by Congen, his grandson. It is a wonder that hostility or fanaticism has not long ago demolished it, with many other of our national relics. But I must cut my words short, as darkness will soon be upon us."

"Thank you. I also must hasten on my journey, for if I am rightly informed, I have yet a few miles to travel before reaching Llandegla, where I shall spend the night at the hall of Ievan Vychan."

"Good! You shall have plenty of

company, for I and my escort shall also tax the young warrior's hospitality to-night. Cadwallader, can't thou walk a part of the way that our friend the bard may ride? We must please his humor, for we shall expect to have a proof of his bardic skill before we sleep."

"Trouble not yourself, friend, on my behalf," the bard hastened to say. "My feet are not unaccustomed to walking, nor have I traveled so far to-day that my strength is not equal to the few remaining miles before me."

As Cadwallader was not opposed to taking a little exercise on foot after a day in the saddle, and as Trahaiarn further insisted that the bard ride the rest of the way, the latter presently did as he was requested, and the cavalcade proceeded at a moderate pace for the accommodation of the prince's squire, who brought up the rear.

"I infer, from what you have said," remarked Trahaiarn, addressing the bard at his side, "that this is your first visit to Llandegla. Am I right?"

"Ay, and I doubt whether I would seek the place even at this time had not Ievan Vychan sent me a pressing invitation to come to a feast which he is about to hold," was the reply.

"Then I may further infer," said the prince, "that you have not heard of the famous spring of Gwern Degla and the interesting legend and ceremonies connected with it."

"As you know we bards and the

priestly order have but little love for each other, hence I trouble myself but very little with priestly superstition. Since you are neither priest nor monk, however, I shall be glad, by way of diversion, to learn the legend from your lips, and to listen to any other information about this particular one of the many wonderful springs which the saints have pleased to give us."

"Dislike for the hypocritical horde who infest our land under the sacred name of priests and monks is not all on the side of the bards. Were I better known to you you would find but little difference in our feelings on that subject. Nor did I refer to the spring of St. Tecla, because I am a firm believer in priestly superstition, but because the associations of the place which we shall soon reach naturally came to my mind."

"St. Tecla is the name of the patron saint of this spring, then, and the place, I judge, was named after her."

"Ay, and if tradition is reliable, she was a most worthy saint. She was converted by St. Paul, and suffered martyrdom under Nero at Iconium."

"The spring, I suppose, affords a certain cure for some disease, and what may it be?"

"St. Tecla's disease, or the falling sickness. But this disease is not cured by the water alone; certain rites have to be observed. When the sun sets the patient washes his limbs in the spring, drops an offer-

ing of four pence into it, walks around it three times, each time repeating the Lord's prayer. Then the patient, if a man, offers a cock to Tecla Hygeia; if a woman, a hen. The fowl is placed in a basket and carried successively, with appropriate prayers, around the well, the church yard, and the church. Entering the church, the patient then gets under the communion table, where he or she lies with the Bible for a pillow until dawn, and departs, after offering six-pence, leaving the fowl in the church. This ends the ceremonies; yet the cure is not complete unless the bird dies."

"What intolerable foolishness! These accursed priests palm off any absurdity they please on the far too credulous people in order to get their money. Say what you will. I for one think our forefathers made a great mistake in giving up Druidism. That religion, at least, was true to nature, and was not a bundle of hypocrisies and absurdities, like the religion of Rome."

"I have no desire to return to Druidism, for it also had its absurdities, not to say cruelties. As Morgan, the King's chaplain, well says, what we need is the purification of the religion we have. The founder of Christianity gave not the world a bundle of corruption and contradictions for religion, but a system of noble truths and principles. He should be our guide, and not the haughty and voluptuous head of the soul-destroying system which an intelligent man must hate."

The cavalcade had by this time reached the loneliest part of the rough and narrow road which led to Llandegla, and as it was now quite dark the prince and his escort peered in vain into the woods on either side. Nothing was farther from their minds, perhaps, than the fear of an attack by outlaws, as no one had been molested in that vicinity from time immemorial. If any of them especially disliked the dark shadows of the woods it was more from a fear of goblins than from a suspicion of danger. The prince, like the others, being off his guard and intent upon carrying on his part of the conversation was ill prepared for the misfortune which now befell him. The first intimation of danger which he received was the falling of his horse pierced by an unseen spear; then the realization of being seized by a number of violent hands, while his men were being attacked on every side by a force that was at least double their own number. A small proportion of his men found themselves being trampled to death before they hardly knew what had happened; others, and among them the prince's squire, offered such resistance as was possible under the circumstances. The chief concern of all of them was the prince, and such of them as were in a position to do so made repeated attempts to reach the spot where they thought he was, only to be repeatedly forced back by their fierce but unseen foes. Yet on the whole they fared better than their assailants, as they all wore ar-

mor, while the latter did not. When the fighting seemed to be deadliest, the cries fiercest, and the lightning-flashes of oft-repeated blows most terrible, a blast from a trumpet, which reverberated through the woods, suddenly left the prince's escort without a single antagonist. Cadwallader and one or two others attempting to follow the retiring foes knocked themselves senseless by running against trees, while a few stood confounded amidst the dead and wounded. Then presently these few, desiring to know what had become of Trahaiarn, slowly picked their way forward, and came upon a solitary figure clad in armor lying under a dead horse. Was this their chief? Was he dead or alive? These questions they vainly asked as they tried to remove the prostrate form from under the crushing weight that was upon it. Nor were they any better informed as to the identity of the unfortunate knight when he was taken out from under the horse, for it was impossible to see his face, as the darkness was still intense. Whoever he was, however, they were no longer in doubt as to his being dead, and the question of identification was settled when the moon arose.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sad News Reaches the Castle.

It was more than an hour before Cadwallader recovered consciousness, and the first thought that entered his mind concerned the prince.

He remembered that he had learned nothing as to how he had fared during the attack, and now that the rays of the full moon were struggling through the trees, he hastened to the scene of the late engagement, suffering not a little from a large contusion on the forehead. The surviving members of the escort received him as one from the dead, and in answer to his eager inquiries informed him that they could find no trace of either the prince or the bard. Two of their comrades were dead, also four of the horses, including Trahaiarn's favorite palfrey. The other horses were nowhere to be seen. Their assailants had lost five of their number in the attack. After learning these facts the squire agreed with the rest that the best they could do would be to proceed to the village with their dead comrades, and after their burial hasten to Rhuddlan Castle with the news of what had befallen them. As Llandegla was scarcely a mile away the journey thither occupied but little time. Before reaching the village the travelers were fortunate enough to find nearly all the missing palfreys, and upon these together with a few borrowed horses they proceeded northward early the next morning, leaving the remains of the dead knights in the village grave-yard. As they had expected they found no trace of the bard at Ievan Vychan's house, and they were surprised when told that the young chief knew nothing of his coming. Not unnaturally then the more they thought of the

matter the more inclined they were to regard the bard as an accomplice of their assailants. As yet, however, they were wholly uncertain as to the real character of their late antagonists, and hence as to the fate of Trahaiarn. If the attack had been made by some petty chieftain who had a grudge against the prince they considered the latter's chances very dubious; but if it had been made by outlaws they thought he would soon regain his liberty by paying a ransom. For the sake of the princess they decided to advance the latter theory, and wait for further developments.

It was past noon when they reached the castle, and the news they brought created much excitement. The king swore that he would have the whole country scoured by his forces, and every outlaw put to death. But in his cooler moments he thought it better policy to abandon the whole scheme, hoping that his favorite servant would appear in due time. Nest received the news with tears of disappointment and apprehension. She had counted so much on her lover's return. Her heart had thrilled at the thought of seeing him again. She had imagined many pleasant things that he would say to her, and had prepared several little speeches that she would make to him in return. She did not know exactly when to expect him; but she had ascended the watch-tower several times to try to catch a glimpse of him. When at last a cloud of dust announced the approach of a caval-

cade from the south she was sure that he was coming. How her heart beat with anticipation! It seemed a century from the time the dust first appeared till the horsemen approached near enough to be recognized, and the princess almost fainted when she perceived that Trahaiarn was not among them. Where could he be? Why was not his squire with him? Why should her maid be more blessed than she? At this last thought she looked almost savagely at Enid, and seeing a glow of pleasure on her cheeks a fit of jealousy siezed her, and she pounced upon the unoffending maid and gave her a vigorous shaking. Conscious of having committed no offense, and being greatly astonished Enid could do nothing but stare in absolute silence at first. In her delight at seeing Cadwallader she had not noticed the absence of the prince; but the vigorous shaking which the princess gave her caused her to take a more comprehensive glance at the horsemen, and hence to find an explanation of the strange conduct of her mistress. The latter's mood had undergone another change, however, before she could speak even one word of sympathy, and she dumbly followed her to the hall where in common with the chief members of the household she listened to Cadwallader's account of the attack.

Anxious as Enid was to have a private interview with her lover the princess took Trahaiarn's misfortune so much to heart that the maid found no opportunity to leave her mistress

till late the next day. Her efforts at consolation did her much credit, and her mistress some good.

"Did he say the assailants were outlaws?" asked the princess for the third time, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"That is what I understood him to say, the maid patiently replied, "and your royal father, you remember, said that he would put all the outlaws in the country to the sword."

"That is easier said than done, Enid. The robbers have so many hiding places, and they have so many confederates that they do very much as they please. Would that I knew where they have taken him, that I might go and plead for his liberty. I would give all that I have for his ransom."

"If you but exercise patience you shall doubtless hear from them soon. But I fear their exactions will exceed both the prince's and your ability to pay. But the prince's credit is good, which is one consolation."

"If the ransom which others have been made to pay is a sign of what we are to expect, they will not be sparing in their demands of the prince. But a man will give anything for his liberty—perhaps I ought to say for his life, for I cannot rid myself of a suspicion that the attack which deprived my betrothed of liberty had another cause than the obtaining of a ransom."

Here the princess again burst into tears, and her sobs for a time bade fair to baffle Enid's attempts to pacify her.

"The prince has no enemies, for is he not the most popular chief in Gwynedd? said the maid, sitting beside her mistress and supporting her head on her shoulder. "Why then should his captors have any design on his life?"

"I am not so sure that he has no enemies," said Nest between her sobs, "for is not my father among the best of men? yet he has his enemies."

"What! still making yourself miserable, daughter, over what oceans of tears cannot improve?" exclaimed the queen coming into the room. "It ill becomes a princess to be blubbering and weeping, sobbing and wailing like a country wench who is jilted by a lout. What if your lover has fallen among thieves? May he not again regain his liberty? Some that I know full well have greater reason to weep, for their hearts sigh for lovers that are worse than dead, while fate compels them to suppress their tears and smile upon those they love not."

"A princess is but flesh and blood, and I have no more reason to be ashamed of my tears than I am of my love," retorted Nest, her resentment for the moment getting the better of her tears. "Were I not to weep for Trahaiarn I should consider myself unworthy of his love."

"The thunder shower is soon over, daughter, and a swelling torrent soon passes away. When you are older you will learn self-restraint, and nurse your griefs in silence. In the meantime calm yourself and be

reasonable if not for my sake then for your father's."

As usual the queen's tactless and unsympathizing manner irritated Nest almost beyond endurance. Her intentions, no doubt, were good. To inflict pain was as far from her purpose as her words fell short of expressing her goodwill. Yet as years rolled on her manner evinced no better knowledge of the sensitive and impulsive nature of the princess, else her attempts at consolation would not always assume the form of censure. There were times when the queen wondered whether she herself were to blame for the undesirable effects her words had on the princess; as a rule, however, she attributed Nest's resentment to a gross lack of patience and amiability on her part, and she left the princess' room on this occasion more convinced than ever that she was the most wilful girl she had ever seen or heard of.

"Canst thou tell me, Enid," said the princess when Aldyth was gone. "why mother's words never soothe me? Is she incapable of sympathy? Why does she always speak to me as though I had no feelings, and as though my troubles were mere fancies? Why can she not speak to me as thou dost? Thy words are to me like ointment to a wound. To thee I am not a monster incapable of pleasure and pain, but one of like passions and feelings with thyself. Thou art not unacquainted with my moods, nor dost thou always preach to me."

"I fear that you overvalue my temper," said the maid, not a little flattered by the princess' words.

"No I do not," said Nest with emphasis. "Thou art more like a friend to me than a maid, Enid. But I have acted worse than an enemy to thee. I have kept thee from thy lover as though thou wast to blame because the prince has not returned. But thy kind heart will forgive my foolish jealousy, and receive my permission to grant thy sweetheart the interview he seeks, as evidence of my good will. Go, for he has been patiently waiting for an hour or more for an opportunity to see thee; and if he has received the least hint of the prince's whereabouts do not delay in bringing the news to me."

A hearty embrace and a kiss showed the gratitude of the maid, and she hastened from the room too full of happy anticipation to notice in the twilight the tears that filled the eyes of her mistress. In the court-yard she was joined by Cadwallader, and as the evening was pleasant they took a short stroll in the direction of Conway.

"I began to think I should never see you again, my love, said the squire. "The sun has set but twice since my return, and yet it seems as though I had been waiting a whole lifetime for an opportunity to see you. One thing is sure, either you have lost your wonted fondness for me, or the princess has been too selfish to let us enjoy the privilege which fate has denied her. Why did

you deny me the interview I so much desired last night? The lonely blackbird never longed so much to hear the sweet tones of his mate as I have to hear the music of your voice; the bee is never more anxious to kiss the smiling flowers than I have been to taste once more the honey of your lips. I saw you in the hall yesterday, and a glance at your surpassing beauty was like a ray of light to a prisoner in his dungeon."

"You men are all alike," said Enid. "Your tongues are as flattering as your hearts are selfish. You imagine that we women have no desire in life but to taunt you, or no duty but to fly at your bidding. Perhaps others have had longings no less intense than your own. You must not forget also that my mistress' disappointment and sorrow are as real to her as our pleasure at meeting each other again is to us, and that as yet my first duty is to her as yours is to the prince."

"Come now, Enid, let us forget our duties and troubles for a moment in the happiness of this meeting," said Cadwallader rather impatiently. "When I need a sermon I will seek a priest. You have not told me yet that you are glad to see me. Must I be punished because the princess is deprived of my master's company?"

"No, but before we talk of our own affairs I wish to know whether you have learned ought of the prince that my mistress does not already know?"

"If I had I would gladly communicate it to you, for the prince's misfortune is not a matter of indifference to me. Possibly we shall hear something about him soon, and I pray to the saints that we may. We must not be too hopeful, how-

ever, for we may never hear of him again."

The squire spoke sadly, and it was some time before he and Enid could forget the disagreeable in the agreeable. They returned to the castle, however, in the best of spirits.

(To be continued.)



ABOUT A FAMOUS POEM.

Clara E.. Rewey.

Noticing inquiries lately in the newspapers as to who is the author of the poem "No Sect in Heaven," I judge perhaps some facts concerning the author and poem may be of interest to the reader.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Jocelyn Cleaveland, wrote the poem "No Sect in Heaven" a great many years ago. Mrs. Cleaveland came of a gifted and distinguished family. Her father was the artist Jocelyn of New Haven. He furnished all the words pertaining to art and artists for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and was a very intimate friend of Prof. Morse of telegraph fame, and went abroad with him at one time.

The Jocelyns, as the name implies, are of French extraction, having descended from the royal house of Plantagenet, which reigned long ago in both France and England. They have in their possession an old German agate intaglio seal that has been handed down from one generation to another for hundreds of

years, and originally belonged to one of those old French kings, and has his picture upon it. It seems this old Catholic king used to do penance by flaying himself with a wisp of broom-corn. The figure upon the seal is full length, and has this wisp within its hand. The writer has often received letters stamped with this regal souvenir. The name Plantagenet is derived from the French for broom-corn.

Mrs. Cleaveland's deceased husband was a Congregational minister, stationed at Granby, Conn., for many years. He also preached in a good many different Connecticut villages, usually not far remote from Hartford. Like all ministers' families, they were not wealthy, and had the famous poem been copyrighted it would have yielded a princely income. But, unfortunately, Mrs. Cleaveland could not foresee its popularity, and sent it to a Congregational newspaper, receiving nothing for it except its heritage

of undying fame. One night, after attending church in the evening, she dreamed the main incidents which led to the composition of the poem. It was very widely published in both this country and Europe. About forty thousand editions having been issued in London. It was also published in the school readers. Doubtless many people remember reading it there.

A great grief in Mrs. Cleaveland's rather sad life was the death of her favorite son Jocelyn P. Cleaveland, who died in his twenty-seventh year. He was a graduate from two courses at Yale, the last the law school, and had just been admitted to the United States Supreme Court when he was

called from his very active life to that home beyond all earthly ambition. He was very talented, having already become quite a celebrated criminal lawyer at New Haven. He also inherited his mother's brilliant gift, and was composing a book on a peculiar phase of law at the time of his death.

Mrs. Cleaveland wrote many pretty, sweet things, but nothing to compare in popularity with "No Sect in Heaven."

"Grant me Thy might
That of Thy glory bright,
One spark to future ages I may leave."

Mrs. Cleaveland certainly caught the shining spark that time.



THE ELOQUENCE OF THE EYE.

By Mary H. M. Schutt.

Beautiful eyes, so tender and true,
Spurning restraint and scorning disguise—
Showing the sweet soul shining through,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the skies;
Like the dial, though shaded points to the sun—
So the infinite love of these eyes hath told,
While the shadows are many, the sunlight is one,
There's a dearer wealth than the eyes of gold.

Sorrowful eyes, that touches the cords,
Vibrating in each human breast;
Telling of sorrows too deep for words,
Of hearts that are heavy with cares oppressed.

Telling of hearts that are broken with losses—
 That are baffled and beaten and blown about,
 That are weary and fainting with heavy crosses
 And torn with grief by the winds of doubt.

Passionate eyes, burning and gleaming;
 Eyes that are scalded with deadly pain;
 Eyes that mirror each thought in their beaming,
 Telling their stories again and again;
 Scorching the soul with their feverish burning.
 Turning the passions to ashes of gall—
 Showing the heart with its passionate yearning,
 Black shadows glancing whcre'er they fall.

Laughing eyes in soft ripples dancing.
 Little impertinent looks of surprise,
 Bright and shifting the sunbeams glancing,
 Brilliant and mirthful are these happy eyes;
 Sometimes with saint like glances they look—
 Limpid and clear in their tranquil repose,
 But more legible than a printed book
 Are the flashes of mirth, their thoughts disclose.

Scornful eyes that wither and sting;
 Baleful eyes with a greedy light;
 Eyes that clutch at the very heartstring,
 And blackens the mind like wings of night;
 That cannot conceal the evil intent—
 The treacherous thought that lurks within,
 The cunning gaze that on mischief is bent,
 The sullen pride, the hatred and sin.

Loving eyes whose silent persuasion
 Floods the soul with melodies complete,
 Thrilling it with divine benediction,
 Leaving the odor of incense sweet;
 Sentinel angels of love that impart
 Their own pure joys to the moodiest mind,
 Banishing sorrow and care from the heart,
 Leaving a glow of sunshine behind.





FIELD OF LETTERS

The first edition of the "Memoir of the late Rev. Thomas Job, D. D., Con-wil," by the Rev. J. Morris, Penygraig, S. W., will number 5,000 copies. The book will be published in October.

It is always a pleasure to commend the two Welsh juvenile monthlies—"Cymru'r Plant" and "Trysorfa y Plant"—to Welsh youth. They are as pure and bright as sunlight, and every child would benefit by their perusal. Both numbers for June open with a biographical sketch of the late T. E. Ellis, M. P. for Merioneth, adapted to the minds of the young, followed by varieties that cannot fail to interest the children of Welsh parents.

The "Cronicl" for June has the usual quota of articles religious, political, literary, biographical and miscellaneous, which form a pleasing variety for the reader. Denominational notes by the Editor consist of the following: Dr. Dale's Ministry; Dr. Dale and the "Rev.;" Unscriptural Religious Practices; the English Congregational Union; The Llansannan Memorial. The events of the month by the editor, are as usual interesting. There is also a pleasing variety.

"Cwrs y Byd" is always agreeable with its spicy, smart and straightforward remarks on questions of interest and subjects of the day. It is quite delightful to read a magazine that is non-sectarian. The June number contains articles as follows: The Dividing Line of Matter and Spirit; What Shall We Do? Christianity Wronged; The Way of the World; The Balcon Man; The Five

Books of Moses, and a miscellany of correspondence and poetry.

"Caniadau Mollant" (Songs of Praises) is a new Gospel Hymnal, with music, published by J. B. Lodwick, Youngstown, O., for the use of Sunday Schools, revival meetings, Christian Endeavor meetings, &c., &c. It contains, largely, original music and hymns, especially composed and written for this publication, and we predict that a number of them will become popular. The quality of the words are truly evangelical, and inspired by the most beautiful and comforting thoughts and ideas of the gospel of Christ, and will help any congregation to fittingly praise and glorify the love of God, and touch the hearts of the children of men. It has been to the publisher, editors, composers and hymn-makers a labor of love.

A MEMOIR of the late Rev. David Roberts, D. D., Wrexham, by the Rev. David Griffith, Bethel: W. Hughes "Dys-gedyda" Office, Dolgelley, N. W. J. C. Roberts, 58 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y. Price \$1.

As Mr. Griffith states in his Introduction to this very entertaining volume, the late Rev. D. Roberts was one of the foremost Welshmen of his day, and a most popular, original and talented minister and preacher. He was endowed by nature with especial gifts for the office of preaching, and evidently he owed more to these rare natural gifts than to the educational advantages he had enjoyed. This volume gives a comprehensive view of his life and career; deals with him in the characters of

man, minister, preacher poet and Christian; and furnishes reminiscences, extracts from his sermons and sayings which show him to have been a man of originality and ability. He selected his own path through life, and walked it in his own peculiar way. The reader will find in this Memoir much instruction and entertainment.

The May number of "Cymru" is the first issued since the election of the editor as member of Parliament for his native county of Merioneth. There are but few allusions in its interesting pages to that event, which, judging from the high standard of the present number, will not be allowed to interfere much with the Welsh magazine, for which Mr. O. M. Edwards is responsible. Indeed, he says as much in his editorial notes when he remarks that "there is no intention to change in the least the tone of the 'Cymru.' As from its beginning, it will remain undenominational and impartial. It shall not be made the organ of any party or sect."

In "Cymru'r Plant" for June Mr. Owen M. Edwards has another pretty little tribute to his former friend and colleague, Tom Ellis, whose life he holds up as a model for the young people of Wales. He strikes the keynote of Ellis's public life when he says that in all his work he sought to be constructive, not destructive, and that he was strong in the positive far more than in the negative sense. Milton, Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd, and Mazzini were his ideal teachers. He followed high aims, kept his conscience clear, believed in Wales, and trusted in God.

In 1894 General Frederick Funston, the famous hero of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteer Infantry, made a journey of several hundred miles to visit the whalers on the ice-floes about Herschel Island. The story of his experience, as he tells it in the July number of Har-

per's Round Table, shows that the doughty Western Colonel, besides being a good fighter, is a very entertaining writer. The July number contains also five first-class short stories, and several special articles of great practical value to the average American boy.

The July issue of Harper's Magazine is one of the best fiction numbers of the summer, containing no less than six entertaining short stories by such writers as I. Zangwill, Frederic Remington, Thomas A. Janvier, and Margaret Sutton Briscoe. Mr. Zangwill's story, "Transitional," is a pathetic story that tells how a little Jewess renounced her Christian lover for her father's sake; and Mr. Janvier, under the title "The Wrath of the Zuyder Zee," tells with intense, tragic power a story of Holland. The July number contains also a complete account of the Australian cowboy, his life and customs. The author of this article shows that the cattle-man of Australia is very similar to our own cow-puncher.

In the June number of "Young Wales" the "Ddau Wynne" offer some suggestions on "Things Celtic." Speaking of Brittany the writers observe:—"We in Cymru must take shame to ourselves for the indifference, coldness, and ignorance which for centuries have parted the two members of the Brythonic branch. Let it be a special object with us in the coming century to grow more in touch with our nearest kin, to sympathise with them and encourage them in the fight they are making single-handed for their nationality. They have battled so long, so bravely in darkness and storm that their land of Beulah cannot lie far beyond their attainment now. Some 60 years ago a few Breton nobles (guests of Lord and Lady Llanover) took part in the celebrated Abergavenny Elstedd-fod when Carnhuanawc was the 'lion' of the platform. This year after a long lapse of time a deputation of 50 Bretons

will attend the Eisteddfod at Cardiff, an earnest let us hope of a closer union between the Land of Menhir and the Land of the Harp."

The annual volume of the "Transactions" of the Liverpool Welsh National Society is a thoroughly interesting one. It contains four contributions, viz., "Some Guesses Anent the Fortifications of Lleyn," by Owen Rhoscomyl; "The Geology of North Wales," by Mr. T. H. Cope; "Llyfryddiaeth y Beibl Cymraeg," by Mr. J. H. Davies, B. A., Cwrtmawr; and "The Private Devotions of the Welsh in Former Days," by the Rev. John Fisher, B. D., Ruthin. The two latter are especially good examples of literary research. To Mr. Davies's paper is appended a table showing a list of 31 editions of Welsh Bibles and Testaments, or portions of the Scriptures published between 1551 and 1799. It is curious to note that 18 were printed in London, four in Oxford, four at Carmarthen, and one each at Chester and Shrewsbury.

The contents of the "Dysgedydd" for June: Some of the Conditions of a Successful Ministry, by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool; God in His Work, by the Rev. G. Griffiths, Newtown; My First Collection Tour, by the Rev. Principal D. Rowlands, B. A., Brecon; Reminiscences of the Notable Revival Meetings of 1859 (Fifth Paper), by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; Events of the Month, by the Editor; Reviews, Poems, Memoirs, Denominational Reports, &c.

The June number of the "Drysorfa" opens with an article entitled "The Rights of God and the Duties of Man," by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Porthmadog; Repentance, a sermon, by the Rev. William Roberts; The Welsh in Dispersion, by Dyfed; A Review of the Rev. John Thomas, D. D.'s, Memoir, by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle; Diary and Letters of the Rev. Richard Jones, Llan-

faircaereinion; Athanasius, by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle; The Will of God, by N. Cynhafal Jones, D. D.; Monthly Notes by the Editor; Sunday School Lessons, Reports, &c.

"In His Steps" forms the subject of Mr. William George's contribution to the current number of "Young Wales." The writer asks if the book is likely to "catch on" in Wales, and ventures on the opinion that "neither the dramatic persons of the drama, the stage it is performed on, nor the scenery it is set out in are calculated to excite in Welshmen a desire to emulate the actions of its leading characters. Neither millionaire heiresses, prima donnas, wealthy churches, nor city slums are plentiful enough between Offa's Dyke and St. George's Channel to cause the Welsh reader to feel a deep personal interest in their fate elsewhere. There is not a character in the book who might serve as a guide for the generality of the people to follow 'In His Steps.' Rhye Lewis is more in our line than the Rev. Henry Maxwell."

If it will, then in no part of the world will its influence be more revolutionary in its character than in the Principality, for I do not think the author could be introduced to another nation in the whole of Christendom with ideas of religion differing so much from his own as the Welsh people's do. Sheldon's Plan of Campaign as we all know runs very much on Salvation Army lines, with this distinction—that he draws his lads and lasses from amongst the classes rather than the masses. Personally I am a great admirer of the work done by the Salvation Army, but it is a notorious fact that it has not made much headway with the bulk of the population in Wales. Its methods are too loud and uproarious for the reserved and timid Cymro to go in for with that degree of zest and fervor which he displays when

got at in ways more in accordance with the laws of his own nature.

And this is a truth which it would do Wales in particular all the good in the world to have well dinned into its ears for some time to come, if by any chance it thereby succeeded in capturing the soul to itself. A land of theologians is peculiarly apt to degenerate to a belief in Salvation by Creed; they become lotos-eaters, and blessed is the Boanerges that is then able to rouse them to the heartfelt repetition of the good old cry, "What shall we do?" A glance at some of the main tests of a true life will show how far these remarks are applicable to the state of things that prevail in Wales to-day.

Suppose then that Christ came to Wales would He find the standard of conduct amongst us worthy of followers of Him "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." Would he find us all as brethren dwelling in unity together, always speaking the truth of and to one another in the spirit of love? The more religion a country contains, the higher its type of manhood should be, and the more unmistakable its influence for good. But whatever the cause may be we are certainly on the defensive so far on several important positions in the world of morals. Our veracity for instance, has been time and again publicly attacked from several different quarters. Sometimes the person by whom the attack was made or the manner of it has sufficiently barred the accusation itself from a dispassionate consideration. But when it is known that similar charges are constantly being deliberately made by, let us say, men of the experience and recognized fair-mindedness of Sir Horatio Lloyd, the Judge of the North Wales County Court Circuit, it is simply idle—if not indeed directly criminal, to ignore the gravity of the situation. I myself heard the

learned Judge just referred to, prefix a judgment he was about to deliver with the remark that it would be quite refreshing to come across a case now and again—were it only by way of change—in which there was not gross perjury on one side or the other. After making all possible allowances for the language and other difficulties which sometimes make the truth wear the face of falsehood, it cannot but be admitted that there must be something rotten in the morality of a country which lends even the color of justification to such remarks.

A publisher of many Welsh books in the last century was Thomas Durston, of Shrewsbury. By him was published the first Welsh version of Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." It is called "Dilyniad Iesu Grist" ("The Following of Jesus Christ.") Apparently the present Welsh word for imitation, viz., "efelychiad," had not in those days been coined. The translator is described on the title-page by the curious designation of "H. O. Minister in Anglesey, Esq." At the end of the "Imitation" is a list of the Welsh books then sold by Durston. A queer jumble is this list. The New Testament in Welsh is advertised at 16s. the dozen. The Book of Common Prayer, of course, is to be had, and the next line tells us about "Llyfr Mesur Coed" ("The Book of Wood Measuring.") There is a "History of the Life and Death of Judas Iscariot," and a "History of Nicodemus." The materials at the disposal of the authors of these last books must have been more plentiful than at present. Out of the New Testament it would be difficult to get enough for a book about either Judas or Nicodemus. In the days of Thomas Durston people were evidently in no doubt as to Monmouthshire being a part of Wales, for the last book on the list is "A History of the Thirteen Shires of Wales."

SCIENTIFIC

It is said that some 9,000,000 acres of land in Italy, the cultivation of which has been abandoned because of malaria, are to be developed by the aid of American capital. Land of this nature can be reclaimed by drainage and proper attention to sanitary laws.

Sir Robert Ball recently unveiled a bronze tablet at No. 19 New King Street, Bath, England, recording the fact that William Herschel, the great astronomer, resided there. Herschel discovered the planet Uranus from the back garden of that house. Sometimes he found it necessary to bring his telescope out into the street opposite that house, and many of the discoveries were made in the street.

A barrel is a very awkward thing to handle, even with the trucks which are especially designed for carrying them. An Alabama inventor has devised a truck which consists of a pair of curved gripping jaws, somewhat resembling blacksmith's tongs. The levers operating the jaws form the handles of the truck. In practice the truck is run up to the barrel, and the jaws are clamped around the bottom. A clamp holds the lever arms firmly together until it is desired to release them for unshipping the barrel.

A Washington inventor has devised an ingenious attachment for a mail box. Every time that the door is opened by the collector of the mail a small movable sign is changed. This sign, which consists of a card, is visible from the outside, and shows when the next collection will be made. There is often considerable satisfaction to know when a letter which has been posted will be collected and started on its way. Mail boxes with small windows with a card

showing the time of the next collection have been used for many years.

M. Berthelot has examined many classical specimens of ancient mirrors in different localities. They seem to have been made by blowing a thin-walled bulb of glass and pouring melted lead into a watch glass shaped portion of the thin bulb, and manipulating it so as to spread the metal into a lining layer about one-tenth of a millimeter thick. The glass had to be made very thin, so as not to crack on contact with the melted lead.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

A French naturalist asserts that if the world were to become birdless, man could not inhabit it after nine years' time, in spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects. The bugs and slugs would simply eat up our orchards and crops. Indeed, the more we study the various adjustments and arrangements by which the business of the natural world about us is carried on, the better disposed we should be to distrust our ability to improve upon the present executive management of this great terrestrial plant.—Boston Evening Transcript.

LIQUID AIR AS AN APPETIZER.

"The story comes," says "The Bulletin of Pharmacy," of a Russian physician who placed a dog in a room with the temperature lowered to 100 degrees F. below zero, by the use of liquid air. After ten hours the dog was taken out alive and with an enormous appetite. The physician tried the test himself. After ten hours' confinement in an atmosphere of still, dry cold, his system was intensely stimulated. So much com-

bustion has been required to keep the body warm that an intense appetite was created. The process was continued on the man and the dog, and both grew speedily fat and vigorous. It was like a visit to a bracing northern climate.

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ABOUT DISPUTING.

"I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which perhaps within a few days I might dissent myself. I have no genius for disputes in religion, and have often thought it wisdom to decline them, especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weakness of my patronage; where we desire to be informed, it is good to contest with men above ourselves; but to confirm and establish ourselves, 'tis best to argue with judgments below our own, that the frequent spoils and victories over their reasons may settle in ourselves an esteem, and confirmed opinion of our own."—Sir Thomas Brown's Religio Medici.

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SCIENCE'S LATEST.

The experimental bleaching of negroes is no new thing, although the results attained, so far, have not been wholly successful. But, according to the scientific Press, an eminent Viennese physiologist has, by accident, stumbled upon a new and simple method whereby colored folk may be made white. It appears that a negro of coal-black hue was brought from an Austrian prison to be treated for a nervous disorder in a special hospital. The doctor thought that electricity was the remedy indicated, and applied it regularly during four months. At the end of that time not only had a cure been effected, but the patient was, it is said, as white as a new-born British babe. But as he retained his crisp tufted hair, his thick

lips, and his depressed nose, it is a question whether he gained much in personal appearance. This discovery, however, is naturally interesting the scientific world.

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MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

Dr. Grassi presents a note to the "Atti del Lincei," calling attention to the absence of malaria from certain districts where mosquitoes are numerous. He believes that some varieties of gnats are connected with the propagation of the disease. The common gnat, *Culex pipiens*, he regards as harmless; but a larger species, *Anopheles claviger*, known in Italy as the "zanzarone," or "moschino," is very prevalent in malarious districts. It is active only after sunset, which may explain the old superstition that it is dangerous to fall asleep in a malarious region just after sunset. These discussions may cause active measures to be taken for the destruction of mosquito larvae in places where malaria abounds.

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A RELIC.

The big sea lizard dug out of Kansas chalk two years ago, has been mounted at the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. Every bone lies in the original chalk in which it was deposited. Mr. Bourne, a lawyer of Scott City, Kan., discovered the skeleton while hunting for fossils in the Bad lands of the Smoky Hill river in western Kansas. It was slightly less than 30 feet in length, and belonged to the largest and most powerful type of sea lizards which ravaged the great American Mediterranean sea in the chalk period. The skull is four feet long, the fore paddle three feet long, and the hind paddle three and a half feet. It is estimated that the girth of the body, behind the fore paddles, was nine feet. The jaws are armed with powerful teeth. The back is eight feet long, and

the tail, 15 feet in length, was evidently the great propeller of the body.

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VOICE IS POWER.

It seems pretty well authenticated that the human voice is capable of starting an avalanche. James Perchard, Clerk of the State Court of Appeals of one of our Western States, was mining some years ago in a mountainous region. The snow had fallen to an unusual depth, and miners moving from one cabin to another were warned to look out for slides. He stopped on one of his trips at the cabin of an acquaintance, and took dinner with him and his wife. At the close of the meal his host urged him to stay awhile, but he felt nervous and started on his journey. Crossing the canyon, he looked back at the cabin where the man and his wife were standing at the door. He waived his hand, and shouted goodbye. Hardly had the echo of his voice died away before a muffled noise struck his ear—a noise like the boom of a cannon—and in five seconds the cabin was buried under fifty feet of snow. Assistance was summoned, and finally the two dead bodies were taken out. There is little question that under certain conditions the vibrations of the human voice will produce an avalanche.

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SONG BIRDS AND PHTHISIS.

It would seem to be necessary to warn people who keep canaries and other birds in confinement that their feathered pets may prove sources of danger as well as of pleasure. Mr. A. Tucker Wise, of Montreux, M.D. Brux., M.R.C. S., Eng., L.R.C.P. Lond., has recorded the cases of more than 30 persons who became attacked by tubercle apparently through association with caged birds. That these are commonly subject to tuberculosis appears to be an established fact, and Mr. Wise maintains there is a strong probability that avian

infection can be conveyed to human beings who keep birds within the house. The practice of allowing them to place their beaks in contact with the lips is a risky and dangerous proceeding as regards liability to receive bacilli in this way if the bird is not healthy. Flies can also convey filth, and with it disease germs, from the cage to human food, or the dust of dried excrement and mucus may pollute the air of any room in which birds are kept. Feeding and nursing sick birds (including parrots), and blowing the dust and husks from their seed, and cleaning the cage, are not without danger. In short, according to Dr. Wise, the canary or any other bird kept in the kitchen is a positive peril to the household, as by fluttering and whisking the dust from its cage or mucus from its beak the food of a whole family can be contaminated. It is not surprising, he observes, taking into consideration the unnatural and unhealthy life to which man subjects the domestic animals, especially birds confined in small cages, that these captives should become diseased, and pollute the air with pathogenic micro-organisms.

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LIQUID AIR.

Prof. Dewar has recently devised a new method of testing the contamination of air. A short time ago he exhibited before the Royal Institution two samples of liquid air in glass tubes; one was made from air which had been washed to purify it from dust, soot, carbonic acid and other impurities. This when condensed was a pale blue liquid; the other sample was made by condensing the air of the lecture room in which the audience was assembled, and was an opaque, blackish fluid, resembling soup in appearance. It would appear as if condensed samples of air might afford an easy means for comparing different kinds of contamination. The "American Architect" suggests that it would not be difficult to provide a

novel but a highly efficient kind of ventilation in military hospitals and other places where the natural air-supply is bad, and the necessity for a better one very pressing. As the process would also cool and dry the air, it might serve an additional purpose in tropical countries. The paper goes on to state that it would not be "wholly impracticable to ship to yellow fever hospitals in Havana, supplies of New Hampshire air bottled, so to speak, on the spot, and delivered cool and fresh to the patients." This can never be accomplished, however, until some means have been provided for transporting liquid air to considerable distances without enormous losses, caused by its return to its former state. At present Mr. Tripler has not, we believe, carried liquid air more than six or seven hours' journey from New York. It has, we believe, been successfully carried to Boston and Washington from Mr. Tripler's laboratory in New York.—*Sc. American.*

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THE BAD LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

Judging by what one hears of the utterances of animals generally, it would seem that many of the notes of birds are interpreted too poetically by observers. In the case of many animals, the facial expression is capable of sufficient variation to clearly prove the character of the sounds by which it is accompanied. When a dog or cat snarls, for instance, we know that the sound is intended to express hatred and a threat of attack. The lowing of a cow or of a calf, the bleating of a kid, the snorting of a horse and its whinnying, can hardly be misunderstood.

But the meanings of the cries of birds are less obvious. The cooing of a dove or the warbling of a fluent singer may seem to be as expressive as any note of the quadrupeds just mentioned; but when attention is given to the actions which accompany the cries of birds, an observer finds that some very pleasant

sounds are incidental to very unkind behavior. In a few cases the combativeness of a bird is fairly well suggested by its cry—as occurs in the common fowl, whose "crow" is as defiant as a bugle blast. The shriek of the woodland jay, also, is very expressive. These sounds, however, do not represent the greatest passion. We must listen to birds actually engaged in combat in order to hear the expression of their utmost hate—their worst language; and listening thus, we often make the discovery that the sound accompanying an attempt at murder is closely like (sometimes apparently identical with) sounds which seem to be joyous song.—*Scientific American.*

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Llanberis Pass, exhibits (the "Daily Chronicle" thinks) more wild grandeur than almost any gorge or glen in Great Britain, not even excepting the better known Pass of Killiecrankie. It is traversed for nearly four miles by a road overhung on each side by precipices and mountainous cliffs, sometimes 2,000 feet high, crowned with peaks and strewn from summit to base with debris of broken slates fallen from the crags above. In the direct neighborhood are the Dinorwic slate quarries, the most extensive in Wales, and the second largest in the world. The village of Llanberis is in the heart of the Snowdon country, and is the most frequented starting point for the ascent of the mountain. The Queen visited Llanberis in 1832.

A Cincinnati physician has been making practical tests in cigar factories on the eye of the employees. The test is to discover the effect upon the eyes of persons addicted to excessive smoking, also to see what effect the fumes of tobacco in factories have on the sight. He also intends to examine the eyes of letter carriers and others with reference to the effect of smoking on the eyes.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

A hundred years ago Cardigan was the largest port in Wales.

The late T. E. Ellis, M. P., wrote an exceedingly neat hand, and so minute was it that it might be described as microscopic.

Only one case of pickpocketing is reported in connection with the Royal visit to Pembrokeshire. A tobacco pouch was taken from the coat pocket of a bill-poster when in the act of posting notices "Beware of Pickpockets."

In a burst of enthusiasm (we only believe it is enthusiasm), a writer in the London "Echo" says that Mr. Owen M. Edwards is "as eloquent as an elsteddfod." And Mr. Perks, we suppose, is as eloquent as a conference.

Carmarthenshire enjoys the honor of being the largest county in Wales, but there is no record that any member of Royalty since the days of Henry Tudor ever set foot within its borders. In justice, however, to the county it should be said that it did more than any Welsh county to make it possible for the present dynasty to reign.

Southey's longest poem is on a Welsh subject—the alleged discovery of America by Madoc ap Owen Gwynedd. It contains neither history nor poetry, and is about as long as the Missouri, on whose banks the Welsh Indians were supposed to have lived.

It is likely that tenders will be invited for the Welsh library of the late Rev. Owen Jones, B. A., Llansantffraid, and

that the proceeds will be devoted towards founding an Owen Jones Scholarship at Bala College. Here is another opportunity for Cardiff, for the late Mr. Jones's library is said to be one of the best collections of Welsh books extant.

The "Athanaeum" states that the first volume of "Morgan Llwyd" will be issued by Messrs Jarvis and Foster before the end of the month, and that the life of Dr. Lewis Edwards, founder of the Theological College at Bala, which his son, Dr. T. C. Edwards, the present principal, is writing, will be issued in the course of the year by Mr. Isaac Foulkes, of Liverpool.

In the matter of epitaphs it is commonly held that Welsh churchyards are far ahead of English burying-grounds. However, it would be difficult to eclipse the following doggerel, which may be seen in a certain Glamorganshire churchyard:—

F'eth gleddir dithau maes o law

A chaib a rhaw a phicis;

Os na chel'r Celdwad Mawr yn Frawd

Hi fydd yn dlawd echrydus.

If perchance the eye of a temperance lecturer should alight on the following story we fear it would be done to death in no time. In a certain South Wales town, which formerly wielded a very wide influence in Wales, the system of erecting finger posts at street corners is still in great vogue. One of these guides is to be found immediately opposite a public-house in that town, and the legend thereon reads, "This way to the Asylum and the Cemetery!"

In Festinlog various methods of memorialising the late Mr. Tom Ellis are being considered. Mr. E. P. Jones, chairman of the County Council, suggests that the children of the elementary and intermediate schools be asked to contribute a penny each towards the fund. The late member, he observed, had done much for the children, and they ought in common gratitude to remember what he had done.

The following old Welsh custom, mentioned by Mr. Lewys Morys, o Fon, may be interesting to our readers. "The Ancient Britons took particular pride in adorning their swords, and making them polished handles of the teeth of sea animals, &c. And their warlike disposition and love of the sword was such that it was the custom for the mother of every male child to put the first victuals into the child's mouth on the point of his father's sword; and, with the food, to give her first blessing or wish to him that he might die no other death than that of the sword."

Welshmen at every point in their history have suffered from the evils inseparably associated with dissensions and the dangers which lurk in treachery. In Roman times the poor Britons, after having withstood the legions for nine years, fell into the clutches of their enemies betrayed by Avarwg. In Saxon times his people were sold into the hands of their enemies by Vortigern, on whose guilty head fire from heaven descended as a punishment. In Norman times history repeated itself. The Welshmen of that period were sold to the wily Fitzhamon by the traitor whose head was subsequently cut off for his pains.

Professor Philip White, of the Bangor University College, who has for some time taken a keen interest in the question of Welsh sea fisheries, has drawn up the following practical suggestions

with a view to the development of fisheries along the Welsh coast:—(1) The development of a general and intelligent interest in Welsh fisheries; (2) the cultivation of a taste for fish on the part of Welshmen; (3) more enterprise on the part of Welsh fishermen in obtaining markets; (4) reduced railway rates and special arrangements for the distribution of Welsh fish in the Principality; (5) a larger measure of support to those engaged in scientific inquiries relating to the fisheries.

Among the prizes offered in the art section of the Liverpool National Eisteddfod of 1900 is one for the best series of six illustrations in black and white depicting incidents in the Welsh novel "Rhye Lewis." The following, which are somewhat novel, are excellent subjects:—Water-color painting of an interior of Welsh cottage or building, with figures; architectural design of a village clubhouse, with newsroom, reading room, billiard room, and hall to accommodate 250 people, with caretaker's residence; architectural design of a mountain church or chapel to seat 200 people; architectural design of a row of four agricultural laborers' village cottages, and small shop adjoining.

On Friday evening, June 2, the Rev. M. Gwillim conducted a Welsh service in Rhineland Memorial Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City. The old familiar hymns were inspiring, and the whole service very helpful. It is earnestly desired that a similar service may be held at least occasionally, and in the same place. Of the estimated ten thousand Welsh people in the city, many are not sufficiently versed in the ancient vernacular to participate in such a service, and nearly all the others are good bilingualists, equally conversant in both languages. Those who are best served by a Welsh service are ably ministered to in the Methodist, Independent and Wesleyan churches. If, however, there

are those nurtured under the solemn, inspiring influences of the church in Wales who desire its service in their own native tongue, let them send their names and address, on post card, to any one of the Welshmen ministering in Episcopal churches of New York—Revs. Drs. Morgan, Williams, Lewis, and Revs. John Williams and M. Gwillim.

Although the "Celtic revival" may be of comparatively recent birth, there has never been a period at which were wanting men who loved things Celtic with an ardent love. Two such—albeit over-zealous—partisans, whose names should be remembered, were Mr. Cooper (a Welshman), and Captain Morris (a Scot), who, early in the March of 1824—exactly three-quarters of a century ago—fought a duel following upon a dispute respecting the relative antiquity and prior claims of the Welsh versus the Gaelic language and literature. The duel, which took place near London, and was fought with pistols, resulted unfortunately in the serious wounding of the Welsh champion, whose throat was struck by a ball, placing Mr. Cooper's life in considerable danger. The singular affair is said to have created considerable enthusiasm amongst the principal Cymric families then resident in the Metropolis.

The London correspondent of the "Western Mail" says "that 'Gallant little Wales' is likely to have a new distinction conferred on it. Most of us know the charms of Welsh choral music, and the Radicals have hitherto exploited it by getting hold of the Welsh choirs that have from time to time come up to London, and 'booming' them in the party interest. It has occurred to Mr. Hugh Bryan, the organising secretary of the Association of Conservative Clubs, that it would be a good thing to bring up to town a Welsh Conservative choir. The project is feasible enough, and is likely to be accomplished. It will certainly be

a glowing success, for London would warmly welcome the Welsh singers, and as many drawing-rooms would be open to them as they cared to enter."

Although the Welsh for ages loved to believe the story of Arthur, it is now probable that it is only a part of an ancient mythology, viz., the seasons of the year represented figuratively: Arthur being Winter, Gwenhwyfar Spring, and Medrawd—Med-rawd—Harvesttime. Gwalchmai (May hawk) also means the cuckoo, it being hawk-like in appearance. It was a belief that cuckoos turned to hawks in August. During the cold season, Winter (Arthur) rules over the greatest portion of Europe, but with the appearance of Spring (Gwenhwyfar) his troubles begin, and by June, July and August the Harvest Time has conquered, and Arthur has retired to reappear in due time.

Giraldus Cambrensis says of the Flemings in Pembrokeshire:—"These people, by inspiration of the right shoulders of rams which have been stripped of their flesh, and not roasted but boiled, can discover future events, or those which have been passed and remained long unknown. They know also what is transpiring at a distant place. In Davies's 'West Gower' we read:—"The Flemish names of people are still met with, and positive remains of Flemish architecture are to be found in Gower. The huge chimneys fronting the street, and even now obstructing the pathway, are thorough Flemish. Such may be seen also in Pembrokeshire, and even in the old town of Carmarthen, especially in two old inns. Though such architecture may date only from the early Edward it was an evident copy of the established rule."

Some of our Welsh professional singers who find it difficult to make a good income in this effete Monarchy might do well to emigrate and try their fortunes in the great Republic of the West,

In addition to the concert platform and the stage there are in the populous cities of the United States openings in the churches for good singers. Some of the wealthy churches maintain excellent choirs, of which the chief soloists are handsomely paid. One frequently hears of church choristers who are paid \$1,000 (£200) a year. Many favorite vocalists receive a much higher stipend. Take a recent case in point. Mr. H. Evans Williams, a young Welsh tenor, who has just rejoined the fine choir of the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, New York, after a few years' absence, is currently reported to have been re-engaged at a salary of \$2,500 (£500) a year.

No newspapers, periodicals, or books of any kind printed in the Welsh language are allowed to enter the vast domains of the Czar of all the Russias, as many Welshmen have learned to their cost and sorrow. A Dowlais man who went out to Hughesoffka a while ago had a Welsh Bible, which he carried with him, together with several other works in his mother tongue, promptly seized by the Russian authorities, and confiscated when crossing the frontier. If sent through the post, publications suffer a like fate. The reason of this is explained by the fact that any references to the Imperial family, Court, or Government of the country, considered odious or objectionable, are carefully blackened out of all English journals, whilst, the language of Eden being unknown to ordinary representatives of Russian officialdom, they ensure by the wholesale condemnation of its literature the prevention of any offending transgression of a rigid rule always faithfully observed.

Boston, Mass., May 25, 1899.—The Cymrodorion Society of Boston, U. S. A., unites with all lovers of Wales throughout the known world in expres-

sing its profound sense of the great loss sustained by the Principality through the death of its young and promising statesman, Mr. Thomas E. Ellis.

Though so far removed from the dear land of our birth, our sweet and tender memories of the days now gone by, our ever-growing interest in the welfare of our mother country, make it impossible for us to forget to rejoice when she rejoices, or to weep when she weeps. We had indeed learned to rejoice in the character and career of the late member for Merioneth. We had learned to regard him as the representative and embodiment of the best to be found in the life of the little country that he loved, and now that he has gone, we realize that a life of unusual promise and potency has been cut short.

His early religious training, his excellent education, his thorough unselfishness, his charm of manner, his devotion to principle, his capacity for work, his genius for organizing, his whole-hearted love for Wales, his early entrance on a parliamentary career, and his popularity with the leaders of his party seem to have marked him as the destined champion of the higher life of Wales.

But we must not grieve overmuch. The signal service which he has already rendered Wales, the heroic and self-sacrificing life he had already lived, will inspire hundreds of others to emulate his spirit, and to push forward the work he so nobly began. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

Resolved: that we, members of the Boston Cymrodorion Society, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved widow and family of the deceased statesman, and to all who are laboring for the advancement of the land of our birth.—Pryce T. Edwards, William B. Jones, Committee.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

DR. JOSEPH PARRY.

Dr. Joseph Parry, the Lecturer on Music at the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, was born at Merthyr Tydfil—called by Dr. Wesley,

America in the year 1854, and settled in Pennsylvania, where they resided for upwards of twenty years. His early struggles and ultimate success afford a bright example of "self help;" indeed in the story of his life there are incidents



Dr. Joseph Parry.

"the musical garden of Wales"—on the 21st of May, 1841. He came of a musical family, his mother possessing considerable vocal ability. From her no doubt he inherited an ardent love of the art, as well as an exceptional talent for the practice of it. The family emigrated to

so striking and instructive as to demand nothing less than the pen of a Smiles to relate adequately.

It seldom comes to a man to win his laurels in the prime of manhood, and to wear them, as in Dr. Parry's case, with all his faculties at their best. The first

Welsh opera ever produced was composed by him, and his countrymen are especially proud of him as the first Welshman to obtain the degree of Mus. Bac., and up to the present moment the only Welshman who has received the University degree of Doctor of Music. It is worthy of note, that, although he had taken part in choruses, he was seventeen years of age before he really knew a note of music. Joining a singing class he was then taught to read music, and also obtained a smattering of harmony, and acquired something of the rudiments of composition. Though this knowledge was long deferred, yet we find him, in the year 1861, a student in New York State, with Madame Antoinette Sterling, and the late Mr. P. B. Bliss as fellow students, where his progress was so rapid that he soon began to compete at the various *Eisteddfodau* which were held in the States, and eventually carried off the prizes for musical compositions. Induced to compete at the Welsh National *Eisteddfod* at Swansea in 1863, and also at Llandudno in 1864, he succeeded on each occasion in gaining the prizes for chorales, part-songs, and motets. To him also fell the prize for an oratorio, the work bringing this honor being that entitled "The Prodigal Son." Soon after these events, so important and encouraging, he resolved to visit his native country, whither he was accompanied by several gentlemen—his early advisers and instructors—who still felt the liveliest interest in his career. They organised a tour through Wales for the purpose of giving a series of concerts, the programmes of which consisted entirely of Joseph Parry's own compositions. It should be recorded that it was at the Aberystwyth *Eisteddfod* he was honored with the Bardic title of "Pencerdd America."

In 1868, Joseph Parry entered the Royal Academy of Music, where he remained for three years, and in each year succeeded in winning one of the prizes

at the disposal of the directors of that institution. During his stay there he studied singing under Signor Garcia, and composition under the principal, Sir William Sterndale Bennett, besides receiving lessons on the organ from Dr. Steggall. Having a fine baritone voice, Joseph Parry was urged by Signor Garcia to adopt the operatic stage as a profession; but, though the temptation was great, his love for composition triumphed. In the third year of his studentship he took the degree of Mus. Bac. at the Cambridge University. Returning to America, he started a musical institute, from which he retired on receiving the appointment of Professor of Music at the Aberystwyth University College. Never lacking in application and perseverance, he now determined to pass the examination for the Cambridge degree of Doctor of Music, a distinction of which he is justly proud. Subsequently he established a school of music at Swansea, and since the year 1888 has performed the duties pertaining to the office previously referred to; to wit, that of Lecturer on Music at the University College of Cardiff.

Indefatigable in his studies, Dr. Joseph Parry is a very prolific writer. Happily, his works are extremely popular, especially with his own countrymen, among whom they form the principal competitive pieces at the Welsh *Eisteddfodau*. His compositions exemplify well-nigh every form and style. So widely differing in character are they, that they embrace works in the several branches of sacred and secular art. Four operas, some three hundred chorales, and about the same number of songs, glees, and other miscellaneous pieces, have been produced by him, as well as works purely instrumental, such as his "Orchestral Ballads," his "Suite," and those entitled "Sleep" and "The Dying Minstrel." His three cantatas—"The Birds," "Joseph" and "Nebuchadnezzar"—have also obtained hearty recognition. It is, how-

ever, in oratorio, the highest branch of the art, that Dr. Joseph Parry has sought for lasting renown. Reference has already been made to "The Prodigal Son," the sacred work written in America; and space will not permit us at present to dwell at length upon his second oratorio, "Emmanuel," which, when performed in London in the spring of 1880, was noticed in the most flattering terms by the leading journals of the Metropolis. Dr. Joseph Parry regards "Saul of Tarsus" however, as the work of his life. Its first performance took place at the Rhyl National Eisteddfod, and its second at the Cardiff Musical Festival.

At the Cardiff University, Dr. Joseph Parry lectures on Harmony, Counterpoint, Orchestration, Musical Forms, and Composition. Apart from his duties at the University, he gives lessons in voice production and solo singing, and his services in this capacity are held in great value by young aspirants to vocal honors. He also frequently acts as director of performances of his own as well as of other composer's work. For several years Dr. Parry filled the office of conductor of the Cardiff Orchestral Society, and, by unflinching energy and skill, combined with tact and courtesy, gained the confidence, no less than the esteem, of the members under his command. Unfortunately, he was compelled to resign that appointment in order to devote himself as much as possible to the completion of several works upon which he was then engaged. Not the least important of these productions was the Welsh National Congregational Tune Book, the words being selected and the music composed or arranged by him alone.

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Miss Winifred L. Jones, of Utica, N. Y., whose entertaining article "In and About Monterey" appeared in our June number, graduated on the 16th ult., and took her diploma and degree.

David Charles Davies, a son of the Rev. B. D. Davies, of Whitesboro, N. Y., graduated from Hamilton College on the 28th, and is already engaged as Librarian and Teacher in Greek at Park College, Mo. Mr. Davies will leave August 19.

Prof. H. W. Jones, the author of "Thought in Song," in our present number, is the son of W. H. Jones, Manhattan, Kas. Prof. Jones is a Cambro-American scholar with strong musical instincts, and he loves to take long walks into the philosophy of things. To the typical Welshman there is music in thought, and thought in music.

Mrs. Mary Howell Schutt, whose prize poem, entitled "The Eloquence of the Eye," appears in the "Cambrian" of this month, is Welsh, and the daughter of the late E. T. Howells, who was once postmaster at one of the Cleveland stations for years, and who served as a soldier in the 5th Ohio in the late Civil War. She is married to Mr. Walter E. Schutt, Supt. of Mails at the Cleveland, O., post office, where he has been employed for twenty years.

In awarding the prize to Mrs. Schutt for the best poem on "The Eloquence of the Eye," at the last Cleveland Eisteddfod, Judge H. M. Edwards said, "They are most excellent stanzas, rich with bright ideas, and abounding in poetical expressions." Mrs. Schutt has the poet's eye, and withall, the rare gift to express her thoughts felicitously.

Midnight of May 26, 1899, after a long illness from cancer of the stomach, Mr. Owen E. Jones died at his home, Spring Side, near Irving, Kas., and was buried on the 28th, the Rev. A. S. Payne (M. E.) officiating. Mr. Jones was one of the founders of the religious cause in Spring Side, and had been instrumental in establishing and building the church. Mr. Payne in his remarks at the funeral gave Mr. Jones a high tribute of praise as having been always helpful, and fore-

most in his good services, participating in every branch of the church work; a man of fervent faith and rich in good works.

He was born at Ty Ceryg, Llangadwaladr, Anglesea, in 1847. When young he moved with his parents to Ty Melyn, near Bryngwran, but soon left home to work with farmers around. In 1865 he went to Plas Cefn, Amlwch, as assistant game-keeper to Syr W. W. Wynne, and later to Pentre Foelas, Denbigh. Very soon he came to this country, settling at Judson, Minn., whence he came to Barrett, Kansas, where he bought land. In 1873 he was married to Dora Griffin. Later, he moved to Nebraska, but returned to Spring Side, Kas., where he spent the remainder of his days. He was a hard working and industrious man, and respected for his good and practical qualities. He leaves a widow and six children, viz., Llewelyn, Mrs. Gould, Jennie, Barbara, Mary and Naomi; also father in Anglesea; and five brothers, and three uncles. He leaves also many relatives in Pennsylvania, Kansas, Minnesota, &c. His funeral was remarkable, about 80 vehicles and wagons in attendance.

A distinguished Cambro-American was laid to rest in Towyn Churchyard, North Wales, recently. Mr. Lewis D. Jones, late president of the Illinois Society of Public Accountants, was for many years connected with the well-known firm Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Company, and was reputed to be one of the best-known accountants in the United States. He was a staunch Nonconformist, and a passionate lover of the "land of his fathers." His death took place in America, but he gave strict injunctions that his bones should be laid to rest among the mountains of his native Wales.

What does this mean? Our own American Consul (the Rev. T. D. Phil-

lips) has been lecturing, according to the "Wrexham Advertiser," at the Baptist Chapel, Garth, on "The Welshmen in America." During the evening he remarked that the Welsh are esteemed by all nations as a true and loyal race, strong in the Christian faith, but very much lacking in ambition. He was, however, pleased to note that during the last year or two a great change has been taking place, and, in consequence, Welshmen are now seen filling some of the most important posts in America!"

The principal name in the Queen's birthday honors list (says the "Standard") is that of Henry Morton Stanley, the man who has done more than any other traveller or administrator in Africa to bring that Continent within the range of future civilization. He gave us Uganda and the other rich provinces bordering on the Great Lakes, and rendered possible the proposed connection between Cairo and the Cape. And had his voice been listened to, before the other European powers entered into the competition for African territory, he would have included within the British Empire the whole basin of the Congo at a time when we might have had it for the asking—or without asking. It is strange to contrast the belated, though not ungenerous, honor now bestowed upon him with the rapacious welcome forced by the French people on the plucky young soldier who has left at Fashoda a record of nothing but his personal energy. If Paris pays all this honor to the failure of Major Marchand, what reward could it have devised for such solid successes as stand to the credit of Sir Henry Stanley?

The London "Globe" has perpetrated the following:—"Among the birthday honors we see that Mr. H. M. Stanley has been made a G.C.B. It is altogether fitting that the author of 'In Darkest Africa' should become a Knight."

Original and Selected Miscellany.

"My earliest recollection when I was a child," says Dr. Newman Hall, "is that of sitting on my mother's knee, listening to her sweet voice repeating John iii. 16: 'For God so loved the world,' etc. I have been going on learning that text ever since, and it will take eternity to learn the full meaning of that wonderful word 'so.'"

Few people have any idea of the wonderful strength of beetles. Felix Plateau has shown that a common beetle can draw five hundred times its own weight, and a stag beetle has been known to escape from under a box weighted with a book one thousand seven hundred times greater in weight.

"I want to tell yo,' my deah brethren," said Deacon Johnsing to his flock at prayer-meeting, "dat in dese days of chainless bikes, hoosless kerridges, an' sich, dat what we need fo' the glorifications of de cullud folkses am chickenless ccops, razzlerless pahaties, melonless patches, and crapless games. Does yo' follow me?"—Bazar.

In a certain literary club years ago, one of the members, in proposing the name of a candidate for membership, mentioned among his qualifications that he could speak several dead languages. To this an opponent replied that he never heard the gentleman in question speak but one dead language, and he murdered that as he went along.

"The "Sun" informs an inquiring correspondent that it is the height of vulgarity to tuck the corner of one's napkin under one's chin at the table. Undoubtedly "The Sun's" advice is sound here.

Once upon a time a man entered a popular restaurant in Boston, and, after tucking his napkin into his shirt collar, prepared to order his dinner.

"What will you have, sir," inquired the waiter, "a shave or a shampoo?"

HIS REASON WHY.

Here is a curious advertisement which appeared in an Ohio newspaper just to hand:—"The reason why I have hitherto been able to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor, and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchase at once at the old prices."

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THE BUDS ARE ALWAYS THERE.

How many earthly desires and worldly feelings are shaken from the soul by the tempest of a great sorrow, even as the faded leaves of autumn. But when all the leaves are stripped from the tree, and it stands bare and desolate under the lashing of winter winds there still remain, carefully sealed up on every branch and twig, buds of celestial hue, which are to unfold in leaf and flower in the summer of God's kingdom.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

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MUSIC AND CATERPILLARS.

Up in the Catskill mountains, where the caterpillars have been very destructive to maple and apple trees, a novel

and effective way to fight the pests has been discovered.

A woman blowing a horn under a maple tree was surprised to see the caterpillars fall to the ground by the hundreds, and continue to do so at each succeeding blast. She told her story, and the noise cure was immediately adopted by her neighbors. Horns and drums and conch shells were brought into play. Caterpillars by the bushel dropped to the earth and were gathered up and destroyed.

HE'D RATHER LEAVE.

The governor of a prison in Limerick told an amusing story of a refractory prisoner with whom he had once to deal. The man refused to work on the treadmill, and was brought before the governor for disobedience of the warden's orders. The governor asked him what objection he had to working on the treadmill. "Me go on the treadmill!" he cried. "Niver, sorr!" And, proudly drawing himself up, he added, "I'd rather lave the jail first."

AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY.

I had an elephant once which I taught all it knew in about six weeks, and which could do more tricks than any animal with which I ever had to deal. Immediately after its training was finished it left me to go to South Africa, and for many months it led the ordinary, peaceful and uneventful life of the ordinary humdrum elephant of the traveling menagerie. But at a word from its old trainer, who had followed in another ship, it went through its performance as though there had not been a single day's break.

THE PREACHER'S BOOK.

Referring to the statement that a certain prominent preacher was delivering a series of sermons with popular novels

as his texts, the Pittsburg "Christian Advocate" says: "The Bible is the preacher's book, especially in the pulpit. It is the book of texts and subjects. No discourse is worthy to be called a sermon which is not founded on God's Word, and no text should be taken from this which is not complete, and does not contain an important truth."

BRITAIN AND POLYGAMY.

The London, Ontario, "Advertiser" says: "The flexibility of British standards of morality to meet imperial contingencies is seen in a recently issued blue book containing 'Papers Relating to the British South African Company,' which has in it an order directing the 'High Court of Southern Rhodesia' to recognize in civil cases the validity of polygamous marriages. * * * After this demonstration of British care for the scruples, social and religious, of the African Kafirs and Hottentots, we suppose we will have a renewed appeal for latitude and longitude from the Mormons. They claim that they are natives also, and that their anxiety to annex wives springs from religious conviction."

THE GRAVE OF JENNY LIND.

It has been stated that the grave on Malvern hills, in England, of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, the Swedish nightingale, has been sadly neglected, and is not even marked by the simplest slab. This is not true. A handsome and costly monument in the shape of a cross tells the passerby that there rests the body of that noble woman, renowned not only as the most wonderful songstress of her day, but for her almost unparalleled generosity and saintly character. It is stated that her husband, long after her decease, was in the habit of visiting her grave daily and strewing upon it the most beautiful flowers. He was a most devoted and loving husband, and her

last days were made happy and sweet by his kind attentions.

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A BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

Sir Wilfred Lawson suggests an Ecumenical Council which might be made up out of the present Parliament to look after the interests of the Church of England. Here it is:—Mr. Arthur Balfour (Apostle of Philosophic Doubt), Sir William Harcourt (Avenging Angel of Legality), Mr. John Dillon (Roman Catholic), Mr. Sam Smith (Protestant), Mr. Carvell Williams (Dissenter), Mr. Walter Rothschild (Jew), Mr. Labouchere (Sage), Sir M. Bownaggee (Parsee), and Sir Wilfred Lawson (Lunatic). How absurd it was, said he, to talk about Dissenters having nothing to do with the affairs of the Church, because they did not go to church. He did not go to the public house, but he claimed to have something to do with its affairs. Parliament could make laws for the Church, and it had the power to make people obey these laws.

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THE BEST SPANIARDS.

"After the surrender of August 13," says a corporal in the Utah battery now in the Philippines, "we advanced on a company of Spaniards which still held out. Gen. Hale summoned to his command what Spanish he knew, and demanded a surrender. Great was his surprise when the reply came in a broad Irish brogue, 'Divil a bit I'll surrender!' The Spanish captain was an Irishman. I met him afterwards, subsequent to the surrender, which occurred, despite his protestations. He had married a Spanish woman, and so found his way into the Spanish army. There are many Irish in Spain. Any number of Irishmen have married the fair daughters of the proud Castilian race. Because of this incident the officers around Gen. Otis came to regard as a proverb that 'the only Spanish who can fight are Irishmen.'"

THE LORD'S DAY.

Quite recently the Actors' Society of New York, of which Mr. Mackay is President, has petitioned the legislature at Albany against a bill which has been introduced for the opening of theatres on Sundays, and similar action has been taken by actors in Chicago. Thus it comes to pass that the sanctity of the Lord's Day is being advocated in a somewhat unexpected quarter. It is not very long ago that a movement was started in the stores of Paris for the promotion of Sunday observance, and the very decided action of journalists in London against the publication of Sunday papers has also shown that the Sabbath is likely to be regarded as a permanent institution even by those who have little sympathy with Puritan Christianity. The Sunday has come to stay, and the more it is attacked the more strongly entrenched is its position as a Sabbath of rest.

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A DEPARTURE.

In Austria the cry of "Away from Rome!" is rampant, and literally hundreds have severed their connection with the church, although it is not yet finally settled how much of a religious movement this originally political agitation will prove to be. At the latest computation, about one thousand had left the Catholic church in Austria, and of these about six hundred have become Protestants or Old Catholics.

A peculiar condition of affairs exists in North America. Here as in other lands where Catholics and Protestants live side by side, the best type of Roman Catholicism is to be found. Yet wherever this type is developed, a certain independence of Roman influences invariably follows. This is the case in the United States, and properly constitutes the essence of "Americanism," of which a caricature was drawn by the Pope.

It must be said that on the whole the

power of the Roman Catholic Church in all the corners of the earth is being gradually undermined. This explains the feverish anxiety of the Vatican to gain by diplomacy what has been lost in other ways.

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THE JOY OF THE LORD.

To have the joy of the Lord we do not need to make long and expensive journeys to far off conventions. We do not need to spend our money for the great luxuries of palaces and costly equipage. The poor have it in their own homes, often in great fullness. In their godly and contented lives they have a peace and satisfaction of soul that may not be found in kings' palaces. They have not the means or the time to spend attending the annual conventions so attractive to many. But they have the sweet felicity of communion with God in the home circle and the home church, undisturbed by the bustle and excitement of the convention life. There is no reason why the quiet joy of the home should ever be disturbed by envious thoughts toward those who can go from convention to convention, and have their names emblazoned abroad in every paper. The joy of the Lord more than compensates for all there is in a junketing trip, either to the lake or mountain pleasure resort, for religious services.

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COL. BRYAN'S TWO JOKES.

For a few months after his defeat in 1896 Mr. Bryan was in the habit of asking people whom he met whether the General had arrived; and when inquiry was made as to what General he meant his reply always was: "Why, General Prosperity." Events soon blunted the edge of that joke, and now Mr. Bryan has coined another joke. He began his speech in St. Louis lately with it,

saying: "An actor who visited Nebraska recently, upon learning from a Republican that confidence had been restored, remarked that he had examined Webster's Dictionary to learn what 'confidence' meant, and found confidence defined as 'trust.' Then he understood that confidence had been really restored."

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CROMWELL.

"It is time for us to regard him as in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time." That is the judgment of Dr. S. R. Gardiner on Oliver Cromwell, in an address delivered on the occasion of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Cromwell's birth. Cromwell has certainly been rehabilitated since Carlyle, with all his exaggerations, helped to put his character for the first time in its true light. No dispassionate person can overlook the defects of his qualities. He himself would not allow the painter to omit the wart on his face; and if he had a "big red nose" we all recognise that, as the schoolboy rather crudely but graphically put it, "there were deep religious feelings behind it."

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The castor-oil plant is cultivated throughout India, and the oil is frequently employed by the Indian dyers as an auxiliary in certain dye preparations. This oil has the reputation of being one of the best for dressing tanned hides and skins. The uses of the oil are many, it being the only suitable one for lubricating all sorts of machinery, clocks, watches, &c. It is the best lamp oil they have in India, and gives an excellent white light, with but little soot, almost an imperceptible amount, which quality no other oils possess.

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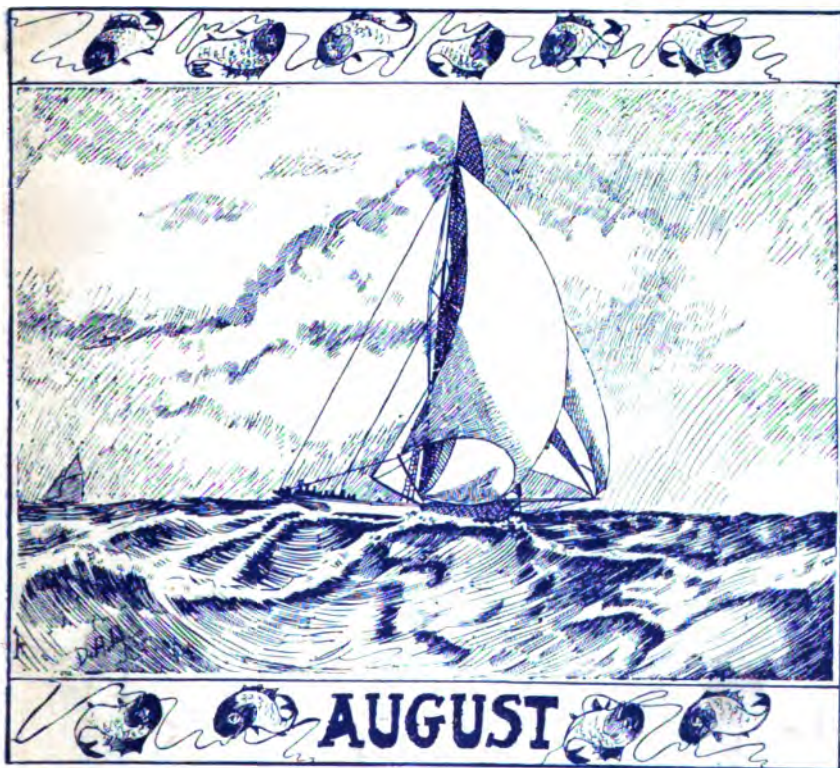
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THE CAMBRIAN



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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Invitation!

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❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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THE MISSION OF POETRY.

By Rev. T. A. Humphreys, Cleveland, O.

Poetry is sometimes treated as "relative poetry" and "absolute poetry." One definition of absolute poetry is the following: "Absolute poetry is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language." Samuel Taylor Coleridge says thus: "Poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language."

Poetry is also considered under the ideas of energy and art. As an energy, poetry reveals itself as one of those primal human forces which operate successfully upon the development of the race. As an art, it comprises a system of methods and rules, and dexterity in the application of the same. Pindar may be taken as a type of the poets of energy, and Virgil of the poets of art. The former is the dominant quality of the poetry of England, and the latter of Roman poetry. With all its vivacity and force on the one

hand, and its artistic skill and perfection in the use of rhythm and meter on the other hand, can it not be said that Welsh poetry possesses in an admirable degree the characteristics of both energy and art?

There are various classes of poetry, such as pastoral, epic, lyric, and dramatic. Pastoral poetry, from the Latin word "pastor," a shepherd, originally meant that poetry in which the scenes and objects of a shepherd's life are described; but the term is now generally applied to all poetry descriptive of rural scenes and country life. The *Bucolics* of Virgil, Thomson's *Seasons*, and most of Sir Walter Scott's poems belong to this class. Epic poetry describes important actions or achievements of some distinguished hero; and its object is to aid morals, bravery and illustrious actions. The great epic poems of the world are the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, the *Æneid* of Virgil, and the *Paradise Lost* of

Milton. Lyric poetry, so called from the lyre, a renowned musical instrument of the ancients, embraces all poetry that is set, or that might be set to music. It includes songs, odes, psalms and hymns. It is written in the language of emotion. The authors comprised in this class of poetry are numberless. Dramatic poetry is that which contains no narrative on the part of the poet, but is all understood to be spoken or performed on the stage by the different actors, the dramatic persons. Of this poetry there are two divisions, tragedy and comedy. The former treats chiefly of the loftier passions, vices, successes and distresses of mankind, the horrible; the latter of men's whims, fancies, follies and foibles. Shakespeare stands alone the greatest of dramatic poets.

The ancient poetry of Wales is generally divided into three cycles, answering to the three successive eras in Welsh history. The first cycle includes the sixth and seventh centuries, and the chief among its bards were Taliesin, Aneurin, and Llywarch Hen, who was a prince and bard. The second cycle of Welsh poetry includes the period from the middle of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century. Among the eminent bards of this period were Cynddelw, Gwalchmai and Owain Cyfeiliog. The latter was also a prince of South Wales, and during the most of his life was actively engaged in the wars of this era. The third cycle of Welsh

poetry embraces a period commencing in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, and ending at the final union of Wales and England.

The acknowledged chief bard of this period was Dafydd Ab Gwilym. The poets of this era were more numerous than those of any preceding age, although they failed to retain their original position in the palaces of the nobles. Still they displayed unusual activity in perfecting their metrical, rhythmic and alliterative system, as well as in the production of many immortal poems.

Additional force is realized in poetry by means of meter, accent and rhyme, especially in Welsh poetry, in which the rhyme is both internal and final. A complex system of alliteration gives a vim to a production, which otherwise would be quite tame, very much as good music immortalizes a piece, which without it is only ordinary. For an illustration we adduce the following from the Welsh, which is so rich in this respect:

"Nis llewyrchaist o ynys y Llachar!
Mal yn y dyddiau milain diweddar,
O eitha' nwyfiant, hi aeth yn afar,
Dy Haul o'r entyrch, a'i hoewgyrch hygar,
Duodd pan roed mewn daear—dy Gymro,
Ymro' di i wylo—mawr yw dy alar!"
—*Gwallter Mechain.*

This is not in keeping with the genius of the English tongue, yet we shall present one illustration to meet a natural curiosity:

"All dearly Mollie darling—is thy love
To soothe my heart's longing;
Yes, Mollie, love so smiling
In thy breast to me thou bring."

We shall also cite one englyn from the Latin:

"Sopor Mariam cepit—in luctu
A lecto recessit;
Ast tuba hanc citabit,
Ut Maria salva sit."

But with all the jingle and charm of this exquisite machinery the poet was shackled and limited in his productions, and the real soul and object of poetry were too much out of sight. Blank verse has the advantage of showing that true poetry is found in the thought, the feeling, the thing itself, and not in any artificial rhyme or alliteration. Nothing is more nauseating than rhyme and meter with no poetical animus and glow.

Let us now examine for a moment the faculties and powers of the soul which produce poetry and reduce it to a tangible and pleasing form. Poetry passes through the marvelous machinery of all of these divine endowments: 1. The cognitive or knowing faculty; 2. The sensitive or feeling faculty; 3. The appetitive or choosing faculty. To systematize, we have the products of the subordinate powers: perception, conception, understanding, imagination, generalization, reason, judgment, sensation, memory. All these faculties and powers give color to poetry, although some of them are far more prominent than the others. Knowledge and feeling excite the imagination, and this being accomplished, the poet soars chiefly upon the wings of imagination to the sublimest heights of the cloudless atmos-

phere of being. Poetry unites affection and imagination.

Poetry has its mission as well as science. Science speaks with more mathematical precision than poetry, but poetry expresses the great motives, causes, realities, experiences and destinies of being more completely, and probably more accurately than science. Poetry fathoms deeper into the unexplored domains of ontology than science with all her ingenious and indefatigable activities. Science discovers facts and arranges them in corrected and systematized order. Poetry seizes these facts, and with her torch of genius illumines them, and makes each a sun in the firmament of the soul, imparting life and light and inspiration to all its noblest activities. Poetry is more partial to the deductive than the inductive method. The poet presents a pleasing image to the mind rather than to trace all the particular steps of logic leading to a conclusion. Poetry has the object, the proposition, the discussion and the conclusion in the one grand and all-embracing image. Poetry seizes one figure of speech, or appropriates one physical object by which to print a volume of thought and experience. Words are vehicles by which to convey thought, feeling, or purpose. The primitive words in all languages, which are exceedingly few, were in the first instance the names of some object or appearance in outward nature. The word "right" literally means "straight." The word

"wrong" means "wrung" or "crooked." "Law" denotes that which is "laid." To "imagine" is to form a visible "image." To "impress" is to leave a "stamp" or "mark." To "reflect" means to "turn back." All symbols are utterly inadequate to express spiritual realities in any degree of completeness. One mission of poetry is to select these urns from the material universe, and store in them for perennial use the concept, and then the conception, the very blossom of thought, and the actuality of feeling, from the entire kingdom of ideas, and the whole realm of the sensibilities. Truths on the one hand, and these emblems or figures of poetry on the other are "apples of gold in pictures of silver" (Proverbs 25: 11). Or as Llew Llywfo most poetically expresses this idea in his prize didactic poem on the Creator:

"Ystorfa fawr o ffugrau yw y byd:
O'u plith y dethol dyn ei ladmeryddion.
Y ffugrau ynt biseri grisial prid

I gadw gloew feddylliau awenyddion.
Gwnaeth y Creawdwr anian i wasanaethu
Creadur, pan y ceisio yntau wneuthur
Cynhyrfion cryf ei enaid yn deimladwy,
Neu wneyd ei brif ddarfelydd yn weladwy.
Goleuo'r lamp yn unig raid i ddyn

O fewn y ffurf; ei grebwyll yw'r goleuni;
Ac yna trwy y ffurf dysgleiria ei hun,

Tra yntau i ddysgleirio'r ffurf yn gweini;
Ond bardd, awenydd, nid Creawdwr yw!
Nid oes Greawdwr ond yr Un Anfeidrol
Dduw."

The poet expresses ideas of reason and presents objects immeasurable and illimitable, not in abstract form,

but by means of representations they are made tangible, and are invested with the form and hue of living reality. The idea is transfigured into an ideal, and by means of the flaming genius of poetry the ideal is crystalized and becomes real.

Lines in the form of poetry are often prostituted to vile thoughts and feelings and actions, but true poetry never trails and tarnishes her brilliant wings in the grime and slime of low ideals. Poetry played an important part in the religious observances of the Druids long before the time of Julius Caesar. The family bard was an important member of the royal palace. He was to have his land rent free, his horse always in attendance, and to receive most of his clothing from the king and queen. The bard was revered as a great teacher, as a singer, as one who inspired the soldiers and prince, and all, with courage in times of war, and as one who predicted future events. Frequently the battle would turn upon the productions and actions of the poet. Our war songs indicate what a prominent and effective place poetry occupies in our times of conflict. "The Star Spangled Banner," "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" have stimulated many a faint heart in the hour of battle and danger.

The poetry of Greece is specially connected with the state of society in which it arose, and which it large-

ly molded. Religious and civil institutions, and culture, were to a great extent created and fashioned by the heaven-born genius of poetry. It has been properly said that "it was Homer who formed the character of the Greek nation." We are taught that the Homeric poems were the fountain-heads of all the refinement of the ancients. No wonder that these poems were special favorites with kings and princes whose praises they sang, as well as those of their ancestors "of divine descent," as exemplified in the following lines:

"In the midst
Of heroes, eminent above them all
Stood Agamemnon, with an eye like Jove's
To threaten or command, like Mars in
girth,
And, with the port of Neptune, * * *
For he surpasses all, such Jove ordained
* * * the son of Atreus."

We read in the Iliad that a nod from Agamemnon, king of men, was the end of all controversy. His word was law. His authority no other than Achilles, the son of Thetis, goddess of the silver bow, dares to brave. "Jove makes the king, and loves the king he makes." The muses looked placidly "from high with smiling face" over the infant head of royalty.

These illustrations show how prominent a position the poet held as a leading member of the State, and possessing great political and social power. His was one of the three-sister arts, recognized by law, and receiving all the patronage and aid the royal authority could ren-

der. Even in our time the poet laureate of England indicate the high esteem in which the bard is held. As a fine art, English poetry is receiving much attention in our time.

Again, the poet leads us into an intimate and affectionate relationship with nature, and we read her profound wonders like an open book. James Thomson's "Seasons" leads us through its various labyrinths. William Cullen Bryant is emphatically and uniquely a poet of nature. Can we not hear the very voice of nature, speaking to us in his "Forest Hymn?" "The groves were God's first temples." And he reflects the light of immortality itself upon our untrodden and unending path in his lines to "Waterfowl:"

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy
certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

William Wordsworth in England, and William Cullen Bryant in America have brought men into a deeper realization of the beauties and harmonies of nature. Through the sunsets, rainbows, cataracts and flowers, we are led into the palace of nature as a whole, the very garment of God, and these poets bring us face to face with this some One, and not with some mere things. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is peculiarly the poet of human nature. What can better illustrate this than his heart-reaching and immortal Hiawatha?

"Thus departed Hiawatha,
 Hiawatha the Beloved,
 In the glory of the sunset,
 In the purple mists of evening,
 To the regions of the home-wind,
 Of the Northwest-wind, Keewaydin,
 To the islands of the Blessed,
 To the kingdom of Ponemah,
 To the land of the Hereafter!"

The poet makes a new combination. He is a creator, but not in the strict sense of the term. He brings no new material into being, but readjusts what is already in existence. God is the only creator, even of ideas. The poet can connect a part of one animal with a part of another, or the capacities of one person with those of another, or the qualities of one nation with those of another, a blend after the most exquisite manner the glories of one landscape with those of another. The poet like the painter can only mix the colors, and ply the brush. The poet re-arranges sentiments and feelings, and produces the most charming image. The poet is moved by the sense of the beautiful. Aesthetics is his favorite study. He traverses the paths of flowers and sunbeams, and halos. Poetry has an all-important mission in forming images of the beautiful in the fields of thought, and action, and character, so as to charm men away from the hideousness of the trifling, the ugly and the criminal. The human soul possesses a sense of the beautiful, and the true poet endeavors to keep this innate gift from God from being perverted. As the painter and sculptor observe the lines and prin-

ciples of beauty, so does the poet in his pictures of the beautiful in the physical, mental and spiritual spheres. Samuel Taylor Coleridge exclaims: "Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward: it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

And Oliver Goldsmith exults in the beauties discovered and expressed by poetry:

"And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest
 maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
 Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest
 fame,
 Dear charming Nymph, neglected and de-
 cry'd,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary Pride;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my
 woe,
 Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st
 me so;
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue."

Poetry, furthermore, transforms the meaning of the humblest and most common-place object, and infuses into it a new luster and halo which impart into it a new significance and power. There is a piece of rag. It may be silk, or it may be no better than a dishcloth. We call it "a flag." Poetry sees in that piece of rag (and all the more if tattered and torn by bullets), all that is sacred, and good, and noble in the history of the country, the valor of its true martyrs, and chivalry of its brave soldiers; in short, everything for which that government stands. The color-bearer on the field of battle realizes that to shoot that flag is

to pierce the heart of the nation. The casual passer-by sees nothing but undressed logs, plain clapboard and filthy mortar, but the poet finds engraved upon every smallest fraction of that old dilapidated log-cabin love and home. The opaque man sees nothing but a shrub as he picks berries; the transpicuous poet beholds a burning bush with God in it.

In the next place, poetry is the art of true perspective. A vista, or a view between or through intervening objects, as trees, or sunset on the lakes, is uniquely suggestive and alluring, transporting the spectator. Perspective represents upon a plane surface an object as it actually appears to an eye situated at a certain point. Objects are sometimes too near, and sometimes too far for us to have a correct and impressive view of them. They must be seen also along a certain line and at a certain angle. Objects are seen to the best advantage when they sustain a certain relation of position to one another. Poetry imparts the true color, and fixes the correct form to objects to produce the deepest impression. Poetry through the telescope of a tear can have a more correct and complete view of the home of childhood than can be had through any other means, because through this prism only can true love, and kindness, and loyalty be seen in their genuine color. The poet sees his old home with its ever-vernal trees and never-withering flowers through the vistas of time and the astonishing vicissitudes of

history and experience. Events which have taken years to actually inspire poetry can bring into a focus in a moment's time, and thus concentrate with marvelous effect the forces of time and space. Poetry annihilates time and space in a more correct sense than steam and electricity and liquid air ever can.

And finally, the poet has an instinctive and prophetic longing after the perfect in nature, man and society. Poetry creates islands of love in oceans of light, where dwell birds of more varied hues and more brilliant plumes than the Bird of Paradise, warbling the sweetest, richest songs, regaled by the balmiest air, and the entire surroundings absolutely perfect in their attractiveness. Yes, the poet sees all the beautiful, perfect "rivers wander o'er sands of gold" between the most majestic and picturesque mountains, emptying their richest contents into the sublimest oceans. He directs our attention to the perfect man, perfect in his physical powers and intellectual faculties, perfect in all his mental, moral and spiritual training and achievements, perfect as a complete man, a real microcosm. The poet is never satisfied with attainments already actually made, but always craves loftier heights and nobler acquisitions. Again, he beholds the perfect society, a perfect government, with perfect rulers and perfect subjects, with might of intellect, beauty of person, sweetness of affection, and purity of morals, all combined. Then the poet can people

countless worlds throughout illimitable space with perfect beings, and thus increase the happiness of the universe indefinitely, yea even infinitely.

Poetry therefore has a mission more inspiring and helpful than that of science, even in that it presents through her creative genius to our wondering gaze the universe of matter and spirit, past, present and future, in a more accurate, complete and effective manner. Still all this poetic genius is no more than a passing spark from the supreme

fountain-head of all light. Man's highest ideal is infinitely surpassed by God's real. Listen then to the uplifting voice of the true poetry of all nations and centuries, especially that of David, Isaiah and John, and that of all the inspired and inspiring Book, as sung at all places of worship everywhere, as she whispers words of cheer to the afflicted, and projects her light upon the ever-green mountains of life. Honor this divine art, poetry, this fair daughter of heaven!



THE MORNING. (A Prose Poem.)

T. Chalmers Davis.

How beautiful and impressive are the varied scenes Nature presents at dawn of day.

A cathedral stillness, with its accompanying gloom pervades the air. In the forest cloisters overhead the faithful winds chant their eternal aves and far among the dreamy pines the brown-cowled brook murmurs a prayer o'er its rosary of pebbles. By a gnarled tree trunk a wizard lizard tuned his lonesome lute, and with maudlin mutter a drunken bandit bee stumbles homeward through the dew. In the high grass a belated minstrel cricket was blightely singing a jocund song, while on the marshes marge the bullfrog orchestras punctuated the stillness with their hoarse melodies.

The silver moon sinks down the west and in the brightening east gleam the fair, faint hues of rose. And lo! a raptured lark, rising from his pillow of dewy dreams, mounts on wings of song, and like a spendthrift scatters his golden notes in a shower of melody.

Garmented in swirling draperies of crimson and violet the sun like a reaper comes forth and with sickle keen, gathers the glittering harvest of the sky.

GWRYCH CASTLE.

The seat of the Earl and Countess of Dundonald, forming as it does the chief of local attractions, and the proud ornament of Abergele, deserves some particular mention. It was built by Mr. Hesketh, her lady-

Castl'd mansions which stud North-Walian ground." It is built on a rocky curve on the hill-side. Its frontage is said to be five hundred feet in length. It comprises eighteen lofty embattled towers, the prin-



Gwrych Castle—Abergele, N. W.

ship's grandfather. He was his own architect, and designer, and the imposing structure shows what a genius for effect he must have been. As a child he used to tell his nurse that "When I get to be a man, I will build my castle on that rock." After a prolonged tour abroad he returned home, and his childhood's dream issued in the "Grandest of

principal one, called the Hesketh tower, is ninety-three feet high. Its terraced gardens and fairy walks, the shrubberies, ferneries, etc., are grand. The park is extensive, and studded with graceful trees. The drive from east to west is one and half mile long. From the castle to the western gateway the drive is superb. Below lies

the ever-foaming sea. Overhead hang rugged rocks, and beautiful trees shelter us from the sun. Here are foreign plants of a hundred kind, the choicest shrubberies, etc. Lady Emily's tower is above. Its north front is a continuation of an almost perpendicular precipice of great height. At the end of the drive are the magnificent natural caverns of Cefn Ogo, famous in song and story. On four tablets at the west entrance are records of the sanguinary battles which took place in this notorious pass, as follows:

"Prior to the Norman Conquest, Harold, in his attempt to subjugate this part of the Principality, was encountered by Gruffydd ab Llewelyn, prince of North Wales, on the plain near Cefn Ogo, and after a sanguinary battle, in which he was defeated, and a considerable number of his men slain, was driven back to Rhuddlan."

"In the reign of William the Conqueror, Hugh Lupus, on his march to invade the Isle of Anglesea, passing through the defile of Cefn Ogo, was attacked by an armed band of Welshmen, which had been posted there to intercept his progress, and of which, after an obstinate and protracted battle, eleven hundred were left dead on the spot."

"In the reign of Henry II., Owain Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, on his retreat from Flintshire, fortified himself in this pass, where he gave battle to the forces of that monarch, and repulsed them with great slaughter; after securing this

important post, he retreated to Pen y Farc, in the adjoining parish, where he made a stand against the English forces, and effectually checked the further invasion of his dominions."

"Near this pass, Richard II., whom Percy, Earl of Northumberland, under pretence of an amicable interview with Bolingbroke, had inveigled from Aber Conway Castle, after his return from Ireland, was surrounded by a military band, bearing the Northumberland banner, and conducted to Flint Castle, where he was treacherously betrayed by the Earl into the power of the usurper."

Tan yr Ogo, another mansion is across the road. The sea views from its front are very grand. Old Gwrych, the ancient seat of the Gwrych family, stands in the lower part of the park. It is now the residence of Mr. Inglis, the estate agent. It was here that Mrs. Hemans spent most of her early days vying in song with the sweet warblers, whose descendants still haunt the noble groves around. It was here that the renowned poetess sang:—

Oh! tell me, Cambrians, tell me true,
Does fair Hygeia 'bide with you?
Yes, she with us for ever dwells
In groves, in shady woods, or dells,
Oh! stranger, turn and stay—for here
She deigns to give her influence dear;
In yonder vale her temple stands;
Her brows entwined with roseate bands,
In Cambria's land she ever dwells
In graves, in shady woods, or dells.

These scenes, which no repetition can make uninteresting, the public are under certain conditions privi-

eged to visit. The walks behind the castle are exceedingly beautiful, but are closed to visitors. Formerly this was not the case, but some thoughtless pleasure-seekers, abused the privileges by cutting down and otherwise damaging tree, and snrubs of priceless worth, and so

now from these paradisiacal resorts visitors are excluded. We must not forget Castell y Cawr. The sights from this eminence are both beautiful and varied. It was once a Roman camp, and there are the remains of Roman ruins.



THE CYMRY BEFORE THEY CAME TO BRITAIN.

The Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips.

We read in Genesis that Gomer was a son of Japheth and grandson of Noah, and that the sons of Gomer were Ashkenaz, Riphath, and Togarmah; and in Ezekiel that Gomer and all his bands, the house of Togarmah of the north quarters, and all his bands, were in the armies of Gog in his war against Israel. Between these statements of inspiration there elapsed more than sixteen centuries. Meanwhile great events and important changes occurred. The descendants of Noah spread in all directions, penetrated the remotest parts of the earth, and established themselves in many localities. The sons of Shem turned toward the east, and took possession of Asia; the sons of Ham toward the south, and took possession of Africa; and the sons of Japheth toward the west, and took possession of Europe.

Gomer and his sons took posses-

sion of, and established themselves on the Black Sea, east and west, north and south, where they formed the understrata of life and civilization, on which forty centuries have already erected their superstructures, and where their remains, from beneath these superstructures of forty centuries, come to the surface in many localities and tell the story of their existence, extensiveness, and renown. On the south of the sea, in Asia Minor, the name of Ashkenaz comes to the surface and still clings to lake and river, mountain and valley; on the south of the sea, in Asia Minor, the name of Riphath comes to the surface, and still clings to mountain, lake and river; on the south and east of the sea, in Asia Minor and Armenia, the name of Togarmah comes to the surface, and still clings to mountain and valley, lake and river, country and peo-

ple; and on the north and south, east and west of the sea the name of Gomer comes to the surface and still clings to sea and land, strait, and isthmus, peninsular and countries, walls and fortifications, tribes and nations, which are now seen and read after the lapse of forty centuries. The prophet Ezekiel, as we have seen, speaks of Gomer and Togarmah as well known and powerful nations in the sixth century before Christ; locates them, where we should expect to find them, in the north quarters, north of Palestine, and naturally couples them together in the armies of Gog in his invasion of Israel, which points to the situation of their country, indicates their strength and fame in the arts of war, and proves their nearness and affinity in territory and blood.

The Armenian historians speak of "Gamir" as the ancestor of their Haichian race of kings. The name of Cappadocia in the Armenian language is Gamir, and the usual designation of the Cappadocians is "Gamir" or "Gimiri." The ethnic name of Gimiri occurs also in the cuneiform records of Darius Hystaspes, as the equivalent of the Aryan name "Saka." In the nomenclature of the oriental nations the name of the country inhabited by Gomer was, generally "Gamir," or "Gimir," and as the records of these nations shall be deciphered and the monuments of this Gamir, or Gimir land shall be studied, the fact shall be more fully established. It will

be seen, doubtless, that the first prominent settlement of the Gomeri, on their way toward the west, embraced all the countries on the Black Sea; and that from this settlement there went forth at an early date and frequent intervals, long before the general attacks of the Scythians, large colonies or savage hordes, into distant countries, as far north as Norway, as far south as Africa, and as far west as Britain, establishing themselves in different countries, intermingling with different people, who came after them, or may have gone before them, and forming with them distinct and independent nations, which, like the branches of a tree, spread over Europe, or like the waves of the ocean, occasionally fell back into Asia and inundated the countries from which they came, where, as the deposits of time shall be examined, the prints of their feet and the history of their lives will appear. It will be seen also, doubtless, that the second permanent settlement of the Gomeri was Europe, as the first was Asia, that they occupied most of the countries east and west of the Alps, north and south of the Danube and the Rhine, and that they formed the understrata, the bulk, and the inspiration of the population. The Gomeri under their generic or specific names they filled all Europe with their presence, their fame, and their terror. Lift the veil or remove the darkness which hides Europe from the eye of history, from Gomer to Herodotus, or from Gomer to

the Grecian bard who sang his rhapsodies in the cities of Asia Minor a thousand years before Christ, and what do you see, but the seed of the first born of Japheth multiply into strong and powerful nations, taking possessions of vast and fertile countries, and exercising their liberty and their license in all directions, until other and stronger nations encroached upon them from the east, checked their course, or united with them to perform the same. Twelve or sixteen centuries of life and activity; thirty six or forty-eight generations of growth and progress hidden from view, or concealed in darkness, save here and there where the hand of history or the light of science lifts the veil or reveals the fact! Occasionally too the convulsions of Providence, like the convulsions of nature, rend the continent and bring to the surface the understrata, from which we divine the history of the past. Had the records of these twelve or sixteen centuries been written on the tablets of time as on the tablets of eternity, how great would have been the change, and how thrilling would have been the interest in the history of the Gomeri! Countries of vast extent, nations of mighty people, armies of indomitable courage, victors of famous battles, lovers of perfect freedom, champions of complete independence, defenders of personal liberty, children of the soil, nobility of the forest, with peradventure their lost arts.

and fallen pyramids, worshipping in open temples, on high hills, in the heart of the woods, with nothing above them but the canopy of heaven, and with nothing beneath them but the earth.

But since these people were so ancient, so extensive, and so powerful, and withal so influential throughout Europe and western Asia, what has become of them? Have they migrated into some other country? Have they become extinct? Or have they appeared under another name, or under the same in another language? It is hardly possible that a nation with the growth and history of sixteen centuries should have migrated into some other country unknown and unnoticed, and least of all should have become extinct or swept away from the earth without some allusion to the fact, especially when it had existed and displayed its power to within a century of authentic history when the wise men of Greece, and of other countries, penetrated every part of the world to see the globe and acquire information, and more especially when the Black Sea, Asia Minor, and the Greek islands, were in such near proximity. It is more reasonable to believe that it appeared under another name, or rather, under the same name in another language, the language of those who recorded their existence and described their achievements, and that the Kimmerioi of the Greeks were the Gomeri of the Hebrews. Hence the country which was

called in the nomenclature of the oriental nations, "Gamir" or "Gimir," was called in the nomenclature of occidental nations "Kimmer" or "Kimmeria;" and the people who were called in the nomenclature of oriental nations, "Gamir" and "Gimiri," were called in the nomenclature of occidental nations "Kimmerioi" and "Cimmerii." In passing from oriental into occidental speech, from the Shemitic into the Japhetic language, it was natural that vowels and consonants should pass into their corresponding ones, and that we should have "Kimmer" for "Gomer," and "Kimmerioi" for "Gomeri."

Those whom the Hebrews called "Gomeri," the Armenians "Gamir," the Babylonians "Gimiri," and the Greeks "Kimmerioi," inhabited the same country, at the same time, and under the same name, only in different languages, and were, no doubt, the same people, whose footprints may yet be traced in consecutive steps from Mount Ararat to the Black Sea, and from Kimmeria of eastern Europe and western Asia to Cymru of western Europe and Great Britain. This the best scholars who have studied the subject now generally believe. In the book of Genesis we read that the sons of Japheth imparted their names to the countries they inhabited. Media bears the name of Madai, Ionia the name of Javan, and Kimmeira the name of Gomer. Eusebius, Bishop of Caesarea, and "father of ecclesiastical history," relates an in-

cursion of the Kimmerioi into Greece as early as B. C. 1076. Homer, as we have already said, sang his rhapsodies in the cities of Asia Minor nearly a thousand years before the time of Christ, speaks of the Kimmerioi as those who "dwelt at the farthest limits of the ocean stream, immersed in darkness, and beyond the ken of the far-sighted sun," which probably occasioned the proverbial expression, "Cimmerian darkness." In this poetic description of the Grecian bard, we recognise the descendants of Gomer, and discover the print of their feet along the shores of the Black Sea, whose woods, environment and frequent fogs suggested, doubtless, the gloomy conception of the poet. Herodotus, the "father of secular history," who lived five centuries later, states that "the land which is now inhabited by the Scythians, was formerly the country of the Cimmerians;" that "Scythia still retains traces of the Cimmerians;" that there are "Cimmerian castles, a Cimmerian ferry, a Cimmerian Bosphorus, and a Cimmerian country;" and that the "Cimmerians when they fled into Asia to escape the Scythians made a settlement on the peninsula where the Greek city Sinope was afterward built." "The name Cimmeria," says Rawlinson, "still clings to these regions, not only in the 'Eski Krim,' or 'Old Krim,' which marks the site of the ancient town of 'Cimmerium,' but also in the well-known words 'Crimea' and 'Crim Tartary.'

Aeschylus locates Cimmeria in the vicinity of Palus Maeotis and the Bosphorus." Strabo agrees with those who had preceded him, and speaks of a "town and a mountain, not far distant, that bear the name" Josephus, the Jewish historian, states that Gomer founded those whom the Greeks called in his day Galatians, but were originally called Gomerians." "By the Gomerians we are to understand," remarks Gesenius, "the Cimmerians, Kimmerioi, inhabiting the Chersonesus of Taurica, and the adjacent regions as far as the mouth of the Tanais and Ister, and celebrated for their excursion into Asia in the sixth century before Christ."

"That a people," remarks Rawlinson in his notes on Herodotus, "known to the neighbors as Cimmerii, or Gimiri, or probably Gomerin, attained to considerable power in western Asia and eastern Europe within the period indicated by the date B. C. 800-600, or even earlier, is a fact which can scarcely be said to admit of a doubt. If the information gained by Herodotus were considered as not sufficiently trustworthy for the establishment of such a conclusion, yet the confirmation which his statements derive from Homer, from Callinus, from Aristotle, and from geographical nomenclature must be held to remove all uncertainty on the point." It is positively certain, if we may believe the tradition of the nation, the testimony of history, and the nomenclature of the country that the

"Cimmerians" inhabited "Cimmeria," the "Cimmerian Bosphorus," and the "Cimmerian Chersonesus," which the Gomerians had inhabited from the first under the Gomic name. Herodotus states, and after him other historians, that about six hundred years prior to the Christian era, the Gimmerians were attacked by Scythians, and, owing to the destruction of life in battle among themselves in consequence of a difference of opinion whether to vacate on the approach of the enemy or to resist to the last, were compelled to flee the country; that a portion of them crossed the Bosphorus into Asia, where they penetrated into Lydia, Ionia, Phrygia, and even as far as Cilicia, everywhere spreading terror and devastation; and that another portion, and by far the larger and more warlike, moved toward the west. But this could not have been their first westward movement, as we have already indicated, for to believe that it took the descendants of Japheth a thousand years to reach the Black Sea, while the descendants of Shem spread over Asia, and the descendants of Ham over Africa in a few centuries, would be contrary to reason. But it would not be contrary to reason to believe that a people of their daring courage and restless impetuosity would have outstripped their brethren. If the sons of Javan had migrated in three hundred years as far as southern Europe, may we not believe that sons of Gomer had migrated as far as central Europe?

Even Rome had been founded a hundred years before the Cimmerians had receded from the Black Sea at the approach of the Scythians. It is the general opinion that the first people to inhabit central and western Europe were the Cimmerians, and to produce even in connection with other nations that followed them, the vast multitudes, whom the Romans and Phoenicians found there must have taken many centuries. The extreme portions of Asia, and the extreme portions of Africa were reached within a few centuries of the Deluge, and may we not believe that the extreme portions of Europe were reached within the same period? Menes was made king over Egypt twenty centuries before Christ, and Sicyon was founded in Greece nearly twenty centuries before Christ, and may we not suppose that kings were crowned, and cities founded among the descendants of Gomer equally early? While the descendants of Shem were laying the foundation of their temple in Asia, and the de-

scendants of Ham the foundation of their mausoleum in Africa, the descendants of Japheth were laying the foundation of their state-house in Europe. The Greeks were establishing their school at Athens, the Romans organizing their government at Rome, and the Cimmerians exercising their liberty from the Black Sea to the Atlantic Ocean. The first born of Japheth and his descendants migrated from the east, established themselves on the Black Sea, and were known to their neighbors on the east and in eastern languages as Gomeri, Gamir, or Gimiri; and after a residence and growth of sixteen centuries emerged from their settlement, spread over the west, and were known to their neighbors on the west and in western languages as Kimmerioi, Cimmerii. That the Gomeri and Kimmerioi were the same people under different names, or the name in different languages can hardly admit of a doubt. Their identity is clearly seen if not positively proved.

(To be continued.)



LOOKING TOWARD THE LIGHT.

I asked the roses, as they grew
 Richer lovelier in their hue,
 What made their tints so rich and bright;
 They answered: "Looking toward the light."

"Ah, secret dear," said heart of mine:
 "God meant my life to be like thine—
 Radiant with heavenly beauty bright,
 By simply 'looking toward the light!'"

A FANCY SKETCH, BASED ON SACRED HISTORY.

By Erasmus W. Jones, D. D.

The king of Babylon was at rest in his magnificent palace. The thoughts of the past, present and future deeply occupied his mind. He found himself surrounded with glory and splendor that eclipsed those of all other nations combined. Could it be possible that the predictions of Belteshazzar were true? Was the glory of Chaldea to be trampled in the dust? Was the kingly line of Nebuchadnezzar so soon to be broken? Was not the kingdom at last established on an immovable foundation? The king would have gladly persuaded himself that all was clear in the future, but it was beyond his power, and under a degree of perplexity he threw himself upon his couch. He soon became drowsy. The spell was welcomed. He was glad for a while to forget his troubles in the fond embrace of slumber. A few wandering thoughts and the king was asleep.

In about one hour he awoke with a countenance denoting alarm. "Another dream of troubles!" he cried. "Do the gods, indeed, delight in my misery? Why must I be thus tormented? Aye! a dream big with meaning! 'Hew down the tree!' O, ye gods how that voice sounded! 'Let his portion be with the beasts in the grass of the earth!' What

meaneth it? Is it not best at once to know the worst?"

* * * * *

The interpretation of the dream had been given, and Daniel had departed.

"The fates are against me!" cried the monarch; "What shall I do? Shall I weep like a woman and sob like a corrected child? Shall the king of Babylon, the great conqueror of nations, turn to be a coward? Never! Let all the gods hear it! Never! 'Driven from among men!' Who shall be able to drive Nebuchadnezzar? 'Eat grass as oxen!' O, ye gods, is not that laughable? And yet I cannot laugh! Shall I now after having reached the very pinnacle of my glory dishonor myself in the eyes of my nobles? Nay! Sooner than this I will brave the vengeance of all the gods, and perish in the unequal conflict."

Twelve months passed away, and in the midst of his dazzling splendor the mournful predictions of Belteshazzar were well-nigh forgotten.

The day was beautifully clear. The king about the ninth hour stood upon the roof of his lofty palace. Babylon in all its glory was before him; its massive walls bidding defiance to all the surrounding nations.

Its famous buildings he could count by the thousands. The predictions of Daniel found way to the monarch's mind; but they were expelled by a proud spirit and a stubborn will.

"What," said the proud potentate, "does this look like, 'eating grass like an ox?' Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty? Who shall— A voice speaks from the heavens! "O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken, the kingdom is departed from thee, and they shall drive thee from among men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and seven times shall pass over thee until thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth to themsoever he will!"

The voice ceased. The king uttered a loud hysterical laugh, and ran into his own park, a maniac!

* * * * *

Since the insanity of the king, Evil-Merodach had acted as regent. Of Daniel's superhuman wisdom he had no doubt. From his father he had learned all the particulars in regard to the interpretation of the dream; and seeing before his eyes a literal fulfillment of its awful predictions, he could not but hold the interpreter in great reverence.

Nearly seven years had passed since the awful humiliation of the king. During this period he had exhibited all the signs of a maniac.

As he showed no disposition to injure those around him, he was permitted to go at large within royal enclosures. His treatment was much according to the direction of Daniel, whose Chaldean name was Belteshazzar. He was the only person at the palace of whom the maniac king appeared to have the least recognition. He shunned the presence of every one and the only thing that appeared to give him satisfaction was the companionship of his oxen that quietly fed in the palace park. He was never confined or bound, but permitted to enjoy himself as his maniac fancies might dictate. At the palace he was held in much respect throughout his deplorable insanity, and there was much faith in the opinion of Daniel in regard to the king's final restoration to his reason and his kingdom.

The afternoon was fair and delightful. It was about the ninth hour. Daniel, weary with his arduous duties within, saw fit, in order to invigorate both his body and mind to take a walk amid the pleasant groves of the palace park. The sun was gradually losing the intensity of its heat, and slowly sinking toward the western hills. The Prime Minister sat down and gave freedom to his thoughts, which quickly turned to the past.

"O Lord, thou art very great and highly exalted above all gods! I adore thee, I praise thee O Jehovah! From my youth thou hast been my help. Thou hast brought me through ways I had not known.

How terrible is thy wrath toward those that rebel against thee! How great thy love to all that fear thee! Thou bringest down the proud look, and causest thy enemies to be ashamed. The sceptres of kings are broken. Jehovah is king of kings. Babylon with all her glory shall become a desolation. Her lofty towers shall fall, her walls be brought level with the ground, her palaces shall become heaps of ruin, and her idol temples shall be no more!"

Such were the meditations of the pious Hebrew when his attention was called to a rustling voice in the foliage on his right, at a short distance from the spot on which he sat. He looked, and beheld the form of the maniac king slowly moving toward him. The sight affected the Hebrew's heart! His eyes became moistened with tears. Had he not in the main been kind to him and his three companions? And in the midst of envy and jealousy, had he not kept them, foreigners as they were, in the highest offices in the gift of the government? And Daniel's heart throbbed with pity as he beheld the brutish antics of one who was once so intelligent and powerful! The king gradually approached the spot where Daniel sat, without observing him, uttering some incoherent expressions.

"God of my fathers," silently cried Daniel, "let this suffice! According to thy promise restore the unhappy king to his reason, and let his courtiers know that there is no God like unto thee!"

By this time the maniac stood close by the side of his fast friend, but as yet he had not observed him.

"Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon!" cried Daniel in a loud voice.

The maniac was startled, woked up to the face of the intruder for a moment, cried in loud accents, "Belteshazzar! Belteshazzar!" and as if greatly terrified, ran. He soon stopped, and stood at a certain distance with his wild flashing eyes steadfastly fixed on the Rab Mag.

Daniel arose, slowly moved toward the spot, made his humble observance as in days gone by, and cried: "O king live forever!"

The king in silence continued to gaze on Daniel with a wild, vacant stare.

"Jehovah the God of Israel!" cried Daniel, pointing upward

"J-e-h-o-v-a-h!" slowly whispered the king.

The Hebrew now ventured nearer, the king fell on his knees, and "with his face toward Jerusalem," sent his urgent petitions to the God of Israel in behalf of his unfortunate sovereign. Daniel had not been long in prayer before the king with restored reason fell down by his side, and loudly rejoiced and praised the God of heaven. He was restored, not only to the right use of his mental faculties and his former personal appearance, but also to a perfect recollection of the past. The dream, its interpretation, with all subsequent transactions up to the very day of his insanity were brought clear to his mind. But

since that moment all was one dark void. In mercy, not a vestige was permitted to remain to embitter his after years.

"Tell me, O Belteshazzar, how long have I been in this sad condition?"

"Seven years of deep calamity, O king, have passed over thy head."

"O thou God of heaven, thou art just in all thy ways!" cried the restored one. Are the members of my family spared to see the restoration of the king?"

"They are all spared and in good health, O king!"

Daniel threw one of his loose garments over the form of his royal friend, and side by side they started toward the palace. On their way thither they were met by the captain of the guard. The old soldier was overwhelmed with joy. He begged of the king to permit him to herald the joyful tidings, and his request was granted. The news was soon known to thousands. The regent with the guard were soon on the march to meet the king. The son ran to his father, fell on his neck, and the embrace was mutual. The old guard broke forth in one grand shout that made the forest ring.

The procession moved. Loud demonstrations of joy echoed on the high turrets of the royal mansion as the restored monarch entered once more through its massive portals to sit on the throne of his empire.

In regard to the God of Israel no doubt longer remained on the mind of the king. The process of his

thorough conversion had been severe, but in the hands of Jehovah it had proved successful.

* * * * *

The great monarch of Babylonia was about to pass away to the spirit land. A number of his most choice friends stood with solemn visages around the couch of the dying potentate. Daniel of late had spent most of his time at the palace administering to the comfort of his afflicted sovereign; and the king was ill at ease unless his faithful officer was near at hand. With a tender hand he now wiped the cold sweat of death from the pale brow of the monarch, and inwardly breathed his earnest petition to the God of the Hebrews for a safe transit to the gentile king from idolatrous Babylon to the city of God, the eternal abode of those who die in the Lord. The king was fast sinking. His feet already were touching the waters of death. His sentences were few and wandering; reason was partially dethroned, and once again in his delirium he was a mighty warrior at the head of his numerous troops.

"Onward, warriors, to victory or death!" and there was a pause.

"Know ye the vision and its interpretation? Away from my presence yelling hypocrites!" and there was another pause.

"Prepare the chariots! Onward to the conflict! Arioch!"

The venerable captain, with tears gently approached the king, and in tender accents asked,

"And what is the pleasure of my lord the king?"

For a few minutes reason again proved triumphant, and he spoke.

"Ah! my faithful officer, thou art ever near. I have fought many a battle. I am now fighting my last forever! I soon shall have to surrender, Belteshazzar!"

I am near thy side, O king! was the gentle reply.

"Merodach!"

"Father!"

"Ah my son my words must be few. To thy kind regards I commit these faithful officers. To Belteshazzar we are greatly indebted for our

prosperity. Let the Hebrews within the realm be kindly treated. When—when—when"—and the king was again in feverish delirium.

"Onward! Onward brave warriors! We have reached the point! Now we'll cross the river! The waters are d-d-deep! Now we go! The river is d-e-e-p!" and the voice sank into a low whisper.

A few struggles with the waves, and the famous warrior had crossed a river through which his legions could not then follow him. His features became calm and tranquil, and a sweet smile was left on the lifeless lips of the departed monarch.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc.

From the land of beauty, song, and of the most touching associations, Kentucky and Arkansas, where I find "Dixie" and "My Old Kentucky Home" winning all hearts by their gentle appeals, I write the following "Notes:"

What a power melody is! It is told that the Swiss soldiers, far away from their beloved Alpan homes, often pine away and die with homesickness. They are forbidden the playing and the singing of their national airs, which are apt to touch their hearts, lest they be made totally unfit for their duties. In the power of melody to arouse hallowed

memories and sweet associations lies much danger, sometimes, to many country-loving soldiers, besides the Swiss. We know of Welsh hearts in this our country that have failed to withstand the love of "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," and back they have gone to "Beloved Gwalia."

It was the first Napoleon who wrote: "As I was walking in my garden at Malmaison, I heard the distant sound of the church bell at Rueil and I stopped, moved involuntarily by old associations. If I, a man like me, am so affected, how much force must such influence have on the mass of mankind!" He

is a man without much heart, ignorant of himself, and a poor student of human nature, who is heedless or oblivious of facts like these.

I am in the land of oats, hay, corn, apples, and fruits of all kind—it was pleasant to hear a young farmer at dusk, one day, after hours of blissful rain, sing the following with much gusto:

The oat crop is great,
In all parts of the state,
And the wheat in the shock mostly cured;
And it's safe now to say
Of the corn and the hay,
That an elegant crop is assured.

The late visit and playing of Dan Godfrey's famous British Band at Chicago, was a notable event. At the great Auditorium, there was a most elegant and significant audience vying with each other in paying homage to the soldiers of the two English speaking nations. A company of Uncle Sam's soldiers were welcomed by the British boys to the magnificent accents of "Star-Spangled Banner" and "America," while the 6,000 listeners had to contain themselves as well as they may. One of the Band remarked to one of the First Illinois soldiers, referring to our late smashing of Spaniards—"We gave them an awful thrashing, didn't we?" He emphasized the "we" and the "aw," and well he may do so, for Great Britain's friendly attitude during the conflict, compelled all other powers to keep off their hands. When the First Illinois Band, the Highland Pipers from the Caledonian Society joined the British Band

in a carnival of British-American medley, arranged by Dan Godfrey, enthusiasm knew no bounds, while the Anglo-American heart-alliance had a tremendous cementing.

A most interesting story goes the round of the musical monthlies, to the effect that when Paderewski was a professor at the Warsaw Conservatory, he spent an evening at the house of the Polish litterateur, Świcztochowski. The poet declared that no composer now living compared favorably with Mozart in simplicity and beauty. Paderewski only shrugged his shoulders, but on the following evening he visits the poet again, and sits at the piano, saying:

"May I play you a little thing of Mozart's which, perhaps, you do not know?"

He played the minuet. Świcztochowski was enchanted and exclaimed, "Now you will acknowledge that a piece like that could never be written in our time!"

"Well," said the poet of the piano, "that happens to be a minuet written by myself."

In the following extract from Edgar Allen Poe, how many of us have felt the truth, or fancy, of its concluding sentence, "It is in music, perhaps, that the soul most nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the poetic sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal beauty. It may be, indeed, that here the sublime end is now and then attained in fact. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are

stricken notes which cannot have been unfamiliar to the angels." When the harp strikes its rounded, thrilling and reverberating numbers, into the great symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, and Dvorak, we, indeed feel, that it is

something akin to the glorious "fulfillment" of music—something like the glow of a resplendent sunset. No other single instrument, save the harp, can fulfil the needful rounding element in an orchestra.



RANDOM NOTES.

By "Cambro."

Many of the leading writers of the present century have declared that the two greatest books in the world are the Bible and Shakespeare's works, and that their best inspiration was derived from a profound study of these two masterpieces of literature. Voltaire predicted that in a hundred years mankind would be too intelligent to even read such a mass of absurdities and contradictions as the so-called Holy Scriptures contain. The Bible has, however, steadily gained ground in the world's estimation, and parts thereof at least are now printed in 260 languages! How many copies of Voltaire's works are in circulation?

* * * * *

By the way, the wonderful imagination, pathos and power manifested in the productions of our greatest Welsh poets were doubtless obtained from a close and unremitting study of Holy Writ. For instance, that unrivalled gem of Welsh literature, "Awdl ar yr Iawn," by

Eben Fardd, discloses a marvelous knowledge of the Almighty's plans for the redemption of mankind, which naught but a deep and reverential study of the Scriptures could have furnished to the gifted author. Competent critics, who have analyzed Eben Fardd's masterpiece, and Milton's "Paradise Lost" assert that many passages in the former are far superior in sublimity of thought and construction of language to any that appear in the great work of Milton.

* * * * *

This suggests the thought and wish—oh! that the gifted poets of our race had familiarized themselves sufficiently with the English language to give to the world a portion at least of the creations of their genius in that language. Fortunately for music-loving humanity this has been done in the divinest of arts, for melody knoweth no language, hence Welsh music is known and appreciated throughout the civilized world, although sung by other nations to

less inspiring words than the Welsh.

* * * * *

The love of music, especially of the pathetic and patriotic kind, is inherent in the Welsh nature, and our countrymen have advanced with great strides in musical knowledge and ability during the last quarter of the present century. This is particularly true in relation to choral and oratorial music. Speed the day when our race shall produce a Verdi, a Wagner, or a Gounod, also a dramatic poet inspired to herald to the world in operatic music the valiant and heroic deeds of our ancestors.

* * * * *

To take and maintain its proper place among the intellectual and highly civilized nations of the earth (for we are a nation still) the Welsh race must produce a Walter Scott, whose literary genius shall reveal to

the world in the coming universal language (English) the achievements of our Welsh heroes, as Scott immortalized those of the Scottish race. "Cymru fydd" will ere long, it is to be hoped, be enabled to achieve this consummation "devoutly to be wished," for not only has the wholesome advice "Siaradwch y ddwy" been followed by the rising generation (in Wales at least) but "astudiwch y ddwy" also. As an incentive to some, as yet, unknown genius of the Welsh race to seek immortal fame in this department of literature, I would suggest that a liberal prize be offered by the National Eisteddfod of 1900, for the best historical romance written in the English language, and consisting of at least 20,000 words, whose principal character shall be Owain Glyndwr or Llewellyn ein Llyw Olaf.



THE BLACK PSALM.

(From the Welsh of "Yr Haul.")

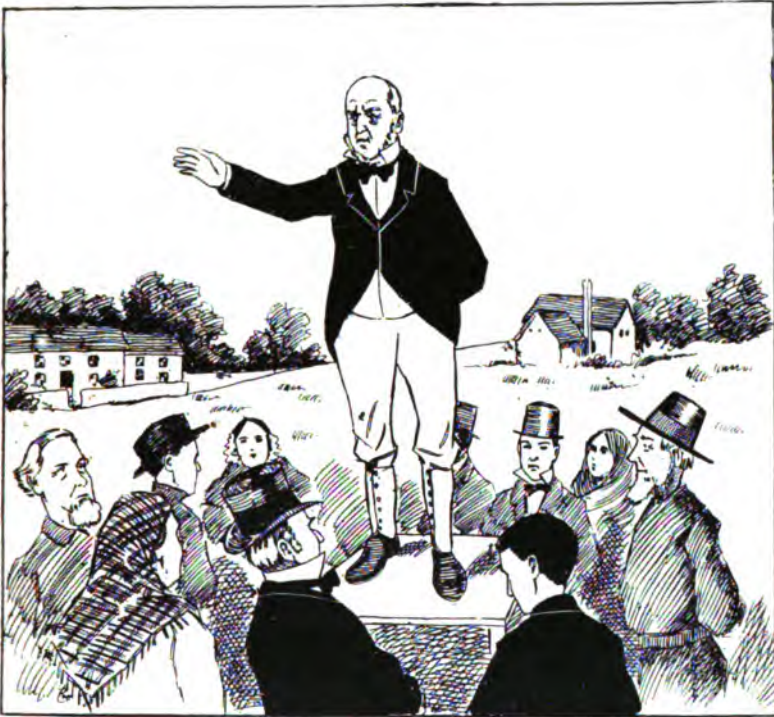
"No such thing as a curse, I have seen it myself." Early one winter night we were seated around the fireplace when it was beginning to get cold. Tom, my brother, had just returned from abroad, having served for two and a half years as mate on a big ship. Rowland had come up from London to spend a little time with Tom; my sister

Ellen, father, mother and myself sat there at the fire. Tom related of a ship captain who had been drowned in Hong Kong when he was there. "And it happened," one of the crew had told Tom, "as a curse on him for having abused one of his men on a previous voyage. The man's mother had read the Black Psalm, and put his likeness in a bucket of

water, at 2 o'clock, the Sunday afternoon before he departed on his last voyage."

With the conceit of a young man from London, Rowland derided the idea, and he adduced some strong

old, my grandfather and grandmother lived in Cefngwyn, and adjoining it was a little holding called Ty'ncae, where lived a man and wife and six children. The next resident, Lloyd Jones, the great squire, was



* * * Everything outside including live stock and implements were soon sold, but on account of their being still a shortage to pay, the auctioneer started to sell the furniture.

philosophical reasons to show the impossibility of such an occurrence. The old man listened to the argument for some time, but Rowland's positiveness at last stirred him. "No such thing as a curse! I have seen it myself," he said. Myself and Ellen saw that a tale was coming, and we moved our stools nearer to him, and he began thus:

When I was a lad about 14 years

owner of both places. The Squire was a bachelor, and the heir to his property was a boy of 18 summers, his sister's son, who feeling the loneliness of living with his uncle, the boy had been used to spend his leisure time with the Tyncae family, and he and Eliza, a maid of 17, had become very fond of each other.

But the Ty'ncae folk were proverbially poor; the wife was sick with a

large family to care for, and times being pinched, had a hard time for years to pay rent; in fact, had failed to square up in recent years, and the last one had utterly failed. To make bad worse, the young master came to know how matters dragged, and he undertook to appeal to the old Squire in their behalf, which roused suspicion in his mind that there was something more than friendship between Master John and Eliza. Master John was sent away that summer.

One day, when I was at Cefngwyn, one of Tyncae's children came to fetch my grandmother, his mother being very ill. About dinner time, my grandmother returned. The poor woman at Tyncae had been startled by visiting bailiffs the day before, and had taken it sorely to heart. Grandmother went back after tea in the afternoon, and stayed there two days. The Tyncae man tramped around trying to borrow money to pay arrears in order to get rid of the bailiffs, but in this he failed. When his poor wife heard his efforts were unsuccessful she waxed worse, and before the morning she was dead.

Some of the neighbors went to the Squire in order to have him postpone the sale until after the burial; but his answer was, "If you wish to pay the rent, they will be allowed to remain there for another year." Everybody knew the loan would only be throwing money into a bog, and that not a halfpenny would be seen. All the neighbors were peo-

ple at their wit's end to make things square.

The day before the funeral was auction day. I went there in the morning with grandfather, and there I played with the children until noon, when the auctioneer came, and a few commenced to get together. With others the old Squire arrived to look after his interests. Everything outside including live stock and implements were soon sold, but on account of their being still a shortage to pay, the auctioneer started to sell the furniture. Everything was sold except what was in the chamber where the coffin was which contained the corpse. Yet there was a shortage, and the Squire was blue mad! No one would go into the chamber of death, but he compelled two of his workmen to fetch out the bed, which was sold. Then he went in himself, whence everything had been sold except the two chairs whereon the corpse rested. He called the workmen in again, and ordered them to take the chairs from under, placing the coffin on the floor. By this time there was nothing in the house excepting the corpse inside the coffin on the middle of the floor.

While all this was being done, the husband was sitting on the garden fence opposite, and by this time, the small children had commenced to realize something was wrong. They had, one after another, approached their father; and there the homeless family had gathered together, every one speechless, and every one, ex-

cept Eliza, gazing stupidly towards the door. She kept her eyes on the gate that opened on the lawn as if expecting some rescue from that direction. The last two chairs had been sold, and the people were beginning to disperse. The poor husband leaned his elbows on his knees and buried his face in his hands for a moment. Then he said suddenly to his oldest boy: "Go to Cefngwyn and ask the loan of the Bible and a piece of lime." When the lad had returned, said the father to the children, "Come in the house." He put the coffin on the middle of the kitchen's earth floor, and he told the children to stand in a circle, and he made a white O around with the piece of lime; and there they stood with a white mark around them.

With this, a horse galloped into the yard; Eliza ran out of the ring while her father attempted to hold her. Master John jumped from his horse, and met her with the inquiry "Liz, what has happened? I would have arrived this morning but the coach broke down, and I borrowed Mr. Roberts' horse to hurry hither." Eliza told him the whole story, and they both entered the house. "Come here, Eliza," said her father, "and you go to your uncle, John; he will need you pretty soon."

"Father, what are you going to do?" asked Eliza.

"I am going to lay the Lord's sentence on the Squire, and everybody belongs to him," replied her father determinedly.

"Master John had nothing to do

with it," said Eliza, seizing her lover by the arm.

"You stand right there," said her father, pointing with his finger to the spot whereon he wished her to remain in the circle, and she didn't dare to disobey him longer.

He took the Bible in his hand, and he opened it, but before he had time to read a word, Master John jumped over the white line. "Liz," he said, with his face white as lime, "this line shall not separate us, curse or no curse."

"'Twas in vain trying to persuade him, for he kept hold of Eliza, determined to remain with her or be expelled with her.

"Well," said her father, "that's all right. All of you kneel;" and kneel they all did, while he stood at the head of the coffin, and all with the life pretty nearly scared out of them. He uttered a few words as if in prayer. I forget now what, and then he started to read the one hundred and ninth Psalm. There was something horribly blood-curdling in his voice and utterance; and I thought he would never come to an end. After he had finished, says he, "All say 'Amen;'" and all except Eliza and Master John said "Amen" loud. I was so terrified that I ran home hurriedly and was still more scared when I saw granny's white face as I related the story.

Vicar Roberts arrived a little before dark. "Such a misfortune!" he said, "I have never seen such a thing before. Leave the house, lock the door, and come with me," said

he. And with him they went; and the children remained with him for days, but their father returned to the house and spent the night with the corpse.

The following day the remains were buried; and the Vicar on the morrow went to the Major of Bryngwyn and told him the whole history, which shocked him very deeply.

"Go 'darn," said he, "a hard turn, ain't it? and he forthwith arranged to lodge the miserable family at Brynrefail already furnished.

A year passed by, during which a good many things happened. The Squire and Master John had quarreled about the fate of the Tyncae family. Master John had gone to college, and the pitiful affair was partially forgotten. Exactly one year to the day, the Squire went over to Tyncae to visit his new ten-

ant, and when entering the yard he was struck sick. He was carried across the fields home, and Master John was sent for post haste, since the doctor thought he was about to die. But it didn't so happen, although that would have been better for him; for during the coming week his servants left him, and no one could be induced to nurse and attend on him. Master John went to Brynrefail to fetch Eliza, who nursed the old Squire for three long years. For three years he tried hard to die, like Herod consumed by worms. There were on his body large blisters filled with worms!

When Master John became of age, he married Eliza, about six months before the old Squire's death, and the present Squire Lloyd Jones is their son.

And you dare say there is no such thing as a curse!



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XX.

Among Thieves.

Trahaiarn's fate, which as we have seen, was veiled in so much uncertainty at the castle was all too plain to the prince himself. He did not submit to it without resistance. He no sooner realized that he and his

escort were being attacked than he unsheathed his sword and began to use it with as much effect as was possible in the darkness. Aside from the infliction of one or two fatal wounds, however, his exertions availed him little, for he was soon overpowered by the superior num-

ber of his assailants, who, disdainful of all consequences pounced upon him from all directions, while a greater number harassed the escort. Among the prince's assailants, and active as any of them, was the wily dissembler who had posed as a bard. Yet as we shall presently see he joined them in the attack because he desired to do so rather than because he was identified with them. As soon as he found that Trahaiarn was disarmed and bound, he withdrew into the woods on the right. Then a moment later while the prince was being carried past him still further into the thicket, and the rest of the assailants were leaving the scene of action in the same direction he was accosted by the leader of the band, and the two moved away together.

"I told thee that our scheme would not miscarry," said the pseudo-bard. "By St. Winifred, that upstart of a prince fell into our hands as easily as a bird into a snare."

"Ay, our scheme has worked admirably, and with but little loss methinks," was the reply. "It is fortunate that they came at so opportune a time; but this we owe no doubt to your prudence."

"No, I did but detain them a moment at the pillar. Had they come earlier I would have found some means of impeding their progress, or had they come a little later I would have caused them to hasten their speed; but the saints favored us with their timely arrival."

"Ha, ha, good! and none of them suspected that you were other than you seemed? By my faith, I must confess I feared the prince would not again be deceived by a bard after that episode at the castle."

"Thou hast never known of Howel the hermit making a failure of anything that he has undertaken to do, Hoel. I have acted many parts as occasion demanded, and would have maintained my double character unto this day had I not been surprised by the dastardly Cadivor and his men when I was giving Caradoc the succor he so much needed. But that is past now, and the lord of Portascyth is indebted to me for another proof of my loyalty."

"Were you not riding beside the prince when we made the attack? Methought I heard your voice."

"Ay, I played my part so well at the pillar that the simpleton took pity no less on my age than on my ignorance, and even persuaded his squire to lend me his horse, for which I was very thankful!"

"It is well for you and for our scheme that the prince was so easily deceived. Now that he is in our power we can do with him as we please. It was a bright idea of yours to send for us, for a prince cannot be captured every day, and Caradoc will now be under obligation to us for our service. When do you expect a visit from him?"

"In a day or two. In the meantime we must keep our hiding place a profound secret from all but him, for our own interest as well as his,

demands that our captive be placed where he can be of no assistance to the tyrannical son of Llewelyn."

From this conversation we rightly infer that the prince was in the hands of the outlaws of whom Hoel was chief, and that the hermit with the assistance of these denizens of the woods was still acting in the interests of Caradoc, lord of Port-ascyth. It was a part of the plan which resulted in the capture of Trahaiarn that his captors remain in the woods at a safe distance from the road until the rising of the moon, and this they now found it expedient to do owing to the dense darkness of the place.

"Who are you? and why am I subjected to this indignity?" demanded the prince in an irritated voice that had repeatedly put the same question to no purpose.

"You shall soon learn who we are," answered Hoel. "You shall also learn that what you deem indignity we regard as our privilege, for all authority has not its seat at Rhuddlan."

"It may far better have its seat in Rhuddlan than in these woods of such base traitors as you are its representatives," retorted Trahaiarn.

"You must needs be more discriminating in your use of words," said Hoel; for we are no traitors having never sworn fealty to any living person but ourselves."

"Nor to any living God," continued the prince, "judging from your deeds. If injustice be justice

with you, and if lawlessness be law, what may be the pleasure of your majesties with me? If captivity be freedom with you, pray give me a reason for this honor."

"At present we shall give you no reason, except that we will it to be so, without regard to God or any man but ourselves. If presently we shall deem it best to confer upon you the further honor of death we shall not be backward in executing our will."

"I knew you to be cut-throats, but I knew not that you were fonder of blood than of money. Now I shall not do you the indignity of offering you a ransom."

"There is not money enough in Gwynedd to buy your liberty, nor power enough in Gryffydd's court to compel us to do otherwise than we will."

So saying, Hoel accompanied by the hermit retired a short distance from the rest.

"Ha, ha, that parting fling was admirable," whispered the hermit. "He finds it hard to kick against the pricks, and if I mistake not thy replies to him will make his reflections of no agreeable nature. I only wish the usurper were in his place. By St. Winifred, we would soon adjust matters to suit ourselves then. I am confident, however, that the step we have taken will be no little help in the matter of ridding our beloved Cambria of the accursed Gryffydd."

"Not more, perhaps, than what you alluded to this afternoon," said

Hoel. "It will be a great help to have the support of Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, for they have a large following. They may change their minds, however, and upset our plans instead of aiding them."

"Let thy mind be at rest upon that point, for they are both envious of their brother's power and fame, and envy is a powerful ally of discontent. We shall see also that a most alluring bait shall be offered them."

The moon now came in sight, and the outlaws, accompanied by the hermit, hastened with their captive through the forest in a northerly direction, arriving about midnight at a natural cavern not far from where Llanarmon now stands. This cavern extended, as it does to-day, to an unknown depth, the mouth being much larger than the interior. At that time it was known only to a few people, and those few with the exception of the outlaws themselves, rarely ventured near it. Nor did the outlaws make it their permanent haunt, as they not infrequently occupied one of the caverns adjoining the hermit's cave. On this occasion, however, it was natural that they should seek this haunt, both for convenience sake and by reason of its distance from Rhuddlan. They

were determined that the king, in case he should send out searching parties, should not find it easy to secure the prince. Hence by way of further precaution Hoel sent a spy in the guise of a beggar to watch developments in and about the castle, while he himself led the way into the cavern. At a signal given by him a sort of curtain was pushed aside revealing at a short distance a fire which was invisible from the outside. When all had passed inside, the curtain was again drawn to conceal the reflection of the fire from unfriendly eyes, a precaution rarely needed, as the fact that the outlaws haunted the place was of itself sufficient reason to most people for keeping away. Then Hoel commanded two of his men to unbuckle the prince's armor, while the others threw themselves on the ground around the fire. Judging that resistance would be of no avail, yet realizing that he would be more at the mercy of his captors without his armor Trahaiarn sullenly submitted to the inevitable. Meanwhile he endured the gaze of about thirty outlaws with a defiant look, and as his eyes wandered from face to face they unexpectedly encountered the familiar form of the disguised hermit.

(To be continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

The "Cronicl" for July contains the following articles with an interesting miscellany: "Notes" by the Editor—Nonconformists and Confirmation; Two Departed Deacons; The Congregational Union in Debt; The Pulpit of the Age; The Queen's Eightieth Birthday; The English and the Transvaal; The Welsh Party; Pension for the Old; The Liberal Gain; The Clergy Relief Bill, &c.

Our Members of Parliament have failed to agree to the formation of a Welsh Party. This is a step backwards. The late Osborn Morgan used to ridicule the idea of a Welsh Party, but long before he died, he realized the need of it. Although he was a Churchman and an Anglo-Welshman, yet he discovered that the interests of Wales were safe only in the hands of a Welsh Party. It is strange to see the Welsh members of Parliament relapsing to their old condition of helplessness prior to the revival of Welsh nationalism. The majority of them to-day is Welsh and Nonconformist, and they ought to know the needs of their country; but it appears the people will have to lead them to the realization of their mission.

Fiction is the leading feature of the August number of "Harper's Magazine." Among the short stories which it contains are "Allie Cannon's First and Last Duel," by Seumas MacManus; "The Lady of the Garden," by Alice Duer; "The Tree of Knowledge," by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Angel Child," by Stephen Crane; "The Sorrows of

Don Tomas Pidal, Reconcentrado," by Frederic Remington; "A Duluth Tragedy," by Thomas A. Janvier; and "When Mrs. Van Worcester Dines," by Anna Wentworth Sears. The main story in "The Drawer" is "A Compounded Felony," by James Barnes. There are further installments of "Their Silver Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells, and "The Princess Xenia," by H. B. Marriott Watson. The more serious features are Mr. Sandham's article on "Halt! the Unknown," another chapter of Dr. Wyeth's "Life of General Forrest," Admiral Beardslee's paper on "Episodes of the Taiping Rebellion," and Lieutenant Calkins' study of "The Filipino Insurrection of 1896." Bliss Carman and Thomas Dunn English are the verse writers of the number. The illustrations are throughout uncommonly attractive.

In her article on the "Antiquity and Stability of the British Church," in the June number of "Yr Haul," Lady Ramsay says: "Nonconformity was unknown in Wales a hundred years ago; but now it is a heartrending spectacle to see chapel arrayed against chapel fighting for political capital, united in nothing except in their opposition to the Mother Church; it is a spectacle which pains every one who loves Christian unity. It would have pained the hearts of the leaders of Nonconformity, a hundred years ago, Howell Harris, the good and godly man who tenderly and solemnly protested against those who departed from the Mother

Church in his time rather than remain in it, showing its excellence by leading faithful lives within its fold. Also Daniel Rowlands, who with his last breath advised his son to stand with the Church in spite of all. Certainly, there is no good to religion and good morals in these continuous contentions and unrighteous enmity towards the old Church."

To everyone, but especially to those whose reading time is limited, the value of an unbiased journal of criticism must be apparent. "Literature" is just such a journal. Its criticism of new books are written by men whose opinions are looked up to the world over. Its literary news is authoritative, and the special articles which appear in its columns are from the pens of the best known men of letters in this country and England.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for July is, as usual, interesting and instructive. Among a choice collection of material are the following: The Rev. R. H. Morgan, M. A. (with portrait); Curiosities of the Bible; The Rev. David Howell, Swansea (with portrait); Williams and Phillips (two veteran ministers of Swansea, with portrait); A Gentleman no One was permitted to See (A Story); Temperance in America; Sir James Outram (with portrait); with an entertaining miscellany.

In the "Drysorfa" for July we find the following articles: The Rev. John Evans, Abermeurig (with portrait); The Claim of God and the Duties of Man (Art. III.) by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Porthmadoc; Reminiscences of the Revs. William Charles, Gwalchmai; John Ogwen Jones, B. A., Rhyl; and Richard Owen, Cana, Anglesey; by the Rev. B. Hughes, St. Asaph; the Welsh Abroad, by the Rev. Evan Rees (Dyfed); Athanasius, by the Rev. Grif-

fith Ellis, Bootle; Monthly Notes, Reviews, Reports, &c., &c.

There is an old saying that a country is stronger than a lord, and, certainly, stronger than a committee. Not often is met a body of men more obstinate and intractable than the majority of the executive committee of the Cardiff Eisteddfod; athwart every sense and reason, they insisted on having intoxicants inside the territory of the Eisteddfod during the sessions, as a sore temptation to the people that would surely attend, and a degradation to the only national institution we have. But the folly touched the nation's heart, and compelled it to speak out in unmistakable terms. Resolutions poured in on the committee from all directions; from religious societies, leaders of choirs, and the Welsh Press was not silent in the crisis. Last, but not least, the General Assembly of the Welsh Presbyterians at Liverpool lodged also its protest, which helped to turn the scales. Within a week, a resolution was passed to exclude intoxicant beverages from the Eisteddfod grounds. We are glad enough to throw up our hat and celebrate such a victory. This repays all the efforts of the Assembly. We also believe the fight has been fought for the last time, and no other National committee will attempt such another movement.

The forthcoming numbers of "Harper's Weekly" will be invaluable to those who wish to follow the progress of events in the world of sport. The golf tournament at Chicago, the trial races for the selection of a defender of the America's cup, and the track games between the American and English university men will all be treated in detail. A new story by John Kendrick Bangs, entitled "The Enchanted Typewriter," will appear as a serial in

the "Weekly" during the latter part of summer.

Contents of the "Traethodydd" for July: Preaching, by M. C. Morris, Ystrad; The New Methodist Hymnal, by Dyfed; The Bard and his Harp (A poem); The College Career of the late Tom Ellis, by Principal T. F. Roberts, M. A., Aberystwyth; A Popular Book, by J. Owen, M. A., Criccieth; and other articles, poems, correspondence of the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala, and reviews.

Among the contents of the "Cerddor" for July are the following articles: A new celebration for the next century, by D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac.; Reviews; Miss Maggie Davies in America; Notes and a Miscellany of Interest. No. 40 of the Series of Musical Biographies is Mr. D. W. Lewis, Brynaman, and the musical number is by E. Broome, "By the Waters of Babylon." In his remarks on the anglicisation of the Eisteddfod, a writer objects energetically to converting a purely Celtic institution into English. It is Saxons we behold on the platform of our Eisteddfodau, he writes, and in the Saxon tongue the adjudications are rendered. We have nought against the Saxons as Saxons; but we complain that the Welsh are so ignored. A Welsh "beirniad" ought to be every time on hand as co-adjudicator, so the decision may be delivered in the language of the people. How droll it is to have the Saxon dubbed "Chief Musical Adjudicator in our National festivals!"

What accounts for the bad sermons of the Middle Ages? Was it not what they preached about? Generally, trash and nonsense was the material of their sermons. A series of sermons was preached by divines in Vienna, in 1430, on the "History of the Thirty Pieces of Silver." They said that Terah, Abra-

ham's father, coined the money, and that they circulated until, finally, they came to Mary's possession, as a gift to Jesus when a child, from the wise men; that Mary gave them to the priests in Jerusalem at the time of her purification; and that they were kept in the Temple until given to Judas for betraying his Lord. Was there anything in such balderdash to inspire a preacher? Far less as spiritual fabulum for a congregation in sore need of the bread of life? Other matters of import preached on were Mary, the saints, purgatory, and the fire of hell, and oft the preacher is said to have brimstone to burn in the pulpit as an illustration of the eternal punishment of the lost. Seeing and hearing such nonsense is it strange that the people left the house of God.

"The Dividing line between Matter and Spirit" is continued in "Cwrs y Byd;" "Penrhiwgaled" (a drama) is drawing to an end; The Origin of the Historical Books of the Old Testament; Spiritualism; The Way of the World—the Order of Things; The Social Foot-ball; Correspondence. Obituaries, Poems, &c., &c.

During the last half century, says "Cwrs y Byd," society never was in such turmoil and so unsettled as at present. There has been, many a time, more noise, more superficial excitement, shouting and threats, but the discontent of to-day is deep, wide and serious. Discontent in the past was a mere puff of wind or a passing humor: the discontent of ignorance, easily satisfied and quieted by a piece to eat, or a drink to swallow, but people now are discontented because they intelligently realize their lack of natural rights. The present discontent is like the incipient tremor of a great earthquake, which will not pass by without toppling over some old systems.

We have been all along contending and wrangling continuously about things of secondary import, and sending to Parliament representatives who do not help the people. Here we are, miners, quarrymen, tradesmen, laborers, etc., working and slaving all our life, and yet we have nothing, not even ground enough to grow a leek to celebrate St. Davids Day! The people should pay more attention to their own affairs, and less to worthless celebrations. How well it may be said of us, in the past, that the blind has been leading the blind. Let us henceforth walk in the light of the rights of man. The system must be changed; the earth must be freed from the shackles of the lords.

Among the contents of the "Dysgedydd" for July are the following papers: The late Rev. Dan Jones, Ford, Pembroke, by the Rev. D. Lewis, Rhyl; Does the Grain of Wheat Prove the Resurrection, by the Rev J. D. Jones, Abercarnald; Reminiscences of the Great Revival of 1859 (Sixth Paper), by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; Shon Robert, Pantyroneu, by the Rev. T. R. Davies, Burnley. In the "Events of the Month," the editor passes some severe comments on two notable cases of disrespect to the dead. However, a man may hate the living, once he is dead, his remains become sacred, and every one is disposed to show becoming respect to them. But in England and Wales he notices two cases which seem to show that the old saying of "nihil nisi bonum de mortuis" is being forgotten, and a behavior of blaggardism towards the dead is likely to become more common. General Kitchenor commanded the remains of the Mahdi to be thrown into the Nile, and parts distributed among his officers as mementoes. For this act of uncalled for barbarity, the General was elevated

to the House of Lords, and 30,000 pounds sterling voted to him by Parliament as a pecuniary compensation. The other case is the Rector of Flint's malicious attack on the memory of the late Tom Ellis, based on a letter received from some one who has been proved to be ignorant of the facts in the case, or a wilful calumniator. The statement has been subsequently shown to be unfounded, Mr. Ellis having never been in receipt of a salary during his Parliamentary career. The story was an utter fiction, and the Rector was a mere cat's paw.

A very valuable and interesting manuscript recently discovered in Marsdenlands, Llandudno, has come into the possession of the Rev. D. O'Brien Owen, Carnarvon. It is in the handwriting of the late Rev. Owen Jones, F.S.A. (Meudwy Mon), the well-known Welsh historian, and is of foolscap size, containing about 500 pages of very beautiful handwriting. Its contents include pedigrees of the well-known Welsh families of Gwynedd and Powis, the descendants of the Fifteen Royal Tribes of Wales, and poems in the form of "awdlau" and "cywyddau," with notes on some difficult passages in the same by the ancient Welsh bards.

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A GOOD RULE.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of gold.
Three narrow gates—first, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" in your mind
Give truthful answer; and the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

—The Designer.

SCIENTIFIC

The stomach, kidneys, and entire digestive tract react strongly upon the eyes, and if the latter are to be kept clear and bright one cannot eat too carefully.

A Baltimorean who has been a close student of household economics has recently made a comparison of the weight of paper with the weight of food supplies purchased. In one day's purchase it is said that the paper wrapping amounted to about ten per cent of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.40, he found that the paper which was weighed with the provisions cost 14½ cents. He claimed that this was altogether out of proportion.

Nuttall has determined that the smell of freshly turned earth is due to the growth of a bacterium, the *Cladothrix odorifera*, which multiplies in decomposing vegetable matter, and more rapidly in the presence of heat and moisture. Hence the odor is especially marked after a shower, or when moist earth is disturbed. In dry soil the development of the bacterium is arrested, but it is immediately resumed with vigor as soon as moisture is restored.

As for the baby, its eyes, those little "windows of the soul, should receive the tenderest care. The parasol of the coach should be dark green or blue; never white, which, of course, is pretty. It ought never to be allowed to face the glare or any swaying object. The latter causes strabismus, or cross-eyes. Myopia, or short sight, comes usually from reading at a very early age; so whenever it is possible the mother should have the children in the open

air or in the kindergarten until the little ones have accumulated force enough to carry them safely through their studies.

A Boston physician, Dr. Simpson, maintains, according to "Cosmos," "that the use of artificial teeth is bad for old persons, because it enables them to eat meat. The teeth, he affirms, fall out naturally at a certain age, because nature means that at this particular time of life we should limit ourselves to a vegetable diet. Dr. Simpson insists that his ideas on this point are by no means as paradoxical as they may seem to some people."

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who recently made a trip around the world, appears to come to the conclusion that meat-eating is bad for the temper. She says that in no country is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill-temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat-eating France urbanity is the rule of the home; in fish and rice-eating Japan, harsh words are unknown.

A certain old lady, who has exemplary in her own estimation and that of her neighbors, boasted of making her father's shirts, as a little girl, all by hand. Some of the work done in 1808 is still to be seen. As she was then but eight years old, and most of the work done after tiresome hours at

school, sitting upright, on backless forms, and admonished by the mistresses's thimble taps, she doubtless felt pretty tired, she used her young eyes and hands by candle-light. The grandchildren of that abnormally industrious little girl are now paying the price of those fairy stitches in depleted health and impaired sight.

—o:—

SCIENCE OF SKULL-TAPPING.

Certain disciples of Charcot, notably Gilles de la Tourette, have recently evolved a new scheme, or rather a new aid to diagnosis, in the sound of the skull. They tap the skull with a little hammer and according to the character of the note it gives out they conclude as to the condition of the brain. The skull of a child gives out a note of higher pitch than that of a man. In old age the skull sound rises again. The thickness of the skull can be determined after some practice, and any disease or fracture betrays itself by the peculiar sound. Some skulls, according to the doctors, give out a veritable sound of a cracked pot, and so the popular term "cracked" for a person of eccentric intellect is fully justified.

—o:—

SHAKESPEARE AND INSANITY.

In a work just published in Berlin entitled "The Representations of Insanity in Shakespeare's Plays," the author, Dr. Laehr, demonstrates Shakespeare's wonderful insight into human nature and the phenomena of insanity. He shows how Shakespeare's delineation of the onset of insanity in King Lear is entirely in accordance with the knowledge of the medical profession to-day on the subject, although it was entirely misunderstood by the medical profession of Shakespeare's day. Besides Lear, he selects the case of Hamlet for

examination and discussion, and he treats his subject in the masterly way which characterizes the German scientists.

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INDIVIDUAL CUPS.

The use of individual cups in the communion services is the subject of an approving editorial in "The Lutheran Observer." The editor speaks of being present at a service in which the individual cups were used, and says: "The quiet solemnity with which all this occurred removed every vestige of prejudice and apprehension which we previously entertained in regard to this method of administering the Holy Supper. It was really more solemn and impressive than the old method, and we advise any pastors who have doubts and prejudices in regard to this improved method of administering the sacrament to attend on such an occasion in order to judge of its adaptation and character for themselves."

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ABOUT CHEESE.

"Cheese," said some wiseacre long ago, "digests everything but itself." "Never was there a greater error perpetuated by a popular proverb," says a writer in "The National Druggist," (though the class of sententious sayings, which pass for concrete wisdom, are responsible for many and great mistakes). It aids in the digestion of nothing, and being almost totally indigestible, simply adds another burden to an already overburdened digestive system. The feeling of comfort produced in a person of robust digestive faculties by partaking of a little—a very little—cheese is due entirely to the excitation of the flow of digestive fluid, provoked by the ingestion of a completely indigestible substance."

THERE IS DANGER IN BEARDS.

"The beard," says "The British Medical Journal," "has lately fallen under suspicion of being the haunt of bacilli. It has been hinted that surgeons who wish to keep inviolate the aseptic faith should for conscience' sake sacrifice what Parolles calls 'valor's excrement.'"

* * * But the beard may, we are now told, be a means of conveying infection quite apart from surgical operation. Dr. Schoull, of Tunis, has long been so convinced of the dangers which lurk in the beards and moustaches of men suffering from tuberculosis, that he has made it a rule to insist on the thorough disinfection of these masculine adornments when the wearer will not consent to part with them. He has made experiments by innoculating material obtained from the hairs of the beard and moustache in guinea-pigs, and the results have convinced him that the danger to which he calls attention is a real one."

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CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Celery is a cure for rheumatism; indeed, it is asserted that the disease is impossible if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten. The fact that it is always put upon the table raw prevents its therapeutic powers from being known. The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft, and the water drunk by the patient. Put new milk, with a little flour or nutmeg into a saucepan with the boiled celery, serve it warm, with pieces of toast, eat it with potatoes, and the painful ailment will soon yield. Such is the declaration of a physician who has again and again tried the experiment and with uniform success. Acid blood is the primary and sustaining cause of rheumatism, and while the blood is alka-

line there can be neither rheumatism nor gout.

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THE EFFECT OF DRINK.

The worst is that the drunkard punishes his children for his own crimes. Insanity, idiocy, moral depravity, hysteria, epilepsy are only too frequently the lot of the offspring of a drunken father. It may be argued that the medical men can exaggerate by choosing extreme cases, but that these cases exist is in itself worth thinking about. But the doctors do not, as a rule, discriminate against the dram drinker. A Swiss physician closely watched twenty families. Ten were moderate drinkers or abstainers, ten were used to excess for some generations. The former had altogether sixty-one children. Five of these died young, two were malformed, two were slow of development, two suffered from St. Vitus's dance. In the families of the heavy drinkers were seventy-five children. Twelve died young, and only nine were healthy. The rest were idiotic, misshapen, deaf and dumb, or epileptic. Of eighty-three epileptic children at the Salpetriere, sixty had drunken parents.

Eggs subjected to alcoholic vapors give misshapen, sickly chickens. Dogs treated to doses of alcohol have epileptic young, or fail to produce live young at all. No wonder that terror seizes the heart of nations. Unless there is a change for the better, the majority of people in future generations will be unfit to live. Nor has all been told. We have statistics of those who dies or are locked up as the result of alcoholism; but the many who go about free, who manage to do some kind of work, to marry and to beget children are not counted. They give the nation its death wound, from which it can not well recover.—"Figaro," translated for the Literary Digest.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Dr. Henry Naunton Davies was essentially a Rhondda Valley man, having been born in Dinas 72 years ago, and spent the whole of a very busy professional life in the district. He belonged to a well-known medical family, his father, the late Dr. Evan Davies, and grandfather enjoying an extensive practice in Dinas and the district around. He was privately educated in Swansea, and eventually proceeded to Guy's Hospital. He qualified in 1854, and became L.R.C.P. of London and Edinburgh, and M.R.C.S. England. Before qualifying, however, his father died, and until the deceased gentleman qualified the late Dr. Price, of Llantrisant, carried on the practice. He took up his residence at Porth at a time when the now populous valleys were dotted with straggling farmhouses and cottages. He lived to enjoy a very extensive practice, which increased with the remarkable development of the coalfield. He was surgeon to the Dinas, Penygraig, Clydach Vale, Lewis Merthyr, Ynyshir, Hafod, and Glamorgan Collieries, and had in his service a number of assistants. By his colleagues in the profession he was regarded as a skilful and learned physician in whom they could place every confidence, and his kindness and tenderness to his patients made him extremely popular. He was of a quiet, unassuming disposition, and was unobtrusively charitable. It is said of him that he never charged a poor patient for his services, and that he was never known to send an account for services rendered professionally to clergymen and ministers. A few years ago he was the recipient of a handsome address and a full-size painting of him-

self by the public, who in that way gave tangible expression to their respect for him and appreciation of his long and devoted services to them. He was surgeon to the Tynewydd Colliery during the memorable inundation in 1877, and for the zeal and bravery which he then displayed he was presented with some valuable plate from the Mansion House Fund, and a gold medal from the British Medical Association, he being the first gold medalist of that association. It will be remembered that for about 10 days six men were entombed in the colliery, and when it was discovered that they were alive Dr. Davies joined the rescue party and went below, where he remained a day and night in order to attend the unfortunate men when they were reached. Upon that occasion he turned the long room in the Tynewydd Hotel into a temporary hospital, where the rescued men were removed and attended to. It was then that Dr. Davies conceived the idea of establishing a hospital in the district, and from that day he never rested until the present Cottage Hospital was erected in Porth, about six years ago. He was regarded as the father of that institution, and too much cannot be said of the time and money he sacrificed in its behalf.

There are now four LL.D.'s in Wales—the Rev. J. Bowen Jones, Brecon; the Rev. Gurnos Jones, Pyle; Mr. Charles Wilkins, Merthyr Tydfil; and last, but not least, "Morien," Treforest.

Dr. Joseph Parry has been asked by the committee of the Liverpool Nation-

al Eisteddfod for next year to write a new work which will be performed at one of the Eisteddfod concerts. The work is to be a dramatic cantata, with a libretto founded on a Welsh historical subject. In performance it will take an hour and a half. Dr. Parry's other commissioned works drew large audiences at previous national gatherings—"Nebuchadnezzar" at Liverpool, "Saul of Tarsus" at Rhyl, and "Cambria" at Llandudno.

Rev. Wm. A. Eardley-Thomas graduated B. A. from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., June, 1896; was ordained deacon in the Protestant Episcopal Church, May, 1899 (Trinity Sunday); received the degree of M. A. June, 1899, from his Alma Mater; graduated also June, 1899, from Berkeley Divinity School, Middleton, Conn. He has taken charge of two missions in Maine—

Henderson and Sherman—his headquarters being at Henderson. Mr. Thomas is proud of his Welsh ancestry, and always glad to meet a fellow clansman. He is engaged in hunting up his Welsh forebears.

His father, Wm. Eardley-Thomas, son of Daniel and Sophia (Appleby) Eardley-Thomas was born Aug. 23, 1839, in Aberavon, South Wales, and came to this country when 14. January 1, 1862, he married in New York City Harriet Elizabeth Maltby (1832-1893), daughter of Joseph and Betsey Goldsmith (Chase) Maltby.

Daniel K. Davis, of 2618 Sixteenth Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn., was drowned at a point about 100 miles from Fort Cudahy, Alaska, June 7. Mr. Davis was alone in a boat on the Forty Mile Creek when the craft struck a rock and capsized. The accident was witnessed by five men on the shore. They could not render assist-

ance. The body has not been recovered. Deceased leaves a wife and four sons. Mr. Davis and a number of others left home for the Klondike late in 1897. Some of the members of the party soon became discouraged, and returned. Among these were J. W. Williams, a Franklin Avenue druggist, who learned of his friend's sad death. Little has been heard from Mr. Davis, but it is thought he was not successful in his search for gold. Mr. Davis was a Welshman, forty-nine years of age. He went to Minneapolis in 1882, and four years later was elected to the lower branch of the State Legislature from the Thirty-third district.

Mr. T. Chalmers Davies, whose beautiful poem "Bunch of Violets" appears in "Current Literature" for July, and credited to the "Cambrian," is the son of the Rev. T. C. Davies, for 25 years pastor of the Second Avenue Welsh Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, Pa. We leave Mr. Davies' productions to praise him in their own felicitous way.

Madame Anna Williams, the popular Welsh singer, was the first person who ever sang in the Albert Hall, London. The Queen wished to ascertain the acoustic properties of the building, and Miss Williams, then quite a girl, sang a song without any accompaniment. For this the Welsh singer received a gold watch and chain from her Majesty.

Marie Trevelyan, the gifted authoress of many books about Wales, has established a novel record. She is the first lady in the United Kingdom to write a railway guide. The railway route she so fascinatingly describes in her new volume is the Barry, and this, like all her books upon Wales, have been written in the town of her birth, old Llan-illtyd Vawr.

THE LATE REV. DANIEL I. JONES,
CINCINNATI, O.

The Rev. Daniel I. Jones, son of Isaac and Gwen Jones, was born in Perry Township, Gallia County, Ohio, July 31, 1841. He was the youngest of five brothers who grew to maturity and became heads of families. In his depar-

Ohio University at Athens. At the age of sixteen he taught school.

When about 18 years of age he was licensed to preach the gospel by the church of which he was a member. About this time he was encouraged by the Rev. Mr. Halsey, who was then Secretary of the Ohio Home Missionary Society of Congregational Church-



Rev. Daniel I. Jones, Cincinnati, O.

ture but one remains. As a child he was gentle, kind, conscientious, industrious and obedient. When 13 years old he united with the Welsh Congregational Church at Ty'nrhos, where his father and mother and three brothers, John, William and Edward were members. He and his brother Thomas became members at the same time. Having attended winter schools for some years, at the age of fifteen he entered the preparatory department of the

es, to attend the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, and serve some churches in the county. He was ordained to the ministry by a Congregational Council at Olive Greens in 1865. In 1864 he graduated in the scientific course at the Ohio Wesleyan University, and in the classical course in 1867. In the same year he entered Lane Seminary, graduating in 1870. During his course in the Seminary, in 1868, he became pastor of the Columbia Congre-

gational Church, in Cincinnati. He continued in this position till 1872. During this pastorate he was married to his now bereaved companion, Miss Mary Frances Burgoyne, May 11, 1871, by whom he has had eight children, two dying in infancy, six remaining—two sons and four daughters. In 1872 he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Belpre, Ohio, where he remained two years. During 1875 he lived on his farm. In 1876 he became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Pleasant Ridge, where he continued till 1881, when he became publisher and editor of "The Cambrian."

While publishing "The Cambrian" he was also the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Ludlow, Ky. In 1889 he sold his interest in "The Cambrian," and became pastor of the Riverside Congregational Church. In 1889 he became pastor of the Congregational Church in Zanesville, Ohio, which position he held till 1893, when he returned to Cincinnati, and became pastor of the Storrs Congregational Church. He resigned this pastorate in 1898. During the past year he preached often until his health failed. He was a good writer, a clear, logical and instructive preacher, a sympathizing pastor, a faithful and devoted husband, a kind and affectionate father, a true and generous friend. He had many friends, and will live long in the memory of those who knew him best. He had served God from childhood, and when he came to walk through the valley and shadow of death he had no fear. He ended his journey June 14, 1899, at the age of 57 years, 10 months and 14 days. He was buried June 16, from the First Presbyterian Church, where he was also married.

A large congregation gathered to pay their last tribute to his memory. His body rests in Spring Grove Cemetery, by the side of his infant children, until the day dawn and the shadows shall flee away.

Having received a notification that on the recommendation of Mr. Balfour her Majesty has been pleased to approve the grant to him of a Civil List Pension of £40 a year in consideration of his services to Welsh literature, the Welsh literary policeman, Mr. Charles Ashton, will now, like the Vicar of Wakefield, be passing rich on £40 a year. Mr. Ashton had already received in 1895, on the recommendation of Lord Rosebery, a grant of £100 out of the Royal Bounty Fund.

Cardinal Manning in his early life was pretty well in the hands of Welshmen. The late Mr. E. S. Purcell, in his "Life of Cardinal Manning," says that "In his tenth year (1817) Henry Manning was sent to school at Streatham, kept by a Welshman of the name of Davies, a clergyman of the old sort, as the cardinal used to describe him. He had as his assistant his nephew, David Jones, and as usher a man named Rees. Owing to illness, Henry Manning remained only two years at this school." In the same volume the cardinal, in "Notes and Reminiscences" of his Oxford life, written a few years before his death, says:—"By that time, I may say, I began a real turning to God. I read also Irving's books on prophecy, and went to hear him preach, and a cracked-voiced Welshman in Longacre of the name of Howell, a wonderful and original thinker, who greatly interested me."



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Milton's mother was a kinswoman of Oliver Cromwell, and a native of South Wales.

Dr. Owen Pughe's Welsh Dictionary was almost twice as large as any English dictionary previously published.

Cardiganshire supplies the youngest knight in the Queen's birthday honors. Judge Lawrence Hugh Jenkins is only forty-one, but he is evidently a great lawyer to have climbed so high as the Chief Judgeship of the High Court of Bombay so young.

When at Crymmyrch recently the Rev. S. Baring-Gould was so delighted with the village choir's rendering of the beautiful tune "Crugybar" that he has since written a hymn to the same metre, with the object of introducing the tune in his parish.

A most interesting feature of "Mortimer's" new book on "Tonyrefail" is an excellent photograph of the Methodist chapel, with the venerable William Evans in the pulpit. The patriarch is shown in a favorite attitude, and the portrait is exact.

"Cibll," plural "cibllion," are Welsh words for "toast" and "toasts." What patriotic Welshmen, when called upon to propose the toast of the immortal St. David, has not been anxious to secure a better word for toast than "llwnodestyn?" Why not revive the use of "cibll" and "cibllion?" Both Dr.

W. O. Pughe and Chancellor Silvan Evans give these words in their dictionaries.

Welsh hymn-tunes are almost all written in the minor key, and so, according to "T.C.U." in the "Ymofyn-ydd," are the majority of the hymns themselves:—"Gormod o dinc dyffryn Baca, tinc bechgyn y bac-sis sydd yn emynau a thonau Cymru, a rhy fach o'r tinc sydd yn llawenhau."

Cardiganshire has some interest in Oom Paul's friends. The second daughter of Alderman T. David, of Laugharne, is married to a brother of the Secretary of State for the Transvaal (Mr. Van Biscoeten), and another daughter is about to be married to the high-sheriff of the Transvaal.

The Cardiff librarian, Mr. J. Ballinger, has made a rare find. The ravages of book worms are familiar to most people who handle old books, but the insect itself is rarely met with. The librarian has just found a good specimen in an old edition of "Canwyll y Cymry," and another was recently sent to him by Mr. T. H. Thomas, R.C.A.

A Welsh educationalist in Cardiff states that the Sonnenschein-Meiklejohn system of teaching to read is exactly that which has always been in vogue in Wales since the days of Griffith Jones, Llanddowror. It suits Welsh to a nicety, on account of the phonetic character of the language, and what

the authors aim at is to treat English as a phonetic language as much as possible.

Bishop Thirlwall, in "Letters to a Friend," writing 5th April, 1867, says:—"In the last volume of the Camden Society there is a portrait of Cristina Queen of Sweden. Is it not odd that it represents her in a regular Welshwoman's hat with a very broad brim? I suspect this kind of hat must have been common in England at one time, and that its survival in parts of Wales shows how much more conservative Welshwomen are than their English sisters."

The total area of cultivated land in Wales continues to decrease year by year. Comparing the years 1898 and 1897, corn crops have declined from 402,257 acres to 379,448, green crops from 117,369 to 115,024, and permanent pasture from 1,930,332 to 1,923,829. Clover, sainfoin, and grasses under rotation have increased from 374,038 to 380,558. The total acreage under crops and grass in Wales has fallen from 2,833,190 to 2,826,774.

An idea of the extent of the fishing industry in West Wales may be gathered from the fact that some six or seven hundred open sailing boats are at work when the season is at its height. The fish are caught chiefly off the South Irish coast, and the boats come from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, some, indeed, belonging to France. Sometimes a lot of money is made. A few years ago mackerel were bought at Kinsale for 1s. per 100, and sold at Neylands for £1 per 100, the original catchers getting next to nothing.

The Celtic character has all the failings, and all the good qualities, of the solitary man; at once proud and tim-

id, strong in feeling and feeble in action, at home free and unreserved, to the outside world awkward and embarrassed. It distrusts the foreigner because it sees in him a being more refined than itself, who abuses its simplicity. Indifferent to the admiration of others, it asks only one thing, that it should be left to itself.

The memorial era may now be said to have been fairly ushered in in Wales. Scarcely a week passes without the discovery of some new claimant to a national memorial. Mr. W. Payne, of Southsea, is very warmly taking up a proposal to commemorate the work of Dr. Owen Pughe, the lexicographer, by the erection of a statue at Dolgelly, Dr. Pughe having been born in the adjoining parish of Talylyn in 1759. Vocabularies before Dr. Pughe's time, he states, did not contain more than 15,000 words. Dr. Pughe added 100,000 words!

The place occupied by Wales among the nations of the United Kingdom is higher than it was thirty years ago, but it might easily be higher still. Wales is small, and the Government might try many experiments in Wales that could not well be tried in Ireland, or Scotland, or England. Wales is so law-abiding—see the positive dearth of offenders in Merioneth—that almost any change might be tried without fear of evil results. The masses of the people are so intelligent and well-read that there is no fear of excesses.

The competition among different towns for the honor of being considered the capital of Wales increases. The Bishop of Chester recently claimed that Chester was the capital of North Wales, if not of the whole of the Principality, and now Liverpool has started to compete with Cardiff by adding to the City Library a number of works in the

Welsh language, and having these, together with all the English works relating to Wales, catalogued for the use of Welsh students. Verily the Celtic revival is spreading.

A Carnarvon paper—the “Herald”—is pretty severe upon the Rev. H. Price Hughes with reference to his ruling at the Welsh Wesleyan Assembly at Machynlleth that all serious business should be discussed in English. “Somebody else said,” remarks our contemporary, “that there were many who could not understand English, whereupon the president hoped they did not desire to insult him and other English people who were present. What a lot of twaddle! The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is a Welshman, and he had no business to forget his language.”

One of the most valued privileges of the Welsh colonists in Patagonia from the first settlement in the sixties has been the right to elect the magistracy by popular vote. The Argentine Government has, however, just taken the unprecedented and extreme step of appointing its own nominee in the Rawson district without consulting or even notifying the Welsh colonists. Though the colonists have held indignation meetings to protest against this deprivation of rights, they find themselves helpless in the face of the military force the Argentine Government has drafted into the colony.

About the end of August a unique four day gathering will be held at Llandrindod Wells. Last summer a committee, consisting of representatives of the four denominations, was formed at Llandrindod, with the view of arranging for a convention, or, as the Welsh title goes “Cymanfa i Bobl Ieuanaic Cymru.” The convention will be conducted on somewhat similar lines to

the Society of Christian Endeavor, with this difference, that it will be limited to Wales. The main object of the convention is said to be the deepening of the spiritual life.

Here is an extract from an article on the “Mediaeval Sunday” in this month’s “Nineteenth Century:”—“In Wales and in the remoter parts of the kingdom, into which Puritanism never completely penetrated, the Sunday sports lasted on down to the beginning of the present century. The football, tennis, dancing, and other amusements took place more frequently in the churchyard, and in many a Welsh village to this day the public house will be found adjoining the churchyard, with a private entrance made of old times through the churchyard wall, for the convenience of the players.”

A remarkable epitaph may be seen in Llanwonno Churchyard over the grave of a certain local athlete, popularly known as Gltto Nyth Bran. It is of course in Welsh, and this is a translation:—

In memory of
Griffith Morgan,
Nythbran,

in this parish. He died in 1837, aged 37 years. He was a plucky runner. He beat one named Prince, of the parish of Bedwas, in a 12-mile race, which he accomplished in seven minutes under the hour.

Then follow two englynion commemorating that performance.

In the “Evangelical Alliance Quarterly” for July appears an article by the Rev. T. R. Jackson on “Religious Life in Wales.” A stranger, he says, is at once struck with the tenacity with which the Welsh hold to their language, “especially for the worship of God and the preaching of His Word.

There is," he continues, "intense love for the truths of Scripture, and marked willingness amongst many to fall in with the annual invitation of the Alliance to united prayer, but there is hardly any brotherly unity between the Church of England and the Non-conformist bodies. Though there is little enough of this in England, there is distinctly less in Wales."

The June number of the *Cymru* contains a bardic story full of pathos. In the Aberaeron Elsteddfod, held many years ago, a prize was offered for an englyn suitable for a memorial stone to a hypothetical sailor drowned abroad. The prize was awarded to a farmer who at the time had no seafaring relative. Soon afterwards, however, his younger son went to sea, and during his first voyage lost his life in the English Channel. At Rhydwyn a stone has been erected to his memory, and his father's prize englyn, composed many years in advance, became his epitaph:—

"Iach hwyliodd i ddychwelyd—ond ofer
Fu dyfais celfyddyd;
Y mor wnaeth ei gymeryd,
El enw gawn, dyna i gyd."

A rather amusing incident is told which illustrates the old proverb of entertaining angels unawares. A certain lady, the wife, in fact, of a general officer in high command at the Cape, was introduced to a stranger at a large reception, who appeared to be extremely interested when he found that she was about to go out to South Africa. He made many inquiries as to her probable movements, and gave her a good deal of very excellent advice as to climate, outfit, and the rest of it. "You seem to be very well acquainted with Africa," said the lady; "may I ask whether you have worked it up, or whether you have actually been out in the country?" "Oh, yes; I have been

in Africa," he replied, with an amused smile. "I fancy you did not catch my name—it is Stanley."

Trust a Welshman for making the whole world a land of song. An interesting incident occurred lately at Windsor Castle, which was visited by nearly 6,000 persons, the time of admission having, by the Queen's command, been extended a couple of hours for the convenience of the exhibitors and visitors at the Royal Counties Show. A party had been shown through the State apartments, and were about to leave the Castle, when a Welsh gentleman from the Cape suddenly stopped in the audience chamber, and, addressing the rest of the visitors, said, that if they could spare him a few moments he should like them to join him in singing. "God Save the Queen" as a return for the great kindness which her Majesty had shown in allowing them to visit the Castle. The party complied with his request, and a verse of "God Save the Queen" was heartily sung by the party in the Royal room.

Possibly the most valuable addition to the Welsh collection in the Cardiff Library is the first 66 numbers of the earliest Welsh newspaper, "*Seren Gomer*," of which 85 numbers appeared in all—the price of the first 66 being 6½d. each, and of the last 19, 8d. each. No. 1 is dated "Dydd Sadwrn, Ionawr 1, 1814," and, like all succeeding numbers, is 4pp. imp. folio. The printer was D. Jenkins, of Castle Street, Swansea, while the editor's name, Joseph Harris "*Gomer*" is familiar to all as one of the staunchest adherents of the Welsh language. These 66 numbers are the more interesting because they were once the property of Walter Davies, "*Gwallter Mechain*," who, in notes on the margins, identifies several anonymous writers.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

A girl, named plain "Mary" at her birth, dropped the "r" when she grew up and became Miss May. As she began to shine in a social way, she changed the "y" to "e," and signed her letters Mae. About a year ago she was married, and now she has dropped the "e," and it's just plain "Ma." That's evolution.

At Aberystwyth, Wales, a wedding was solemnized lately in which all the parties concerned bore the name of Jones. The bridegroom was Richard Jones, and the bride was Elizabeth Jane Jones. The witnesses were John Robert Jones and Anne Jones. The minister was the Rev. R. E. Jones, and the register Rev. William Jones.

A friend of mine once shared the box seat with the driver of a stage-coach in Yorkshire, and, being a lover of horses, he talked with the coachman about his team, admiring one horse in particular. "Ah," said the coachman, "but that 'oss ain't as good as he looks; he's a scientific 'oss." "A scientific horse!" exclaimed my friend. "What on earth do you mean by that?" "I means," replied Jehu, "a 'oss as thinks he knows a deal more nor he does."—London Telegraph.

Not long ago a whiskey barrel exploded in a saloon in Rockdale, Texas, doing considerable damage. A man had lighted a cigar and threw the match into the bunghole. Since high explosives are entering into the manufacture of whiskey, it would be well

for "Uncle Sam" to confiscate all the "old soaks" and use them as ammunition for the big guns.

A Yankee met a Welshman in charge of a cart loaded with turnips, and, according to the "Men of Harlech," the following conversation took place:—

Yankee: "What are these—apples?"

Welshman: "No, mun."

Yankee: "I thought they were. In my country apples are as big as them, stranger."

Welshman: "But these are gooseberries, mun."

"Mary Had a Little Lamb" has been translated into modern Greek, and has been added to the musical repertoire of several schools in Athens. Wherever the piece is introduced it is greatly appreciated by the rising Athenians. But local tastes had to be gratified, and these required a modification of the English sentiment. In Greece it is not customary to make a pet of a lamb. A young goat is the favorite, a dark haired specimen being preferred, so the Hellenic version begins: "Mary had a little kid, its coat was black as coal."

A Cincinnati man recently advertised his desire to sell a valuable secret for 50 cents. He stated that he would tell how he was cured of drinking, smoking, swearing, staying out at night, going to races, gambling, and how he gained twenty pounds in weight in two years. Several persons sent him 50 cents each, and here is the secret they received: "Just cured of all

the bad habits named by an enforced residence for two years in the Ohio State prison."

At a bridge where tolls are levied on all vehicles and on all pedestrians, a cyclist recently sought to non-plus the toll-taker by dismounting and carrying his machine on his back. He thus considered himself to be a foot-passenger, and tendered the half-penny demanded of such travellers. But the toll-keeper was not to be had in this way. "Twopence, please, said he, "What for?" was the reply. "Am I not a foot-passenger?" "No," came the unanswerable retort, "You're a cart!"

When Miss Nightingale was a child, says a writer in "Little Folks," under the heading of "Who's Who and What's What," in the July number, she had many dolls, and her great hobby was to affect to believe that they each in turn caught a serious illness and needed the most careful nursing. There was one rag baby that had fever so badly that her life was despaired of; and little Florence would only go to her own bed one night on the positive assurance of her nurses and her mother that they would watch beside the sick doll.

AN OPEN QUESTION.

The Tenth Commandment says: "Thou shalt not covet, —" and goes on to name specifically that which shall not be coveted; and as a general clincher adds—"nor anything that is thy neighbor's." Now while the Sacred Classic does not say in this language, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's occupation nor his income, neither shalt thou covet his white elephant nor his post-office nor his judgeship," yet the above quoted "nor anything that is thy neighbor's" en-

tirely covers the ground and leaves it an open question whether a religious person can be a politician or not.

THE EARLIEST BIRD.

An ornithologist, having investigated the question of at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing, states that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half past one in the morning, the blackcap beginning at half past two. It is nearly four o'clock and the sun is well above the horizon before the first real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally, the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list. The investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That much celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about.—Boston Transcript.

THEOLOGY IN ROMANCE.

This is a prescription from "The Latimers:"

"My mother, God bless her! use tuh say that religion was mixed a good deal like her recipe for cup cake—one cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and four aigs. One of theology, says she, two of human natur', three of downright honesty, and four of charity. Beat 'em up well with sound common sense, says she, an' there's a religion good enough for a Christian or anybody else. Now, you see Miss, the Doctor he's the theology in good heft, an' maybe some of the other ingrejents too. But he's powerful short on human natur'."

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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Invitation!

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THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. 9.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

By Professor D. J. Evans, M. A.

Christianity is the only religion and the first system of morals and law to recognize the rights of women and children; and concede to them the benefits of these rights.

The recognition and the concession, however, have not been prompt or complete. Gradually and grudgingly has the adult male been persuaded to give to woman the place of an efficient helpmeet, and to the child the help and opportunity to become a true image of God as it had a right to be helped, seeing that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Although the lot of childhood now in this country is, in many respects, pleasanter than in former times both here and elsewhere, yet many of the highest and most helpful rights are either with-held or violated. One of the commonest violation, or rather, the right most generally overlooked by parents is the right of proper training as member of a community. In a community there must be laws to obey and concessions to others'

rights to be made, and every orderly member of a community must, sooner or later, learn to heed these two necessities. Obedience is easy when a habit. The child that has acquired the habit of obedience finds it easy to obey. This obedience, however, is not running at the nod and beckoning of any one, but respectful submission to proper authority. A child is old enough to form habits as soon as it recognizes self. The infant a few months old, knows the difference between an efficient nurse and an inefficient one, It knows the difference between comfort and discomfort. When it has learned this, it is old enough to acquire habits, and one of the earlier habits that a child can acquire is to submit to the will of another. This is obedience. But a child will grow rebellious, if it has been allowed to indulge its curiosity, and then suddenly prevented. I have seen children "in arms" reach for the needle or the scissors, and the mother

would push these articles beyond the child's reach. Immediately the child begins to devise some way of circumventing the mother. Generally this is done by raising a wail to annoy the company, and make the mother glad to stop the wail by indulging the child. Two or three occurrences of that kind, when a child is from five to twelve months old, will destroy the mother's authority, and she never need to hope for obedience from that child. "But," says a mother, "how can I make the child understand that I am not willing for it to have the forbidden articles?" Not by removing them. Better rap the little hand, and make the little fingers smart with pain, than to foster disobedience. If the child does not heed your "no," and displeased looks, then make the child see that physical pain is the consequence of disobedience. One or two results will teach an infant that a "mamma's" no will lead to pain if not heeded. But unless the mother is one of the calm and unchanging kind, there will be no good results. In the training of children, lack of fixedness of purpose is fatal.

In the second place, parents neglect the rights of a child when they fail to teach it obliging manners. Nothing gives a man greater influence among his neighbors than a disposition to help others. This is not altogether an inheritance, but mainly the result of training. A child can

acquire the habit of unselfishness. The equable temper and the kindly mien are largely acquirements, and are acquired and established by cultivating them. We seek to cultivate the memory by exercising it. We aim to strengthen the judgment by using it, so we can increase benevolence by doing benevolent deeds. Parents often hope to make their children unselfish by making great sacrifice for the children. They may as well hope to improve a boy's memory by committing poetry for him, as to hope to see him unselfish from their self abnegation. In most families if the number of children is great, the eldest daughter is kind-hearted and unselfish and thoughtful for others, while the youngest child is selfish and despotic. The explanation is easy. The eldest child, especially the eldest daughter, is obliged to "give up" to the younger. She must make sacrifices on every turn to those younger, and thus, she practices unselfishness and acquires the habit of kindness and helpfulness toward others. On the other hand, the younger children are accustomed to service from others, they acquire the habit of selfish enjoyment. All this tends to prove that moods of temper and disposition can be developed by exercising them. Parents owe it to a child as its right to develop all the higher mental and moral powers and conditions of its soul.

AN ECCENTRIC WELSHMAN.

By Tom Jeffreys.

A man is eccentric when that which he does makes him new or unknown by those who are about him. The train was two hours behind time arriving at Countyville (we shall call it), O., and the sun was like an actor making a final appearance to acknowledge a round of applause as the curtain was being lowered. The fast sinking sun was disappearing in the midst of a red light, when the passengers were issuing out of the station and making for the little town a quarter of a mile south. As soon as I had stepped outside, I was accosted by the driver of a common-looking rig with "Hotel, sir!" I stepped in and was there in a jiffey. The house stood on the corner of the main street, and a blind lane ending in a carpenter shop. After an enjoyable supper and a comfortable smoke, I took a stroll around town, on the look out for Welsh names over places of business, but in vain. I watched several dairies, but they all seemed to be in the hands of Philistines. Finally, I moved up to a policeman to inquire of him if any Welsh resided in town.

"Not that I know of," said he, except McCook, the undertaker."

It would not have been polite, I thought, to contradict Mr. Policeman, but I could swear, by all the gods in Greece, that "McCook"

could not be Welsh; and yet after reconsidering the matter, this McCook may have had cause to disguise his identity under an assumed name.

"What chapel does he attend? I asked, knowing that Welshmen are mostly chapel-goers; to which he answered, "He attends no chapel; he goes to St. Mary's, the Catholic Church."

That took my breath away, and strengthened my doubts as to his being Welsh, because a man of the name of McCook and also a Roman Catholic could not be Welsh—hardly!

"Thank you for the information," I said to Mr. Policeman, and proceeded down street to interview Mr. McCook, the hypothetical Cymro. In a minute or so, I was passing the McCook undertaking establishment, wherein I noticed the trappings of death, and in the window a small sized casket beautifully inlaid with white satin. Turning sharply on my heels, I went back and entered the door and inquired for Mr. McCook.

"Take a seat," said a young man of 20 or 22 years, "Mr. McCook will be here in a minute."

After a few minutes wait, a grey headed man of sixty walked slowly in, and bade me time of day. I told him I was a stranger, and had been

doing a little re-connoitring as a pastime. Being a Welshman, and having a natural leaning towards people of my blood, I told him I had made inquiries about Welsh people in town, and had been informed that he was Welsh. I also added that I doubted his Welsh descent, chiefly on account of his name.

"Whether you are Welsh or not," I said, "you certainly have an Irish or Scotch name."

"Well, that's so," he added, looking at me, amusedly; "but you must know, names are precarious things—things that change—things that you may don and doff like hats and coats."

"That's so," I said, echoing his expression.

"You know," he proceeded, "what Shakespeare says about the rose, how it would smell as sweet with some other name; so I am going to show you that my name McCook is no obstacle in my way to talk the 'hen iaith';" and then he galloped out extracts from Goronwy Owen's "Cywydd y Daran," Dafydd Ion-awr's "Trindod," Emrys' "Creadigaeth," and odd couplets from Ceiriog, Islwyn, and other minor poets.

At the close of this flood of elocution, I warmly congratulated Mr. McCook as a Welshman "o waed coch cyfa;" but, asked I, "how did you get that McCook name?"

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you all about it. I was born right in the center of Wales, in Dolgelley; but very soon moved to Dowlais, Glamorgan, South Wales, where my

father went into the saloon business, doing well in a pecuniary sense, but deteriorating morally. My mother was an excellent woman, and witnessing father's degradation, she suffered greatly—father and she frequently contending for sovereignty in the house. There were many wranglings and quarrels and unpleasantnesses not a few, and we children always sided with mother, and the old man often had to retreat from the fray. Ultimately, in God's time, father died, leaving us pecuniarily embarrassed (I believe that's the proper way of expressing it), or in more intelligible words, almost penniless. The family came to this country and we reached this town when I was about 15 years. My predecessor in this establishment employed me as help, and gradually working myself into his heart and winning the affections of his only daughter (my wife), I succeeded him at his death; but I want you to understand that Mrs. McCook is virtually the owner, myself being her helpmate," he said with a mischievous wink.

"I understand," I put in.

Then he proceeded: "I'll tell you how I came by the name McCook. My name was John Jones, but I have been long known by the name of John McCook. My father-in-law's name was McCook; and the first time I came to his presence, an awkward looking lad, he asked me to pronounce my name, and I gave him with considerable pride—"John Jones, Maes Coch." "My good-

ness!" said he, "you are a McCook too! "People commenced to dub me McCook, and my mother dying at the time, I resolved to wear my new name, which has never injured me a bit since." "In fact," he said, "I am proud to belong to a notable class of Welshmen who have honored Wales, although they have been the cause of much disputation, namely H. M. Stanley, Dr. William Gull, Oliver Cromwell, Tom Jefferson, Garfield, and a host of other celebrities who masquerade as foreigners. They are true Britons, though, who instinctively carry out the old bardic custom of bearing fictitious titles."

"You don't mean to say," I interposed, "that the Welsh names of those you have just enumerated were obstacles to their career?"

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how it is—but this appears plausible to my mind that they never could have attained their high positions with their Welsh names. Jefferson Davis is an exception; although "Jefferson" may have helped the hero of the "Lost Cause" rather than the Davis part of it. I have often wondered whether John Rowlands could have discovered Livingstone as successfully as the same man did under the famous name of Stanley? Could Oliver Cromwell have thrashed the Royalists as thoroughly under the old family name of Williams? Old Williams, Pantycelyn, wrote excellent hymns, but could a Williams have won such victories as were gained at Marston

and Naseby? I have read considerable history, and my belief is, that the Welsh heroic age ended at the time the present family names were adopted. A man of the name of Jones or Davies, etc., is risking whatever fame he may have attained because the names are so innumerable, that the probability is his inheritance would be divided among many, or appropriated by a wrong namesake. Caradog, Caswallon, Glyndower, Tudor, etc., stood out isolated for heroism; even our bards to-day are conscious of the fact that they can't produce anything in the line of versification without the help of the magic of 'ffugenwau.' I have never seen a 'prydddest,' or 'awdl,' or an 'englyn' yet owned by a Jones, Evans or Davis. I have often wondered also whether I would have succeeded so well in the undertaking business had I stuck to my unheroic name of 'Shon Ddwywaith.' Now I am sure, you will allow that it requires considerable heroism to habitually face death, the way I have to do. Preachers, doctors, lawyers and singers achieve success under their baptismal names. In the vocal line of music, Davies is a very fortunate name, and Williams and Roberts are attaining greatness as doctors; preachers, also, do excellently well without bardic or fictitious names. The conspicuous trouble is with first class heroes—men of national prominence—leaders of supreme light and leading, fully equal to the demands of the Welsh as a nation, a race. Have we a Washington, a

Shakespeare, a Bacon, a Darwin, a Kitchener, say? Have we a hero that can represent the full power of the race? Can we ever hope to have first class men without first importing a fresh supply of heroic names? This seems to me to be the supreme defect in Welsh nationalism of to-day. We have, certainly, men able to represent every parish, district and county in Wales, but have we men or a man to represent the whole Welsh empire? Have we a hero or a leader in Wales to-day wherein the "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," its rights and aspirations, are incarnated worthily? Have we a Moses or an Aaron in the British Parliament to-day influential and authoritative enough to talk to the Pharaoh of Toryism? I don't believe we have; I am through; I have had my say."

"That peculiar view of Welsh achievement seems plausible," I interrupted, "but Mr. McCook, don't you think your reasonings and con-

clusions are the direct offspring of your occupying an exceptional position; and, as you well know, circumstances alter views as well as cases. Strange positions suggest strange arguments; and the peculiarity of the position you occupy, viz., a Welshman masquerading under a Scotch or Irish name (what is it?) may account for the peculiarity of your views. They are, certainly, original; and they amuse, even if they won't hold water. Now, finally, before leaving, I would ask you a question which has occupied my mind much since I knew of the fact, viz., what induced you, a Welshman, to become a Roman Catholic?"

"Well," said he, as we were nearing the door, "I'll tell you in a few words. When a lad I saw so many crosses at home, that it is no wonder I became Catholic!" and then laughing heartily, he bade me "Good bye," and we parted in the best of spirits.



AT TWILIGHT.

T. Chalmers Davis, Idlewood, Pa.

In leaf-cathedrals vast and dim,
The low winds chant their vesper hymn;
Sweet day, in misty stole of gray,
Passes in golden calm away.

Upon the tow'ring mountain heights
Soft glow the sunset altar lights,
And dimly through the twilight bars
Shines evening's rosary of stars.

KINGS OF THE WELSH PLATFORM AND PULPIT.

By R. Jones Evans, Chicago, Ill.

The first line in our Welsh National Anthem is "Y mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn anwyl i mi." A Welshman is not the only person who has that feeling. His native country is dear to the exile and emigrant, wherever he is, and of whatever nationality he may be. And those beautiful lines of Longfellow, where he described Priscilla in "Miles Standish:"—

"I have been thinking all day * * * *
 Dreaming all night, and thinking all day
 of the hedge-rows of England—
 They are in blossom now, and the country
 is all like a garden;
 Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song
 of the lark and the linnet.
 Seeing the village street, and familiar faces
 of neighbors.
 Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip
 together.
 And, at the end of the street, the village
 church, with the ivy
 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet
 graves in the church yard.
 Kind are the people I live with, and dear
 to me my religion.
 Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself
 back in old England.
 You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help
 it, I almost
 Wish myself back in old England.
 is but the experience at sometime or
 other of every one who is away from
 his native land. But to none is his
 native country dearer than to a
 Welshman. To him
 "Hen wlad y gân oludog yw
 A bro ddedwydd y beirdd ydyw."

Our native land is a very interesting country in many respects, and other nations are coming to see more of its beauty, and to take more interest in it day by day. Though not very extensive, it is one of the most beautiful countries, a country in which nature displays herself in her wildest, boldest and loveliest forms. Its beauty is beauty in miniature. We have no Niagara Falls with its immense volume of water hurling itself with tremendous force against the rocks below, but we have the Swallow Falls of Bettws y Coed, quite as pretty if not as magnificent. If we have not the Rocky Mountains with their lofty peaks, we have the Eryri of unequalled beauty and grandeur.

But it is not its scenery alone that makes Wales dear unto us. Scenery soon palls unless it is associated with remarkable events, and the names of illustrious men. Of these the past history of Wales is full. I know of no country which has been the scene of events more stirring than those recorded in the history of the Welsh. Their struggles have been so imbittered, so protracted, and so courageous as to win even the admiration of their enemies, and as Mynyddog said,

"Mae yno hen feddrodau fyrdd
Yn cuddio hen wroniaid
A symledd pur hen dywyrch gwyrdd
Uwch llwch yr hen ffyddloniaid."

Of remarkable men, Wales has produced its full share. First, we have the men of action, Madoc Ap Owain Gwynedd, then the terrible Owen Glyndwr, who for fourteen years contrived to hold his own against the whole power of England, then there was Rhys Ap Thomas, the best soldier of his time.

For men of genius Wales was for a long time particularly celebrated. Among the most famous being Taliesin, whose poems throw great light on the primitive priesthood of Europe. Then we have Dafydd Ap Gwilym, a contemporary of Chaucer, and who may be styled the grand poet of nature; also Goronwy Owen, who was one of the finest poets of the last century, and whom we are told after narrow escapes from starvation both in England and Wales, died a master of a small school at New Brunswick sometime about the year 1780. But that is not the only periods in the history of our nation which has produced such shining lights; we have men to-day in almost every part of the globe who are a credit to any nation, men who are able to stand side by side with the most learned and the most prominent men of the century.

With this issue we present to our readers a picture of a few of these eminent persons. In this group we have representatives of the political, musical, educational, and Eistedd-

fodic or literary and poetical platforms. The pulpit is also represented by men of unsurpassed brilliancy. On the political platform, we have Mr. David Randell, who was elected to represent the Gower Division of East Glamorganshire by the telling majority of 3,528. He was the first solicitor to be elected as a labor member of Parliament. During his parliamentary career he has been able to pass into law some very useful measures. He has the reputation of never having taken the case of an employer against a workman.

On this platform we have also W. Abraham (Mabon), the well known representative of labor, who was elected in 1885 to represent his fellow-workmen in the British Parliament, and this he has done with faithfulness ever since, raising his sonorous voice at every opportunity to defend the right of labor and for the protection of the "life and limb" of the miner.

Another who plays a prominent part on this platform is D. Lloyd George, the "hamlet boy" of Criccieth (as he was mockingly called when he first contested the Carnarvonshire Boroughs against the wealthy land owner of Gwynfryn). He is considered among the most ready debaters in the House of Commons. He may be termed the prize fighter of Wales, always alive to any danger that threatens the political, social or the religious welfare of his country. He is also an orator of a high degree, well versed in the rules



KINGS OF THE WELSH PLATFORM AND PULPIT.

of rhetorics, his thoughts plain and clear, and he has acquired that control over his ideas so that they may come when they are called for. His memory has all its stock so ready that without hesitation or delay it supplies whatever the occasion may require.

In this group we find another, who was for many years a prominent and a mighty figure on the Welsh platform, and who was to a great extent the originator and the inspirator of almost all the social and political reforms of Wales during the last forty years—the late Thomas Gee of Denbigh. He was a man of extraordinary brilliant talents, which he used throughout his life for the advancement of the social, political and religious standard of his country. The columns of the “Banner and Times of Wales” for over forty years were under his editorship, and it is generally admitted that there is no newspaper published in Wales, the contents of which are more elevating or purer. On the platform he was as powerful as at his desk. As a speaker he was remarkable for profound earnestness, clarity of statement, close and sound reasoning, and deep pathos.

Before Wales had recovered from the shock occasioned through the death of Mr. Gee, another king on the political, as well as on the educational platform, was taken away, the late Thomas E. Ellis, whose memory will long be cherished by his countrymen. He first appeared before the public in 1886, and from then

until his death none was more popular and more revered. So much has been written recently by capable writers, that it would be presumption on the part of an ordinary writer to try and add anything, except that an admirer may be allowed to join the multitude to place another wreath on his grave. It will take a long time for Wales to realize thoroughly the great loss sustained through the removal of Mr. Ellis. Mr. Lloyd George said in referring to his death, that it seemed to him some misfortune, which he could not understand, that always followed the Celts. Soon after a capable leader appears he is suddenly removed. So with Mr. Ellis; when their hopes were almost realized he was unexpectedly taken away. Mr. Ellis was a most able man, and it is questionable if Wales ever gave him due credit for his abilities. He made no public attempt at displaying his learning and ability. We have seen him called upon at various meetings, and without any apparent preparation delivering able and learned addresses—models of composition and delivery. And the fact that he raised himself to such honorable positions as he held, is in itself a sufficient indication of his ability. The first Welshman to be appointed a Parliamentary Whip, and the first common man from any of the four nations to achieve that honor. And it is doubtful if such a young man ever held an office with any of the political parties. He was a mighty man in council; his wisdom, his judgment

and his strong common sense made him a reliable leader. These rare qualifications also made him a well-liked speaker in the House of Commons. His style of oratory, his clear and sound logic, blended with the characteristic Welsh enthusiasm suited the House. His eloquence consisted not in the multiplication of many words delivered with express speed, rather the sincere conviction of the truth and right of his subject, and a profound mind under a perfect discipline. Combined with these qualifications—the ingenuity of his reasoning, the sincerity of his expressions, and pregnant thought—was his pleasant disposition, and the silver clearness and sweetness of his voice. Now this is silenced. He is at rest at 40 years of age. His working day was short, but through his perseverance and diligence it may be well written on his tombstone, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant.”

On the educational platform we have Principal Rhys of Jesus College, Oxford, whose talents have secured him a place of honor in the gallery of the illustrious men of the century. In the “*Geninen*” of July, 1898, Principal Rhys gives a very interesting history of his career, and of the development of educational facilities in the Principality. The contrast is very conspicuous. It shows that Wales is a progressive country. It has often been said that the tenacity with which we hold to our native language keeps us back in the race of life. That may or may

not be true, and it is not within our province to discuss the question in this article, but this we do know, that during the Victorian era no part of the British Empire has made such progress educationally as Wales has. The Welsh of sixty years ago had no educational system at all. The Welsh of to-day (according to Sir William Harcourt, and his name and reputation are sufficient guarantee for the correctness of the assertion), has the most perfect educational system. The educational ladder is complete, and the young men and young women of Wales are climbing it by the hundreds.

Another who has taken a prominent part on this platform is Professor O. M. Edwards, the successor of Mr. Ellis as representative of Merionethshire. His motto in life is—“*Codi'r hen wlad yn ei hol*,” and he believes in education as the best lever. Being an excellent scholar himself, and having reached that distinction through hard work and severe struggles, he is well able to sympathize with his fellow countrymen in their endeavors on behalf of education. Besides being an enthusiastic educationalist, he is the author of many interesting and readable books, and the editor of several periodicals, and the tenor of all his writings is to make *Cymru Fydd* excel *Cymru Fu* a *Chymru Sydd*.

Our next platform is the *Eisteddfod*. The two representatives here are grand old men—Hwfa Mon and Dr. Joseph Parry, one, the archdruid of Wales, the other, one of its most

distinguished composers and adjudicators. The first belongs to the poets, who in older times were ranked with the philosophers. There are some who cannot make out what a poet is good for, especially a Welsh poet. The ancients managed to make a good use of them as perceptors in music and morality, composing their songs to set forth the exploits of their heroes, and in some of their verses are preserved the secrets of the Druidical religion, their discipline, their principles of natural and moral philosophy, their astronomy, and the various mystical rites of their religion. At that time poetry fulfilled Cowper's definition, that the art of poetry is to touch the passions, and its duty to lead them on the side of virtue. The representative whom we have selected is a poet all over. His personal appearance bespeaks a poet, and if he was to relate his experience it would be in the words of another poet.—Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions and language. Still though popular as he is, it is doubtful if any of his work, more than that of other Welsh poets is known outside of his own nation. This does not however prove the statement of some of our English critics who maintain we have no poetry or literature. The chief reason is that Welsh poetry has not yet found a translator. Poetry is of so subtle a spirit that in the pouring out of one language to another it will evaporate a great deal,

and if a new spirit is not added in the transfusion there will remain nothing but the skeleton.

Our other representative belongs to the musicians. He is a doctor in the art "that calms the agitations of the soul." He has served his nation well for more than a quarter of a century, and has the advantage over his friend Hwfa of having become known to the world. Musical notes are the same to every nation. Some of his works are well known on the English stage, such as "Virginia," "Sylvia," "Dream Poem," and the "Pilgrim's Chorus," but to the Welsh he is endeared on account of "Aberystwyth," and other congregational tunes.

As representatives of the pulpit we have four men whose names will be cherished for many years to come, and it is a sad task to prefix the word "late" to three of the four. Dr. Lloyd, the late Bishop of Bangor, is the last to cross to that land "from whose bourne no traveller returns." He had a very successful career as a teacher at Dolgelly, Bangor, and Brecon, and in 1890 he was appointed Bishop of Bangor, but owing to his poor health had to resign a few months ago. During his episcopal life he was well spoken of as a candid, straightforward and conscientious person, and, unlike some of the Welsh bishops, his enemies were few.

The works of God are full of variety. This is found in every part of his universe, and among all his creatures. On the surface there is a

strange similarity, but underneath that is a conspicuous distinctiveness. The sun in some respects resembles other worlds, still it has its own distinguishing features. Some mountains are so much alike that we pass them by unnoticed, but there are other mountains, which by some strange instinct we are compelled to look at and admire. It is so also among men. So many of them are alike that we do not trouble to inquire about them, but others are so prominent that we are compelled to look at them. Such was Dr. E. Herber Evans. He always seemed to claim attention, and excite our admiration, whether it was on the street, on the railroad platform, on the stage, or in the pulpit. He was an enthusiastic political speaker, a distinguished lecturer, and an eloquent and impressive preacher. Dr. Evans was a man of many talents, but all were consecrated to the great work of his life as a preacher, and it is as a preacher he will be remembered. His sermons were sometimes profound and philosophical, oftener simple and practical, but always eloquent and full of the sweetness and the cheering news of the gospel. We often hear preachers whose discourses are dry, methodical and unaffecting, and delivered with such dead calmness that the audience instead of being awakened to remorse are actually sleeping over these methodical and laborious compositions. Not so with Dr. Herber Evans. He always delivered his sermons with life and perspicuity. His

enthusiasm kindled as he advanced, and when he arrived at his peroration it was in full blaze, and a sight not easily forgotten.

Another king of the Welsh pulpit was the late Rev. John Evans (Eg-lwysbach). He was also a man of many talents, but all were subservient to his high calling, as a minister of Christ. When first we saw him entering the pulpit, we were inclined to admire his personal appearance, his bright eye and his intelligent expression. When he began preaching we admired his style of composition, his smart illustrations, his musical and melodious voice. But very soon we lost sight of the preacher, and were enveloped in the sermon. In pulpit eloquence the great difficulty is for the preacher to give the subject all the dignity it deserves without being too self-important—to think highly of his message, but humbly of himself. This is what captivates the audience, and brings them blessings. John Evans will be greatly missed from the Wesleyan pulpit, and in his death Wales lost one of its finest and most eloquent preachers.

Our other representative of the Welsh pulpit, Dr. Charles Edwards, Bala, is a leader in thought, and has a high reputation in the theological world. Dr. Edwards could also be well classed as one of the greatest educationalists of Wales. Through his personal contact with the students under his care at Aberystwyth College, and especially his influence over the talented young men who

now play a prominent part in Welsh public life, he has effected a permanent service to his country. He has also made himself a name among the Biblical students of the world, and his contributions to Biblical literature are classed among the foremost. But we prefer to think of him as one of the kings of the Welsh pulpit. It is there we find his influence at its best. His sermons are the result of deep thought and extensive study. It is said of Demosthenes that he never made an oration on the sudden—he never rose to speak unless he had studied the matter; and he used to say that he did this to show the people of Athens how he honored and revered them, because he was careful what he spake unto them. So it may be

said of Dr. Edwards. He appeals to the intelligence of his hearers. We have heard of some preachers who pride themselves on having delivered extemporaneous sermons; but clever as those persons may be, the extemporizing faculty is never more out of its place than in the pulpit, where eternal results depend on every word that is delivered.

Although some of the kings of the Welsh pulpit have been called to reign in a higher kingdom, their good influence remains a permanent factor in the history of the Welsh people, and the lives of these great men remind us—that “we can make our lives sublime, and departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.”



THE CYMRY BEFORE THEY CAME TO BRITAIN.

The Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips.

(Continued.)

But granting that Gamir was Kimmeria, and that the Gomeri or Gimiri were Kimmerioi or Cimmerii, who spread over Western Asia and the whole of Europe at an early date and frequent intervals, what evidence is there that the Cimmerii and the Cimbri were the same? Their names, to say the least, are substantially the same. Their slight variations are perfectly natural. In

passing from Greek into Latin K becomes C, which in Latin is always hard, like the Greek K; and in passing from earlier into later Latin M slides naturally into B; while E R changes equally naturally into R I. according to the laws of mutation and the analogy of language. Moreover, the length of time and the changes of events, which must have occurred since the nation inhabited

the regions of the Black Sea, were sufficient to account for the change and corruption of Cimmerii into Cimbri. Besides the distance between the localities, especially in those remote times when there was neither a standard of speech nor frequent intercourse of the people, may also account for the fact. Aside from this the Cimmerii and the Cimbri possessed the same distinguishing characteristics. Their mode of life and natural temperament were precisely the same. The prints of their feet, wherever they have been discovered, correspond exactly. They are found in that part of the earth where we should naturally expect to find them. Tradition identifies the Cimbri with the Cimmerii, and locates them on the west of Europe, where history finds them. It was the general opinion among the Greeks and Romans that the Kimbroi or Cimbri were descendants of the ancient Kimmerioi or Cimmerii. This we learn from Possidonius and Strabo, who follows him. "*Quum Graeci Cimbros Cimmeriorum nomine afficiant.*" Diodorus Siculus expressly states that those who were anciently called Cimmerii were, in process of time, through corrupt pronunciation, called Cimbri. Plutarch in his "*Life of Marius*" identifies the Cimbri with the Cimmerii, and locates them on the north west of Europe. Pliny and Ptolemy do the same. "*In the same quarters of Germany,*" says Tacitus, giving the name of the victors to the country of its former possessors, "adjacent to

the ocean dwell the Cimbri, a small state at present, but great in renown. Of their past grandeur extensive vestiges still remain, in encampments and lines on their shore, from the compass of which the strength and numbers of the nation may be still computed, and credit derived to the account of so prodigious an army."

In B. C., 1076, as we have said, the Cimmerii made an attack on Greece, and threatened the destruction of the Grecian States. In the sixth century before Christ the Celtic-Cimbri drove the Tuscans from Northern Italy, and possessed their land. About B. C. 390 the same people under the command of their king, Brennus, left their homes, crossed the Alps, devastated Italy, captured Rome, murdered the Senate, burned the Capitol, compelled the people to pay them 100 lbs. weight of gold for leaving the city, and would have departed with their booty unmolested were it not for imprudence and delay, which caused their destruction. The same people also, about B. C. 280, under the leadership of their king, marched eastward, entered Macedonia, threatened Greece, and invaded Asia, where they established themselves, and were called Galatians, to whom in after years the Apostle Paul wrote one of his masterly letters. Between B. C. 113 and B. C. 101 the Cimbri and Teutons struck Rome with terror, and threw Europe into convulsions. Three hundred thousand men under arms, and used to the battle

with as many women and children of the same spirit and experience, on the wing to seek their prey, and on the alert to pounce upon it, hover over the continent, and finally light upon the Roman Empire with the intent to tear it to pieces, and devour it. They captured five Roman generals, destroyed five consular armies, and were on the point of planting their talons in the Roman eagle, when Caius Marius came to the rescue and snatched it from their claws. As to their courage, their spirit, and their force and vivacity with which they made an impression," says Plutarch, "we may compare them to a devouring flame. Nothing could resist their impetuosity; all that came in their way were trodden down or driven before them like cattle. Many respectable armies and generals, employed by the Romans to guard the Transalpine Gaul were shamefully routed, and the feeble resistance they made to the first efforts of the barbarians was the chief thing which drew them toward Rome. For having beaten all they met, and loaded themselves with plunder, they determined to settle nowhere till they had destroyed Rome and laid waste the whole of Italy."

"After so many misfortunes," remarks Vellius Paterculus, "the Roman people thought no general was capable of repelling such formidable enemies as Marius." Nor was the public opinion falsified. In his fourth consulship, in the year of Rome 652, "Marius engaged the

Teutons beyond the Alps, near Aquae Sextiae, killing on the day of battle, and the following day, 150,000 of the enemy, and entirely cut off the Teutonic nation." "Livy says that there were 200,000 slain, and 90,000 taken prisoners. The succeeding year he defeated the Cimbri, who had penetrated into Italy, and the Adige in the Raudian plain, where now is Rubio, killing and taking prisoners upwards of 100,000 men. That he did not, however, obtain an unbought victory over this warlike people, may be conjectured from the resistance he met with, even from their women. We are told by Florus that "he was obliged to sustain an engagement with their wives as themselves, who entrenching themselves on all sides with wagons and cars, fought from them, as from towers, with lances and poles. Their death was no less glorious than their resistance. For when they could not obtain from Marius what they requested by an embassy, their liberty, and admission into the vestal priesthood, which indeed could not be lawfully granted, after strangling their infants, they either fell by mutual wounds or hung themselves on trees or the poles of their carriages in ropes of their own hair. King Boiorix was slain not unavenged, fighting bravely in the field."

We retrace the martial steps of the Cimbri, Cimmerici, Kimmerici, Gomeri, over a period of two and twenty centuries, and over a distance of two thousand miles—from Caesar to Gomer, and from the British

Islands to the Caucasian Mountains, and everywhere discover, in Europe as in Asia, on the Baltic as on the Black Sea, their antiquity, their number, and their valor. Besides the evidence of their existence and prowess in these historic localities, where they stood long and sank deep, we find the prints of their feet in nearly all the countries of Europe and Asia from the Caucasian Mountains to the British Islands—along the Danube, across the Alps, through classic Greece and martial Rome, everywhere. Among others we notice Cambrilla in Spain, Coimbria in Portugal, Cambric in France, Cumberland in England, and Cambria in Wales, or *Cymru*, which is the native appellation of the Principality. To unprejudiced minds who have thoroughly studied the subject the Cimbri and Cimmerii must appear identically the same people. "Thus far," says Sharon Turner, "we have proceeded upon the authorities, which remain to us in the classical writers of the primeval population of Europe. From these it is manifest that the earliest inhabitants of the north of Europe were the Kimmerians or Kimbri; and that they spread over it from Kimmerian Bosphorus to the Kimbric Chersonesus; that is from Thrace and its vicinity, to Jutland and the German Ocean, from which the passage is direct to Britain."

We have in our discussion of the area occupied anticipated all the Cimbric nations, but have thus far only followed the footsteps of those

bearing the name of the mother nation—the Cimbri, Cimmeri, Kimmerioi, Gomeri. During the two and twenty centuries from Gomer to Caesar many changes naturally occurred. Families became tribes, tribes nations, and nations under their own name, or the name of the parent stock, became strong and powerful; and, acting alone, or in connection with others, extended their migrations and won their victories, till they had spread themselves from the mountains of Ararat to the Isles of Britain, and had established themselves in many localities into permanent governments, whence they not unfrequently issued forth to make incursions into the territories of weak nations, or to make room for the advancing columns of stronger ones. Long before the appearance of history to record their existence and describe achievements they had taken possessions of extensive areas, had become the understrata of a vast population, and had played an important part in the drama of nations. They had possessed and inhabited from the Black Sea to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Strait of Gibraltar. They had left their impress on Asia and Europe, on the east and the west of the Alps, on the north and south of the Danube and the Rhine. They had become many nations, and each nation many others.

Of these Cimbric nations, the most conspicuous were the Celtic, Belgic, and the Aquitanic; and of these na-

tions the most conspicuous was the Celtic. This may be in consequence of its central position, superiority of numbers, and near proximity to the Greeks and Romans, for we find its name in nearly every part of Europe, and in many parts of Asia. Nor does it always stand alone, but often in connection with others, such as *Celtae-Berian*, *Celtae-Scythian*, and *Celtae-Grecian*. Indeed so conspicuous was it at the birth of secular history that Herodotus could see but few nations in western Europe save the Celtic; and that historians who acknowledge the priority of Cimbric nation give the precedence to the Celtic. As the Cimbric was the mother nation from which the Celtic and many other nations had sprung, the natural order, and the only order to save confusion, is the Celtic-Cimbri, the Belgic-Cimbri, the Aquitanic-Cimbri, or whatever may be the nation from the Cimbric stock. Why, then, invert the order? Why give mother's place to the daughter? Why call the Cimbric *Celtae*? Even Dr. Pritchard, who questioned the propriety, yielded to custom. Had he yielded to what was right we would have had from his masterly pen instead of "The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations," "The Eastern Origin of the Cymric Nations." All through his great and noble work he used the Cymric language to prove the Eastern origin of the Celtic nations. In doing this he did well, for there is no language now extant as Celtic, and as mother tongue there never was. The Gaelic is, without a

doubt, Celtic, and the Celtic Cymric, which is the mother language of all these languages of central and western Europe, so commonly called Celtic, and which should be acknowledged the generic nomenclature? But when the Gothic and Savonic waves of migration came from the east the Cymric nations were either inundated in the countries which they occupied, or driven westward toward the coast and the islands beyond, which may account in part for the understrata of Cymric life and character in the nations and languages of Europe, and for the preference given to the Celtic nomenclature in speaking of the nations and languages of Europe; for in this western movement of the Cymric nations it was the fortune of the *Celtae* to occupy the centre, which was the nearest and best known to the Greeks and Romans, who were the historians of antiquity, especially in Europe.

As the tribe of Judah, which occupied the most favorable position and became the most numerous, assumed importance, and imparted his name to the seed of Abraham, so we may suppose that the *Celtae*, who occupied the most favorable position, and became the most numerous, assumed importance and imparted their name to the seed of Gomer; but we should not on that account assert that Abraham was son of Judah, or that the Cymry were descendants of the *Celtae*. If the Cymry were descendants of Cimbri, the Cimbri of the Cimmerii, and the Cimmerii of

the Gomeri, they could not have been descendants of the Celtae. The priority of existence made it impossible. Their origin receded to within a few steps of the deluge. From the time of Christ they could retrace their line of descent over the lapse of two and twenty centuries, and could see it issue from the loins of Gomer. If, then, the Cimbri were of the same blood, the Celtae must have descended from the Cimbri and not the Cimbri from the Celtae, and should bear the same nomenclature. In this the best scholars, who have thoroughly and impartially studied the subject, now substantially agree. "It was the opinion of many," says Diodorus, "that the Celtae themselves descended from the ancient Cimmerii, who, by a corrupt pronunciation, were called Cimbri." "The Gauls who overran Asia," he continues, "were denominated Cimmerii." "And in his account of the Lusitanians he calls them the most valiant of the Cimbri." Appian is equally emphatic when he writes, "Celtae sive Galli quos Cimbros vocant." Again when he writes that the "Nervii, a most powerful Belgic nation, were descended from the Cimbri and the Teutons." Caesar before him had affirmed that the Aduatuci, a tribe of Belgic Gaul, were descended from the Cimbri and the Teutons." Sallust, Cicero, and other prominent writers, designate the Cimbri and the Teutons Gauls. Vallerius Maximus in speaking of their invasion of Italy, says, "Sertorius qualified himself for a spy

by assuming the Gallic habit, and learning that language. "Per idem tempus adversus Gallos ab ducibus nostris, Q. Caepione et M. Manlio, male pugnatum." "Marius Consul absens factus, et ei decreta provincia Gallia." Ipse ille Marius—influentes in Italian Gallorum maximas copias repressit." "From an exhaustive analysis of the subject, Niebuhr concludes that the two nations, the Cimbri and the Gael, may appropriately be comprised under the common name of Celts." Or he might have said with more propriety, under the common name of Cymry, for he elsewhere calls them the ruling people. "The Celts of the Spanish peninsula," says Rawlinson, "seem to have been Cimbri, for as Niebuhr shows, they formed the bulk of the Gauls, who invaded Italy, and these are expressly said to have been of the Cimbric branch." "The Cymry," remarks the same author, "or rather, the Celtic hordes generally, for in the name Cimmerii may have been included many Celtic tribes not of the Celtic branch, spread themselves by degrees over the plains of central Europe." "Diodorus tells us," says Dr. Arnold in his history of Rome, "that the Romans included under the common name of Gauls two great divisions of people, one consisting of the Celtic tribes of Spain, of the South and centre of Gaul, and of the North of Italy; the other embracing those more remote tribes, who lived on the shores of the ocean and on the skirts of what he calls the Hercynian

Mountain, and eastward as far as Scythia."

"The name Celts," observes Dr. Borlase in his *Antiquities of Cornwall*, "was anciently of great extent, comprehending all those nations which were sometimes distinguished by name of Scythians, Celto-Scythians, Getae, Galatian, Gallo-Grecians, Celtae-Berians, Teutons, Germans, and Gauls; and this great portion of mankind was still more anciently and when more united called Cimbri, and this last name reaches back to the dispersion, being derived as most authors agree from Gomer." "The ruffian hired to kill Marius, Lucan calls a Cimbrian, while Livy and Plutarch call him Gaul." "Those who plundered Delphi under Brennus are generally called Gauls, but Appian in his *"Illyrics"* calls them Cimbri." If, then, we read history aright, and if history be the right expression of facts, the Celtae were Cimbri, the Cimbri Cimmerii, and the Cimmerii Gomeri; and to avoid confusion we should bear in mind that the Cimbri, Cimmerii, Gomeri, were the mother nation, from which sprang the Celtic, Belgic, Aquitanic,

and many other nations; and that those who called themselves Celtae, the Romans called Galli, and that those whom the Romans called Galli, the Greeks called Galatae. Under these and kindred names, which are not infrequently interchanged, we retrace the martial steps of the Cimbri, and read their mighty achievements on the continents of Europe and Asia. "The researches of modern historians," observes Sir Thomas Nicholas in his *Annals and Antiquities of Welsh Counties*, "unequivocally favor the opinion that under the names Gauls, Gaels, Gwyddyls, Celts, Cimmerii, Cimbri, Cymry, Brythons, Lloegrians, Scots, and Picts, only one race under different tribes or clan divisions, political organizations, and periods of existence is spoken of, and while different degrees of diversity through shorter or longer periods of estrangement and foreign admixture had intervened, still no such diversity prevailed as would materially affect their unity, and integrity, and hence their classification as one people."



WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

The red rose says "Be sweet,"
And the lily bids "Be pure"
The hardy, brave chrysanthemum
"Be patient and endure."

And so each gracious flower
Has each its several word,
Which read together maketh up
The message of the Lord.

NADAB AND ABIHU, OR THE PERILS OF PRIVILEGES.

By J. Vinson Stephens.

Nadab and Abihu were the eldest sons of Aaron, the first high priest of Israel, and thrice blessed were they to be his favored heirs. But their terrible end exemplifies the truth that as high towers and lofty spires are more exposed to the storms and the destructive lightnings than the humbler buildings which surround them, so also are men who have been exalted into heaven along the altar-stairs of pleasant, privileged surroundings more open to the fire of heaven's anger when it is kindled than men born and bred in obscurity. The great Teacher says that the sins of Capernaum will be more intolerable in the day of judgment than those of Sodom, which is but another expression of the principle demonstrated in the sad calamity which befell the sons of Aaron, namely that irreverence, profanity, drunkenness are more intolerable in a Christian community than in localities where temptations are rampant. Opportunities bring with them corresponding responsibilities. The man unto whom five talents are entrusted is expected by heaven and earth to produce better returns than he to whom only one is given. The man brought up in the backwoods is not expected by society to be so refined and cultured, and sensitive, as the

one who has received the delicate touches of society and education.

When a graduate uses slang it grates on our feelings much more harshly than when the same words are uttered, even with deeper and broader emphasis by an ignorant person. There is nothing more intolerable than sin in high places, and it is the lofty position of these young men that makes their calamities end so unspeakably sad. The flame which devoured them should have kindled their censers to burn in the holy presence, therefore, they were but the arrogant victims of their own presumptuous contempt of an enviable duty. And such sorry sights could be seen in these days were it not that their own commonness strips them of every element of wonder.

The frightful fate of these proud priests divested of its gorgeous, flashing, terrible colors, is a fair representation of what occurs every day amidst us, namely that of a young man in the bloom of life converting inestimable blessings into hideous curses. What a glorious privilege it was to be the eldest sons of the high priest. No Jewish youth could conceive of a greater distinction conferred upon him than that. O! what an honor to be born into the priesthood! What

a blessing to be brought up under the shadow of the altar, and within the sweet sound of the strange accent of the Shecinah! O! what an unspeakable privilege to be priests of the Lord, to have one's duties pertaining to the altar and its rites, to the sanctuary's solemn service of sacred sacrifices, and its incense of sweet smelling. No honor on earth could vie with that. The position of the priest was a kind of a link which joined heaven and earth together. The prayers and the praises of the people ascended through him into heaven, and the blessings, the benediction of the benign God descended through him upon the nation. They were earth's representatives in heaven, and heaven's ambassadors on earth. Incomprehensible honor and destruction! Yet all this was conferred upon Nadab and Abihu, the two young men who were devoured by God's fire. Heaven's choicest blessing by their own wilful abuse was converted into the most hideous curse. Young man, do not forget the solemn fact that the nearer you are to the altar, the nearer you stand also to the devouring flames of God's anger when it is kindled. Opportunities are fraught with collateral responsibilities. Scarcely a week had passed since these sons of Aaron were standing at the altar witnessing the sacred fire consuming the sacrifices of the people which they had placed upon it, but that very same fire now devours them! Better far would it be, since they abused this privilege, had they been

elected to do some menial service outside the camp; in other words, it would have been better for them had they not been the sons of Aaron, and the nephews of Moses and Miriam. They were not level-headed enough to go through the ordeal. Fame, honor, social standing made them conceited and presumptuous. We know these young men! These modern Nadabs and Abihus who graduated at some high school last summer, but are now correcting the mistakes of Moses and Aaron, that is, finding fault with their parents and all who are interested in their welfare. Moses with divine accent, his voice still quivering under the influence of the awfulness of Sinai, read unto them their ordination charge; their godly, pious, father, Aaron, with his face blanched by the radiancy of the Shecinah emphasized their duties; Miriam with her quick, tender, poetical genius warned them of their awful responsibilities, but what did they care of the warning of a fidgety old aunt, of the charge of a stringent severe uncle, and about the religious cant of a bigoted father? Who were they to give instructions to them? They knew what to do, and how to do it also. Fire of their own kindling could burn the incense as well as a spark from the altar, and so they substituted common for sacred fire, and thereby betrayed the most lamentable irreverence. But God used the flame which they so presumptuously ignored in their shameful death, and the revealing of his own glory. The

one solemn meaning of the sad calamity is, that men convert by their willful abuse the choicest blessings of heaven into the most hideous

curses. Do not forget that the choicest the blessings the more sure and rapid is their corruption.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

It is time, old time at that, that the committee on music of the National Eisteddfod of Great Britain, should recognize the talent and culture of Welsh-American musicians. In the appointment of Professor Daniel Protheroe, of Milwaukee, as one of the adjudicators of the musical contests of the Liverpool 1900 National Eisteddfod, the committee has honored itself, and all their countrymen in the United States. Professor Protheroe understands the purport, scope, and spirit of our national institution, and we will add that when his turn will come to deliver the adjudication, it will not be announcing a "decision," but a logical and convincing adjudication from the standpoint of musical interpretation. We heartily congratulate "Dan Bach" (Gwilym Eryri is responsible for this) upon this appointment, and we all know that he will perform its duties well.

It was in the summer of 1878 when the writer was similarly honored by the National Eisteddfod, in the appointment to adjudicate, in company

with the late Madame Edith Wynne, Signor Foli, and the late Eos Morlais, the tenor, soprano, and penillion contests of the Birkenhead National Eisteddfod. I well remember listening, in preliminary contest at that festival, to 46 tenors, and 26 sopranos. Eos Morlais and myself had a fearful task in choosing the best three out of so many excellent voices, naturally excellent, not one of which, though, evinced much culture. Eos Dar, in the final contest, out-did himself, winning the prize in a very worthy manner. The writer had the honor of delivering the adjudication, and he will never forget the compliments that followed, for what he considered an ordinary American adjudication.

We have just gone through the annual period of National and State Musical Societies and Associations. The "papers"—essays, rather—read at the same can safely be termed as good, bad and indifferent, just like the rest of us. It has been given to but few men or women to write a living "paper" on such a living sub-

ject as music. All "papers" on any phase of the "heavenly art," should have much of the "heavenly heart" in them—much of that "something" that thrills and tingles the very soul. Some of the "papers" read are in admirable taste, and no one can surmise the amount of good done by them through the thousands of earnest representatives who attend these educational gatherings. But, is it possible that among so many thousands, not one "orator" can be found to "speak" from the heart the language of the higher emotions, the possibilities, and the very message of music to the soul, rather than have this reading, reading, reading of these dry, unimpassioned "papers?" Much more do we cry for an "oration" when we are pained by poor readers. It seems as if it had been given only to a few to be able to read well. A good reader must exhibit the oratorical temperament. Some of the "papers" read poorly must fail, though the readers might be good musicians. Let us have an occasional oration in the spirit and power of a Browning or a Sidney Lanier, that will give us a spirit of forgiveness for all poorly read "papers."

Visiting Kansas City lately, the writer was agreeably surprised to

find that his arrangement of "The Bells of Aberdovey" and "Lili Lon," had been introduced and charmingly sung at "Musical Evenings" held in some of the best residences. This was done, and will be done again, by Mr. Henry Harris and his friends. These Americans appreciate our exquisite melodies. On one occasion, during an "Evening of Languages," where German, French, Italian, Irish, English and Welsh songs were sung, the palm was given by unanimous consent to the American lady who sang the Welsh melodies already mentioned in *Cymraeg gloew*. Verily, verily, other nations have already risen, and will rise to teach us the beauty and worth of our own *alawon*.

The July number of the "Etude" is a John Sebastian Bach number, rich in Bach literature, in which we have an interesting account of John, Christopher, Heinrich and others of the numerous family. John Sebastian himself was twice married; result, 21 children. A fine portrait of the famous composer goes with the number. The great Sebastian was a veritable Klondike of musical resources. The artistic world has lived greatly, and will continue to so live, upon his wonderful productions.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"What brought you here, venerable bard?" said he with unfeigned astonishment.

"The same ill fate that brought you," said the pseudo bard with a sullenness that seemed very real.

"Ah, methought that even thieves honored your profession," said the prince indignantly.

"They may honor my profession, but certainly not my person, for I had no more intention of coming here than you had," was the reply.

"Enough of this," said Hoel with a frown. "I am in no mood to listen to your whining. Iolo, let us have some refreshments."

Trahaiarn as well as the rest was sufficiently hungry by this time to welcome the prospect of something to eat; but it was by no means certain that his needs would be supplied, until cold beef, venison and bread were brought to him. The Welsh had been given to hospitality so long that even outlaws would not add the pangs of hunger to the other sufferings of their captives. The prince was therefore furnished with his full quota of drink as well as food, when the meed and cwrw (ale) were passed. Both the eating and drinking, however, seemed rather

unreal to him. As yet he had had but little opportunity to weigh his chances, or to indulge in thoughts of the princess. Everything had taken such a strange turn that both his late experiences and present condition seemed more like a dream than reality to his half stupified mind. Then the bardic performances of the hermit, who after much show of reluctance, received a harp from one of the outlaws, tended to give additional force to the illusion, as did also the hilarity of Hoel and his men. But for the consciousness that all was not well with him, a consciousness that grew more vague with every drink he took, he would have joined in the merriment; but long before the harp was laid aside he fell into a deep sleep.

Upon waking he found himself lying on the bare ground near the fire, and recollecting where he was he rose to a sitting posture, and saw that he was alone with two armed outlaws. How long he had slept, or what had become of all the rest, were questions upon which the guards would give him no satisfaction. They were evidently the roughest and most villainous looking of the whole band, and the prince felt that

his life, to say nothing of his comfort, was of little value in such presence. He was now in a state to fully realize his precarious condition. That he was held captive for mercenary purposes seemed far less probable to him than that the outlaws were acting as the tools of some political enemies. Indeed the more he thought of the matter the darker his prospects grew. Was the sun of his prosperity to set in the morning of its glory? Were all his hopes to perish by the hands of the basest assassins? Life never seemed so sweet as now, and the princess was never more lovely than Trahaiarn's imagination now pictured her to be. Should he ever see her again? He tried to dismiss the question because of the pain it gave him, but he could not. The sight of the ruffians before him made it recur again and again, and each time it seemed more unbearable.

In the meantime the day was fast advancing towards noon, and the sentinel that paced in front of the cavern was not without thoughts of dinner, when two of his comrades approached carrying a large deer, and disappeared into the cavern.

Not far from the mouth of the cavern, on the bank of the river Alyn, was an artificial mound upon which stood the ruins of a castellet of much antiquity. In the midst of these ruins stood the hermit and Caradoc, lord of Portascyth, engaged in a vigorous discussion.

"I am glad that the hateful sycophant is in our power at last," said

Caradoc; "the saints have favored us for once. He has done not a few things to merit my revenge, and I am sure that the usurper's fate would have been settled long ago had he not interfered. But he shall no longer stand in my way, for I shall soon grant myself the pleasure of ridding the world of his presence. By my faith, you have been very kind to capture him alive, for otherwise I would have been deprived of this unexpected pleasure."

"Methinks that the part that I have taken in his capture gives me a right to have a voice in this matter," said the hermit. "Methinks also that the wisdom of my counsel in the past ought to add importance to my words at this time. I do not blame thee for wanting to dispatch the prince without delay; but there is a better course open to thee, and that is to keep him in close confinement and in constant expectation of death. Were he put to death immediately thou wouldst be doing him a kindness; but if he be permitted to live, and his life rendered as miserable as threats and evil reports can make it, thou shalt have a fuller revenge, and he hell on earth."

"It goes hard with me to give up the pleasure I so much desire, though I much like your advice."

"The pleasure will keep, and time will increase it. Then when thou thinkest his cup of bitterness is full, and thy ambition satisfied, thou canst have thy pleasure with interest."

"But what if he should slip through

our hands, and find his way to Rhuddlan.

"It would be easier for a bird to escape from a snare than for him to gain his liberty, unless Hoel turns traitor, which is not more likely to occur than that Gryffydd should exchange his crown for a cowl, and his castle for a monastery or a cave."

Thus assured, Caradoc now left the ruins and entered the cavern, accompanied by the hermit. The prince still sat on the ground near the fire, silently regarding the preparations that were being made for dinner, when the newcomers arrived upon the scene, and he readily recognized the one as the traitor whom he first knew as Idrys, and the other who no longer appeared in the guise of a bard, as the hermit whom he had suspected of harboring the traitor. Who had hired the outlaws to attack him was no longer a matter of conjecture. Even before Caradoc spoke a single word, Trahaiarn became convinced that he and no other man was responsible for his captivity, and this conviction filled him with hatred as intense as that which showed itself in his enemy's face. For a moment each regarded the other as two tigers might before pouncing upon each other, and their hands instinctively sought the weapons which the one missed, and the other was strongly tempted to use. Then the prince emitting the lava of his hatred exclaimed,

"So to thee, arch-traitor, and chief of cowards, I am indebted for my presence in this den of thieves. The

act is worthy of the actor. Thou hast ever been as cowardly as thou art base. Thou didst not dare to attack me thyself, but thou must needs hire a band of assassins to fall upon me. Thou hast deprived me of liberty, but not of honor; of weapons, but not of courage. I spit in thy face, I curse thee and the whole brood of cowards to which thou dost belong. Would that I had my faithful sword that I might send thee to the bottomless pit!"

"I will send thee there instead," retorted Caradoc with a fiendish laugh, playing nervously with the hilt of his sword, while the hermit's hand rested on his arm. Thou art now in my power, and I shall not forget to make thee pay dearly for thy present insolence no less than thy past offenses. The world is too full of base sycophants like thee for its own good, and I shall do it the favor of plucking out thy heart, and throwing it to yonder dogs."

"Vile coward, thou canst well afford to heap threat upon the head of a weaponless foe," said the prince with intense bitterness. "It shows the consummate baseness of a heart that never knew the touch of heroism. Be it known to thee, however, that nothing that thou shalt do to my body can injure my soul. The sooner thou puttest thy threat into execution the better, for I hate thy presence more than I fear death.

"Then I will add to thy life the bitterness that should be in death," was the taunting reply.

"It is not wise to engender strife,

but to turn away wrath, said the hermit. "He that loves not his enemy despises the gospel. Let peace prevail."

"Ha, ha, good! Give us a sermon, father Howel," cried several voices.

"Ay, let the magpie speak sentiments which his heart never felt, and the hawk preach to the sparrows," said the prince, sneeringly, as he resumed his place to wait developments.



THE PRINCE OF THE SEA.

George Coronway, Wilkesbarre, Pa

When Dewey, our hero so loyal,
Returns to the land of the free,
We'll give him a welcome most royal.
We'll hail him the prince of the sea;
We'll praise him in song, and in story,
We'll honor, we'll cherish his name;
His valor made brighter our glory—
Extended our power and fame.

His country he served with devotion—
Foul tyranny fell 'neath his might;
He weakened the sway of oppression,
And strengthened the arm of the right.
We'll hail him with booming of cannon,
With music melodious and free;
And under the flag of our union,
We'll hail him as prince of the sea.

He stood on the deck of the Olympia,
Determined the battle to gain;
He signaled: "Ye braves of Columbia,
This day we'll remember the Maine."
He led on his warriors to glory,
Beneath the proud flag of the free;
We'll praise him in song and in story,
We'll hail him the prince of the sea.



FIELD OF LETTERS

Dr. George James Jones (Llew o'r Llain) of the Presbyterian Church, Forest, O., has written a new book, which is soon to be published by a leading New York publishing house. Authors often have much trouble in finding a publisher who is willing to risk his cash on the product of their brains, and the manuscript is returned with thanks very often. Dr. Jones is to be congratulated. In a letter to the author the publishers say: "We congratulate you upon having written such an excellent work." We are sure that the many friends of the successful author will rejoice in this remarkable achievement, and will wait with pleasure the appearance of the book, and will then buy it.

For the biography of the late Principal Herber Evans, D. D., by the Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, excellent materials are available, including Herber's interesting diaries, which have been handed over to the biographer. The task of writing the "coflant" is to be commenced forthwith, but it is not likely that the work will be completed before the end of next year.

Among other papers of interest in the July number of "Yr Haul," are two articles entitled "The Evolution of Religion," and "The Corrupting Tendencies of the Age." In the former the Rev. J. Edwin Davies, B. A., reviews the opinions of Spencer, Lang, Tylor, Grant Allen and others. The article is comprehensive, and deals sensibly with rationalism in its relation to the origin and growth of religion. "J. W." also

furnishes valuable remarks on the evil tendencies and corrupting influences of modern practices. The "Haul's" literature is improving in tone and quality.

The French illustrated paper, "L'Univers Illustré," gives a full page of illustrations depicting various scenes connected with the Cardiff Elsteddfod. In the centre is a very good likeness of Hwfa Mon, to whom the members of the delegation showed such a marked deference. The other five pictures portray various episodes of the Gorsedd ceremony, which seems to have been the chief attraction of the Elsteddfod to our Breton brethren.

The "Dysgedydd" for August opens with the Rev. D. Lewis, Rhyl's, second article on the late Rev. Dan Jones, Ford, Pembroke, as a preacher and a minister; Some of the Essential Qualities of a sermon, by H. I. J.; Recollections of the Revival of 1859; Mission News and Obituaries; Events of the Month by the Editor; Reviews, Poetry, &c. In the "Conference at Maesmym-pwyon" the author furnishes a satirical sketch of religious life among the Welsh—the ways and means by which the religious machine is operated. Mrs. Anne Griffiths, Caergwrie, also writes instructively of Humility.

In a neat and cheap little volume recently issued, and entitled "Leaves from the History of Welsh Nonconformity," Mr. J. E. Southall, of Newport, gives us an account of the trials and persecutions of Welsh Quakers in the 17th century. These were at one time a power-

ful body in Wales, especially in Montgomeryshire and Merionethshire, where they suffered much for their religious principles. The autobiography of Richard Davies, the Welshpool Quaker of the Cromwellian period, which is incorporated in Mr. Southall's little volume, throws much valuable light incidentally upon other phases of the Nonconformist movement of that age, and thus makes the work of more general interest. Mr. Southall is himself a prominent member of the Society of Friends, and a striking instance of an English man of business mastering the Welsh language.

"Trysorfa y Plant" and "Cymru'r Plant" as bright and entertaining as usual. Among the illustrations are a portrait of John Elias, and a meeting of Friends in front of Fair Cottage, Llanwrtyd, S. W. In "Cymru'r Plant" Winnie Parry's description of Penybryn during the sojournment of the Two Boys is felicitous. The peace of the place was immediately disturbed, and Hannah never before was known to have been so troubled and worried; the cat and the dog Spot were longing for the old-time peace and quietude. The cat could no longer enjoy her nap on the sofa in the parlor; Spot now kept as far away as possible from the mischievous boys. Sallie, the mare, was kept trotting and galloping round the enclosed patch where she before had enjoyed such quiet. Everybody and everything were in disorder and confusion during their stay there.

The leading article in the "Cerddor" for August is "Part-Writing" by D. Emylyn Evans; Musical Competition, by David Jenkins; A National Eisteddfod Adjudication; Reviews; No. 41 of the Series of Musical Biographies, Rhys Evans, Aberdar; The First Day of Spring (Music), by Mendelssohn; Notes and Musical information interesting as

usual. In closing his article on "Part Writing," the writer says: "No student will attain proficiency but by starting in the beginning, and perfecting himself gradually as he moves along. He will not succeed without industry and patience; and he should not think for a moment that the task is harder to him than to those who preceded him over the same path. This is the road which every one must tread in order to become an artist. There is no royal road, or short cuts to the attainment of proficiency in the art of music, except to those who are satisfied with being apprentices, cobblers and tinkers!"

The "Cronici" deals rather sarcastically with the "Dyagedydd" for the stand it made recently upon the temperance question. In a moment of weakness the "Dyagedydd" was drawn into sympathy with the friends of the liquor traffic. Half-hearted advocates of temperance are very often moved by Pharisaic tears in the eyes of those who trade in intoxicating drinks, or who seem to be addicted to its use. The "Dyagedydd" is convinced that the greatest enemies of temperance are temperance people themselves, especially those who are connected with the United Kingdom Alliance; and the affair of the fight with the National Committee, which made an effort to furnish the Eisteddfod with liquor strengthens the conviction." And, again, it goes on to state "that such actions as the prohibition of the sale of liquor on the grounds of the Eisteddfod causes young people to desert the ranks of temperance." Young folks who favor the sale of intoxicants near to a public assembly, certainly, do not figure for much in a civilized community. The "Dyagedydd" must be recovering from a serious spell of sickness.

In "Cwrs y Byd" for August, the "Dividing line between Matter and Spirit"

is followed; The end of the drama "Penrhylwgaed" is not in sight; "The Prophets" is an article to interest the reader; "Holy Britain" and "Christianity Wronged" cannot fail to please the lover of independent thinking. "The Course of Things" and "The Order of Things," by the Editor, are always entertaining and instructive. "Cwrs y Byd" has a sharp eye for the evils of society:

—The great sin of the churches of today is spiritual drowsiness and mental laziness, and the natural consequence is an indifference to the general principles of right; the duties of religion being relegated to the officers, who believe piety is to be lording it over God's heritage.

—The Peace Conference in the Hague was a mere meeting of Phariseism. Even when talking peace the nations represented were preparing for war. It is hard to fathom the hypocrisy of the English—talking peace in the conference, and at the same hour plotting against the independence of the Boers.

—Parliament is also playing into the hands of the clergy. Relief after relief comes to them; in 1836, tithes were converted into hard cash; now, again, the clergy are relieved of their taxes. The next thing will probably be free conveyance.

—One of the greatest questions of the age is what to do with our daughters? All the positions and professions suitable to ladies are filled, but there is one left which is yet comparatively unsought and uncared for, viz., housekeeping. There are an abundance of lady companions, nurses, clerks, cooks, &c., &c., but housekeepers, they are to be pitied!

—Raising preachers is a problem among the Congregationalists. The Episcopalians, the Methodists, the Wesleyans, etc., perform this work better than they. The Bishop finds a vacancy

for a poor cleric out of place; the Methodists find something to do for a preacher out of charge; and the Wesleyans increase the supply to meet the demand. But Congregationalism in Wales is quite indifferent to the fate of a young preacher just out of college.

The contents of the "Trysorfa" for August are as follows: "Converting the Sinner," by the late Rev. Joseph Thomas, Carmo; Recollections of the Rev. David Howell, by the Rev. Thomas Levi; The Rev. Ebenezer Evans, Bodedern, by the Rev. W. Prichard, Pentraeth; Augustine, by the Rev. W. J. Williams, Hirwaen; Christianity and the Fine Arts, by the Rev. H. Barrow Williams; Reports, Reviews, Obituaries, &c., &c.

In the days of the apostles and their immediate followers singing psalms" meant "chanting." One of the first examples of these chants in that age is that verse in Timothy, "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness, &c., &c." Towards the end of the third century, special officers were appointed to superintend and care for the singing, called "cantores;" and, gradually, in consequence, congregational singing fell into disuse. In fact, the council of Laodicea prohibited singing by the congregation; but the people would never be silenced wholly.

Then came into fashion the antiphonous style of singing, viz., musical responses, and the people in many places, would sing the responses. In the sixth century the style of intoning the lessons came into vogue, which has continued in the church until to-day. The singing of the first Christian ages was very simple; but very soon, some attention was paid to sacred music, and in 330 A. D., a singing school was first established by Bishop Sylvester of Rome. Singing was much improved by Ambrose of Milan (375-390). The Gregorian style

was introduced in the seventh century. Hymns and psalms were generally and exclusively sung in Latin, but from the days of John Huss, Wycliffe, Luther, &c., hymns were written in the vulgar tongues. This gave great impetus to sacred music.

In "Young Wales" for July we find an excellent paper by the late T. E. Ellis, M. P., on "Domestic and Decorative Arts in Wales," followed by a sketch of the Life of Llywelyn Ap Gruffydd, Prince of Wales and Lord of Snowdon, by the Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley-Owen. The other articles are "Tom Ellis as a Student at Aberystwyth," by Professor Angua, M. A.; "The Theological Colleges of Wales in Their Relation to the Welsh University," by Professor T. Evans, M. A.; "A Plan for Welsh Particularism" (III.), by Robert Owen of Welshpool.

Llywelyn fell fighting for his country on the 10th of December, 1282, far from his beloved Snowdon, in South Wales, near the town of Builth, in a valley which ever since bears the name of Cwm Llewelyn. The exact circumstances of the fatal day are unknown. Some writers say the Prince was betrayed; one thing, however, is certain, that he fell in the attack upon the bridge Orewin by a spear wound from one Adam de Francon. For three long hours, while the battle lasted, the dying Prince lay that bitter winter day, untended upon the ground. The treatment accorded to the body of a fallen but an honorable foe was a disgrace to the conquerors. They exposed the head of our Prince, ornamented with a silver crown in ridicule of the prophecy of Merlin upon the highest turret of the Tower of London.—Mrs. Bulkeley-Owen in "Young Wales."

Men-servants, in the last century, says "Young Wales" for June, were as a rule hired by the year, their wages being from £4 to £9 with their board

and lodging. In many cases, the servants and the farmer's family lived together. Laborers were often hired by the day also, their wages being from 8d. to 1s. with victuals, to from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 10d. without victuals. In Denbighshire, farmers went to the market place in towns, such as Denbigh and Wrexham, during harvest time, and hired men for the day, paying them from 1s. 6d. to 3s. with victuals. Walter Davies refers to a curious custom which was in vogue at Rhuddlan. There, the laborers used to meet together in the village on Sunday mornings, and were then hired by the neighboring farmers for the ensuing week. The hours of labor were from 13 to 14 a day in summer, and, according to Walter Davies, "from morning twilight till evening dusk" in winter. The fare was a scanty one in many cases. Salt meat, barley bread, skim milk, cheese, butter, oat cakes, porridge, and butter milk were the usual food of the hill farmer and his family. The better class farmer of the vales was, of course, more liberal in his diet. Walter Davies says, with reference to this class of farmers, that he who partook of their dinners partook of the genuine comforts of life. They grew wheat, and could afford to turn some of it into bread for their own use. Their hill neighbors grew little wheat, and they made use of barley and oats instead.

Mutton could be bought for 3d. per pound; kid, the same, and fowls at from 10d. to 1s. a couple. This gives an idea of the price of provisions in 1798. The Rev. William Williams remarks, in his "Observations," that he had seen butter sell at 3d. per pound, "but now" (i.e. in 1802), he continues, "it is not sold under eight pence, and sometimes as high as nine pence, or ten pence, or even twelve pence." According to Pennant, wheat sold, in 1796, at from 10s. 6d. to 15s. a bushel; barley 5s. to 7s.; oats, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 3d.; and beans, 7s. to 8s. a bushel.

SCIENTIFIC

A package of gum camphor is a good thing to slip in one's trunk in the summer. It is a hint from an Adirondack guide that a small piece of the gum about the size of a walnut, burned over a candle so as to produce smoke, but not flame, will drive away, for that night at least, all mosquitoes in and about one's apartment.

Paper teeth are the latest thing in dentistry. For years some substance has been sought for which could replace the composition commonly employed for making teeth, and a fortune awaited the man who was lucky enough to hit upon the right material. Although paper has some disadvantages, they are small compared to its many qualifications, and paper teeth are likely to be used exclusively, at least until a more perfect material is found.

The ancients' use of the mace introduces us to a remarkable instance of ecclesiastical casuistry. The clergy was forbidden to shed blood, and as thus the sword was inhibited it might have been thought was sufficient to keep them from the battle-field. But not so. They adopted the mace. Though they could not cut a man's throat, yet might they break his head. So Bishop Otho, half brother of William, fought alongside of the Conqueror at the bitter battle of Hastings with great effect, the brothers being, as you may say, a "pair of nut-crackers."—Notes and Queries.

Iced chloroform, according to "The Medical Times," has been used as an anesthetic in Prof. Shorburg's clinic in the Julius Hospital at Wurzburg, Bavaria, in over 14,000 cases without a single unpleasant result. The advan-

tages claimed for this preparation of chloroform are the quickness of its action, its comparative freedom from danger, and the absence of the nausea and depression so common with other anesthetics.

POMPEII AT PARIS.

At the present time it is hard to say what will or will not be built as an attraction at the Paris Exposition. Novelties of all kinds have been suggested, but most of them have not been approved of by the authorities, or they have been abandoned owing to financial reasons. The latest project is a representation of Pompeii as it appeared before its destruction A. D. 79. Archaeologists and artists have warmly approved of the attempt, and the Italian Minister of Fine Arts has promised to give all possible aid in insuring accuracy. The time is now very short in which to produce any satisfactory work.

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WHY BABIES ARE CROSS.

It seems almost absurd to advise mothers not to pinch babies' feet, and yet physicians say that much of the irrefulness and irritation of babyhood is due to tight shoes and stockings. Not tight, perhaps from a grown-up standpoint, but sufficiently snug to hurt the tender, soft flesh of baby's feet. The shoes that are got for the very little baby are often actual instruments of torture because of some slight roughness or pressure.

And small stockings are frequently a means of injury as are small shoes. Always buy both shoes and stockings at least one size larger than the so called "easy fit." This rule should hold

good until the foot has ceased to grow. The result would be a generation of healthier, better-tempered and more graceful men and women.—*Demorest Magazine.*

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SEA WATER FOR SPRINKLING.

"The Merchants' Association of San Francisco has been trying the experiment of sprinkling a street with sea water," says "Appleton's Popular Monthly Science," "and finds that such water binds the dirt together between the paving stones, so that when it is dry no loose dust is formed to be raised by the wind; that sea water does not dry so quickly as fresh water, so that it has been claimed when salt water has been used that one load of it is equal to three loads of fresh water. The salt water which it deposited on the street absorbs moisture from the air during the night, whereby the street is thoroughly moist during the early morning, and has the appearance of having been freshly sprinkled."

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CENTENARIANS.

With regard to centenarians, I am reminded that some years ago the late Professor Humphry, M. D., F.R.S., of Cambridge, published an elaborate paper on centenarians whose histories he had investigated. Many of his examples were found in workhouses. I suppose the absence of the morrow and the calmness of mind which results when one has not to worry over the bread and cheese aspect of life, tend to favor longevity. It is notorious that annuitants live long because they don't worry. Some of Dr. Humphry's cases exhibited extraordinary features. These old folk did not appear to be at all particular concerning what they ate or drank, and I suspect the real secret of longevity is the starting with a sound constitution. It is wonderful what an amount of hard

wear the human frame will stand, provided you have a sound body to begin with. Teetotalism has been regarded as favoring long life. Perhaps it does, but I have always smiled over Dr. Humphry's words regarding, at least one of his centenarians, when he said of this aged gentleman that he not only drank like a fish, but drank everything he could get.—Dr. Wilson.

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THE WAY TO KNOW THEM.

To the experienced eye the roughish or granulated surface of the perfectly fresh egg distinguishes it at once from the more shiny or polished surface of the one that has been under the hen a day or two. We can pick out every fresh egg among a nestful of those that have been sat upon two days, even in the dark. The secret is very simple. Just scratch over the surface with the finger-nail; if it grates the egg is fresh, but if the nail slides smoothly, the egg is old. A little practice makes this a sure test.—"Dakota Farmer."

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ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE OF SPINES.

Charles E. Brookes has endeavored to arrive at general conclusions relating to the origin and significance of spinosity from the study of plants and animals. He considers that spines, whether prickles, thorns, or horns, represent a stage of evolution, a degree of differentiation in the organism, a ratio of its adaptability to the environment, a result of selective forces, and a measure of vital power. The spines of plants are referable to two main categories. The first is the restraint of the environment causing the suppression of structures; thus, in desert or arid regions leaves and branches may be suppressed to form spines. The other category is intrinsic suppression of structures and functions; this includes those prickles of brambles

and climbing plants that are not produced by suppression of stipules, leaves, etc. Spinosity is a limit to variation, since organs of various kinds are changed into spines, but spines are never changed into other organs.—*American Journal of Science.*

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A LIP GUARD.

That a drinking glass may communicate disease is now admitted by all sanitarians, and the persons who are compelled to make use of public drinking fountains may relieve their minds to a great extent of the fear of the infectious microbe by supplying themselves with the lip guard and protector which has recently been patented by a Boston inventor. It consists of a metal or rubber shell, which slips over the edge of the drinking glass, and is held in place by the natural spring of the material. This prevents one's lips from coming in contact with the edge of the glass, and thereby avoids infection.

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THE SIZE OF THE SUN.

The earth on which we stand is, no doubt, a mighty globe, measuring as it does 8,000 miles in diameter; yet, what are its dimensions in comparison with those of the sun? If the earth be represented by a grain of mustard-seed, then on the same scale the sun should be represented by a cocoanut. Perhaps, however, a more impressive conception of the dimensions of the great orb of day may be obtained in this way. Think of the moon, the queen of the night, which circles monthly around our heavens, pursuing, as she does a majestic track, at a distance of 240,000 miles from the earth. Yet the sun is so vast that if it were a hollow ball, the moon could revolve in the orbit which it now follows, and still be entirely enclosed within the sun's interior. For every acre

on the surface of our globe there are more than 10,000 acres on the surface of the great luminary. Every portion of this illimitable desert of flame is pouring forth torrents of heat. It has, indeed, been estimated that if the heat, which is incessantly flowing through any single square foot of the sun's exterior, could be collected and applied beneath the boilers of an Atlantic liner, it would suffice to produce steam enough to sustain, in continuous movement, those engines of 30,000 horse power which enable a superb ship to break the record between Ireland and America.

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LIQUID AIR AS A CAUSTIC.

According to "The Tri-State Medical Journal and Practitioner," the use of liquid air as a cautery is already spoken of favorably. "It having a temperature of 312 degrees F. below zero, its action is, to all intents and purposes, the same as that of the most powerful actual cautery. It does not really burn, but utterly kills the tissues, leaving a blister not unlike a burn. Hence it has been suggested for cauterization in surgical practice. It is not only a good deal cheaper than the ordinary cautery, but it is much more efficient, and its action can be absolutely controlled. A well-known surgeon has already performed a difficult operation on a cancer case with liquid air, and he has reported the case as cured."

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MUSIC STUDY AND NERVOUS DISEASE.

"Dr. Waetzhold, a specialist in nervous diseases whose opinion is an authority in Germany, has just published an article," says "La Science Illustrée," June 3, "in which he asserts that the abuse of music in general and of the piano in particular, predisposes directly to most kinds of neurosis, chlorosis, dyspepsia, brain trouble, and other ma-

ladies of this type. By 'abuse' the author means, for example, the premature age at which parents cause young children to begin the study of the piano, prolonged exercises at scales by young girls for three or four hours a day, etc. According to the observations of Dr. Waetzhold on 1000 women who had begun piano lessons at the age of twelve years, more than 600 are to-day subject to some form of nervous disease. On the other hand, of 1,000 women that had never touched a piano, scarcely 100 had ever suffered from nerve troubles. The author declares in conclusion that the study of the piano should never be begun before the age of sixteen years."—Translation made for "The Literary Digest."

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PLANTS THAT SEEM TO REASON.

Do plants think? said a St. Mary planter. Have they powers of reason or any way of determining what is going on around them? The questions seem rather fantastic, I admit, but they are prompted by some very curious observations made at my home only a few weeks ago.

"My daughter, who is very fond of flowers, has a morning glory vine growing in a box on her window ledge. While watering it recently she noticed a delicate tendril reaching out toward a nail in the side casing. She marked the position of the tendril in pencil on the wood, and then shifted the nail about an inch lower. Next day the little feeler had deflected itself very noticeably, and was again heading for the nail. The marking and shifting were repeated four or five times, always with the same results, and finally one night the tendril, which had grown considerably, managed to reach the coveted support, and we found it coiled tightly around it. Meanwhile another bunch of tendrils had been making for a hook that was formerly used for a thermometer. Just

before it reached its destination my daughter strung a cord across the window sash directly above. It was a choice, then, between the old love and the new, and as a morning glory always seems to prefer a cord to anything else, it wasn't long in making up its mind. In a very few hours the pale, crisp little tendrils—which, by the way, convey a surprising suggestion of human fingers—had commenced to lift toward the twine. Next day they reached it, and took such a firm grip that I don't believe they possibly could have been disengaged without breaking the fibre. Scientists are no doubt familiar with such phenomena, and, if so, I would be very glad to learn whether they have formulated a theory on the subject. To me it seems simply inexplicable.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

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CURIO FACTORIES.

A well-known curio expert states that there are factories in Europe for the manufacture of all kinds of works of art that are likely to attract the collector. Modern articles of china are stamped with old marks so cleverly that even experts have been deceived. Arms and armor are treated with acids which eat away the metal, thus producing the same effect as the ravages of time. Carved ivories are stained with oils to make them yellow, and are subjected to heat to make them crack. Pieces of furniture have holes drilled to represent the worm holes, and so on, until there will in time be very little in the way of curios which are in themselves really curious. Paris is one of the strongholds of this class of forgers, while in Hungary there is a factory where Dresden china is imitated in a fair manner. There is, however, one safe way, and that is to buy through reputable dealers. Forgeries in all works of art very rarely get into the dealers' hands. As a rule they are sent to auction rooms.



"Eisteddfod" means a session or sitting of the bards.

This year's Eisteddfod was conducted in a specially-constructed pavilion in the beautiful Cathay's Park, Cardiff, S. W.

Eluned Morgan, the Welsh Patagonian editress, has invented a word to do duty for "pic-nic." It is "gwigwyl"—that is, "a feast held in the grove."

When a man in Brittany apes Parisian manners, and wants to hide his Breton nationality, he is called a "Shoneen," which is the equivalent of Dic Shon Dafydd in Wales.

The first day of the Eisteddfod, July 18, fully came up to expectations. The attendance in the morning was not very great, but when the chief choral came on there was an immense attendance.

The Cardiff choir which was successful on the first day, included amongst its 154 members a number of professionals. Then, owing to the dearth of bass and tenor voices, these departments were reinforced by people from Rhymney!

Criticising one of the recitations at the Eisteddfod, Cynonfardd stated his opinion that curses should always be pronounced with a downward emphasis. They were always directed to the earth—sometimes below the earth! The American bard raised a hearty laugh

when he observed that the male competitor gave the curses with most effect, possibly because he was more used to giving vent to them.

James Bonwick, F.R.G.S., author of the well-known work, "Egyptian Belief and Modern Thought," and many other works, bestows upon "Morien's" "Guide to the Gorsedd," &c., the following extraordinary description:—"It is a book brought straight from Heaven."

The 1866 Castellnedd Eisteddfod was one of the greatest failures in the history of eisteddfodau. It was the time of the fearful cholera scourge, and when the day came round the pavilion was not half filled, the epidemic being then prevalent in the district.

Miss M. A. Jones, the conductress of the Swansea Ladies' Choir, was congratulated on all hands at the Cardiff Eisteddfod, the second day. The choir had made up their minds to win, and had a rehearsal early in the afternoon in one of the Cardiff chapels. Their victory was very popular.

The introduction of Mrs. Herkomer into the Gorsedd circle was specially interesting. It is well known that she is Welsh "o waed coch cyfan," and to hear the professor speak her praises one would think she had painted his pictures, painted his enameled, and arranged his great school, so much does he say as to the aid her faithful affection has afforded him in his strenuous life. She

has for "cyfenw" the name "Cymraes," as typifying the great qualities of our countrywomen.

"Two compositions for an orchestral suite were sent in," said Sir Fred Bridge on the second day of the Eisteddfod, "one by Berlioz and the other by—well, I will not try to bring the name (Ysbryd Llewellyn) out, for my false teeth would fall out! But one was unfinished, and the other was—rubbish!"

Matthew Arnold, no prejudiced critic, once when referring to the Gorsedd and the Eisteddfod, said that the fact that the Welsh people took delight in them, and in literature, poetry, and song, proved that there was something Greek in them, something which in the English common people could not be found.

There are many under the impression that a bard is necessarily a poet. The Welsh word "bardd" does convey that meaning, because in ancient times almost all knowledge was imparted in poetic or metrical form, but nowadays it includes persons who are religious teachers, and others who are interested in sciences and arts.

Lord Castletown, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, expressed himself as much impressed with the beautiful and dignified spectacle of the Gorsedd. But he did not think the Irish would imitate the Welsh in the matter of the Gorsedd. Their gathering was a congress only, and they could not yet aspire to the height of the Welsh Gorsedd.

It is worthy of notice that although the Breton deputation at Cardiff included representatives of the higher, middle, and working classes they everywhere appeared in national costume. The Marquis de l'Estourbeillon was, of course, most gorgeously attired, while

M. F. Jaffrennou, who represented the middle class, was very prettily dressed. The working man's costume, though not so pretty, was very distinctive.

Lord Tredegar was very witty in his speech. There were many subjects he might touch upon, he said, such for instance, that of the musical pitch. But he remembered the saying that "You cannot touch pitch without making a fool of yourself, and so he would leave that subject to the papers for the silly season!

"Cochfari" maintains that all the jokes directed against him as to what execution he may do with the Gorsedd sword under certain provocations are misdirected. He always emphasises the fact that it is a sheathed sword—emblem of peace. But once he was caught off his guard. Asked if it would not be an admirable weapon to decapitate a Dic Shon Dafydd, he impulsively said,—"Yes—that is the only kind of execution I would agree to as 'justifiable homicide.'"

The art of mead brewing is evidently not lost in Wales. To fill the Hiras Horn at the Gorsedd the first day of the Eisteddfod, Mrs. Thomas, of Llwynhelig, near Cowbridge, sent a supply of mead which she had brewed nine years ago. For the second day's Gorsedd Mr. Jeremiah Williams, of Llanelly, agent to Sir Arthur Stepney, sent a supply, and for Friday the supply was provided by Mr. Godwin Edwards, of Cardiff.

M. Paul Barbier will not be happy until he gets up another Pan-Celtic gathering. His own object in life at the present moment is to arrange such a demonstration in connection with the Paris Exhibition. The genial professor has a comprehensive scheme in view, and is confident of success. At present, however, progress is slow, for, as the

professor explains, "Everybody is away holidaying just now, and there are but few left at home to consult with." One feature of the scheme is the holding of a Welsh Gorsedd in the French capital.

The movement for presenting the Archdruid of Wales with a national testimonial is beginning to take shape, and arrangements are being made for holding a meeting of the committee to complete the preliminaries in time to issue a public appeal for subscriptions at the ceremony of proclaiming the Liverpool National Elsteddfod in September. The secretaries have issued an appeal inviting a number of well-known Welsh elsteddfodwyr and others to join the committee. Lord Mostyn is the president of the movement, and Sir John H. Pules-ton the treasurer.

The ceremony of crowning the victorious bard naturally attracted a great deal of interest, and a large audience was present to witness it. The subject of the crown poem was "Y Dyddanydd Arall" (The Other Comforter), for which the prizes offered were £21 and a silver crown of the value of £10. There were ten competitors, and Elfed read the adjudicators' report, which returned the Rev. Gwylfa Roberts, Llanelly, as the winner of the prizes. The ceremony of crowning was very picturesque. The winner was represented by Elfionydd, upon whose head Mrs. Ceiriog Hughes placed the silver crown. Mr. Ben Davies sang as the "crowning" song his favorite "Y Fam a'i Baban." In answer to a vociferous encore he gave "Mentra' Gwen."

A great event of the Elsteddfod was the adjudication upon the ode for the chair. The subject chosen for competition was a very popular one, an ode not exceeding 800 lines on "William Ewart Gladstone." The prize was £21 and a

carved oak chair valued at £10. Dyfed, Pedrog, Isaed, Elfed, and Ceulanydd adjudicated upon the six poems sent in. None of the poems were, however, deemed worthy of the prize, and the chairing ceremony was dispensed with. The adjudicator in announcing the fact greatly deplored that there was no one worthy of being installed.

Opinion differ as to the age and origin of the Gorsedd and its ceremonies. The meeting of the bards of Britain, "Yn ngwyneb haul, llygad goleuni" ("In face of the sun, the eye of light") some consider to have been given its present form during the time of the Tudor dynasty. But it may be looked upon as a survival of the traditional Round Table of King Arthur, which in its turn embodied some similar institution previously existing among the Britons of ancient times. Whatever be its origin or its age, it is an institution around which the natives of Wales of all sorts and conditions from the highest aristocracy to the working classes, rally, and which plays a most important part in the encouragement of learning and culture in our country.

The chief choral event of the Elsteddfod was reached about 4:15 P. M. of the first day. The Pavilion was packed. Already the choir was on the gallery in readiness when the results of other competitions were being announced, and a great cheer of welcome emanated from the assembly when Cynonfardd proclaimed that the first choir to sing was Newport. The conditions could not have been more admirably suited to the importance of the occasion, the vast audience while evincing the keenest interest, being evidently desirous of giving every one of the competing choirs the fullest measure of fair play. Then with the concluding bar of each of the difficult and somewhat impressive tests the audience burst into torrentious ap-

plause. The chosen pieces were "Blest Pair of Sirens" (Sir Hubert Parry) and "Why Rage Fiercely the Heathen?" (Mendelssohn), the latter being unaccompanied by any instrumental music. The first prize amounted to £150, with £5 worth of music to the conductor; the second prize being £50., while £5 5s. was awarded to the conductor of each of the unsuccessful choirs. The several choirs sang in the following order:—1. Newport Choral Union, conducted by Mr. Fred Jones. 2. Carmarthen Choral Society, Mr. A. J. Silver, F.R.C.O., conductor. 3. Cardiff Choral Society, Mr. D. C. Davies. 4. Pontypridd United Choir, Mr. W. Thompeon. The contest closed about 20 past 6 o'clock. The Cardiff choir won.

W. T. Holmes of Taylor, Pa., writes in the "Drych" about a Welsh chapel in a coal mine near Swansea, S. W., where the miners every Monday morning hold a prayer meeting between the hours of six and seven. The meeting was held for the first time in 1845, soon after an explosion of fire damp which killed six miners. A religious convention was held on the hill near by soon after the sad accident, and as a result, the underground prayer meeting was inaugurated by the following Welshmen: Thomas Jones, David Evans, Thomas Griffiths, Evan Hopkins, John Lewis, Thomas Gray, David Lewis, W. Rees, William Jones, John Owen and David David.

This chapel is probably the most unique in the world. It was dug out of the six foot vein, carefully propped with timber, with seats and pulpit, upon which is kept a Bible in a tin box. The place is lit with candles, the ordinary lamps in use being prohibited on account of the smoke they produce. It having been consecrated to public worship by the miners, the chapel is treated with as much, if not more reverence

than a regular house of God, and these religious miners profess to have enjoyed the presence of the Almighty there more really than at meetings above ground.

Is there something in the air of the Principality especially conducive to voice development? asks "The Morning Leader." Craig-y-Nos holds Patti in thrall. Welsh singers, of whom Mr. Ben Davies, the popular tenor, is one always find their way to our hearts. Now, at the Cardiff Eisteddfod, the latest Welsh nightingale has awakened to find herself famous at the age of 15. There were many entries for the soprano competition, but only four selected in the preliminary trial to appear before the audience, and Miss Amy Evans, of Tonypany, who was the last to sing, is said to have fairly electrified the audience. Her voice is beautifully pure and sweet, and the air chosen, "Hear ye, Israel," was sung with such refinement and expression that Mr. Ben Davies, who was adjudicator, confessed himself greatly moved, and said that with care the young lady should become one of the greatest singers Wales has ever produced. Commenting on her performance, he described it as marvellous, and her voice as a natural gift which no art could have produced. Wales is to be congratulated, and Miss Amy Evans's career will be watched with interest.

I have never known a publican become a parson (says "Martin West" in the "Church Gazette"), but I have known one or two parsons who have turned publicans. One has a pub. in London, and I believe is much respected. You will not find his name in Crockford, although he has not resigned his orders. A Welsh curate fell in love with a pretty widow, who kept a snug public in Pembrokeshire I think it was. He married her, and went to live at the pub. Of course he lost his curacy.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE REV. J. HUGHES PARRY,
UTICA, N. Y.

Mr. Parry's death which took place August 8, was due to exhaustion. On May 14 last he began fasting in the hope of securing relief from chronic ailment of the bowels, and for 47 days he took nothing except cold water. He lost 36 pounds in weight, and grew very

he could not rally. At first he showed some improvement, but the reports of his condition were mainly discouraging. He had lost the power to assimilate food.

The trouble came upon him soon after he settled in Utica, six years ago. He consulted various physicians, but was unable to obtain relief. Some diagnosed his trouble as a kind of dyspepsia, while



Rev. J. Hughes Parry.

weak. His eyesight became impaired, and when the fast ended he was practically blind. He did not secure relief from his trouble. The people of his church did all in their power to aid him, demonstrating in a remarkable degree their affection for their pastor. The fast ended on Saturday, July 1, and on the following Monday he was taken to Poultney, Vt. It was hoped that he would regain his strength rapidly, but his vitality had been so greatly reduced by his long abstinence from food that

others called it catarrh of the bowels. Through a friend in North Wales he heard of the treatment known as "The Rest Cure," given by a Pennsylvania doctor, under whose care he finally placed himself. The treatment required the fasting. In Mr. Parry's case the abstaining from food caused much suffering, but finally his desire for food disappeared. The case attracted wide attention.

J. Hughes Parry was born in Fronheulog, Dinorwig, Wales, September 9,

1844. His father, Henry Parry, was a deacon in the village church for 52 years, and his mother's father was the founder of a Calvinistic Methodist church in the place where he made his home. The atmosphere of his early boyhood was one of education and refinement, both of which were mirrored in his later life. He was educated in the Normal College at Bangor, North Wales, where he was graduated in 1862. He succeeded John C. Roberts of the "Y Drych" as master in the school at Cwm-rheidol, and afterwards he taught successively at Goginan, Froncysyllte and Caerwys. While teaching school he occasionally supplied the pulpits of nearby churches during the absences of the pastors. He was called to the ministry, and in September, 1873, took charge of the church at Crewe, the language of the congregation being Welsh. In 1877 he was called to the pastorate of the English church at Trallwm, the English name for which is Welshpool. After successfully serving three years he became pastor of the church at Croesos-wallt, known in English as Oswestry. After eight years of service there he took charge of a church at Holyhead. Seven years ago he visited America and stopped in Utica.

A year later he was called to the pastorate of Moriah Church, Utica, N. Y., and on the second Sunday in January, 1894, he began his labors. His six years of service, five of which were most active, brought him into close relations with every one of his people. They honored him for his stalwart manliness, and loved him because in his daily life he set them an example of Christianity, which was typical of the ideals his scholarly interpretation of the Scriptures made for them. While he was pastor of the church in Welshpool

His wife and their three
 Parry, Gladys and Olwen sur-
 vived do four brothers, Robert
 Poultney, Vt.; Morris Parry

of Anaconda, Col.; Hugh of Carnarvon; Henry, and a sister, Mrs. Jane Hughes of Liverpool.

The funeral was held from Moriah Church at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, August 12. The attendance was large. The remains were removed from the parsonage to the church at 10 o'clock in the morning. The church was draped in mourning, and in the rear of the pulpit was the inscription, "Our Pastor at Rest."

The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. Among them were two Bibles from the Ladies' Aid Society and from Mr. Parry's Bible Class; a piece from the Christian Endeavor Society, bearing this inscription: "In loving remembrance of our pastor." The Welsh Calvinistic Church of New Hartford sent a large pillow, suitably inscribed, and the choir gave a handsome floral harp. A large bunch of white rosebuds, 55 in number, indicative of Mr. Parry's age, came from ex-District Attorney and Mrs. Thomas S. Jones.

The music was furnished by the choir of 24 voices, under the direction of William R. Thomas. It consisted of the hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," "O Arglwydd, Dena'm Serch a'm Bryd," "Mae Nghyfeillion Adre' Myned." Rev. B. Davies, Whitesboro, read the Scripture lesson. Prayer was offered by Rev. George Lamb of Holland Patent. Remarks were made by Rev. John J. Williams of Rome, who presented resolutions of sympathy adopted by the Rome church; also similar resolutions from the Thirteenth Street Welsh Calvinistic Church of New York. Rev. John W. Morris of Slatington, Pa., also spoke. Among the others present were Rev. Dr. Gwesyn Jones, pastor of Bethesda Church, and Rev. E. C. Evans of Remsen. The services were conducted by T. Solomon Griffiths. The bearers were T. Solomon Griffiths, John Lewis, John R. Jones, William C. Jones, David P. Salisbury, Elias Ellis, J. C. Roberts and Wil-

Ham S. Jones. Interment was made in Forest Hill Cemetery.

There was a large congregation at Moriah Church Sunday evening. T. Solomon Griffiths presided at the evening service. Letters of condolence upon the death of Rev. J. Hughes Parry were read from the congregations of Bethesda Church, the New York Mills Welsh Church, the Welsh Baptist Church of Utica, and the Welsh Bible Society of Utica.

Two sermons were delivered. Rev. E. C. Evans of Remsen spoke in English, and Rev. John W. Morris of Slatington, Pa., in Welsh. Rev. Mr. Evans preached from the text Hebrews xi: 5, and Genesis v: 24. During his sermon Mr. Evans made this reference to Mr. Parry:

"This is a consoling thought to-night amidst the sacred griefs and sorrows which surround the death of our dear brother. He is henceforth with the Lord. Enoch has been from early ages a type of a goodly life. There have been many Enochs since his time. Many of God's people have followed in his footsteps, and have secured the same blessings. And among them it may be said of our deceased brother that he walked with God. He preached against the wickedness of the world around him. He received a testimony of approval from God, and finally he has been removed to enjoy the reward of his labors in our heavenly home."

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July 28, four generations of good Welsh-American stock celebrated the golden wedding anniversary of "Uncle Davy" Richards and his most estimable wife at their home in Knoxville, Tenn. The affair was one of joyous greeting, kindly words, and general happiness. No merrier gathering was ever held in Knoxville, nor one fraught with more pleasure to each and every participant.

The lovely grounds and residence of "Uncle Davy" were brilliantly lighted in

honor of the occasion—a celebration which but few persons ever have the pleasure of celebrating. During the evening, between the hours of seven and eleven, hundreds of friends of the host and hostess made glad the hearts of the members of the four celebrating generations by their presence and glad congratulations for the two who have braved together their allotment of the storms of trouble and the wealth of success for fifty long years. Perhaps three hundred guests enjoyed the hospitality of this happy home on the occasion. During the progress of the reception delightful light refreshments were served, after which the company adjourned to the open air, where, from the broad portico, "Uncle Davy" addressed his assembled friends, thanking them for the many congratulations showered upon him and his wife, and giving some of the experiences which had befallen them during their joint pilgrimage of fifty years.

The blessing of the Father was asked by Rev. P. M. Bartlett, of Maryville, and the speech was begun. Uncle Davy first told of his landing in America from his ancestral home. He was asked by custom house officials what he had, and what he was worth. He told them that he had nothing, but that he was worth one hundred thousand dollars. Then he explained why he was worth that amount. He told the custom house people that he had two good, strong hands, a strong body, and a good head, and that if these were not worth a hundred thousand dollars to him in America he would go back to his old home.

He told of the years which he and his good wife have spent so well together, of his marriage, and later of the joys and sorrows which had come to them. Sometimes, he said, they had been on the top waves of success, with good financial surroundings, and at other times the reverse had been the case.

Sometimes they had more than enough, and at other times they could have used more. The speech was a very happy one, and was sincerely appreciated by the crowd of admirers who listened.

A very happy feature of the occasion was the presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Richards of a number of beautiful and costly presents in honor of their fiftieth anniversary. While the names of all present cannot be given three prominent ministers, all of different religious faiths than that of "Uncle Davy," were present to add their congratulations, Rev. Dr. P. M. Bartlett, of Maryville; R. R. Sutherland and J. H. Frazee, of Knoxville.

The Rev. W. D. Williams D. D., of the Church of the Holy Apostles, New York City, was the preacher, by special invitation, in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, August 13. This magnificent structure, in process of erection, will be, when finished, one of the finest, perhaps the most costly and best church edifice in the United States.

Herbert A. Lewis of 161 Dudley Avenue, Utica, N. Y., died August 22, at Dr. Guillaume's Sanitarium, near Boonville, N. Y., of consumption. He had been ill about three months, and had been camping in the hope of benefiting his health. With him were his mother, Mrs. B. F. Lewis, and his sister, Miss M. Ella Lewis, both of Utica.

Mr. Lewis was the son of the late Benjamin F. Lewis of the "Drych" Office, and was born in Utica a few months less than 26 years ago. He was graduated from the Utica Free Academy in 1894, and that fall entered Wesleyan University in the class of 1898. He was popular among his fellow students. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi, and of the Mandolin Club of the University. He left college when his father died two

years ago, and worked for a year in New York. Then he returned to Utica and entered the employ of the Telephone Company. He was a member of the South Street Methodist Church, and in every way was a most exemplary young man. Last winter he was president of the Chautauqua circle of the church. Everyone who knew him held him in high esteem.

He is survived by his mother, three sisters, Miss M. Ella Lewis, Mrs. F. A. Clarke, Miss Jennie D. Lewis of Utica, and five brothers, William A. Lewis of Maxon, Kas., Benjamin M. Lewis, Secretary of the East Side Y. M. C. A. of New York, John E. Lewis of Derby, Conn., Samuel R. Lewis of Utica, and Rev. D. M. Lewis of Mohawk.

At a meeting of old boys held at the Llanarth National Schools immediately after the funeral of ex-Bishop Lloyd of Bangor, with Mr. J. C. Evans, headmaster, Grammar School, Bala, in the chair, it was unanimously decided to solicit the help of all pupils educated by the late ex-Bishop of Bangor at Dolgelly, Friars, Bangor, and Christ College, Brecon, in raising a fitting memorial to the late bishop, and to urge upon all to show their appreciation in a substantial manner. The following were appointed as a committee: Mr. J. C. Evans, Bala, and the Rev. Edmund Jones, vicar of Llanidloes (representing Dolgelly); Messrs J. J. Lloyd Williams, headmaster Oswestry Grammar School, and J. Morris Jones, Bangor University (representing Friars School, Bangor); the Rev. J. Church Jones and Mr. F. M. Thomas, solicitor, Brecon (representing Christ College, Brecon); and Mr. W. P. Owen, solicitor, Aberystwyth, was appointed general honorary secretary, to whom subscriptions may be sent.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

As the steamer was just starting from Calais, an English passenger shouted out to a French friend, "Au reservoir." To this the Frenchman, with equal ignorance of any language but his own, responded, "Tanks."

Through a long course of inductive reasoning a western paper arrives at this result: "Fish being rich in phosphorous, and phosphorous being the essential thing in making matches, it stands to reason that girls should be partial to a fish diet."

After taking a snap shot of Tenby church recently an English photographer was puzzled to find on his plate the image of a vessel dressed in bunting and upside down. He read in the newspapers next day of a launch at Pembroke, seven miles away, and concluded that he had photographed a mirage.

The famous chemist Kalimeyer has a scene with his wife, who finally bursts into tears. "Your tears don't have any effect with me—for what are they? A mighty small percentage of phosphorous salts and a trace of chloride of sodium—all the rest is water."—Lustige Blaetter.

A curious event recently occurred in Oklahoma. The village of Mountain View, Oklahoma, was organized in a day. A rival town existed about a mile and a half west, and it was deemed advisable to consolidate it with Mountain View. The rival, "Oakdale," was purchased entire, for \$34,380, and is now

being transported to Mountain View. This is probably the first instance where one town was bought out, and moved en masse.

A Gaelic visitor to Cardiff has been telling the local Irishmen that the bi-linguist is always a fuller man than the uni-linguist, and he quoted Napoleon's remark that "if a man knows two languages he is twice a man!" It was just as if he had two hands, two feet, or two heads more! Thus, Mr. Pearce explained, "what you can't see wid your English eye you can see wid your Oirish eye"—an observation which brought down the house.

It is the binding law in an Adirondack camp that whoever complains about the food must do the cooking until the next complainer receives the penalty. A story is told that at one camp the cook becoming tired of his job put an overdose of pepper on the fish. The first man who took a mouthful swore mildly, saying: "You've got enough pepper in this dish," then recollecting himself, quickly added, "but pepper is a good irritant, and makes food palatable."

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date, says the Syracuse, N.Y., Standard. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous: "My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday the Rev. Zachariah B. Day will preach for you. Now, sing two verses of hymn No. 489, 'That awful day

will surely come." And it took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.

In a criminal prosecution recently tried in York, Neb., the jury, after a brief deliberation, returned the following remarkable verdict:—"We, the jury in the above-named case, do not believe one word that the witnesses have sworn; neither do we believe that any of the attorneys have spoken the truth, nor that either of them could do so, even if he should care to take the trouble to try."

An Irishman went out on a little spree. He didn't get home till three o'clock in the morning, and was barely in the house when a nurse rushed up to him and informed him that he was the father of triplets. The Irishman looked up at the clock, which marked the hour of three, then at the three in the nurse's arms and said—"O! I'm not superstitious, but thank Hiven that Oi didn't come at twelve!"

AN ODD BIRD'S NEST.

The oddest of all birds' nests is the one built by the tontobane, a South African songster. It is built of cotton, and always upon the tree producing the material. In constructing the domicile the female works inside and the male outside, where he builds a sentinel box for his own special use. He sits in the box, and keeps watch or sings nearly all the time, and when danger comes in the form of a hawk or a snake he warns the family, but never enters the main nest.

HE COULDN'T SWIM.

Two Irishmen were about to be hanged during the rebellion of 1789. The gallows were erected over the margin of a river. When the first man was drawn

up, the rope gave way. He fell into the river and escaped by swimming. The remaining culprit, looking at the executioner, said, with genuine native simplicity and an earnestness that evinced his sincerity: "Do good Mr. Ketch, if you please, tie me up tight, for if the rope breaks I'm sure to be drowned, for I can't swim a stroke."

OOM PAUL.

President Kruger of the Transvaal, the celebrated Oom Paul, who is so conspicuous a figure because of his contests with Great Britain, has a family of relatives living in Chicago. August C. Kruger is the head of that branch of the race, which traces its ancestry back to Gustavus Adolphus, the warrior king of Sweden, known as the "Lion of the north." This Kruger said in a recent interview that he considered Paul to be the reincarnation of the Swedish monarch, and was sure he would come out all right in the end. One thing is certain, unless the Transvaal's president makes the concessions demanded by the Uitlanders, he will have as big a military task on his hands as ever confronted his distinguished royal ancestor.

CONSIDER THE HEN.

There is something almost pathetic in the faithfulness to business and the unwavering diligence of the ordinary hen, when she gets her heart set on hatching out a brood of chickens. She will sit all day on an old doorknob and dream of the happy day when she can strut around in the back lot with a dozen or so of fuzzy chicks at her heels, scratching and clucking and swelling out her feathers with self-importance. In order to satisfy this motherly instinct she is not only willing, but frantic, to deny herself all of the ordinary pleasures of life. She doesn't care for a "good time." She is perfectly content to stay at home and attend to her maternal duties, and

has no concern about how her feathers are adjusted, or whether her comb hangs straight.—Punx Spirit.

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A COMFORT.

Some will be glad to know that they have the Prince of Wales to back them up in the quaint theory that next year begins this century. It might have been thought that the discussion was at an end, and that it was generally accepted that the new century began with the year 1901, but now that the Prince of Wales has given his support to the idea that the year 1900 belongs to the new century the question is certain to be reopened. His Royal Highness is not in the habit of speaking without his book, and it turns out that he has a precedent in favor of the view he takes. In the reign of George II. an Act of Parliament was passed to assist in determining the date of Easter, and in the course of that Act the phrase is used, "for the next century, that is to say, from the year 1880 to the year 1899 inclusive."

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DOES NOT APPLY.

"The Higher Critics do not question the authority of the Scriptures. They point out what they believe to be errors or interpolations in the text or mistaken theories of authorship, such errors as were almost inevitable in the transcriptions and retranscriptions by which only the copies of the sacred books could be multiplied before the invention of printing. But the clergymen who think that women should remove their hats during divine worship take bolder ground. They assert that the explicit mandate of St. Paul is devoid of authority now. Says the Rev. Dr. Jesse F. Forbes, of the Adams Memorial Presbyterian Church: 'What Paul said about women worshiping with uncovered heads does not apply in this case, or to modern circumstances generally.' Dr. Kraeling, of the Zion Lutheran Church, says that if St.

Paul were to see some of the modern headgear, he would be of modern mind, and not so insistent that it be retained in the churches.—Brooklyn "Times."

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A CLEVER APPRECIATION.

There is an interesting and clever appreciation of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the new number of the "Arena" by Adachi Kinnosuke, a Japanese critic. When "Plain Tales from the Hills" first appeared, the writer says that he gasped, smiled, soliloquised, and said, among many other things: "This man may write how a hen picked a grain, and I would pronounce his account artistic." Kipling (he continues) is one of those who pick a man up, knock all his old notions about literary excellence with a whack or two right between his eyes, take him to the mountain top, show him the beauty of simplicity in style and diction, and say: "Now here, when I can speak my thoughts into life in the words of a peasant, what's the use of murdering them under the weight of a thousand adjectives and polite phrases?"

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BRIGHAM YOUNG'S ARGUMENT.

When Brigham Young was directing the theocratic government of Utah, the Mormon missionaries in England converted a one legged man. This man conceived the idea that the prophet in Salt Lake City might affect a miraculous restoration of the leg which he had lost in an accident, so a month later he presented himself, weary and travel stained, but full of cheerful hope, before the head of the Mormon church and told his desires. The prophet said he would willingly get him a new leg, but begged him first to consider the matter fully. This life, he told him, is but a vale of tears and as nothing compared to eternity. He was making the choice of going through life with one leg and having two after the resurrection, or of having two legs through life and three after. The man found the prospect of being

a human tripod through all eternity so uncongenial that he accepted with resignation his present lot and excused the prophet from performing the miracle.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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BOILING EGGS FOR THE BISHOP.

Bishop Paret (Episcopalian) of Baltimore, some time ago was the guest of an Episcopal family in West Virginia. Learning from the bishop that he liked hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, his hostess went to the kitchen to boil them herself.

While so engaged she began to sing the first verse of the well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages." Then she sang the second verse, the bishop, who was in the dining room, joining in. When it was finished, there was silence. The lady herself came into the room a few minutes later, carrying the eggs, and the bishop remarked:

"Why not sing the third verse?"

"The third verse?" she replied. "Oh, that's not necessary."

"I don't understand," replied Bishop Paret.

"Why, you see, bishop," she replied, "when I am cooking eggs I always sing one verse for soft boiled, and two for hard boiled."—Penny Magazine.

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A DOG'S BED.

We have seen a little dachshund which would not go to her basket until the blanket had been held to the hall stove. This she required to be done in summer as well as winter, though the stove was not lighted. A spaniel kept in a stable used always to leave its kennel to sleep with the horse. Hounds make a joint bed on the bench after a long run, lying back to back, and so supporting one another. But sporting dogs should have proper beds, made like shallow boxes, with sloping sides. They are far more rested in the morning than if simply left to lie on straw. This was

noted by a clever old Devonshire clergyman, a great sportsman, who observed that his best retrieving spaniel used always to get into an empty wheelbarrow to sleep when tired. The dog's bed should be a rough reproduction of the barrow without the wheel.—Spectator.

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QUEER ADVERTISING.

A dangerous criminal was about to be executed in Calcutta. While his last toilet was going forward an Englishman who had just landed begged five minutes' conversation with him, which was granted. All that was heard of the interview was the final remark of the criminal. He called after his visitor: "Five thousand dollars to my heirs? You understand?" When the hangman had prepared for his sad duty the culprit claimed the right to say a farewell word. Lifting up his voice he roared aloud to the assembled multitude: "All you who listen hear my dying statement: The best coffee is the coffee of Messrs. Chickory, Chewem & Chocker, of Calcutta and London!"—Chicago Evening News.

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THE DEAD IRISHMAN.

The Irish body snatchers had rifled a grave and hid their booty in a corner of a churchyard, when it occurred to a half-tipsy fellow, who had been watching them unobserved, that it would be pleasanter to be driven to the nearest town, than to walk. He accordingly secreted the dead man under a hedge and lay down in his place. He was duly transferred to a cart, but when about half the journey was over one of the men who had touched his hand screamed to his friend, "Good heavens, the body is warm!" Hereupon, in a deep voice, the supposed dead man remarked, "If you had been where I've been for the last two days, you'd be warm too!" In a moment he was left in full possession of the vehicle!—Duff's Library.

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THE CAMBRIAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



OCTOBER.

THOMAS J. GRIFFITHS, PUBLISHER, UTICA, N. Y.

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Invitation!

THE FIRM OF MAHER BROTHERS AT 56-57 FRANKLIN SQUARE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TENDERING TO THE PEOPLE OF UTICA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY AN INVITATION TO CALL UPON THEM.

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❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XIX.

OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 10.

THE EISTEDDFOD MUSICALLY.

By J. W. Parson Price, New York.

"Mor o gan yw Cymry i gyd."

I do not know how old that line is, but I do know that it is nearer true now than it was fifty years ago. At that period good choirs were few and small, and confined to few of the largest towns. At present large choirs are found in nearly all of the smaller towns. The study of music—especially choral music has spread all over the country to even the very remotest rural districts, and to such a high degree of excellence that the rural choirs often vanquish some of the best choirs of the larger towns at the various eisteddfodau. Witness those of Treorky and Castell Newydd Emlyn, last August.

Every place has its ups and downs in music as well as other things. Until recent years, Aberdare, Merthyr, Dowlais, Rhymney, &c., almost held the lead in South Wales, while at present they are almost in the rear, excepting for male voice choirs, which seem to hold a prominent place in the pub-

lic eye. There are also some very good female choirs in those districts but the mixed voice choirs are neglected, and all this to the detriment of all voices concerned, for the very reason that the voices in all such part singing are narrowed in their compass; for instance the upper tenors are kept up in the higher tones so long, until a practice of doing so for a few years makes them loose their lower tones, while the reverse is the case with the lower basses, and the middle voices suffer in the same way by being confined. The same thing is applicable to female choirs, and anybody who has paid the least attention to voice culture can perceive that at a glance. In the Rhondda no less than seven fine male choirs competed on most of the choruses selected for them, while the female and mixed choirs were slighted and neglected. At Saron, Aberaman, they had a fine male choir of one hundred strong, but neither female nor mixed choir.

At present, Aberdare is almost musically dead. In years gone by it was a stronghold of choral music. Mountain Ash, alone, sent a male choir and a female choir to the Cardiff Eisteddfod this year. From the Rhondda, Aberdare, Merthyr, Rhymney and Tredegar Valleys, why? ups! then downs! Still, the Eisteddfod had its fill of competitive work, but not of the best quality, although good, and interesting as well as entertaining.

The crowning of the bard was quite theatrical in sentiment and display, but were it not for Ben Davies' magnificent rendering of "Y Fam a'i Baban" in connection therewith it would have been rather tame. That scene alone was worth the admission for that day.

Other most thrilling incidents of the Eisteddfod were the singing of "Aberystwyth," "O Fryniau Caer-salem," and "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" by the vast audiences in attendance. The effect was religiously grand; nothing short of an immense *Cymanfa ganu* could produce such an imposing awe. It seemed as if some of the gates of Heaven had been thrown open!!!

On the walls all around were names and pictures of bards, musicians and preachers who had passed to the beautiful beyond—Ieuan Gwyllt, Ioan Emlyn, Edith Wynne, Gwilym Gwent, etc., etc.—the very sight of which aroused the vast multitude to the highest enthusiasm, until they repeated and repeated to their hearts content with tears

of joy streaming down their cheeks. Surely it was like a little slice of Heaven on earth. None but preachers, bards, and musicians, to which trinity all the Cymry belong, could produce such an effect. And yet, some of the sky pilots who have never been finished by God or man kicked against such scenes because they could not lead the van. God forgive them. But talking of kickers—there were others; thousands! but held their peace bravely. Their kicking was against the poor indifferent services of the musical adjudicators. Excepting Messrs Ben Davies and Dan Price, who delivered intelligent and instructive adjudications on some of the solos, not one gave general satisfaction on any of the choral competitions, and only two of these decisions were acceptable, viz.: the second mixed choral selections, and the female choral competition. Generally, adjudicators make their notes of the various renderings, compare them, give their reasons, come to a decision and select one of their own number to announce the result in the form of an adjudication. Whether this was done or not at Cardiff the audience never learned. The English members of the board made would-be witty speeches—having no bearing on the performances of the choirs, and finishing by simply saying—"We have come to the conclusion that that number is the best."

In the male choral competition, Sir Frederick Bridge indulged in

a little more would-be wit. "Jesus of Nazareth," (Dr. Parry) was the selection—choruses and solos—a beautiful work, and most effective by good rendering. The baritone solo playing a most important part in the performance and inspiring the chorus to noble work. Five choirs gave good rendering—two of them excelling owing to their fine and inspiring solo singing. When the adjudicators came, everybody in that crowded pavilion was silent as a mouse, ready to listen to an adjudication, but instead Sir Frederick indulged in a little farce-comedy with a circle of Dic-Shon-Dafyddion in the front seats, who would shout "Hea! Hea!!" at his every remark until the audience became impatient and called for the adjudication when he shouted, "You

shut up!" After which came the decision, without the slightest remark concerning the merits or demerits of any choir.

You can imagine how disgusted that vast audience was. Would it not also have been a most graceful act on the part of the board to allow the composer to deliver an adjudication; or even Mr. Emlyn Evans, in as much as that the selection was Welsh and sung in Welsh mostly? He could not have done worse than Sir Frederick! But no, they simply stood behind him like dummies, listening to their united (?) clownish adjudication.

I am extremely glad my friend Dan Protheroe is engaged for the Liverpool Eisteddfod, but I hope he will not allow his manhood to let him be the tail of a kite.



THE BARDS.

Bards ever love to take their theme
 From Nature's grand domain;
 Some sing unto the winding stream,
 Some of the rolling main.
 Some take the flower wild that grows
 Upon the open plain;
 Some take the modest, blushing rose
 The subject of their strain.

The poet's fancy, at his will,
 Does wander bold and free;
 'Twill soar above the highest hill—
 Plunge down the deepest sea.
 He holds the friends of right, most dear,
 A bitter foe to wrong;—
 And tyrant's tremble when they hear
 The thunder of his song.

THE CARDIFF NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

(From "Young Wales.")

By Gwilym Hughes, Cardiff.

Perhaps I may be considered rash if I make the assertion that—No, on second thoughts, I will not assert, but merely suggest that possibly National Eisteddfodau have of late years been rather overdone, and that they have for the present lost their charm for the people of Wales. In South Wales, during the last eight years, four successive National Eisteddfodau have been financial failures. I speak of Pontypridd, Llanelly, Newport, and Cardiff. True, there was, nominally, a surplus at Llanelly, but had the Llanelly committee been forced to spend, as the other committees were, huge sums on the erection of a Pavilion, the balance would have been a substantial one—on the wrong side. Four successive failures! And what about North Wales during the same period? I have not the figures by me, but I rather believe that there was a small surplus after the Rhyi Eisteddfod of 1892. At Carnarvon, in 1894, the surplus was only £424, although there the committee had the advantage of hiring a permanent pavilion at a cost of only £400 or so, as against the £1,500 or £2,000 generally spent in other places. The Llandudno Eisteddfod of 1896, as we all know, was a disastrous failure, financially; and the Festiniog meet-

ing of 1898 escaped scathless only because, if rumor is to be credited, the artistes and others with claims against the committee considerably reduced their fees. The conclusion seems inevitable that if the National Eisteddfod is to continue one or two things must happen—the costs of the undertaking must be materially reduced, or, in the alternative, popular enthusiasm in the old institution must be revived. One way of reducing the costs would be to revert to the old method of holding the annual gathering under canvass. The Tent Eisteddfod has always paid; the failures are confined to those Eisteddfodau for which expensive pavilions have had to be erected. And what an enormous expense it is! Cardiff, for a five days' meeting, was compelled to launch into an outlay of £2400 for buildings, or as nearly as possible £500 a day!

I have said that the Cardiff Eisteddfod was an enjoyable one, and with the fine weather that prevailed, and a plethora of attractions provided by the Pan-Celtic celebrations, it could scarcely have been otherwise. Never before has the Eisteddfod been received with such lavish hospitality as that extended to it at Cardiff. The mayoral reception which

ushered it in was one the most brilliant functions ever witnessed in Cardiff and at its close the Pan-Celtic visitors were entertained at public breakfast in the Town Hall by Lord Windsor, and afterwards at a garden party at Llanover by the Hon. Mrs. Herbert. Indeed I am not at all sure that the Cardiff meetings all through cannot be better described as a Pan-Celtic festival than as an Eisteddfod. It was fitting that the Pan-Celts should be cordially welcomed. The presence of influential deputations, most of them in picturesque costumes, from Brittany, Scotland, Ireland, Manxland, and Cornwall, rendered the occasion unique and historic, and under the circumstances the prominence given to the Pan-Celtic side of the gathering was fully justified. Still, it may as well be confessed right away, this feature so overshadowed all other as to largely efface the Eisteddfodic characteristics of the gathering. I am only repeating an opinion often expressed during the week when I state that if these Pan-Celtic displays are to be continued, they must be held apart from the Eisteddfod. Already the old festival is too much overweighed; and it can carry no more. To sandwich, as was done at Cardiff, half-a-dozen speeches between the chief choral contest and the delivery of the award thereon, was an experiment magnificent in its daring, but it cannot be repeated with impunity, however distinguished they may be.

It was at the Gorsedd that the Pan-Celts mostly held revels; and no crowned monarch on his throne ever comported himself with more majesty than did the Venerable Archdruid. Peers of the realm, Irish counts, Scotch lairds, French marquises, Breton and Manx politicians, British R.A.'s, and other notabilities came to pay homage to the lord of the Logan stone, and Hwfa accepted it all with an air of condescension that impressed one with the idea that he was of the Kaiser school of monarchs by Divine right! As for the visitors themselves, they simply bubbled over with enthusiasm. No child with a new toy ever showed wilder delight than did the Pan-Celts—more especially the Parisian and Breton section—with the Gorseddic honours conferred upon them. Many of the initiates wore the badge of the Legion of Honor and other decorations, but, compared with the value they seemed to set on the Gorsedd ribands tied around their arms, these were mere baubles! The Gorsedd proceedings teemed with dramatic incidents. Both M. Jaffrennou, the young Breton patriot, and Mr. E. E. Fournier, of the Irish delegation, delivered addresses from the Maen Llog in Welsh. Could any guests have paid a neater compliment to their hosts than this?

These Pan-Celtic festivities, enjoyable though they be, are not free from risks. Our over-sea visitors are taking the Gorsedd too seriously. The Bretons declare they will not be happy until they

secure from Hwfa Mon a dispensation to establish a Gorsedd in Llydaw; the Irishmen have formally invited the Welsh Gorsedd to visit the sister island next August to perform its ceremonials on Maus Hill; and last, though not least, comes the intimation that the French section of the visitors are contemplating a Pan-Celtic gathering at the Paris Exhibition with the Gorsedd of the Bards of Ynys Prydain as the centre of attraction. Where is all this going to end? One of the dangers to which I allude is that the Welsh bards, unless they are not very watchful, may soon find themselves ousted from all authority in their own Gorsedd. At Cardiff, the actual, though not nominal, master of the ceremonies, seemed to be an Irish gentleman from Dublin and a jovial French professor, while on the Friday morning, more than one-half of the robed bards, the so-called "beirdd y meini gwynion" consisted of men and women of nationalities other than Welsh. Imagine the perplexity of dear old Hwfa, when, after addressing one of these "bards" in Welsh, he received an answer in French, delivered with the orthodox shrug of the shoulders! One of the jokes of the week has reference to an English initiate. He was addressed by Hwfa in Welsh, but, the initiate being unwilling to confess his ignorance of that tongue, resorted to the ingenious device of replying in French. This was the incident which one of

the freshly-made bards afterwards immortalized in words:—

'Roedd gwr o'r enw Jackson—
A wily Anglo-Saxon;

Ebra Hwfa—"Sut y'ch chwi?"

And Jackson answered,—"*Oui, oui, oui.*"

Another risk attendant upon these Pan-Celtic displays was illustrated in the Highland Fling incident. Until the several branches of the Celtic race learn, if they ever will, to respect each other's characteristics, there is always a possibility of little misunderstandings of this character. Nothing could be more incongruous than dancing of any sort on the Eisteddfod platform, and it is due to the Cardiff Eisteddfod Executive that it should be known that they are in no wise responsible for the innovation. They were never consulted in the matter; had they been, the incident would never have happened. The protests that were afterwards made were couched in the most respectful of language, and with every regard for the sensibilities of the Scotch visitors. It is to be regretted that the replies of Bailie Macbride and Mr. John Mackay are not conceived in an equally graceful spirit. Mr. Mackay indulges in sneers at the expense of Welsh leaders whom he is pleased to dub "Holy Willies," while Mr. Macbride's reply speaks of "offensive and insulting language" which was never uttered. Truth to tell, some of the visitors occasionally forgot that they were guests, and displayed an anxiety to themselves wield the reins.

ENJOYING "THE NATIONAL."

 By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D.

In addition to the public performances on the stage of the Eisteddfod, there are several very interesting features connected with "The National" that are not connected

is the Gorsedd, whose meetings are held on the first, the third, and the fourth morning of the feast at nine o'clock in the open air. The Archdruid, the Druids, Ovates, and



Closing the Gorsedd—Sheathing the Sword July 21, 1899, by the Archdruid Hwfa Mon.

with any other Eisteddfod. It is verily the annual meeting of the clans. It is the annual handshaking festival of North and South. An opportunity is afforded for a mutual gathering of the various societies affiliated with the chief intent and purpose of the Eisteddfod. The principal auxiliary of the National

Bards, march to the sound of band music from the robing rooms to the Gorsedd circle. The procession is imposing and attractive. The ceremony of opening and of closing the Gorsedd proceedings is alike, and is shown in photograph No. 1. The sword is drawn partly out of the sheath, and the Archdruid asks the

question "A oes heddwch?" and the circle of celebrities, and the crowds of surrounding spectators respond "Heddwch;" then the sword is sheathed. The question is repeated thrice, with the same response and result. A solo with harp accompaniment is always a part of the

in the attitude of a speaker. He is addressing the multitude on the pathetic subject of the death of Tom Ellis, M. P., and the veteran editor Thomas Gee of Denbigh. Beriah stands at the head of our Welsh novelists now, and as a writer of good Welsh, and a reliable historian.



Beriah Gwynfe Evans addressing the Gorsedd audience July 21, 1899.

programme. Then follow addresses. Most of these addresses have been prepared with care, and are delivered with effect. Each speaker mounts the Logan stone and stands with uncovered head between the Archdruid and the sword-bearer, who was Cochfarf Thomas this year, and faces a semicircle of bards and ovates, and a thousand or two of attentive listeners. My photo No. 2 shows Beriah Gwynfe Evans

he is pre-eminent among our scholars.

The Art Exhibition this year was more popular than usual. The display of several hundred contributions in the art competitive department, with free admission to the exhibition, made it a very popular resort. The chief prize in painting was captured by a sturdy Welshman, Edgar H. Thomas, Cardiff, a native of Pembrokeshire. It was

a magnificent and extremely bold picture, reminding one of the old paintings of the fathers. Its subject was "The Birth of Light." The exhibition was held in a separate room, adjacent to the main pavilion, and contained specimens of sculpture and modelling, de-

Different societies held their annual or special meetings during the days of the Eisteddfod; such as the society for the promotion of the Welsh language, the society for the promotion of the education of girls in Wales, the "Dafydd ap Edmunt" and "Cymru Fydd" and some



"Morien," the famous correspondent of *The Western Mail* and chief antiquarian of the Gorsedd, standing by the Hirlas Horn.

signs, photography, architecture, metal work, engineering, wood-work, terra cotta work, botany, geology, natural history, book-binding, dressmaking, needlework, cooking, dairy work, laundry work, hand-painted china, leather work, tarsia work, portiere, carvings, &c. There were 122 different subjects in the Art department, and a large number of competitors on most of the subjects.

others. During the last two or three years branches of the Irish and Scotch literary societies have had headquarters adjacent to the Eisteddfod. During the entire week this year, we were treated to free entertainments by the Highlanders with their bagpipes, and drills, and marches. The sword-dance was a marvelous exhibition of athletic dexterity, and roused up the enthusiasm of the audience to a boil-

ing pitch. The announcement of "unworthy of the prize" was a sore disappointment on the chairing day.

Among the many interesting snap shots I took at the Gorsedd, one of general interest to readers of "The Cambrian" is No. 3, representing Morien, the famous correspondent of the "Western Mail," and the most celebrated writer on the ancient lore and customs of the Welsh. He is the author of several volumes of great interest, and is a brave defender of what he considers to be right. He has had the privilege and honor of speaking to, and corresponding with more royal personages than any of his contemporaries on the reportorial staff. In

the picture he stands by the Hirlas horn, which was presented to the Gorsedd by Lord Tredegar. Beyond him, on the other side of the horn stands Arlunydd Penygarn, the royal artist of the Gorsedd. The ground is decorated with flowers and plants.

Our fellow citizen, Parson Price, made a speech at the Gorsedd, and was an interested observer of all the proceedings of the Eisteddfod. We spent a pleasant afternoon on the Saturday following at "Cartref," Penarth, the genial home of Dr. Joseph Parry. Take it all in all the National of '99 was fully equal to any Eisteddfod ever held in South Wales.



THE CYMRY BEFORE THEY CAME TO BRITAIN.

The Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

But granting that the Celtae descended from the Cimbri, and not the Cimbri from the Celtae, and that the Cimbri should not be called Celtic nations, but the Celtic Cimbri nations, and granting that the Cenumerii or Kimmerioi were the Gomeri, and that Cimbri were the Cimmerii, what evidence is there that the Cymry were the Cimbri? Their names are the same only in different languages, or different forms in the same language. The Gomeri of the Hebrew became the

Kimmerioi of the Greek, the Kimmerioi of the Greek became the Cimmerii of the Latin, the Cimmerii of the earlier Latin the Cimbri of the later Latin, and the Cimbri of the later Latin the Cymry of the Welsh. The Cymry call themselves Cymry, their country Cymru, and their language Cymraeg. Through the mutations of four languages and the corruption of forty centuries the name has retained its identity and form remarkably well. Seldom, if ever, has a name done better.

Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri, Cymry follow the national line of descent, and Asia, Europe, Britain the national line of progress. The proximity of the island to the continent, of Britain to Bretagne, of Cymru to Cimbric Chersonesus looks toward the same people.

History asserts their identity. Caesar recognises in the interior of the island the aborigines, and along the coast the Belgae. Tacitus in the swarthy complexion of the Silures the Iberi, and on a general survey the Gauls; and the Triads in the whole island the Cymry and their branch nations, the Lloegrwys and Brythons, while ethnographers generally nations of kindred origin, which must have crossed the channel before the advent of the Goths in Western Europe. "The original inhabitants of Britain," remarks Niebuhr, "were Gauls, who according to the accounts of the Druids, were masters of the islands as well as the continent in the west of Europe from the earliest times; but they had been driven back from the south coast, when Caesar landed there, not only by the Silurians, but also by the Belgians. The latter was the Gaelic name of the people, who have called themselves Cymry down to the present day; this their indigenous name was overlooked by the Romans, but not by the Greeks; it was assured that excellent ethnographer, Posidonius, who called them Galatians and Cimbrians.

The Belgae were exclusively Cimbrians. This Rawlinson, following the authority of Niebuhr, positively

affirms. "In their home on the continent they were between the Cymry of Chersonesus and the Cymry of Armorica, and not far from either. The terminology of their name is identical with that of the Cymry. In their appearance, their language, or their customs there is nothing to make them a distinct people. Not a vestige of such a distinction remains in the whole of Britain. On the contrary, everything points to their relation to the Cymry. As late as the time of Caesar, Divitiacus, a Belgic king, "the most powerful in all Gaul," governed a portion of Britain. To make the Belgae and Cimbri Gothic nations was a mistake of Tacitus, for in their essential traits there is not the least satisfactory resemblance. They simply boarded on and formerly occupied the seats of the Gothic family of nations, which never moved westward till after the occupation of Britain." Hugh Miller, the celebrated ethnologist and linguist, shows in his "Marken Des Vaterland," that the Cimbri belonged to the Celtic race, and lived originally on the north-east of Belgae, of kindred origin; and that their name is the same as that by which the Celts of Wales designate themselves to this day. All Gaul was inhabited, according to Caesar, by the Belgae, Celtae, and Aquitani, and these three people severally descended from the Cimbri, their mother nation.

Brython came from Armorica, Bretagne, Brittany, or modern Normandy, and were, according to

the Triads, "of the first race of the Cymry." The Cymry, or that branch of the Cymric nations which bore the name of the parent stock, came from Armorica, Belgia, or Chersonesus, the very localities from which came afterward the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans. "Cimbric," say Webster, the great lexicographer, "is an adjective pertaining to the Cimbri, the inhabitants of modern Jutland, which was anciently called Chersonesus. Hence the modern names Cymro, Cambria, Cymraeg, indicate the Welsh to be of the Cimbri, or from the same stock." "The Cimmerians," according to Liddel & Scott, were probably the same as the Cimbri, Cymry, Cumbri." "Through the march of events," says Rawlinson, "and especially the pressure upon them, the great Gothic or Teutonic race has, for the most part, wiped out at once their nationality, their language, and their name, yet they continue to form the substratum of the population in several European States, while in some favored situations they remain to this day unmixed with any other people, retaining their ancient tongue unchanged, and, at least in one instance, their ancient appellation. The identity of the Cymry of Wales with the Cimbri of the Romans seems worthy of being accepted as a historic fact, upon the grounds stated by Niebuhr and Arnold. The historical connection of these latter with the Cimmerii of Herodotus has strong probabilities, and the opinion of Posidonius in its

favor; but cannot, it must be admitted, in the strict sense of the word be proved." "It has been agreed by the British antiquarians," says Sharon Turner, "that the most ancient inhabitants of our island were called Cymry; these are so named in all that remain of the British literature. The Welsh who are their descendants have always called themselves Cymry, and have the same appellation to the earliest colonists of our island, and as the authorities already referred to prove that the Kimmerioi, or Kimbri, were the earliest possessors of the Germanic Ocean, and attempted foreign enterprises, it seems to be safe and reasonable inference that the Cymry of Britain originated from the continental Kimmerian Tacitus observes that the "Oestii on the Baltic speak a language similar to the British tongue."

In the strict sense of an eye witness and a direct evidence, the connection of the Cymry, Cimbri, Cimmerii, Kimmerioi, and Gomeri may not be able to be mathematically proved, because the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, and Cimbri existed and achieved their work before historians were born to record their existence and their achievements, but shall we on that account deny the testimony of probability and circumstantial evidence, on which history for the most part must be written? The evidence on which is written and believed the history of the Chaldeans, the Babylonians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans, should be written and be-

lieved the history of the Cymry. The footprints of the Cymry like the footprints of other nations, whether on wood or stone, language or custom, trait or character, tribe or nation, should be studied, recognised and credited. Probable and circumstantial evidence is generally the strongest proof and surest foundation on which to erect the superstructure of veritable history which we believe and trust.

The Aquitani who inhabited the Southern part of Gaul, were like the Celtae and Belgae, descendants of the Cimbri, and made their appearance in Britain under two appellations: the Silures, according to Tacitus, and Lloegrwys, according to the Triads. The Silures were undoubtedly Celtae of the north of Spain, where they bore the name of Celtiberians, and where perhaps by physical causes, social contact, and intermarriage, they acquired the physique, or personal appearance of the Iberians. But they were Celts, nevertheless, and the Celts were, as we have shown, Cymry. "The Celts of the Spanish Peninsula," says Rawlinson, "seem to have been Cimbri, for, as Niebuhr shows, they formed the bulk of the Gauls who invaded Italy, and these are expressly said to have been of the Cimbric branch." The Lloegrwys, who were Celtae, and therefore Cimbri, came from the valley of the Loire, the ancient Liger in the south of France, and brought with them the name of their native river, and imparted it to a large portion of

the island, by which, to this day, England is distinguished, in the Welsh language, from Wales, Lloeger from Wales, as Lloegr a Chymru, or Cymru a Lloeger. "The three peaceful people of the isle of Britain," so reads the fifth Triad. "The first were a nation of the Cymry, who came with Hu Gadarn to the island of Britain. He obtained neither the country nor the land by slaughter or conquest, but by justice and peace. The second was the race of the Lloegrwys, who came from the land of Gwaswyn, Gascony, and they were of the first race of the Cymry. The third were the Brython, who came from the land of Llydaw, Bretagne, Brittany, and they were of the first race of the Cymry. These were called the three peaceful nations, because they came one to the other with peace and tranquillity, and they were of the same language."

It is the general impression that Britain was peopled from the continent; history corroborates the impression. Ethnography corroborates history, and philology corroborates ethnography. The distance between them was comparatively small. On the continent and on the island were found the same people. Their language and their characteristics were substantially the same. On the island as on the continent their separation into different parts and different tribes corrupted in time their common language into dialects. On the continent the ancient Cimbric, which was spoken by the Gomeri and Cimmerii, was

modified by age, and divided by separation into dialects. The Belgæ, the Celtae, and the Aquitani, who inhabited Gaul in the time of Caesar were all Cimbri, and yet "all differed in language, customs and laws." On the island these tribes and these dialects appeared with still further divisions and modifications, yet bore striking resemblance to each other and the parent stock. Had there been more attention given to the diversity and unity of the Cimbric tribes and dialects on the continent and on the island, much confusion would have been avoided. There runs through them all the unity of the original whole, and the diversity of time and space. Throughout the British islands the nomenclature of the nearest continental tribes appears among the lowest stratum of the population. In Ireland and Scotland we have Gael, Gaelic, which seems to have naturally come, notwithstanding the positive assertion of high authorities to the contrary, from Gallia, Gaul, Gwalia, one of the names by which Wales is known among the Welsh; and Caledonia, one of the names by which Scotland is known among the Scots, came from the same root. When the Welsh call the inhabitants of Ireland Gwyddelod, and the Saxons call the inhabitants of Wales Welsh, they only designate in their own vernacular the Gauls of Ireland and the Gauls of Wales. "Gall," says Webster, "is a Celtic word, and signifies western, as Gaul, Wales, Cornwall, Galway—western-way or direction." Ac-

cording to this definition the Gauls were the westerners of Europe, and had, no doubt, the pioneer progressiveness of westerners. In the westward march of empires they led the van. But whether Belgæ, Celtae, Aquitani, or any other primitive tribe on the continent or the island, they were all Cimbri, and spoke the Cimbric language, either in the original form or in some of its modifications. "Upon the whole," says Sir F. Palgrave in his "English Commonwealth," "it seems highly probable, and these Gaulish inscriptions add weight to the probability—that the Gauls of Caesar were in the same line of Celtic descent with the Irish, and that the name is preserved to this day in Gadhel and Gael, and commemorated also in the Triad Galedin, Celyddon, and Gwyddyl, as well as Caledonia, Galatai, Keltai, Celtae. It is also certain that these Galli (Gals) were the first to colonize Britain, and probably the first to colonize Gaul, and that in both cases they were closely followed by a people of the same original stock, and using a similar language, called the Cymry, Cimbri, and in earlier times Cimmerii. The relation between the Gauls and Britons in the time of Caesar go to show their oneness."

"That the Picts were Cymry, and the Scots immigrants from Ireland, where the name Scots originated," continued the same author, "is to be considered certain. As the Lloegrians came from the valley of the Liger, the modern Loire, so may the Picts have come from the re-

gions of the Pictones, the modern Poitou." "The name of the Cymry," remarks Lappenburg in his *Anglo-Saxon Kings*, "by which the Welsh still distinguish themselves, as well as that of the North-west County of England, Cumberland, the similarity to the Welsh of the words that have been preserved of the language of the old Kimmerians or Cimbrians; the traditions of the Welsh Triads as well as the Roman narratives all justify the assumption that the race existing in Britain in the time of Caesar belong to the old Kimmerians, who had gradually moved forward out of Western Asia." That the Cimric nations, including those of Ireland, Scotland, Brittany and Wales descended from the Cimbri; that the Cimbric nations, including the Belgæ, Celtae, Aquitani, and many others descended from the Cimmerii, and that the Cimmerian nations, including those

which advanced into Europe, and those who retraced their steps into Asia descended from the Gomeri, all who have thoroughly and candidly studied the subject fully believe. The Cymry, Cimbri, Cimmerii, Kimmerioi, Gomeri, were one and the same people, living in many ages, and many countries, and preserving through all ages and all countries their national characteristic and native language, save only the modifications of admixture and migration. Entering western Europe and the British islands in advance of other nations, and forming the understratum of the population, they left their marks deep in the sand of time and the history of the race, which are readily discovered and deciphered, especially in favored localities, where their impressions were distinct and decisive, as in Western Asia, Western Europe, and the British islands.

(To be continued.)



REV. GRIFFITH JONES OF LLANDDOWROR, SOUTH WALES.

Griffith Jones of Llanddowror was born in 1683—a little over 200 years ago—in the parish of Cilrhedyn, Carmarthenshire, S. W. His parents were respectable and religious, and belonged to the Nonconformists. His father died when he was yet young, and consequently the duty of rearing him devolved on his mother. He was of a religious

turn of mind since a child, and throughout his life he was a good and pious man. After enjoying the common school of his vicinity, he went to the Grammar School at Carmarthen, where he soon became an excellent scholar, and also quite as prominent and well known for his excellent religious character. The corrupt usages of his time had

no attraction for him. He was delicate of health, and was often troubled by asthma, so much that he could hardly walk across his room. But he was possessed of a strong mind and a determination which helped to restore him to health when reaching manhood.

Very early, Griffith Jones became a member of the Established Church, and was made deacon by the Bishop of St. David's, about 1708, when 25 years of age, and was made priest the following year. He served as curate at Laugharne for about two years with increasing popularity. In 1711 he moved to Abercowin, and thence to the vicarage of Llanddowror, which was given him by Sir John Phillips, on account of Mr. Jones' learning and godly character. Subsequently he married a sister of Sir John's. He remained vicar of Llanddowror for 45 years, viz., until the day of his death. He used to officiate also at Llanllwch, near Carmarthen, where a Miss Bridget Vaughan was converted by his powerful preaching. This Miss Vaughan became the Madame Bevan which helped Mr. Jones with his Circulating Schools, and which she kept going years after his death. Mr. Jones died at her home at Laugharne, April 8, 1761, in his 78th year, and was buried at Llanddowror churchyard. There never was such a sight seen at the church of Llanddowror as took place at his funeral—a great concourse of people being in sighs and tears over the loss of such a good and excellent Christian. His

grave stands in the chancel, and on the gravestone are found the following inscriptions:

'Here lies interred the Reverend Griffith Jones, near 45 years rector of this parish. He departed this life April 8, 1761, in the 78th year of his age.

'Thy moral and thy social virtues clear
Wise without pride, without parade sincere;
Benevolent and just, without a foe,
Unless the wretch that was to virtue so.

'Also, Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir Erasmus Phillips, Bart., of Picton, Castle. She died January 6, 1755, aged 80 years.

A marble memorial was placed on the wall of the church by one "desirous of paying every mark of regard to such distinguished merit." In the same church is also placed another to the memory of Madame Bevan.

Griffith Jones was undoubtedly one of the most powerful preachers of his time. He was the means of converting Daniel Rowlands in the church of St. David's. According to popular tradition, the meeting of Griffith Jones and Daniel Rowlands happened in this wise. Griffith Jones was accustomed to visit the surrounding churches; and he occasionally came to St. David's, about four miles from Llandeitho, and being a powerful and evangelical preacher, many went there to hear him. In some way or other Rowlands was induced to go. He was then of a proud mien, thoughtless and frivolous. The place was so crowded that standing room alone could be had when Rowlands arrived. He stood in front of the preacher, and appeared so hard and

unconcerned that the preacher's attention was at once drawn to him, and he prayed fervently for the proud young man before him, appealing to God in the most solemn manner to touch him and make him the means of turning many out of

tion of his native country, he changed his mind and remained. He at once became very popular, and the people filled the churches wherever he preached, which compelled him often to hold services in the graveyards. Williams of Panty-



Llanddowror Church.

darkness into light. It is said that this direct prayer had a wonderful effect on him. He went home a changed man. The proud worldly look had given place to a noticeable humility; he walked with bowed head and serious look. This was the turning point of his evangelical career and his effectual ministry.

It was Griffith Jones' intention at one time to go out as a missionary to India, under the Foreign Missionary Society of his day; but seeing the moral and religious condi-

celyn refers to this in his beautiful elegy:

Churchyards were turned to churches
To hear the gospel he bore.

Tradition states that there never were such gatherings seen in Wales as in the days of Griffith Jones, excepting, perhaps, in the time of Rowlands, Llangeitho. Griffith Jones also visited England and Scotland many times. It appears that he preached once before Queen Anne. Williams also refers to this in his Elegy.

Myriads of men felt his preaching
 And peace came to many a soul;
 Her majesty, Anne, also heard him
 The grace of salvation extol.

But although he was ranked as the foremost of the preachers of his time, the blessed results of his Circulating Schools are hardly secondary in importance to his powerful ministry. This novel plan of educating the Welsh was instituted in 1730, and was continued until the death of Madam Bevan in 1779, and it is not easy to estimate the benefit it bestowed on old and young in Wales during those dark times. In 1760, the year previous to his death, these Circulating Schools numbered in South Wales 129, with 5,529 scholars, and in North Wales 87, with 3,158 scholars. In these schools for the first time, the common people were taught to read and write. This system of teaching was continued under the supervision of Madam Bevan, and according to a report published in 1775 it was said that 297,121 had been taught in these schools, a monument to his

usefulness and godliness which will outlast columns of marble and granite.

Besides his great labor in the pulpit and in connection with the Circulating Schools, he also wrote several works on religious subjects with the elevated aims of enlightening his countrymen in the great things of God. Among these, we find his "Commentary on the Catechism of the Church," "A Call to the Throne of Grace," a "Book of Prayers," "A Free Advice," "A Book to Teach the Ignorant," "A Collection of the Poems of Vicar Prichard," &c. All his writings have religious aims, and were made to instruct and edify. His memory is blessed among his countrymen; he was one of the best Christian ministers Wales has produced; a conscientious fervent, zealous follower of Christ; and is worthy of the title given him, viz., the Morning Star of the Welsh Reformation.—Translated from "Yr Haul."



THE MYSTIC SYMBOL.

By Cadwallader Evans.

The reader must have noticed over Eisteddfodic programmes a symbol made of three lines meeting in an angle at the top. The reader may have imagined this to be merely ornamental; but to the Welsh

bard or the antiquated scholar, this symbol is fraught with an awful meaning. These lines meeting in an angle at the top signify trinity in unity, not the Christian Trinity, but some Druidic tri-unity which

the bards believe to have been the three Powers which composed the Godhead. Welsh scholars differ widely as to the origin of this sign or symbol; some believe it to have been a revelation to an old Welsh bard in the grey morning of the primitive ages, and that it is, in fact, a symbolization of the original Word uttered when things were first called into being. This word was made of three shouts—a triple expression—which are shown by the three lines; others maintain that it is all fiction—an invention of the last century—a sign at first used innocently but subsequently turned into symbolic use by the credulous and superstitious bardic fraternity. One argument that may be directed against the antiquity and sanctity of the symbol is this: There is nothing to show that the sign or the symbol was ever in use by the ancient Welsh. As far as can be shown, it is a thing of modern times. The triads are certainly old, but not so ancient as some love to think. They are all post-Christian; and, probably, this symbol is no older than the age of printing. Probably, also, there is no ground to think that it has any connection with religion, ancient or modern, or any mystical meaning. There are two ways of explaining it, which seem to us very natural and rational; and either of them is satisfactory to the practical mind.

When the printing press was invented many figures were used on title pages to represent the light of

learning or literature. The sun, the torch, the candle or any symbols of light were common. Some of those are seen to-day. One of the most popular Welsh books of the last two centuries was "*Canwyll y Cymry*" by Vicar Prichard of Llandovery. The book was called "*A Candle*," because it gave light in the darkness of those times. There is nothing which symbolizes literature better than light, and the highest and the greatest representative of light is the sun. Now as symbolic of the light of literature, nothing would be more fitting or appropriate than the eye of light (the sun) on a title-page. This would be represented by several lines converging to a point above. This would be simplified into three lines which would still remain a symbol, but not so definite and pictorial as the eye with the diverging rays. Gradually the meaning would be lost, and the imagination would seek to surround the sign with superstitious interpretations. This deterioration of the form of the symbol could also be accounted for by the fact of the lack of art among the Welsh.

But there is another way of explaining the origin of this symbol, which seems to us more satisfactory than the other. At one time, the Welsh cut their words on laths, a line on each, and three of these laths were put together on a peg. This lath was called "*peithynen*," and the peg "*pill*." The laths could swing so as to open on the peg like a pivot. The bardic symbol is a representa-

tion of these laths when open. Each peg contained a triad—three lines. These formed the Welsh mind so that it loved to run thoughts into threes or triplets. It would start with one and complete the expression of the idea on the third lath. These expressions are often the pink of perfection and brevity. Some of the finest definitions in literature are found in these triads. These three expressions are parts of a complete whole. The last gives the finishing touch. This may have originated the old saying, "Three chances for a Welshman." These three laths on a pivot would also represent Welsh

literature—the three laths on a peg being a miniature Welsh book.

Both these interpretations are more rational than the bardic one, and attended with less risk of ridicule. In fact, the theory of the mystic symbol being a representation of the Trinity among the ancient Welsh in a pre-Christian period is certainly without the least foundation. There is not a particle of history or probability to uphold it. History, archaeology, reason, common sense, and intellectual decency, are against it. Superstition is the only argument for it.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Luther it was who said—"Music is the art of the prophets, the only art that can calm the agitation of the soul; it is one of the most magnificent presents God has given us." No wonder that the great reformer saw, and felt what a part music could play in the great drama of the reformation. He heard and felt the potency of the melodies sung by the peasantry—folk-songs, and even the melodies used so well by the beer-folks, in the proverbial "beer-gardens" of that nationality; but he had the courage "to grab them from the clutches of such," and turn them into weapons to fight sin,

the world and the devil. He did it right well, too. Luther was a peaceful man, but a born fighter also. He knew that good, stirring, and inspiring music, more than any other power, could win and purify the higher emotions.

Mr. Henry Bird, the famous English pianoforte accompanist, at the recent International Council of Women, held at Westminster Town Hall, London, made a "rambling speech" on the duties and functions of an accompanist. It would be well if Mr. Bird would publish his "delightful speech" for the benefit of thousands who are called upon

to accompany. One feature of the speech was, that it was "one of the whole duties of the lady pianist to learn how to accompany well." A musical journalist endorses this, so do we. My recent experience in two musical gatherings justifies me in suggesting to some "lady pianists" to spend two or three centuries studying the art of accompanying a singer. A critic asks—"Who has not suffered from the showy pianist who murders accompaniments?" In a concert held in this city, lately, by the "Concert Operatic Company" from Wales, we were more than delighted with the perfect pianoforte accompaniments of Dr. Joseph Parry—we use the word "perfect" deliberately. The "lights and shades" of the soloists were sustained, and made subservient to every varying emotion, by the skillful and "serving" hands and mind of the genial Doctor. To play accompaniments well means the art of divining the ever varying tide and ebb of undefinable expression. The accompanist

must be of a poetic mind, and capable of being in perfect sympathy with the soloist.

Some musical publishers find it convenient to announce that such and such a song "to be published soon" is in "the style," or is a second "Holy City." A strong stringent law should be enacted to prevent this fooling of the public. The songs so announced are of the "coon-song" style.

A musical genius has tried his hand, or brain, at musical proverbs. A few of them may do some good. The teacher's wrath is as the roaring of a lion; but his favor is as dew upon the grass.

Better is a dinner of herbs where music is than a stalled ox and an abominable noise therewith.

Turn not to the right nor to the left; remove thy foot from the loud pedal.

Wisdom resteth in the heart of him who practiseth the scales; and he that laboreth daily with his back shall become strong.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

Chapter XXI.

Those concerned in the captivity of the prince kept their secret well, to all but themselves what had become of him was still a mystery. All efforts on the part of the king and the princess to find some trace of him had been fruitless. Messengers came and went, and in their comings and goings passed a beggar that for several days lingered in the town of Rhuddlan, occasionally stationing himself near the castle gate. None of them suspected that he could give them a clue which they so much desired to find. Beggars were so common that no one took any more notice of them than of the dogs which scoured the neighborhood for food. Among others Cadwallader passed this particular beggar once or twice, little suspecting that he had contended with him personally on the night of the attack. Perhaps his thoughts were too busy with a scheme that gradually took definite shape in his mind to think of the possibility of there being a spy so near the castle. At any rate one night not long after the beggar left the vicinity, he sought an interview with Enid and told her that an important matter of

business demanded his immediate departure for home.

After he was gone Enid lingered an instant where she could unseen watch his departure and wiping a tear from her eye she returned to her young mistress.

"What kept thee so long, Enid?" said Nest fretfully. "Thou mightest have known that I can ill spare thee at this time of day. I fear me that I am spoiling thee by over-indulgence."

"I am sorry, sweet mistress, that you should have occasion to think me neglectful," was the prompt reply; "but I am less to blame than Cadwallader."

"Cadwallader? He must indeed be bewitched by thy charms that he must seek thy company so often. The prince—may the saints speed his return—was an ardent lover; and yet he was not obtrusive in his attentions. If thou art wise, Enid, thou wilt nip this intimacy in the bud; otherwise I shall be constrained to dismiss thee."

"There is no cause for alarm, seeing that he sought me but to say farewell before obeying the summons he has just received to go home on some pressing business."

"Be not too sure of that, Enid, for separation may be even a greater cause for alarm than intimacy. The saints forbid that thou shouldst suffer through thy love as I have. I shall never again be happy, unless some kind providence shall bring me back my love. Ah! thou didst not know him as I do. To me the world holds not another such as he. Oh, Trahaiarn dear come back to me!"

Enid did not anticipate any such trouble as the princess alluded to, being naturally of a sanguine disposition. As the weeks passed into months, however, she began to realize the full force of Nest's remark, and to feel a degree of sympathy for her which was impossible before. Scarcely a day passed that she and her mistress did not take a look in different directions from the tower, and whenever they chanced to see a traveller on horseback or on foot they watched his approach with the greatest anxiety until disappointment filled their hearts anew with pain. On one of these occasions their expectations were raised to the highest pitch by the appearance of a body of mailed men on the Chester road, but they were again doomed to disappointment, for the knights proved to be Algar and his followers. Their arrival, however, served to divert the thoughts of Nest and her maid for a time at least, as it did to enliven things in and around the castle.

Aldyth was especially pleased to see her father once more, and so

was Gryffydd, but for a different reason.

"By my faith," said the king, "thou wast never more welcome, father Algar, than thou art now. But I venture to predict that as usual no ordinary business brings thee to the court of thy son-in-law."

"It is the same old story," said the earl. There is not room enough in England for the son of Godwin and me."

"What! thou art not again banished?" exclaimed Gryffydd with a frown, and receiving an affirmative answer he continued. "By my faith, I wish I were king of England long enough to teach that upstart of an earl a lesson, I assure thee he would not find me too pious to attend to my own affairs."

"Thou needst not be king of England in order to teach him a lesson," said Algar, "for if thy looks do not belie thee thou art as good a match for him now as when we met him in counsel at Billingsley."

"Then if I understand thee aright," was the reply, "thou wilt have me again make thy quarrel my own. I see not how I can assist thee seeing I have made a treaty with Edward."

"Treaties are not made of brass, nor are the Cambrians so loyal to the Saxons that they deem it a dishonor to break faith with them," said Algar.

"I will give the matter due consideration," said the king. "Meanwhile thou must make free to enjoy

thyself in my court as on former occasions."

Though the king gave Algar no positive answer that day the earl doubted not for a moment that he would give him the desired assistance. Therefore with his mind perfectly at rest on the subject Algar paid his daughter a visit. The Queen was sitting in her favorite place by the window at work on a piece of embroidery when her father was announced; but she immediately arose on his entrance and welcomed him in a manner most fitting in a daughter and a queen.

"Time deals kindly with thy charms," said the earl, taking a proffered seat opposite his daughter and fixing his eyes upon her beautiful face.

"Do you indeed think so?" said Aldyth greatly pleased at the remark, while the color deepened on her cheek. "I am sorry that you have been less favored. Have you been well since you were here last?"

"Well, but not happy, Aldyth; no one can be happy with our beloved country in such unfriendly hands. The interests of all but fools must be sacrificed to satisfy the unbounded ambition of a low upstart and a tyrant."

"Methought Edward was too busy with his prayers to burden his subjects with oppressive measures."

"Say that he is too pious to be wise and just and thou wilt be nigh the truth, for in giving to his devotions the time which he ought to bestow on the affairs of state he

but robs his kingdom of its due, and allows the haughty son of Godwin unlimited opportunities to insult and humiliate his betters and to pave his own way to the throne he hopes will soon be vacant."

"Do you not speak unjustly of Harold the earl, father? True his race is not so noble as ours; but has he not acquitted himself nobly since his elevation to his father's place by the Witan?"

"Ay, if hostility to thy father and his house be a sign of nobility. Why am I banished for the second time from the land of my fathers? Is it not because I dare to assert my rights, and because the despicable Harold is jealous of my power? Didst thou know my enemy as I know him thou wouldst not think it impossible to speak unjustly of him."

Aldyth was silenced but not convinced. Harold was her ideal hero. Though Gryffydd's wife her heart was never truly his. Before policy coupled her fate with that of the Welsh king the son of Godwin had unconsciously won a high place in her affections, though he had never shown the attentions of a lover. Her father's words, therefore, grieved as much on her feelings as hers did on his, and to avoid a possible quarrel they dropped the subject and turned the conversation into more agreeable channels.

When Algar returned to the hall he was told that a message had just been received announcing the arrival at Conway of Magnus, king of

Norway, with his fleet, and his intention of a peaceful and speedy visit to Gryffydd. Nothing could have pleased the earl better than this announcement, for he saw in it the possibility of a powerful ally. He knew that the relations between England and Norway were strained, and divined that the coming of the Norwegian king and fleet meant nothing but mischief to Edward's kingdom.

The next day Magnus himself, attended by a number of his chiefs, sailed up the river as far as the castle in a flat-bottomed boat, and upon landing was met by Gryffydd and Algar with their respective attendants, and led with all the pomp and display befitting the occasion into the king's hall, where a great feast was prepared in his honor. The Norwegian king was greatly pleased with his reception, and being seated on the right of his host he began at once to converse with him by the aid of an interpreter.

"Having come to lay my claim to the English throne," said Magnus after a few preliminary remarks, "and having learned that thou also, royal brother, hast no friendly feeling towards England I have presumed to come here to seek thine aid. Thy fame is not unknown in Norway; indeed who has not heard of Gryffydd the bold, whose victories equal the number of his battles?"

"By my faith," said the Welsh king with a touch of vanity, "how many more will seek the aid of my arms? But the more the merrier,

if the hounds follow the same trail."

Elated with the prospect of military action once more and being much pleased with his royal acquaintance Gryffydd took an early opportunity to introduce Magnus to the queen and princess. And as the custom of the Welsh court forbade the presence of the fair sex in the king's hall on festive occasions Gryffydd led his royal guest into the queen's apartment, where Aldyth and Nest being forewarned of the intended visit received him in courtly attire and with due grace. Magnus was greatly impressed with the beauty of Gryffydd's wife and daughter, and though Aldyth had a decided advantage over Nest in that the latter was thinner and paler than usual, he took a strong fancy to the princess, and being a widower in the prime of life he gave his thoughts such freedom as was possible under the circumstances. Obeying the proprieties that ruled the occasion, however, rather than his personal inclinations he flattered the queen by paying her equal attentions with the princess. Nest, still cherishing her love for Trahaiarn, cared not how little he regarded her. But could she have read the thoughts of the Norwegian king she would have been much alarmed. Not that she disliked his looks, or had any objection to being admired, but because she was supremely in love with another man. It was a relief to her when, presently, Magnus returned with Gryffydd into the hall, and she hastened to her

own room to discuss his looks and bearing with her maid, who had already gleaned considerable information about him in one way and another.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Royal Suitor.

"Magnus," said Nest, speaking to her maid, "must be smaller than the traditional Norse kings, for he is but of medium size. Were his face not so long he would be more handsome, for his clear complexion goes well with his fair hair and blue eyes."

"Methinks a clear complexion more becoming with deep red hair and dark blue eyes," interrupted Enid, paying her mistress a genuine compliment.

"Thou art not alone in that opinion," said the princess coloring slightly "for Trahaiarn seemed to be similarly minded. Were I to express an opinion it would be in favor of a complexion different from my own."

"What think you of the king's attire?" the maid hastened to ask,

fearing that Nest would fix her thoughts once more on the prince to the exclusion of all other subjects.

"It becomes him well. Thou sawest his winged helmet and coat of ring-mail when he arrived. Deigning to wear neither of these in the Queen's hall he appeared before us in a sort of red silk robe, which must be in Norway a mark of royalty."

"Having divested himself of his coat of mail and helmet he must also have appeared before you without his battle-axe which has occasioned so much talk in the hall, and which they say once belonged to his father."

"Ay. He thought no doubt that nature had furnished him with weapons that would be more successful in the sort of warfare in which he was just then engaged. Nor do I think him much mistaken so far as one of us was concerned. But my heart felt neither worse nor better after his visit notwithstanding his admiring glances."

(To be continued).



AGE IS NOT WINTRY.

[The following poem was read by the Rev. I. J. Lansing, August 17, 1899, at the home of Mrs. Joshua Williams, Green Ridge, Pa., on the occasion of the celebration of her 80th birthday.]

Age is not wintry when life's years are passed
 In sowing seeds of faith and truth and love;
 Instead of cold and snows and death at last,
 Rich grow the fields, with harvest skies above.

Summer has not such wealth as four-score years
 Of summers spent in raising flowers of grace,
 Bright with love's sunshine, watered by its tears,
 Wreathing with heavenly smiles the aged face.

Thy ripened goodness is a harvest store,
 Like other harvests of perfected grain,
 Holding as sheaves hold seeds, promise of more
 And greater blessedness when sown again.

Parents live in their children who can learn
 From their example, the good life and true;
 These rising generations here return
 In life transfigured, what they gain from you.

As to the face of cradled infancy
 Ripples of radiant blissfulness are given,
 From all the shadows of the present free,
 It bears the sweetness of its native heaven.

As though the new soul, fresh from God's own hand,
 Shone with beauty of its recent skies.
 No cloud arising o'er this new-found land,
 No future evil dawning on its eyes.

So age has lustre not of time on earth,
 As from some Mount Delectable it sees
 The splendors of a coming heavenly birth.
 With joys undying following after these.

This is not sunset's glow, but the uprise
 Of heaven's shining pinnacles and towers,
 Which make the face to shine, suffuse the eyes
 With light of home, rest, peace, in blissful bowers.

O, mother of these sons and daughters rare,
 Who reverence thy saintly ways and worth,
 Daughter art thou no less of God, whose care
 Has kept thee safe these four-score years on earth.

Doubt not that as thou cradled'st these in youth
 And held them to thy heart, their safest home,
 Thy Lord will surely keep his word of truth
 And soon will say to thee "Thou Blessed, Come."

—Rev. Isaac J. Lansing.



WELSHMEN AS FACTORS IN THE FORMATION OF THE REPUBLIC, the successful Prize Essay at the International Eisteddfod of the World's Columbia Exposition, Chicago, 1893, by the Rev. Ebenezer Edwards, Minersville, Pa.; T. J. Griffith, Utica, N. Y.

The essay, which now appears in book form, was in competition at the World's Fair Eisteddfod, 1893, and in their award of the prize the adjudicators said of it: The Essay by "William Penn," is a treasure of valuable information regarding Cambro-Americans, and a real biographical encyclopedia of Welshmen who have been factors in the formation and development of this country. It is divided into two great historical periods. The first period extends from the settlement of the country to the adoption of the Federal Constitution; the second extends from the adoption of the Constitution to the present time. Interesting appendices are added, viz., Welshmen and Welsh Names; Ancient Leges Wallaciae; Welsh Reading; Welsh Coal Industry; Certain Evanesees, and Our Portrait Gallery. This portrait gallery consists of the most notable Welshmen of to-day. This entertaining volume reads like a story, and contains a wonderful amount of information about Welshmen in America.

"ATHRYLITH CEIRIOG" gan Elfed: I. Foulkes, "Cymro" Office, Liverpool;

This essay was awarded the prize at the National Eisteddfod held at Wrex-

ham in 1888, and appears now for the first time in book form. The author never intended it to be a complete biography. As many incidents of Ceiriog's life are used as are helpful to illustrate the author's views. It is divided into 18 chapters, and the character and genius of the Welsh Burns are shown forth with power. Ceiriog was pre-eminently a poet of the affections.

ER COF: Thomas Edward Ellis, M. P. for Merion. Davies and Evans, Bala;

This is a sketch of the life and labors of the late Tom Ellis, with fine portraits of him and his widow, father and mother, and the old homestead—Cynlas; then follow tributes to his memory from Lords Rosebery and Tweedmouth, and Sir H. Campbell Bannerman. Though a "Byr-hanes," it is a complete view of a beautiful career.

The contents of the "Trysorfa" are as follows: The Rev. Ebenezer Evans, Bodedeyrn, by the Rev. W. Prichard, Pentraeth; Some of the Lesser Prophets of Montgomeryshire in the last century, by Mr. John Morgan, Mold; What History Owes to the Missionary Spirit, by the Rev. Thomas Levi, Aberystwyth; Augustine, by the Rev. W. J. Williams, Hirwaen; Monthly Notes, the Editor's Table, Reports and Denominational news and intelligence, &c., &c.

We make no excuses for drawing our readers' attention to Ritualism again and again, for it is undoubtedly the

most important question of the time, and which has lately worked itself into a crisis. Two events of note connected with Ritualism happened during the last two months. The first was the great Protestant meeting held at the Elsteddfod pavilion at Cardiff. Lord Wimborne presided; and it is said that about 12,000 were present. On the platform, there appeared scores of the leading men of the Principality, and among them Lady Wimborne, Lord Portsmouth, Canon Fleming, and the Rev. Mr. Gibbon. Earnestness prevailed throughout, and the pressure was very high, especially when Lady Wimborne pleaded for the sanctity of the home and against the right of a priest to place himself between man and wife. It appears that the great majority of the people of Wales are sound on the question of Protestantism; and the meeting will, surely, leave a lasting impression. The other event we refer to is the archiepiscopal court's decision regarding the use of incense and candles. The decision is somewhat weak and nerveless as if afraid to stir up a hornet's nest. It is clear and clean-cut on some points; but the general impression is that their Lordships were half-hearted in condemning the unlawful practices.—The "Trysorfa."

The "Dysgedydd" for September has several articles of interest, among which may be named the following: "The Superiority of God as a Pardon-er," by the Rev. Owen Evans, D. D., London; The Late Rev. Dan Jones, Ford, Pembroke (continued), by the Rev. D. Lewis, Rhyl; Recollections of the Great Revival of 1859, by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; Shon Roberts, Pontyr-omen, by the Rev. T. R. Davies, Burn-ley; Events of the Month, by the Editor; Obituaries, Reviews, Reports, &c.,

A short memoir of Mr. Gladstone, by a Mr. G. Russell, has raised the question "Was he a Catholic?" The author is a High Churchman, and has made an especial effort to paint Mr. Gladstone as a Catholic, at least, as a member of the Ritualistic party. It is said that the Grand Old Man had an altar in the room wherein he died, a crucifix and a portrait of John Henry Newman, the Cardinal, and that it was difficult to keep him from getting out of bed to kneel before the crucifix and confess his sins. This naturally caused a little stir among Mr. Gladstone's friends and followers. Immediately the Rev. Stephen Gladstone wrote the "East Anglican Daily News" to positively deny the assertions. He says there was no altar in his father's room; and admits that his father knelt during the time Bishop Andrews administered communion. A portrait of Cardinal Newman was among others there; and he adds, that he thought there was a small crucifix in his room, the gift of a friend, although he himself had never noticed it." There was nothing in the general appearance of the room to suggest far less to show that Mr. Gladstone was a Ritualist or a Catholic.—"Dysgedydd."

The "Traethodydd" for September is a strong number. The leading paper is Dr. Fritz Hommel and the Higher Criticism, by R. Parry, M. A., Llanrug; then follow poetry and Elsteddfodic Criticism, by D. Adams, B. A., Liverpool; Henry Drummond, by W. Thomas, Llanrwst; Some Biblical Questions," by W. Ryle Davies, London; The Kenosis Doctrine, by D. Roberts, Rhiwbryddir; The Apostolic Fathers, by Hugh Williams, M. A., Bala; The Truth About the Power of Christianity in the First Ages, by W. Williams, Glyndyfrdwy; Immortality, by J. Puleston Jones, M. A.; Notes and Reviews.

In the article "Eisteddfodic Adjudication," the author expresses sorrow at the incompetency of those who assume to act as adjudicators at Welsh Eisteddfodau. They generally love to hide their mediocrity under the covering of vagueness. They are never positive about either the merits or the demerits, excellences or defects of a piece of prose or a poem, but make good the occasion to parade their own pretence. "This is so, but the other and the other are so and such, etc. This paper or this poem has its defects, but the other has more or less of them," taking good care not to be too specific or particular. They talk much of failings and mistakes, but hardly ever show what they are or where they are. They never teach or instruct. They render their decisions as the results of much conscientious care and labor, and however unable and incompetent, they wish to impress on the minds of the audiences that they are above suspicion.

The contents of the September number of the "Cronicl" are as follows: Notes by Keinton—The Missionary Society; Captain James Wilson; Congregational Union at Llanelly; Preaching Convention, then follow an interesting variety; Sunday School lessons, Obituaries, Poems, &c. Events of the Month are also entertaining, viz., The Extreme Heat; Transvaal and Britain; The Archbishop's Decision; Pension for the Old; The Liquor Traffic, and Parliament.

In his remarks on "Preaching Conventions," the Editor fears that preaching is losing its influence over the people of Wales, especially convention preaching. In fact, the people are tired of so much preaching, every chapel being treated to two or more sermons every week. Preaching conventions used to be events in Wales, but of late the congregations wax less and less,

and the interest grows weaker and weaker, until means will have to be adopted and applied to re-animate the institution. The Singing Convention, seems, on the other hand, to be gaining ground. In a recent Singing Convention there were 10,000 people, while at a Preaching Cymanfa there were only a thousand. It is a case of preaching versus singing, and although the Welsh are proverbially fond of preaching, they have a warm corner in their heart for gospel music. The Editor sensibly advises the consolidation of both conventions.

If the testimony of the "Baner" as to the value—or want of value—of recent eisteddfodic productions is correct, it would hardly be worth while to publish many such productions. But there are exceptions, and few will resent the appearance from the office of Llyfrbryl of the Rev. Elvet Lewis's essay on "The Poetry of Cefriog" (Athrylith Cefriog), which won the prize at the Wrexham National Eisteddfod of 1888—the famous gathering at which Mr. Gladstone was present—and which is now published by arrangement with the Eisteddfod Association. It is a neat volume (8vo., pp. 112, 1s.), and Elfed writes with an admirable sense of appreciation of the special characteristics of Cefriog's poetry, which, indeed, in its sweetness, its idyllic qualities, and its happy treatment of simple things, is not unlike some of Elfed's own work.

In the "Cerdior" for September, D. Jenkins discusses the question "Is Music a Natural Product?" then follow two views of the Bardic Gorsedd in Wales, the one superstitious, the other rationalistic; The National Eisteddfod at Cardiff with adjudications, by Editor D. Emlyn Evans; Welsh American Musicians in Wales; Notes, Reviews, Reports of Eisteddfodau, Concerts, &c. The mu-

sical number is "Sleep, my Beloved," by J. H. Roberts (Mus. Bac. Cant.).

Anent the "Gorsedd," the Editor observes sensibly "that if the Bardic Court wishes the Gorsedd to be held in good report, and be respected by the outside world, they will have to re-arrange things on a rational basis, not brag and boast about its royal authority and imperial steps, &c. There is no foundation to the antiquity claimed for it, but we believe it possesses elements which would be of some benefit to the community. The day is too far gone to be reconciled to such nonsense, rites and practices semi-pagan and six foot swords. At present, it seems as if some of the bards, at least, are resolved to verify the old saying, that whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad.

"Cwrs y Byd" waxes hopeful over the fact that cities and towns are realizing the truth that they can supply their own needs. The question of the near future will be the People versus Trusts and Corporations.

—The idea of the owners of works paying as much royalty to the land-owners as to the workmen employed is outrageous! How long? It is the people's fault that these time-honored systems have not been upset long ago. The people go in thousands every election day, to support this wrong.

—It's astonishing how the saloon keepers work to turn the stream into their own mills. They had intended to have a good haul in the Cardiff Eliseddfod, but the trick failed. All honor to the Rev. T. Phillips for upsetting their well-laid plans, and we feel like spitting with contempt on the committee that favored their plot.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for September opens on a portrait of the Rev. Richard Lumley, a well known character be-

longing to the Calvinistic communion in South Wales, accompanied by an interesting sketch of his life. There are other portraits also of Captain Cook and George Herbert, the puritan poet; Dr. Livingstone, &c., with a miscellany of short articles and poems. "Cymru'r Plant" also brings its monthly message of tales and gossip for the young ones who love their mother tongue and the land of song.

Another volume of pretty little poems or sonnets by Moelwyn (Canladau Moelwyn) has been published by Mr. E. W. Evans, Dolgelly. The verses are for the most part simple and unpretentious, but they have a peculiar sweetness about them and a real poet's insight into the tender and plaintive sides of life. In a little note to his readers the author rather deprecates the Eliseddfod system under which poetry is produced "to order." He prefers the good old method of testifying what he sees himself in his own time and way, and he regards public opinion as the only Gorsedd which is really worth anything. On that ground Moelwyn has little cause to complain, for his verses appear to have had a very good reception by his countrymen.

"Cymru" for September is full of entertaining articles and illustrations of interest. "Places where greatness resided" by J. M. Edwards, B. A.; "St. David's" by John Thomas, Cambrian Gallery; "Progress and Religion" by the Rev. T. Jones, Llanrwst; "The History of Llangyfelach" by G. H. Thomas, Cwmbwrla, are delightful to read. Among other illustrations are the following: The Eastern Gate, An Old Postoffice, Gwilym Iiraeathog, Iorwerth Glan Aled. "Cymru" is one of the most interesting and patriotic of Welsh periodicals, and should be welcome to every Welsh home.

SCIENTIFIC

"A newly married couple in Portland, Me., who are both deaf, and are trying housekeeping without a servant, have devised an ingenious substitute for a door-bell," says "Electricity." "When a caller presses the electric button all the lights in the house flash up and his presence is made known."

It is feared that over-indulgence in tobacco may have a prejudicial effect upon the Latin-American peoples, especially those in South America. According to Prometheus, not only do children of two or three years smoke all day long, but mothers have been seen trying to quiet their babies by putting cigars in their mouths.

Birds do an immense amount of drudgery for man, if they do now and then reward themselves by a dainty tidbit of ripening fruit. A pair of robins have been watched while they carried a thousand earthworms to their brood. Woodpeckers destroy eggs and larvae which would develop millions of destructive creatures in forests and orchards; and one of the most inevitable foes of the canker worms is the beautiful oriole, were it but allowed to live and hang its swinging cradle to the elm. For every wing of black and orange on a young girl's hat an apple tree is stripped of leaves and young fruit, or an elm is denuded of its graceful foliage by the canker worm.—Farm Journal.

The London "Spectator" speaks of Goethe as "the great modern poet, the Welt-kind," who said that he did not know what patriotism was, and congratulated himself on its absence from his mind, since it obscured a true view

of the world, and turned from its true aims the human culture which was more precious to Goethe, and which he thought more essential to human progress than all the politics of the earth.

While many of the bug stories that have found their way into print this summer are doubtless exaggerated, and some are pure fabrications, there can be no doubt that insect life is constantly becoming more perniciously active and numerous. The most conspicuous proof of this assertion is found in the ravages caused by the elm-leaf beetle. Farmers and gardeners too have harder work to protect their crops from insect attacks.

As there is a reason for everything, so there must be one for this. While that reason is not definitely known, the most plausible explanation of the constant increase of insect life is the equally constant decrease of birds. Despite all laws that are made to protect them, birds of all kinds are being slaughtered, some to gratify a mere desire to kill something, others for the pot, and some to provide adornment for feminine headgear.

A large percentage of the flowers which are exhibited at horticultural shows show the results obtained by crossing different varieties, so the deficiencies in one may be made good by the virtues of another. The Department of Agriculture is studying how to obtain orange trees that possess greater hardiness, and at the same time produce a delicious fruit. Their efforts have been crowned with success. The sweet orange was crossed with the Japanese orange, which resulted in the production of a hybrid that is much hardier than the ordinary sweet orange.

The department is also experimenting with crossing sea island cotton with upland cotton, and the pineapple has also been the subject of experiment.

Among many stories of the affection of dumb creatures for their young, this from a German paper is peculiarly pathetic: "At Neuendorf the lightning struck the gable end of a barn where for years a pair of storks had built their nest. The flames soon caught the nest in which the helpless brood was piteously screaming. The mother stork now protectingly spread out her wing over the young ones, with whom she was burnt alive, although she might have saved herself easily enough by flight."—Christian Herald.

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PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE STOMACH.

Dr. Max Einhorn, of New York City, made a communication to a medical journal some seven years ago regarding "gastrodiaphany," in which a miniature Edison lamp in a special mounting attached to a soft rubber tube containing a wire was introduced into the stomach so that an examination can be made of it. This method was called "gastrodiaphany," as the stomach became translucent. The object of this device was to show the size and situation of the stomach to the eye, and also to recognize tumors or other gross anatomical changes of the anterior wall of the stomach. This was, of course, a different apparatus than the "polyscope," which is used for looking into the stomach, and was not intended to replace any such device. It has been found to be of considerable value to surgeons.

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A RELIEF FOR HUNGER.

Carbonic acid gas has the singular property of lessening the sense of hunger, and may profitably be remembered

in dealing with cases of diabetes in which bulimia (abnormal hunger) is a prominent symptom. The seat of hunger is found in the solar plexus. By the use of water charged with CO (carbonic acid) the branches of the solar plexus distributed through the mucous membrane of the stomach are influenced in such a way that the abnormal irritation of the plexus, which is the foundation for the ravenous hunger often present in diabetes and certain forms of indigestion, may be greatly mitigated, if not wholly appeased. Water charged with carbonic acid gas may likewise be employed with advantage in many cases of hyperpepsia in which there is a sensation present in the stomach described by the patient as a gnawing sensation, "goneness," emptiness, etc.—Modern Medicine.

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THE INFINITE.

"The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, traditions, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: 'I have finished my day's work,' but I can not say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."—Victor Hugo.

RELIGION AND MONEY.

"The friendly visitor to the United States, who is proud of her achievements and delighted by her brightness, stands aghast at the open and unabashed front of secularity. It seems to him as if not merely coarse and unlettered men, whose souls have never been touched either by religion or by culture, but that all men, with a few delightful exceptions, bow the knee to this golden calf, and do it homage. Nowhere is there such constant and straightforward talk about money, nowhere is such importance attached to the amount of money which a man has acquired or possesses, nowhere is it taken so absolutely for granted that the object of a man's work is to obtain money, and that, if you offer him enough money, he will be willing to do any work which is not illegal; that, in short, the motive power with almost every man is his wages. One is struck, not so much by what is said in plain words (although dollar is a monotonous refrain in conversation) as by what is implied; and what is implied is this—that, if you know the proper sum, any man can be induced to do what you want, even although his health and his rest and his family and his principles stand in the way."—Ian Maclaren.

BARLEY WATER.

In medicine, barley water is what is called a "demulcent" liquid—that is, it has soothing effects on the mucous membranes. People with irritable stomachs and kidneys benefit materially from drinking barley water, and there is no better fluid, I may add for diluting the cow's milk on which infants are fed. The old-fashioned way of making barley water was that of boiling pearl barley and of using the fluid of this decoction. But this is a

laborious and tedious process. There is now a much better and simpler method of making barley water, and that is by using patent barley, which is really a fine barley flour containing all the elements of the seeds. Half an ounce of the barley is taken and mixed, to form a paste, with about a wine glassful of cold water. Then pour the mixture into a pan containing from a quart to three pints of boiling water, and boil for five minutes, stirring the while. Flavor it with lemon and sugar, and your barley water is made; a cool, refreshing beverage, and one that is just as nourishing, by the way, as meal and water, and infinitely less heating.—Dr. Wilson.

TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL.

Perhaps one of the most characteristic effects of tobacco is the excitation of the vasoconstrictors produced by it, as is evidenced by extreme pallor of the skin. Alcohol, on the other hand, produces, in moderate doses, the very opposite effect. The smoker finds himself suffering from dryness of the throat, thirst, general depression of spirits, perhaps slight giddiness, and some cerebral anemia. It requires but a single experiment to convince him that beer, wine, or whisky, or alcohol in some form affords very prompt relief from these distressing symptoms; hence the very natural association of cigars with wine or beer. The user of these two drugs, by their alternation, is enabled to secure a repetition of pleasurable sensations long after tobacco alone has ceased to elicit pleasurable responses to its stimulus by reason of the development of its recognized toxic effects.

"These facts I have verified in the treatment of many hundreds of cases of alcohol and tobacco addiction.—Modern Medicine.

MUSIC AND WORSHIP.

"Morality for the mass of men has been dependent on the consciousness of God, and with the lack of means of expression the consciousness of God seems to have ceased. On this ground alone there would be reason for making an experiment with music, if only because it offers itself as a possible means of that expression which the consciousness of God supports. And, on the other side, there is the natural fitness of music for the purpose.

"Music then would seem fitted to be in this age the expression of that which men in their inmost hearts most reverence. Creeds have ceased to express this, and have become symbols of division rather than of unity! Music is a parable, telling in sounds which will not change of that which is worthy of worship, telling it to each hearer just in so far as he by nature and circumstance is able to understand it, but giving to all that feeling of common life and assurance of sympathy which has in old times been the strength of the church. By music, men may be helped to find God who is not far from any one of us, and be brought again within reach of that tangible sympathy, the sympathy of their fellow creatures."—*Journal of Ethics*.

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THE JEWS.

"If the statistics are right, the Jews constitute but one per cent. of the human race. It suggests a nebulous dim puff of star dust lost in the blaze of the Milky Way. Properly the Jew ought hardly to be heard of; but he is heard of, has always been heard of. He is as prominent on the planet as any other

people, and his commercial importance is extravagantly out of proportion to the smallness of his bulk. His contributions to the world's list of great names in literature, science, art, music, finance, medicine, and abstruse learning are also away out of proportion to the weakness of his numbers. He has made a marvelous fight in this world, in all the ages; and has done it with his hands tied behind him. He could be vain of himself, and be excused for it. The Egyptian, the Babylonian, and the Persian rose, filled the planet with sound and splendor, then faded to dream-stuff and passed away; the Greek and the Roman followed, and made a vast noise, and they are gone; other peoples have sprung up and held their torch high for a time, but it burned out, and they sit in twilight now, or have vanished. The Jew saw them all, beat them all, and is now what he always was, exhibiting no decadence, no infirmities of age, no weakening of his parts, no slowing of his energies, no dulling of his alert and aggressive mind. All things are mortal but the Jew; all other forces pass, but he remains. What is the secret of his immortality?"—Mark Twain.

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Birds have very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creature, and the sense is also more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man; consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees—showing great uneasiness in consequence—a hawk long before it is visible to man. So, too, fowls and pigeons find minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly similar pieces of earth or gravel.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Judges get a holiday when they go on circuit in Wales. Yet when they are in Wales on a holiday they work.

Several Breton children have recently been enrolled as members of "Urdd y Delyn" (The Order of the Harp), Mr. Owen M. Edwards's children society.

Mr. Isaac Foulkes (Llyfrbryf), of Liverpool, is at present engaged in writing the memoir of the late Mr. Daniel Owen, the author of "Rhys Lewis," which will be published early next year.

A well-known Methodist divine said the other day before a number of Methodist ministers that "Methodism in Wales has obtained a certain amount of learning, but has lost a great amount of lungs."

Two of the most pathetic songs in Welsh are Ioan Emlyn's "Bedd y Dyn Tylawd" ("The Pauper's Grave), and "Tlotty'r Undeb," by Trebor Mal. Both have largely helped to nurse the feeling of hatred which exists in Wales against the workhouse.

Breconshire is not only identified with Shakespeare—as all students of the great bard know—but with Shakespeare's great patron, Queen Elizabeth. One of the county families derive their descent from Anne Boleyn, which was the correct name of the Butlen family, linked with Abercamlais and Penpont. The name afterwards was changed to

Williams, and has been borne by several worthy offshoots of the Tudor family.

Corwen, according to Mr. O. M. Edwards, is famous in Welsh history as being the spot at which gathered the largest Welsh army that ever came together to one place to defend Wales. It was under Owen Glyndwr, whose body, probably, lies buried in Corwen Churchyard.

Principal T. Charles Edwards, D. D., intends presenting to the library of the Bala Theological College a copy of William Salesbury's Welsh translation of the New Testament, and of his "Kynwver Llith a Bann," and of Bishop Wm. Morgan's Welsh Bible.

Llandyssul Church is, perhaps, one of the most ancient in Cardiganshire. Its tower is a venerable pile; it has a rood loft, an old Roman stone with the inscription "Velvor Filla Broho," built in the churchyard wall, and a Celtic cross often overlooked, built over the door on the north side of the church.

There is such an absence of crime in Merionethshire that the chairman of quarter sessions has almost enough white gloves to open a shop—had he a mind to. For three quarters in succession he hasn't had a single case—only gloves.

The neighborhood in which the late Bishop Lloyd was born is one of the

most literary and advanced in Wales, in spite of the inhabitants being called "Lloi Llanarth" (the calves of Llanarth). It was there the lamp of Welsh literature was kept burning in the eighteenth century, when most other neighborhoods in Wales were in the darkness of ignorance.

It will humiliate the Nonconformist to find that the Welsh Radical Parliamentary party contains a punster. Mr. Ellis Griffiths has been saying at Romford that, "before the last elections the parsons had prayed for the Tories; now they preyed on them." We welcome this as the only gleam of humor that has come from the Welsh Radicals since Major Jones failed to get in for Llanelly.

Liverpool has a good claim to be considered the capital of North Wales, and indeed of the whole Principality, if the number of Welsh places of worship be taken as the criterion. The town on the Mersey has over 60 Welsh congregations, viz., Calvinistic Methodists, 28; Wesleyans, 15; Congregationalists, 10; Baptists, 7; Established Church, 4. What town in Wales can lay claim to such a number?

Several choirs are already preparing to organize their forces in view of the chief choral contest at the Liverpool National Elsteddfod next year. The Cardiff Choir of Mr. D. E. Davies is among the number, and so is a choir composed of Bethesda quarrymen. In all probability Mr. John Williams will also enter the lists with a choir from Carnarvon.

Prof. Parson Price attended the sessions of the National Elsteddfod at Cardiff, S. W., and thence he went to London and Paris. He visited friends in London, and amongst them, his venerable teacher, Signor Manuel Garcia,

who is remarkably well, and yet teaching at his private house, and all this at the age of ninety-five.

Mr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe, B.Sc., (Negesydd o'r Ynys Werdd), the Irish honorable secretary of the pan-Celtic Congress, has just completed a map of "Celtia at the End of the Nineteenth Century," which includes Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany. The map shows the portions of each of the above-named countries where a Celtic language is spoken by the inhabitants at the present day.

It is the experience of the Great Western Railway authorities that tall men in Wales are becoming scarce. A lady correspondent writing from Llandrindod informs us that there things are still worse. "Agreeable young men—let alone tall young fellows," she observes, "are here at a premium, the proportion of ladies being six to one of the other sex. Attractive young maidens are languishing for company."

The most copious spring in Great Britain is the famous St. Winifred's Well, near the town of Holywell, in Flintshire. It has never been known to freeze, and scarcely ever varies in quantity either in drought or after the greatest rains. The water thrown up is not less than 84 hogsheads every minute. Pope Martin V. enjoined pilgrimages to the well, and the monks of Basingwerk were furnished with pardons and indulgences to sell to the devotees. The well was visited by James II. in 1686, and by the King of the Belgians in 1819.

The new Welsh Roman Catholic Prayer-book, which has been prepared under the auspices of St. Tello's Society, has just appeared, and is a most interesting production. It contains the principal Catholic devotions, including the entire Office of the Mass, which now ap-

pears in Welsh for the first time in literary history. The work has largely fallen upon the Rev. J. H. Jones (Carnarvon), a Welsh-speaking priest, who has been assisted by Mr. J. Hobson Matthews (the Cardiff borough archivist), and Mr. J. A. Story, B. A.

"The coast line from St. David's up to Swansea," writes a peripatetic reader, "is one of the finest recruiting grounds for the navy that we have, and one result is, first of all, an abundance of sea captains retired, a large number of widow ladies, and a greater abundance of spinsters than can be found in any other part of Wales. The female population around Carmarthen and Cardigan Bays number at least three to one of the males, and there is not a little graveyard—always wonderfully white and wind-blown—that has not a record of 'mariner lost at sea.'"

Here is another anecdote of Kilsby Jones. He was preaching near Lampeter, but it was a hot day, and, as Kilsby did not feel particularly brilliant, some heads in the congregation began to nod. Kilsby noticed it, and, pausing a moment, he said, briskly: "You'll scarcely think it, but my old father, who had a farm in this county, once had some pigs with horns." Every eye looked bright in a moment, and the preacher paused again. Then he thundered out:—"There now! When I tell you lies you are wide awake, but when I preach truth you slumber. O you backsliders and fine-day Christians!"

Some curious opinions are held in the parish of Llangyfelach as to the value of the living. Some of the parishioners think the vicar gets too much, others that he gets too little. With a view to set the minds of all concerned at rest the vicar has just published a balance-sheet, and from this it is seen that the net value of the living last year was—

how much do you think?—£162 11s. 6d. That is, one of the best men in the Welsh Church is obliged to do the work of vicar in one of the most difficult parishes in the Principality, keep up the establishment of a gentleman, and act the Samaritan all round, on an income of £3 2s. 6 5-13d. per week.

Caesar said of our ancestors that they were ready at all times to waste their strength in petty factions and senseless feuds. And the indictment holds true all through the history of the nation. "The Celts went forth to battle," sighed the old Celtic poet, "but they always fell." And they fell not by reason of inferiority of arms as much as by their internal discords. Division has ever been the most fruitful source of the nation's disasters. And to this day we have a perpetuation of the old internecine strife in the hateful and senseless distinction—and feud—so persistently maintained between North and South. I have again and again been exceedingly amazed as most of you must also have been, with the suspicion and distrust with which North Wallians and South Wallians amid the lower classes—regard each other.—Young Wales.

Welsh sculptors were at one time proverbially careless; they may be better now. A Cardiganshire sculptor is thus immortalised by two Cardigan poets:—

Yma gorwedd adyn 'sgeler
Naddodd geryg bedd i lawer;
Ceryg byd, pe rho'id hwy arno,
Fe fydd y D— yn siwr o'i giplo.

—Daniel Ddu.

'Spwyliodd lawer englyn glandeg
Wrth ei osod lawr ar gareg;
A Gair Duw mewn modd dychrynlyd
Wrth ei droi a'i ddwyllaw bawlyd.

—Amnon.

A curious custom formerly existed in North Wales. When a person supposed

himself highly injured, it was not uncommon for him to go to some church dedicated to a celebrated saint, as Llan Eilian, in Anglesey, and Clynog, in Carnarvonshire, and there "to offer his enemy." He knelt down on his bare knees in the church, and, offering a piece of money to the saint, called down curses and misfortunes upon the offender and his family for generations to come, in the most firm belief that the imprecations would be fulfilled. Sometimes it was the custom to repair to a sacred well instead of a church.

Some of our readers may like to see the Gorsedd prayer in a French dress. It is from the pen of M. Fustec in a current number of the "*Revue Hebdomadaire*:"—

Octroyez-nous, Seigneur, votre Protection;
Et par votre Protection, la Force;
Et par la Force, l'Intelligence;
Ex par l'Intelligence, la Science;
Et par la Science, le discernement du Juste;
Et par la discernement du Juste, son Amour;
Et par son Amour, Amour de tous les Etres;
Et par l'amour de tous les Etres, l'amour de Dieu,
Dieu et tout bien.

English will be a dead language in the law courts of North Wales before long. Lately Sir Richard Williams Bulkeley ordered his summing up to the petty jury at Anglesey Quarter Sessions to be translated into Welsh. This was done in every case, and we believe that this is the first time this has ever been done in Wales. The following day Mr. J. E. Greaves, the lord-lieutenant of Carnarvon, who is an Englishman, followed the Welsh evidence tendered very closely, and when necessary interpreted the evidence for the benefit of a cross-examining counsel who had not mas-

tered the different shades of the meaning of the Welsh words and phrases.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote A. D. 1130, tells us that Stonehenge was erected in the reign of Aurelius Ambrosius, by Ambrose Merlin, to perpetuate the treachery of Hengist, the Saxon general, who, having desired a friendly meeting with Vortigern at the monastery of Ambresbury, assassinated him and 460 of his barons and consuls; after which the bodies of the slaughtered Britons were interred in a burying place near the monastery where they had received their deaths. Aurelius Ambrosius going to see the sepulchre soon after he had ascended the British throne, perpetuated the memory of his brave countrymen and noble patriots with this lasting monument.

It is said that only two managed to escape from being slaughtered, and that Eiddol, Earl of Gloucester, was one of them, who before his escape managed with a piece of stick which he was fortunate to find near him to kill 70 of the Saxons before he quitted the field.

Giraldus Cambrensis says (circa 1187): "There was in Ireland in ancient times a pile of stones worthy of admiration called The Giants' Dance, because giants from the remotest parts of Africa brought them into Ireland; and in the plains of Kildare, not far from the Castle of Naase, as well by force of art as of strength, miraculously set them up. These stones Ambrosius, King of the Britons, procured Merlin by supernatural means to bring from Ireland into Britain; and that he might leave some famous monument of so great a treason to after ages, in the same order and art as they stood formerly, set them up where the flower of the British nation fell by the cut-throat practice of the Saxons."

This huge structure on Salisbury Plain is undoubtedly the most perfect

specimen of Druidical remains in the whole Island, but I regret that the historical accounts of this interesting piece of antiquity are so meagre that I am unable to offer anything definite as to the origin of these prodigious piles.

Almost every antiquary who has written upon it has advanced a new notion regarding the origin of Stonehenge after a careful examination of its remains, some coming to the conclusion that the stones were raised to the honor of the Deity, others that they had been erected to the honor and memory of some departed heroes. We read in the works of some that their erection is due to the Danes, for the election and inauguration of their kings. Whether they were intended for *carneddau* (burial places) or *cromlechau* (altars), it is now almost impossible to determine, but the weight of the argument seems to preponderate on the side which ascribes them to the purposes of religion, and declares them to have been erected by the ancient Druids as a place of worship.—*Cadrawd.*

A writer in the "Weekly Sun" says:—"It is a curious fact, but, perhaps, not unnatural, that some of the wealthiest women in the United Kingdom have been successful in keeping their personalities in a very real sense unspotted from the world. How few people, for instance, are aware that Wales possesses in the person of Miss Emily Charlotte Talbot one of the richest individuals in the empire? Her late respected father, Mr. C. R. M. Talbot, was for many years a well known and popular figure in the House of Commons. Miss Talbot has a London house in Cavendish Square, and two residences in Wales. She is immensely charitable, and, like most Welsh women, intensely patriotic."

August's "Musical Times" is a Welsh number. Page 605 bears a portrait and

biography of Mr. Ivor Atkins, the young Cardiff musician who will conduct at the Worcester Festival this year; on page 614 appears a portrait and sketch of little Amy Evans, who won the soprano solo at the National Eisteddfod; three pages later on we come upon a long and racy article on the Cardiff Eisteddfod; then follows a general article on *eisteddfodau*; page 622 contains a reference to Mr. Jos. E. Deacon's appointment as Cardiff representative of the Royal Academy of Music; and among the obituaries there are appreciative notices of Bishop Lloyd and of a Bangor organist.

Sir Lewis Morris is beginning to realise the flight of time. He contributes a little poem of three verses to "Literature" recently. They are headed "An Old Poet," and the personal application is inevitable. Here is the middle stanza:

The clear dawns now shall grow
For younger eyes;
I mark no more the glow
On sunset skies!

Fearless across the foam

The gay barks fleet,
But mine no more may roam
Since rest grows sweet.
Toil brings its fitting meed,
The haven's rest;
Toil has its joys indeed,
But this is best.

The inhabitants of Newtown, the managers of the Cambrian Railways, and the whole of the people of Wales will one day be proud of Robert Owen. Newtown will find that it will add to its prosperity to take care of the relics of Robert Owen. There is not a prettier part of Wales than Newtown, and when Robert Owen's grave, and Robert Owen's house, and Robert Owen's memorial are known they will be visited by thousands every year. He was a man hundreds of years in advance of his time.

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

THE REV. B. GWERNYDD NEWTON.

Of young Welshmen who are becoming prominent, either in the ministerial profession, or outside of it, perhaps no

which is as gifted and interesting as it is inspiring and ennobling.

As John the Baptist came "clothed with the spirit of Elijah," so does Mr. Newton breathe anew the spirit of the



Rev. B. Gwernydd Newton.

one is more worthy our notice than the energetic pastor of the Franklin Ave. Congregational Church, Cleveland. The present writer has had abundant opportunity for the greater part of three years of closely observing his public character unfolding itself, as also of becoming intimately related to a personality

stalwart preachers of old Wales. A preacher by nature, for he comes of a family famed for its pulpit orators; a preacher by grace, as witness the untiring devotion of his life, and the divine unction which sanctions it. Mr. Newton possesses that which, accompanied with his loyalty of soul, and

clearness of perception, would in any avenue in life make for progress, namely—enthusiasm. Endowed with this quality, anyone—prophet, priest or king, sage, soldier or saint will verify the inspired word, "One man shall chase a thousand." But there is that in Mr. Newton which is indispensable to a true descendant of John Elias, Christmas Evans, and Williams of Wern—profound religious fervor, deep religious conviction. Mr. Newton then is at once enthusiastic and fervent. He fires the imagination, and grapples men's soul to the truth "with hooks of steel."

It is with much pleasure that we invite attention to the political or social aspect of Mr. Newton's ministry. He well illustrates the straightforwardness sincerity and candor which are oftentimes attributed to the Welsh temperament, and we have only to regret that, as far as our experience goes, it is not more universal among us.

Lately speaking of Mr. Newton the "Cleveland World" says: "Possibly no minister who ever occupied a Cleveland pulpit has been so courageous in his sermons as Mr. Newton. During the campaign of 1896 when silver was the issue most Cleveland clergymen were Republicans, and believed in the single standard, Mr. Newton was however the only minister in the city to preach against bimetallism at 16 to 1 as dishonest when attempted by the United States alone, and his sermon on the subject crowded the church, and was the sensation of the hour." Noteworthy as a trait in his social character is his solicitude concerning anyone or anything Welsh. Though occupying an American pulpit Mr. Newton has not "crossed the Rubicon," and cut loose from the past as many of our countrymen are prone to do.

I am in all probability now writing to hundreds of people who possess a copy of "Glimpses of God," by Rev. B. G. Newton. He who has any interest in

the development of the modern Cambro-American preacher, would do well to study him as he partially manifests himself in this volume in the person of our subject. I would invite your attention to a method of sermonic structure, which, while it is peculiarly Welsh, is at the same time, as far as my observation goes, applied in this way for the first time, and that by Mr. Newton. It is what may be termed the alliterative method of dividing and subdividing texts. Let us cite an example taken at random. Mark the decisive touch, the military stroke of the following theme, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," &c.: (1) The Homeless Christ. (2) The Christless Home. On the passage in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, "Send him to the house of my father * * * five brethren." "Human love in Hades." On "Remember Lot's wife" theme. The look that cost a life: 1. Disobedient look; 2. Deceitful look; 3. Desiring look; 4. Deathly look. This method is, in my opinion, a decided advantage to the homilist, for it serves at least two purposes; it preserves the maximum of truth in the minimum of expression, and aids the memory by its euphony and compactness.

Three years ago he took charge of a comparatively insignificant church, and that in a somewhat distressed condition; to-day it is in several respects the most flourishing and promising in the city of Cleveland. A debt of three thousand dollars has been blotted out, the commodious audience room is full to the doors, and the Sunday School consists of almost 300 members.

Rev. J. M. Thomas.

Thomastown, O.

—:O:—

Each of the Welsh denominations has now its own historian. The Welsh Wesleyans have appointed the Rev. John Hughes ("Glanystwyth") to write "The Story of Welsh Wesleyans Methodism."

THE LATE DANIEL T. DAVIES, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Mr. Davies was the son of Thomas and Elizabeth Davies, and was born at Brynawen, near New Quay, Cardiganshire, South Wales, October 15, 1852. He had two brothers, Thomas, a minis-

R. Williams, Dodgeville, to whom he was united in marriage January 3, 1879. Together they returned to Kokomo, Col., twenty miles from Leadville, where he was engaged in the mining works in various capacities, until their departure for Minneapolis in January, 1882. Here he entered the meat busi-



Daniel T. Davies, Minneapolis, Minn.

ter, who died while pastor of a C. M. church at Sirhowy, near Tredegar, and Evan, who died a few years ago in Iowa. Leaving home at an early age, he spent a short period at Rhymney, Mon., emigrated to the States in 1869, worked three years in the coal mines of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and finally settled in the silver mines of Colorado. In 1877 while visiting his uncle, Rev. John D. Davies, Dodgeville, Wis., he met Miss Sarah Williams, daughter of Mr. Robert

ness, and by incessant application made it a success. In 1886 he visited Wales and the scenes of his childhood. In December, 1888, he was appointed Meat and Bread Inspector for the city of Minneapolis, and held the office for four years. In July, 1889, he was elected deacon of the Welsh C. M. Church, and acted as church treasurer for many years. In 1893 he established the Davies Packing Co., of which he was sole proprietor. In November, 1897, he was

elected for two years to a seat in the State Legislature of Minnesota as representative of the 33rd District.

He had been reading about Alaska for about ten years, intending eventually to visit the country, and when the gold fever broke out he was ready to make the venture. He left Minneapolis February 26, 1898, with Messrs. J. W. Williams, O. R. Thomas and Wm. Thomas, as his partners in the "Arfon Mining Co." The voyage up the Pacific Coast in the S. S. Valencia proved to be disagreeable and dangerous, starting with a threatened rebellion among the passengers, and ending with a terrific gale lasting several days. The party went by way of the Copper River District. In a few months the other members returned to their homes, but he remained to plan new expeditions and face new trials and surmount new dangers. With Mr. Peter Lasson, who had been his partner for nine months, he had reached the headwater of Forty Mile Creek, and while descending Mosquito Creek, a tributary of Forty Mile Creek, in a boat with his partner, an overhanging tree struck him into the water, and though he clung to another branch for a few seconds, his grasp gave way, and his body disappeared in the current.

He leaves a widow and four sons, Edwin Thomas, 18 years; Robert William, 15; Albert Daniel, 13; and Evan Wynne, 10, in great sorrow and profound grief. They have lost a noble husband, and a wise, tender father, and many besides myself have lost a sterling friend. He was a man of strong character, high principles, great perseverance, strict integrity and indomitable courage. Owing to his high reputation in business circles, and his unblemished Christian character he was known, respected and trusted by a large and ever-widening circle of acquaintances, among whom the sad news of his drowning fell as a thunderclap out of a clear sky. The

failure of his companions, after fourteen days' search, to recover his body intensifies the sadness of the fatality to his stricken family, and increases the poignancy of their grief. May the ever-living God be with them, a shelter in the tempest, and a constant guide in "life's rough way." May the four sons emulate his sincerity of purpose and earnestness of heart to the glory of their father's God.

Chicago, Ill.

Rev. J. C. Jones.

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THE LATE COLONEL MORRIS, GIRARD, O.

Colonel Evan Morris died at his residence at Girard at 2:30 o'clock, September 2, after a long illness from heart disease. Colonel Morris was one of the pioneer and most prominent residents of Trumbull County, and because of his business and social associations he was possessed of as wide an acquaintance as any man in Eastern Ohio. His sickness dates back several years, but had not become serious until within the past several weeks. When he was confined to his home the disease gradually developed until the crisis resulted in his death.

For many years Colonel Morris was identified with the coal mining interests in eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania, developing much territory and being one of the leading operators of mines in the surrounding districts.

In business life he was always active in looking after his interests, and had the knowledge of affairs connected with his work which won him marked success. In a social way deceased was the soul of geniality and generosity, and was the life of any gathering of which he was a part, his friends numbering men prominent in business, social and political circles of the nation, state and district, as well of the men of less degree of prominence, for with Colonel Morris the mark of friendship was

never a matter of the cut of a man's coat or the quality of the cloth he wore. He stood high in the estimation of the community in which he lived and wherever he was known he held the esteem and respect of every one.

Colonel Morris was born May 31, 1831, at Crumlin, Monmouthshire, S. W. In 1839 he came to the United States, and located at Pottsville, Pa. In 1854 he left Pottsville and came to this locality, taking up his residence near Girard, where he has ever since resided. Two years after his arrival here, and his determination to make his home in eastern Ohio he married Miss Elizabeth Davis of Weathersfield. The wedding day was celebrated December 25, 1856. They lived happily together, and several children were born to them: Mrs. George Humphreys, Miss Daisy, Miss Mary, John David, Philip and James. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. Rachel Wise and Mrs. Hannah Nicholas of Weathersfield, and a brother, John, in the west. When the war of the rebellion broke out Colonel Morris offered his services to his country. He was appointed a captain of a company in the One Hundred and Seventy-first Regiment, O. V. I., and served with the 100 days' men. He got his title as colonel from an appointment as colonel on the staff of Governor Charles Foster. He held several important offices in the village of Girard, such as village councilman, school director, etc., but never aspired further to public office.

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There died at Carnarvon recently a female Crimean veteran. She was Mary Lloyd, a well known character in the town, and when the Crimean War broke out her husband, David Lloyd, who had only just joined the 23rd Royal Welsh, was called out. His young wife determined to brave the horrors of war with him, and, having obtained permission to join the staff of charwomen attached to the regiment, the brave Welsh girl

faced the fearful Crimean winter in order to be near her "Dai." She had reached the ripe old age of 70 years, and was out of doors on the day of her death, apparently enjoying her usual health. Heart disease laid her low.

Mr. Frederic Griffith, the well known flautist, has been engaged, for the third time, for Madame Melba's tour through the large towns of England and Scotland, which starts in October.

Professor Herkomer's portrait of the Archdruid Hwfa Mon in his robes of office, which was exhibited in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, has just been placed in Mr. Herkomer's private exhibition at Lululaund, Bushey, Herts.

Dan Protheroe, Mus. Bac., professor of music at the Wisconsin University, Milwaukee, has been added to the list of musical adjudicators. Mr. Protheroe, who hails from South Wales, was one of the Welsh-American visitors to the Festiniog National Eisteddfod of 1898.

The Rev. Thomas Stephens, B. A., of Wellingborough, son of the well known Welsh preacher, "Stephens Brychgoed," is about to take a new and bold step in publishing Welsh theology in the form of sixpenny booklets on separate subjects. The pamphlets are to be written by a number of authors "who look at things from a modern point of view and make theology in Wales more Christian and less Jewish." The series is to be called "Cyfres yr Ugeinfed Ganrif," and the authors are to be drawn from all denominations.

Bethrothal ceremonies in Russia take place a week and a day before the wedding ceremony, and during these days the bride is obliged by custom to weep and wail and be comforted by her girl friends.

Original and Selected Miscellany

An interesting love letter has just been discovered in the British Museum, graven in cuneiform characters on a small tablet, and is a proposal of marriage from a Pharaoh for one of the daughters of the king of Babylon. The curious document is dated 1530 years before Christ.

Chimneys are very fickle. You can build one all right in theory, but when it comes down to practice that is another matter. Build two chimneys side by side in precisely the same manner. Employ the best skilled labor, and construct them exactly on the same principles. One may draw all right, while the other smokes like a pipe.

A mystery with which every sailor is familiar is the formation of dust at sea. Those who are familiar with sailing ships know that, no matter how carefully the decks may be washed down in the morning and how little work of any kind may be done during the day, nevertheless, if the decks are swept at night, fall, an enormous quantity of dust will be collected.

Beecher and Ingersoll were always great friends. Beecher had a celestial globe in his study, a present from some manufacturer. On it was an excellent representation of the constellations and stars which compose them. Ingersoll was delighted with the globe. He examined it closely and turned it around and around. "It's just what I wanted," he said; "who made it?" "Who made it?" repeated Beecher; "who made this

globe? Oh, nobody, colonel, it just happened!"

While in Ireland at one time, Senator Depew in company with several English gentlemen, was driving along the highway. As they neared an old farmhouse the senator saw a little Irish boy vigorously whipping his donkey.

"Don't hit your brother, little fellow," cried Chauncey.

"All right, father," came the response and the senator admitted that it was one on him.

"The Michigan Lyre," apparently a strikingly appropriate name, by the way—declares that a Kansas printer in making up his forms one day in a hurry, got a marriage and a grocer's notice mixed so they read as follows: "John Smith and Ida Quay were united in the bonds of holy sauerkraut, which will be sold by the quart or barrel. Mr. Smith is an esteemed codfish at 10 cents, while the bride has nice pig's feet to display."

Perhaps it is not generally known that Mohammedans never use printed Korans, because in doubt as to the ingredients entered into the composition of the printing ink. They are afraid of being defiled by taking into their hands a copy of the sacred book that may have been produced with the ink in which pig's fat instead of linseed oil has formed one of the component parts. They therefore confine themselves to reading handwritten reproductions of

the prophet's work, which are naturally very expensive.

"The Michigan Advocate" advises the preachers of its denomination (Methodists) not to insist too strongly that the ladies of their congregations remove their hats. "One may get into trouble," it says, "by dictating in a matter wherein he is quite ignorant. The style of hat, the season, the weather, the amount of hair, its arrangement or disarrangement, are all factors. Be deferential and be careful."

United States Commissioner William A. Jones makes the interesting statement that "a full-blooded Indian lunatic never lived." After inspecting the site recently purchased by the government for an Indian Insane Asylum in the Indian Territory, he says, "The occupants of the hospital which will soon be opened will all be mixed breeds. Probably there never was a case of insanity in any tribe until the malady was introduced by mixing with the whites."

LATIN IN PHILADELPHIA.

A couple of old soldiers, who for years have taken a great interest in Grand Army affairs, recently walked the length of the Avenue of Fame on Broad Street, and viewed with great interest the progress of the work. When they came to the inscription on one of the main columns, which is in Latin, the two had an animated discussion over its meaning. Finally they appealed to an Irishman who was standing near. Slowly he looked the inscription over, squinting with one eye and then with the other. "D-u-l-c-e-e-t D-e-c-o-r-u-m-e-s-t P-r-o P-a-t-r-i-a M-o-r-i," he read. "Shure I don't know dhem flrsht wuruds," he said, "but I think dhe lasht two mane a frind of mine who kapes a saloon downtown. His right name do be Patrick Moore."

AN IRISHMAN'S PRAYER.

When the British ships under Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleet off Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see that all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. So very unusual an attitude in a British sailor exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid.

"Afraid!" answered the honest Tar. "No; I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as prize-money—the greatest part among the officers."

TOLD BY A CLERGYMAN.

A clergyman of good standing sends the "London Church Times" these curious statements: Early in this century the Rev. W. Goodacre, vicar of Sutton-in-Ashfield, married a couple whose united ages were under 30. He afterward christened her daughter, buried her husband, married her again, and christened her grand-daughter before she was 30. Conducting a marriage at Skegby, of which place he was also vicar, the woman was a regular attendant at Sunday School, and in reply to the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" etc., replied, "Yes, verily, by God's help, so I will, and I heartily thank our Heavenly Father who hath brought me into this state of salvation."

INGERSOLL'S HARD-MONEY ARGUMENT.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll's political oratory was at times brilliantly daring. Speaking at a Republican rally in Ohio during the threatening days of the greenback party, he led up to this climax. The people will be satisfied

with nothing less than the full assurance of value, he said. "They want money like this," he declared, dramatically holding aloft a government note, which says on its face, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth!'" The audacity of this declaration from a professed atheist carried Ingersoll's audience into a wild outburst of cheering. There was the whole argument packed in the concluding phrase. Few men in Ingersoll's repute would have presumed upon his method.

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HARD ON THE DEVIL.

Evangelist Barker, of Saltmead, Cardiff, is great on anecdotal addresses, but sometimes the moral goes astray. Recently he told a story of a man who had been drinking from a curious old cup which had an angel at the bottom. He said he always drained the cup, so that he could see the angel. But his wife procured him another cup, in which the devil was represented, instead of an angel. He drained that, though, all the same. Remonstrated with, he replied that he drank it all so that there should not be a drop left for the devil! "And that," continued the evangelist, earnestly, "is what I would have you do—not leave a drop for the devil!" Evangelist Barker saw his error before the sentence was complete; but, alas! the mischief had been done, and the wrong idea inculcated!

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THE BLESSING OF ONE NEWSPAPER.

As to the newspaper, it is obvious that in the country you appreciate it much more when you have to wait for it and when it comes at unexpected moments. I never properly enjoyed a newspaper till I settled in the country. The reason is that in town you have too many journals, and get perfectly nauseated with them. You cannot walk down a

street without some bawling urchin thrusting the "latest edition" under your nose. Here, on the other hand, we have only one or, at most, two papers each day, and we read and digest them thoroughly, with a satisfaction to which you, with your scrambling, scrappy method of perusal, are entire strangers. —Cornhill Magazine.

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A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

No more beautiful tribute was ever paid to a human being than that to Sir Bartle Frere by his wife. Once, upon going to the railway station to meet her husband, she took with her a servant who had never seen him.

"You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered.

"But," answered the nonplussed servant, "how shall I know him?"

"Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody."

The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle Frere helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.—Selected.

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A GIRL'S IDEA OF BOYS.

At an examination in a certain school for girls an essay on "Boys" was ordered written, and this was one of the compositions:

"The boy is not an animal, and yet he can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his mouth like a frog's, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks he is clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When a boy grows up he's called a husband, and stays out nights, but the grew up girl is a widow and keeps house."

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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Invitation!

THE FIRM OF MAHER BROTHERS AT 56-57 FRANKLIN SQUARE TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN TENDERING TO THE PEOPLE OF UTICA AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY AN INVITATION TO CALL UPON THEM.

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❧ THE CAMBRIAN. ❧

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JOHN'S WIFE'S BROTHER.

A Thanksgiving Story.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones, D. D.

CHAPTER I.

Neighbors at Variance.

In a farming portion of Connecticut, known in that town as "The Flats," there lived forty years ago, two families which, as the term is used, were well-to-do. Their respective farms were models of culture and productiveness. The residences were fine, the out-houses commodious, the carriages of the most modern style, and the horses among the most valuable in the town. These families lived within half a mile of each other, and their land joined. The owners were David Brainard and Richard Brown. Unfortunately, these two men were very much alike in their mental temperament. We say unfortunately, because their disposition was of an unfavorable cast. They were proud, jealous and retaliating; especially so toward each other. This antagonism had existed for many years, and was gathering strength by age. It began with a line fence, over which they went to

law, and ever since they were known as decided foes. Brainard had a wife and one daughter. Katie was mild and lovely, just entering her eighteenth year. Brown had a wife and five children. Emma, the oldest, was married and lived some six miles away. John also had married in his twenty-third year, and was employed as a bookkeeper in New York. Fred was in his twenty-first year, a diligent worker on the farm. There were also at home Mary and Alice, the first eighteen, and the other sixteen. To the credit of these wives and children it may be said that they were much more sensible in their behavior than were the husbands and fathers. We may as well say here that Fred Brown and Katie Brainard were often seen together, that they cherished for each other feelings which simple friendship could not explain, and that, finally at a favorable opportunity the young man revealed to the maiden the real sentiment of his heart.

"Fred," said the young lady, "I thank you for your love, and in return you have mine. It is as full and pure as your own. But in view of the feelings of our two fathers we must look for strong opposition."

"Katie, I have looked that matter straight in the face," said Fred, "I am ready to hear joyfully all the opposition from my own father, and I would most gladly if I could, bear your share of trouble."

"I will cheerfully bear my own, dear Fred," was her reply. "Let us hope that some good providence will bring about a happy change in these two angry men."

The pure-hearted twain were there and then betrothed, and they sought their respective homes.

Before long, Brown saw unmistakable evidences of his son's partiality for Katie Brainard, and one day Fred was summoned into the parental presence.

"Well sir," said the father, "I am compelled to believe that you pay special attention to the daughter of my inveterate enemy. What have you to say for yourself?"

"It is even so, father," said Fred. "We are exceedingly fond of each other, and in this I think we show much better sense than our fathers do."

"Your language is shameful, sir!" responded the father. "I am not here to argue. I command you to pay no more attention to Dave Brainard's girl."

"I cannot obey your command,"

said Fred. "We are engaged. I am fully prepared to take the consequences. I have been a hard worker on this farm for years, and in a few days I shall be of age. If in consequence of my disobedience to your command in this matter you wish me to leave just say the word, and I shall be in the employ of some other man before sundown."

The father saw that his son was terribly in earnest, and was much astonished to see that quiet boy so aroused. He well knew that Fred's services were indispensable, and yet, how could he bear to have his command disregarded? He came to the conclusion that he would try and retain the boy and some of his dignity at the same time.

"It is of no use to stay here any longer," he said in a much altered tone. "No, I don't wish you to leave. What put that in your head? You may harness the horses and go to the mill after feed." Thus terminated the interview, and Fred was ahead.

Let us now go to the Brainard mansion and witness an interview of the same nature but of a much milder type. This one daughter and only child had much influence over her father. She was the pride of his eye and the great treasure of his heart.

"Katie," said he, "are you not aware that in accepting the attention of Fred Brown you are showing your father great disrespect?"

"My dear papa, I would not do

such a thing for the world!" said Katie. "Has Fred Brown ever in his life treated you in an unbecoming manner?"

"No, Katie,," was the answer, "but you well know that his father is my enemy."

"Yes," said the daughter; "but Fred is very sorry that his father treats you so. Does not that make a difference papa?"

"Well, I think it does," said the father slowly. "But are you sure of that Katie?"

"Perfectly sure!" said the daughter with emphasis.

"Still," said the father, "in view of the circumstances, I think you had better drop this thing."

"O papa, I don't think that you really mean that!" said the girl with a tear in her eye. "Is there a finer or a more promising young man in all this region of country? Have you anything against him personally? Is there a single blot upon his moral character? Is he not splendid in form and features? And we have pledged to each other our undying love! Now can my good papa that I love so dearly in view of all this tell his only Katie to 'drop the thing?'"

"No, he can't!" said the father, wiping away a tear. "I am not going to punish two pure hearts for the manners of old Dick Brown."

The girl rushed into her father's arms and gave him half a dozen kisses in a very short time.

CHAPTER II.

The Rebellion and a Revival.

Lincoln had been made President, and the Rebellion was already a terrible reality. The loyal North was in a blaze of patriotic excitement. Drums beat, cannon roared, and banners waved in the breezes. Regiments were formed, and volunteers by the thousands rallied under the flappings of the Stars and Stripes. Fred Brown felt that he could willingly die in so grand a conflict. The conviction in regard to his duty in this emergency came upon him so heavily that he could find no peace. At last, alone with his God, he fell on his knees, and consecrated himself to the service of his country. In words that burned he told the family what he had determined, and hoped that they would consent. The approbation was given amid copious tears. The parting was bitter both at home and at Brainard's.

"Brave Fred!" cried Katie through her tears. "Go with my prayers and blessing. I believe we shall meet again on The Flats, but if not, Fred, I am yours forever." The lovers parted.

Fred became a member of a regiment organized and completed in a distant city, and within a few weeks of his departure from home he was on the field. He was ever faithful in his correspondence. In all his letters he declared that it was his firm purpose to remain in the army until the Rebellion would be crushed,

and peace fully restored. He believed that it would be of no benefit for him to come home on a leave of absence; told them to wait patiently, and at the end of the war he would come to stay.

The two farmers continued in their antagonism until the fall of the year 1863. In the church near by there was a very deep religious feeling. A noted revivalist was just commencing his labors there, and his ministry was "quick and powerful." Among the first to embrace religion at that meeting was Katie Brainard. Under the training of a quiet Christian mother she had been religiously inclined from her childhood. Through their importunity they prevailed in persuading the husband and father to go with them one evening to the church. The minister preached on the forgiving spirit of Christ as contrasted with the vindictive temper manifested in so many. The sermon produced a most wonderful effect. Brainard saw himself as in a mirror, and to him the sight was dreadful. Under a deep feeling he bowed in prayer, made a humble public confession, and asked the forgiveness of all those he had misused. No one present doubted his sincerity.

The next day he hastened to the home of his neighbor, and made his humble penitent statement:

"Brown, for years I have treated you shamefully. Last night the Lord by his servant showed me the depth of my wicked heart; I fell on my knees to ask forgiveness, and now I ask your pardon also. Brown

give me your hand." And he reached out his own.

"Not to-day," said Brown. "This is rather sudden. I'll think the matter over."

"Yes, do," said Brainard; and may the Lord lead you into the right way, I am glad that I have done my duty. I would rejoice to see you at the meeting. Good morning, Brown, and may God bless you!"

After Brainard left, Brown could hardly believe that it was a reality. Already he felt condemned in view of the manner he had treated his neighbor. The more he thought of the matter, the worse he felt. He remained in a state of mental misery during that night and the following day. In the evening he found his way to the sanctuary. The evangelist seemed to be inspired, and closed his discourse by inviting all who were weary and heavy laden to come forward. A large number came, and among them was seen the trembling form of Richard Brown. After a season of prayer, the seekers were requested to speak, and he was the first one to rise.

"My friends," said Brown, "I have lived a godless life. I have set a bad example before my children. I have often been unkind and revengeful. Neighbor Brainard and myself have been enemies for years. Yesterday, like a Christian he came to my house, with tears in his eyes and woe in his heart, and begged my pardon, just as if the fault was all on one side. He reached out his hand, and I wickedly refused to take it. I have

been in perfect misery ever since. I view myself as a guilty sinner before God. I have been conceited and self-righteous. I have treated Brainard spitefully for twenty years. Before this congregation I ask his forgiveness, and if that hand is offered to me once more, O how quickly I shall grasp it!"

Here the tall form of David Brainard was seen marching down the aisle, and in a few moments two friendly hands were gladly joined, and all hardness buried deep at the foot of the cross.

The meetings were a grand success. Brainard and Brown with their families became active members in the same church, and were noted for their harmony and unity in every church measure.

* * * * *

The spring of 1865 arrived, and although the Rebellion was drawing near to its inglorious end, the battles were sanguinary and closely contested. Among these was the memorable conflict near Five Forks. The carnage was fearful among both officers and men. The first account of it appeared without many particulars. Later came a partial list of the slain, and among those was found the name of Fred Brown! This news was crushing, and bitter tears flowed over the sad fate of one so dearly loved. In a few days a letter came from his Colonel to this effect:

"Mr. Brown, Dear Sir: Already you have heard the sorrowful news of the death of your son at Five

Forks. Fred Brown was one of the bravest of the brave. By the desperate force of the enemy's charge our ranks were scattered, and our regiment for a time was broken. Your son throughout the day was in the thickest of the fight. The burial of our dead on the second day was attended to after dark by the light of lanterns, and without much order, so there is no hope of securing his remains. Your son was a true Christian and a thorough soldier. Your obedient servant, Charles D—."

This news from the seat of war overwhelmed the Brown family in sorrow, and not less was the grief of one at least at the residence of David Brainard. In solitude Katie poured out her feelings before her Heavenly Father. But a wise providence has so ordered that time will assuage the keen pangs of bereavement, and heal in a measure the crushed and wounded spirit. It was so here, and gradually a calm resignation took the place of excessive grief.

Richard Brown, notwithstanding the crookedness of his former temper, had been fond of his children, and on Thanksgiving of each year had given them a most cordial welcome.

"Well my dear," said the husband, "we have abundant reason for thanksgiving this year also, although sadly afflicted."

"Yes, and let us on that day at least try to be cheerful on account of our children," said Mrs. Brown.

"Wisely said," was the reply. "I

have thought it would be well to invite our pastor."

"I am glad you have thought of it," said the wife; "what say you to my asking Katie?"

"There is no one that I would rather welcome," said Mr. Brown; "She is one of the Lord's bright jewels."

Just then, Mary came in and said, "Papa, here is a letter from John." It was soon opened and read aloud:

New York, November —, 1865.

"Dear Folks at Home: Of course we are coming! We would not miss it for a big pile. To us it is the grandest day in all the year. How I love that dear old mansion! Little Freddie is talking about it continually. By the way, you have often heard Jennie speak of her brother at the South. He has been with us a few days, and a grand good fellow he is. Although for years among the rebels, he is Union to the back-bone. We cannot miss our Thanksgiving, and of course Jennie will not leave her brother, and so she has concluded to bring him along. I cannot tell exactly at what time we shall arrive. You need not meet us at the depot; we can easily find conveyance. I think we shall be in time for the service. Love to all, from

John and John's Wife."

"The dear boy!" said his mother, "I am glad that he is recovering his old cheerfulness. Yes, Jennie often spoke of her brother in Virginia, and we shall be right glad to see him."

CHAPTER III.

Thanksgiving at the Brown Mansion

The Thursday in November, 1865, at last arrived, when a saved nation poured forth its grateful offering at the shrine of the king of kings. On The Flats, the service at the church was to be at eleven, and at the Brown mansion there were high expectations for the appearance of the New Yorkers. They came, and were received with joyous welcome. John's wife as usual was in high spirits while her countenance beamed with intelligence; and her brother proved at once that he could be highly agreeable. He was tall, straight, and from his appearance might be forty. He wore a full beard, sprinkled with gray.

"Blessed old home!" cried John in perfect delight. "Thou art more dear to me than any spot in the wide, wide world!" and he gave his mother and sisters a second edition of his very demonstrative kisses. "We have passed through deep affliction," he continued, while tears filled his eyes, "but on this day we will be cheerful, and thank God for restored peace, and a thousand other blessings."

At the church the congregation was very large, and the sermon by Rev. Mr. Powell was a fine production and exceedingly appropriate. The termination of the war and the preserved Union were dwelt upon in sentences, touching and sublime. John's wife's brother was deeply interested, and even affected. The

services closed, and the people after indulging in hearty greetings departed to their various happy homes.

In harmony with a previous management, Rev. Mr. Powell and his wife, with Katie Brainard, went home with the Brown family, and a goodly number was seated in the large parlor.

Soon the conversation became general and animated. The parents thought that they had never seen John's wife so happy. She was brilliant and witty beyond herself; and yet, at times, a certain moisture in her eyes showed that she was not indifferent to the deep sorrow that rested on the family.

"Brother," said John, "you don't wonder—do you?—at the flow of spirit Jennie and myself show on this occasion. It is not every New Yorker from the country that can return on Thanksgiving to a home like this."

"I don't wonder at all," said the gentleman from the South. "If ever I should become settled in life, I would like to find a quiet rest on a farm in this part of the country."

"And I would advise you to hurry up," said John. "You are getting old, and your chances are not improving."

"John Brown, my brother, is not old," said Jennie with some spirit. "He is younger than he looks. If it were not for that horrid gray beard he would pass for a young man, and some New England young lady would fall in love with him."

"If I thought there was any hope

for me in that line," said the brother, "I would get rid of my beard at once. That would be but a very short job."

"Upon my word, mother," said Jennie with her eyes sparkling, "I believe this brother of mine has been deceiving us with a false beard! I will see sir about that matter!" She ran up to him, sat on his lap, and with one motion of the hand removed the massive beard, and there sat before them in more than his former beauty Fred Brown, whom they had long mourned as dead!

The scene now beggared description; compared with the reality, all language must be tame. There was one united spontaneous cry of perfect joy, with a rush toward him of father, mother and sisters, who for a time overwhelmed him with their warm embraces. It was a scene of blissful confusion. They were intoxicated with delight. Katie wept out her joy, leaning on the bosom of Mrs. Powell. Of course John and his wife who had planned the whole were not moved in the same manner as the rest. But Jennie was perfectly delighted, and in a rich warbling voice she sang:

"And we'll all feel gay
When Johnnie comes marching home."

"Well," said John when comparative silence had been restored, "perhaps this company would be glad to know how my wife's brother happens to be here, creating such an uproar at our Thanksgiving, after his death and burial at Five Forks. Will he please explain?"

"I can assure you upon the most positive evidence that I was neither killed nor buried," said Fred. "It is not strange, however, that my name appeared among the slain, for on the afternoon of the second day until sunset I was in the thickest of the fight. The last charge of the enemy was terrific, beyond anything I had witnessed. In some way which I cannot explain instead of having retreated with our men, I found myself in a fighting attitude in the midst of the rebels. It is a wonder that I was not instantly shot, or pierced by half a dozen bayonets. A Confederate soldier close by said in a kind voice:

'Better drop that musket, or you will be a dead Yank in less than ten seconds.'

I realized the situation, threw down my gun, was made a prisoner, and as far as I know the only prisoner from our regiment. Our officers, confident that no prisoners had been taken, and not finding me among the wounded, concluded that I was among the slain who had been buried after dark.

With others I was conveyed to a prison in the far South, where we remained for months without the least facility for correspondence. At last, the Rebellion was crushed, and after a tedious journey we found ourselves at the military headquarters in Petersburg, Va. I reported myself as well as I could, and learned that my name was among the slain. The officers gave me papers, and a free conveyance to Washington. Here I was informed that my regi-

ment had been mustered out some two weeks before. My statements were found to be correct. The pay-rolls were examined, and I received my back pay for eight months. I might have sent word home, but I felt a strong desire to surprise you in person. I went to New York. John and Jennie were almost crazy with delight, and you see they have not got over it yet. For this bit of deception you must hold these New Yorkers responsible. Jennie insists, and that correctly, that I am her brother from the South. I am highly proud of such a sister. Is not this a grand day to come home on?"

"Our cup is full and running over!" said the happy father. "The Lord has given us beauty for ashes, and joy for mourning."

"We have met together on many a joyous occasion," said the pastor, "but this is the happiest day of my life."

Dinner was announced. Fred took the happy and blushing Katie to the table, and all were seated. Rev. Mr. Powell asked a blessing suited to the occasion, and a merrier company was never seen at a Thanksgiving dinner.

It soon became known in the neighborhood that the gentleman seen at church, and said to be John's wife's brother, was Fred Brown in disguise. The news ran like wild fire. Early in the afternoon by special invitation David Brainard and his wife had the pleasure of grasping the hand of the returned soldier. In the evening the house was grandly

illuminated, and the band from the neighboring village, accompanied by hundreds, assembled in front of the mansion and made the air vocal with shouts and melody.

On the following Christmas morning at the residence of the bride, Fred Brown and Katie Brainard were united in holy matrimony. Amid the good wishes of a hundred guests the happy pair left for Baltimore, where the bride had near relatives. On their return, at the earnest request of Mr. and Mrs. Brain-

ard, Fred remained with them, and in time became the sole manager of the large farm. He is yet in the vigor of noble manhood, surrounded by a charming wife with sons and daughters. The mother throughout the years when her children were yet young took much pleasure in telling them the story of that wonderful Thanksgiving day, when at their grandpa Brown, the company was thrown into raptures by the return from the South of John's wife's brother.



A UNIQUE OCCUPATION.

By Clara E. Rewey.

In the novel "Quo Vadis," which has been read so much, and praised so much, and criticised so much, during the past two years, at Nero's Roman rose-petaled banquet, Calvia Crispinila remarks that she dreamed the night before that she was a vestal virgin, which was considered a great joke and a great laugh followed. Now I fancy not all the readers of "Quo Vadis" are familiar with the duties of vestal virgins. Numa Pompilius, the Sabine Roman king, who built the temple of Vesta, instituted the order at Rome. In the temple of Vesta a perpetual fire was kept, as was the custom in some of the other ancient temples. The Vestal virgins were the keepers of

these fires, the two first were named Gegania and Verenia. Numa afterwards increased the order to four. The Romans worshipped these fires as a part of their religion, seeing in them a type of all activity, and an emblem of the zeal of the eternal.

It was evidently considered a difficult matter to build and maintain a fire in those days, for a virgin received instruction for ten years before she was considered proficient in the art. She applied her duties for ten years more, and then gave instruction to others for ten years. She was obliged to swear a vow of virginity to last through these thirty years.

When Rome was sacked by the

Gauls under Dictator Camillus, these virgins fled from Rome, bearing their precious fire with them. A Roman citizen also fleeing with his wife and children and some chattels in a cart, overtaking some of the virgins, immediately deposited his family and effects by the roadside, and placed the virgins and their fire in his cart. What became of the wife and children, history does not relate, but the virgins were driven to a place of safety.

These fires were never allowed to go out, but if one accidentally went out, it was kindled by means of revolving an isosceles triangulated mirror in the sun's rays. For this thirty years devotion to the church, the virgins were accorded certain privileges, they could make a will in their father's lifetime, and had free administration of their affairs; and if a criminal met one on his way to execution he was pardoned at once. On the other hand if a virgin

committed a minor offence, she was sometimes scourged, nude in the dark, by a high priest; and if she broke her vow the punishment was death, and death most horrible, and was buried alive near the gate Coltina.

So although the duties were seemingly not arduous, it was a service not lightly to be entered into, for if a prince of the kingdom offered his hand in marriage to one of them, she could not accept it, until the expiration of her thirty years vow. At the end of the thirty years, the virgins were allowed to marry, or follow any occupation they choose. But very few of them cared to leave the temple service, and those who did, it is said were very unhappy. The greater part of them became so charmed with a life of purity and holiness that they continued in the service until the end of their earthly careers.



AN OLD WELSH POEM.

(With English Translation.)

YMADAW MABAN.

O gollwng fi, dyneraf fam,
 Mae gorchudd angeu ar fy ngrudd;
 Na foed i'th galon bur ddinam
 O achos hyn ymdeimlo'n brudd;
 Fel cragen wan wyf ar y traeth,
 A ddygir gan lifeiriol li,
 O flaen y gwynt y don a ddaeth,
 Mae'n suo, clyw, O gollwng fi.

O gollwng fi. Pererin wyf,
 A ddaeth i weled byd o wae;
 Wrth wenu arno rhoes i'm glwyf,
 A chwerwi fy nysgleidiau mae;
 Er gwaetha'r byd, gobenydd gaf,
 Esmwythach na dy ddwyfron di;
 Mi wela'n awr yn mynwes Naf
 Ystafell glyd. O gollwng fi.

O gollwng fi. Mae lleni'r nos
 A'r holl gysgodau'n gado'r llawr;
 Canfyddaf dros y brynau dlos
 Wawr dirion tragwyddoldeb mawr;
 Pinaclau heirdd Caersalem sydd
 Yn dod i'm golwg yn ddiri',
 Caf f'enaidd fyn'd o'i rwymau'n rhydd,
 Fe ddaeth yr awr. O gollwng fi.

O gollwng fi. Mae teulu'r Nef
 Yn dysgwyl wrthyf ddod i'r wyl;
 Fy mainc a drefnwyd ganddo ef,
 Mae tanau'r delyn oll mewn hwyl;
 Mae'r bwrdd yn llawn danteithion per,
 Y gwestwyr mewn addurnol fri,
 A'r lampau fel dysglaerwych ser
 Yn harddu'r llys. O gollwng fi.

O gollwng fi. Mae cerbyd gwyh
 O'r nefgedd wedi dod i'm hol,
 Dy dagrau gloewon ymaith sych,
 Na wyla fynyd ar fy ol;
 Cei dithau'n fuan rodio'r glyn,
 A chroesi gorwyllt rym y lli',
 Cawn fod yn nghyd ar Seion fryn,
 Bydd falch hyd hyn. O gollwng fi.

INFANT'S ADIEU.

O, mother dear, let me depart.
 Death paints my cheek a faded bloom;
 Let not thy fond and faultless heart,
 From this sad cause, be cast in gloom;
 A tiny shell on a troubled shore,
 Now am I swept by the raving flow;
 I greet thee ebb and dying roar;
 It murmurs. List. O let me go.

Let me depart. A pilgrim frail,
 I came to sip of the world's woe,
 And while I smile, my pains prevail,
 My nature is embittered so;
 Despite the world a pillowed fold,
 Softer than is thy breast I'll know
 In my maker's bosom I behold
 A safe retreat. O let me go.

Let me depart. Veils of the night
 And phantom shadows from earth flee;
 Over the hills, I view the bright
 And genial dawn, eternity;
 Grand pinnacles of Salem walls
 Gleam on my sight in boundless glow;
 From my bound spirit the fetter falls.
 The hour is come. O let me go.

Let me depart. Supernal kin
 Prepare the feast awaiting me;
 My couch is beautified by Him,
 My harp shall breathe new harmony;
 The boards with luscious dainties spread.
 The guests such honored grandeur show.
 The lamps, that soft bright star light shed,
 Adorn the place. O let me go.

Let me depart. A chariot bold,
 From heaven hastes to welcome me;
 Thy fears allay, thy tears withhold
 And weep no more but tears of glee;
 Thou too shalt soon glide through the glen,
 And cross the billows there that flow.
 On Zion's brow we'll tarry then,
 Mother, farewell. O let me go.

New Cambria, Mo. —E. L. WILLIAMS.

MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

In recent notes, the so-called "adjudications" of the choral contests at the late Cardiff Eisteddfod were referred to. Whatever of pleasantry Sir Frederick Bridge may have indulged in, as spokesman, some of his remarks, as reported in a London musical monthly, ought to cause the musicians of Wales to pause and ponder, if "pause and ponder" will do any good. I quote few sentences from said report: "Sir Frederick Bridge, on delivering the adjudication (upon the chief choral contest) did not flatter the choirs overmuch.

* * * The finale should have been worked up more. That, however, was not done by all the choirs they had heard in the competition—in fact, some of them put in something that ought not to be there—a rallentando. Mendelssohn's Psalm was not so well rendered as it ought to have been. * * * The andante was turned into a largo. It should have been rendered as written by the composer. He felt sure that the conductors of the choirs that came before them that day never heard the piece sung by a large choir conducted properly. All this reflects severely upon the Welsh conductors, does it not? There is no excuse for misunderstanding simple musical terms, after so much Eisteddfodic competitions,

and so much adjudications from so many knighted gods. Again, in "adjudicating" the male voice choir section, Sir Frederick made the following remarks: "Coming to the moderato movement (in Hiles' 'Hushed in Death') it was not meant to be aggressive, as it was sung by nearly every one of the parties. When they got to the fugue 'unborn millions,' the tempos were in some cases tremendous, instead of taking the time mentioned." One choir, out of six, it seems, "sung absolutely to time."

In regard to the singing of Dr. Joseph Parry's "Jesus of Nazareth," Sir Frederick said that "it was a remarkable test. First there was a chorus of angels in which were some difficult semitones. There was E sharp in the last bar, which was sung by some choirs E natural. Maybe the reason was that there was a very awkward note in the bass, pulling it down." Dr. Parry ought to "pull out" that "pulling down" "awkward note in the bass," and send it out among the Boers. Sir Frederick continues: "Next there was a chorus of shepherds which should be sung without any alteration of time. It should not be separated from the chorus of angels, but in some cases it was sung staccato, and appeared like a chorus of brigands come to

steal the shepherd's sheep. Then the next chorus was sung in too light and tripping a manner, and a very disagreeable accent given on the third beat of every bar, and the adjudicators took special notice of it. * * * One of the choirs sang that chorus 'Hark, with footsteps now approaching,' marked 'piano' quite forte when the tenors came in, and they howled it out, and the whole dramatic effect was consequently spoilt. All this was said really out of the least motives, and in criticizing their performance he wanted to make it useful to them. He was glad to hear such evidence of devotional singing, and he hoped it would lead to good results."

The readers of these notes will pardon so much quotation. It can be readily seen that much better, and surely more instructive criticisms, have been given time and again by Emlyn Evans, Dr. Parry, David Jenkins, Edward Broome, David Davis, Dr. D. J. J. Mason, Parson Price, Daniel Protheroe, and others. To cure the many ills referred to in the foregoing quotations, the true panacea is choral organizations, musical instruction, intelligent and interpretive conductorship, all based on the love of art, and less love of competition.

Signor Alberto Randegger is the subject of the leading article of the last "Musical Times" of London, accompanied by a fine portrait of the famous *maestro*. An interesting item is the one about the gold watch presented to him in 1882, by his pu-

pils, whose names are therein inscribed, among them Mary Davies, Jessie Jones, Emilie Lloyd, Lucas Williams and James Sauvage. Signor Randegger will be one of the adjudicators at the coming Liverpool Eisteddfod.

"How Music Developed" is a delightful volume just published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York, the author being the eminent critic, W. J. Henderson. The growth of modern music is its main subject, and because of the author's broadness of mind, poetic temperament, and comprehensive knowledge of what he writes upon, the book is a valuable contribution to American musical literature.

The curious and instructive experiments of Mrs. Watts Hughes in voice figures, cuts of which appeared lately in a number of *Werner's Magazine*, are referred to in a very complimentary manner in the "Musician" in a critical article from the pen of C. M. M. The writer writes well enough to use his proper name, rather than some initials, as author.

It is intended to have a large number of Welsh singers to render classic choruses, chorals and Welsh melodies at the coming National Export Exposition of Philadelphia. Mr. James F. Jones, one of the leading Welsh citizens, has negotiated considerably in the matter. Let much success crown the scheme.

Verdi, the "Grand old man" of music, has just being signally honored by King Humbert of Italy, by the bestowal upon him of the "Grand

Cordon Order Anunciata." This is can now claim to be "Cousin to the
the highest distinction from the King," and the greatest of all kings
king, and the illustrious composer is Verdi.



OUR ADMIRAL.

By J. Courier Morris.

With mighty stroke the world awoke
To mankind's song of right;
Columbia's son for Freedom won
A battle fought with might.
With magic wand his stern command
Restrained the Spaniard's rage:
Oppression wanes! Great splendor reigns
O'er Dewey's naval wage.

With master stroke calm Justice woke,
To Cuba's plaint of wrong;
With hearts of oak our Yankee folk
Subdued the hellish throng;
Flowers of wars our Yankee tars,
And terrors of the sea;
With brawn and brain they rule the main,
These Sons of Liberty.

With final stroke the War-God spoke—
Now comes the new-born tale;
It was no dream this bloody stream
We saw in Orient gale:
In gleeful voice our "Stars" rejoice—
The "Stripes" dance in mid-air;
The "Blue and Gold" in foreground bold
Shine forth in gorgeous glare.

Forevermore in naval lore,
First man among the grand;
Thy deed wrought fame to cherished name
And glory to thy land;
All hail to thee, King of the Sea,
And Prince of yonder bays;
Thy deed so bold will ne'er grow old
Where Freedom's sceptre sways.

LLANDUDNO AND ITS SURROUNDINGS, NORTH WALES.

On entering the town of Llandudno let us quote from an interesting description of a ride from Llangollen to Llandudno, written some years ago:—"Llandudno itself is one of the finest seaside towns in Wales. The bay is flanked by the Little and Great Orme's Head on either side; and excursionists cannot fail to notice the great similarity, in a geological and structural point of view, between these headlands and the Eglwyseg Rocks. They were formed in the same distant era, and under precisely the same circumstances, and upheaved at the same time. But a subsequent upheaval of Llangollen district has raised our Eglwyseg Rocks to a higher altitude, and driven away from their base the sea waves which of yore loved to play around them, much as they now play around the base of the Great Orme's Head.

The town may be said to reach from sea to sea, and if the water is too rough for you in the Llandudno Bay, you have only to march away to that of Conway, and the odds are you will find it smooth—and vice versa. If you are fond of donkeys, you have your choice here (but for that matter, so you have elsewhere and inland), and you need not be imposed upon in your rides; for be your desire a horse, an ass, or a carriage, there is a fixed tariff of charges. Indeed, everything is done

by rule at Llandudno—building, boating, bathing, as well as equestrianising, being reduced to a system.

On the left of the entrance to the bay stands the Little Orme's Head, and on the right the Great Orme's Head. These noble rocks, with their steep, rugged, and whitened fronts, form the foreground of the picture, which is filled up by the clear green water, the boats at anchor in the bay, the splendid marine terraces which adorn the shore, and the range of lofty mountains at a distance, amidst which towers the majestic Penmaenmawr, Tal-y-fan, and Carnedd Llewelyn.

Amongst modern attractions there is, of course, a promenade pier; and it has swimming baths underneath. The pier is so long, that when you have walked to the end and back the distance accomplished is about half a mile. This is not only a pleasant lounge, but is almost a necessity, if Llandudno is to do any traffic on the waters. At the old pier steamers could only come up at high tide, and at other times small boats had to be sent out to them—weather permitting; and as weather did not always permit, parties out for a day trip to Liverpool sometimes found, on getting within sight of Llandudno, that they must be out for the night as well, as far as Llandudno was concerned, and go on to Ban-

gor. The new pier forms a wonderful attraction on summer evenings after dusk, for on it the fine band performs, and always to large audiences, and the music loses none of its attractions coming over the water to the ears of those on shore. On pleasant summer days, too, nothing can be more delightful than to sit at

Another attraction is the "Happy Valley," on the side of the Great Orme's Head, a little way beyond the pier. On summer evenings, when the sun's rays are subdued, the scene here is indeed a merry one, and it has been aptly described as a "Vanity Fair." It would be none the less attractive, we think, for the



Happy Valley, Llandudno.

the end of the pier, facing the town, with the sea about you, and the great mountains rising in front. The most prominent summit is Foel Fras, and more to the left, looking just beyond the tower of one of the hotels, is Penllithrig-y-Wrach, a mountain near Capel Curig, which is often mistaken by strangers for Moel Siabod. Penllithrig, with its abrupt eastern shoulder, is a prominent landmark from this district.

shelter of a few trees. This want of shade is the great and only drawback to Llandudno in summer. An attempt has been made to grow trees on the parade, but no painstaking care has been bestowed on them after planting. A winter-garden is as yet a thing of the future, but, if we may believe the universal testimony of those who ought to know, there is an even temperature about Llandudno that will eventually make it a

favorite winter resort, and a place where a winter garden will be indispensable.

The beauties of the Great Orme's Head cannot all be revealed in a day's journey. If you want a fine view, there is the old telegraph station you will see high up above you when at St. Tudno's church. Here

as, which means "head of the city," it is still called; and there may be found what was once a most perfect "Rocking Stone" (*Maen Sigl*), called also *Cryd Tudno*, Tudno's Cradle. If you sit on it now, it rocks. To reach *Pen-y-Ddinas*, turn up the road in the Happy Valley, pass the quarries, and then ascend to the left.



Llandudno Bay.

you can get refreshments for the body, as well as pure air and glorious scenery. From the highest point of the Head, close by, the view is very extensive of coast and mountains; and, in short, from almost all parts of the Orme you see a vast panorama, bounded seawards by the Isle of Man and the mountains of the English Lake district. Then, just overlooking the town, there is the reputed site of a "city;" *Pen-y-Ddin-*

The Rocking Stone is at the corner nearest Conway Bay. From here *Moel Siabod* may be seen, through an opening in the hills to the left of the bold height *Penllithrig-y-Wrach*. Another object of curiosity is the view of *Snowdon* from the Great Orme's Head. If you start along the drive by the Conway shore, a green path running up the hill near *Gogarth* ruins leads to the spot marked on the maps as the place

from which Snowdon can be seen. From the road that runs above St. Tudno's the same place is reached by following the wall to the left, until a small cairn is seen, and here, whether you discover Y Wyddfa or not—and there are sceptics on that

point—the prospect cannot fail to delight you. To the right of Penmaenmawr, looking over Aber, the Rivals are visible, and the highest of the nearer mountains to the left is Carnedd Llewelyn.



RHYS LLEWELLYN.

(A Welsh Romance.)

By J. Mills Davies, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Percy, look at that tall, handsome young man who just passed us, and the stately old lady leaning on his arm." "I have seen them a number of times during the past week, and they seem devoted to each other. I wonder who they are?"

After a casual glance at the couple described by his sister, Viscount Rossmore replied, "Well! well! sister, have you come to Aberystwyth to fall in love with a Welsh rustic, after successfully withstanding the impassioned assaults of several splendid representatives of England's nobility?"

"A truce to your levity, brother mine, and answer my question," blushing responded his sister. "Aha! Cupid has commenced operations in earnest, I see, so I must e'en satisfy the curiosity of my love smitten sister. "To tell you the truth, Edith, I do not know who they are, but I have also become peculiarly interested in that couple

since I first saw them walking on the Terrace a few days ago, and had determined before you spoke to learn more about them."

At the time this story opens, in the summer of 186— Viscount and Lady Edith Rossmore, son and daughter of Earl Rossmore, were visiting Aberystwyth, the well known seaside resort on the Welsh coast. They had been induced to spend the summer months in this vicinity principally on account of its invigorating climate and historic associations, and incidentally because their father had important interests in the Dylife lead mining district, not far distant from Aberystwyth, which he desired his son to investigate. They had been for several weeks guests of the Queen's Hotel (which faces the ocean and commands a superb view of Cardigan Bay), when the above conversation occurred, and were delighted with the climate, bathing, boating and many scenes of romantic

beauty characteristic of this popular resort and surroundings.

"Oh! Percy," said Lady Rossmore, the next morning, as she glanced toward the sea, which was exceptionally calm, "take me out in a sail boat, will you? There is surely no danger, for there is scarcely a ripple on the surface of the water, and I would enjoy it so much."

"All right, sister," replied Viscount Rossmore, "w'ell go immediately after breakfast, but bring plenty of wraps, for a squall is liable to come up at any time."

Under the guidance of a skillful boatman they sailed around the bay all the morning, stopping an hour at Borth, another charming seaside resort eight miles north of Aberystwyth, and crossing the estuary of the beautiful river Dovey, on their way to Aberdovey, a picturesque and delightful little seaport, made famous by the well known Welsh song "Bells of Aberdovey." As they crossed the estuary of the Dovey Viscount Rossmore remarked "Ten miles up this river is the historic town of Machynlleth, which was quite a village and an important camp at the time the Romans occupied Britain 1900 years ago. Owain Glyndwr, the celebrated Welsh chieftain, had his capital and camp there about the year 1400, and his residence is still in good repair. The white-washed stone parliament house is also in good condition, and many other buildings of interest to the antiquarian and lover of romance."

"Percy, dear, where did you learn all this?" said his sister.

He replied, "I met a former resident of Machynlleth at the Queen's hotel, Dr. Edwards, now a college superintendent in Illinois, U. S. A., who is an enthusiastic lover of Wales, and proud of its wonderfully thrilling history." "He has invited me, and you of course, to accompany him to that ancient town with an unpromouncable name. Having studied German considerably, I can manage to get through the 'Machyn' tolerably well, but the 'lleth' staggers me."

"I understand that the only genuine test, whether a person is Welsh or not, is to ask for the pronunciation of the Welsh letter 'll' and that the nearest possible approach to it by a person not a native, or an immediate descendant of one, is 'th.'"

It was after noon when they reached Aberdovey, and Lady Rossmore remarked, "I am as hungry as a bear, Percy, shall we go to a hotel and have dinner?" "Yes, by all means" replied her brother, "for this trip has whetted my appetite immensely."

After a bountiful repast of Dovey river salmon and other refreshments, they visited every point of interest in and around the charming little town, which occupied several hours. On their return to the boat everything was ready for an immediate departure, and the old boatman said with his quaint Welsh accent, "I don't want to frighten you young

folks, but as shure as my name it is John Griffiths, a storm is brewing and, look you, we'll have a hard time getting back."

Ominous clouds already hovered on the horizon, which the experienced old salt knew full well meant danger to the little craft and its occupants. Handing a five pound note to the boatman the Viscount said,

"I cheerfully present you with this an incentive to take us back to Aberystwyth speedily and safely."

"Thank you, my lord," replied Griffiths, "I will do my level best, and by sailing close to shore as we dare we can shorten the distance a good deal." By expert handling the boat made rapid progress, and had reached more than half way to its destination before the storm burst upon them. Thunder and lightning, furious winds and torrents of rain followed each other in quick succession, requiring the utmost care to prevent the boat from capsizing. Griffiths was a cool headed old sailor, however, and by superb skill and unremitting efforts he managed to keep the little craft from being dashed helplessly into the trough of the sea, or overwhelmed by the angry billows. When they sighted Aberystwyth, but still several miles distant, Lady Rossmore cried out joyfully, "Percy, the storm is abating and the worst is over, for I see the pier, and at the rate we are now going we will reach it in a few minutes."

But alas! "the best laid plans o'mice and men gang aft agley"—

for notwithstanding the superb seamanship and herculean efforts of the old boatman, whereby he had brought his patrons almost to their destination, a sudden squall caused by a shifting of the wind caught the boat, and before Griffiths had time to properly adjust the sail the craft was capsized.

* * * * *

Rhys Llewellyn, a stalwart young Welshman visiting Aberystwyth, was walking on the pier watching the expiring efforts of the storm when he discerned some distance out what appeared to be an overturned boat. A careful examination through his pocket telescope disclosed not only an overturned boat but also two men clinging to it, one of whom was supporting a female. Rushing down the steps of the pier and releasing an oar boat from its mooring occupied but a minute or two, and although the storm had not yet ceased, in a few minutes the young man had reached sufficiently near to hail the well nigh exhausted men with the welcome cry "Hold on a minute longer, I am coming to your rescue." The cry was heard, and within five minutes the three victims of the storm, whose identity is doubtless surmised, were safe in Llewellyn's boat, and on their way to the pier.

When the boat had capsized, throwing them into the sea, Griffiths seized Lady Rossmore and held her by the waist with one hand and clutched the edge of the craft with the other. He directed Viscount

Rossmore to cling to the boat also, rather than attempt to swim to the pier in such a heavy sea. Nearly half an hour had elapsed before their providential discovery and rescue by Rhys Llewellyn, to whose prompt and courageous action they doubtless owed their lives, as the Viscount was of frail physique, and not an expert swimmer, and Griffiths was hampered by the unconscious form of Lady Rossmore.

Many willing hands and kind hearts greeted the occupants of the boat on its arrival at the pier, for Llewellyns' brave act had been witnessed by others, and the victims of the storm were speedily conveyed to the hotel and given restoratives. Viscount Rossmore and Griffiths soon revived, but his sister still remained unconscious. A physician was sent for, under whose treatment the lady soon recovered, and was, ere long, none the worse except the effects of fright and exhaustion. The next morning Viscount Rossmore narrated to his sister the particulars of their rescue, and she was surprised to hear that the hero was the young man she had inquired about.

"Oh! I am so glad, Percy, I knew he must be a brave and noble man," exclaimed his sister, "I must see him at once and thank him."

"Keep cool, sister, you must remain quiet to-day, as the doctor says your nerves are all unstrung," replied her brother.

"But, Percy dear, it would do me more good than rest and medicine to see him and thank him for his courageous conduct."

"Oh! sister, Cupid has indeed secured another victim," replied the Viscount.

"Fie, for shame," retorted his sister, her face suffused with tell tale blushes, "it would be ungrateful of me to feel otherwise, as we probably owe our lives to him."

After considerable banter from her brother, and a few more blushes, Lady Rossmore exacted a promise that she should see their rescuer the following day. The next morning she arose early in anticipation of the visit, and arrayed herself in a white muslin costume, and necklace of pearls, that displayed her elegant form and blonde beauty to perfection, and when Rhys Llewellyn was introduced by her brother in the drawing room, the latter mentally exclaimed, "By Jove, here is a perfect match, a dark and handsome Apollo, and a beautiful blonde Venus."

After a few minutes' conversation Viscount Rossmore was compelled to admit that "the Welsh rustic" he referred to in the opening of this story, was at least the equal of himself and sister in intellectual attainments and demeanor, in short—a gentleman. Moreover, he discovered that Cupid's dart had simultaneously reached the hearts of Llewellyn and his beautiful sister, placing them in

that blissful condition aptly described by the poet:

"Two minds with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Rhys Llewellyn was the youngest and only surviving son of Mrs. Gwenllian Llewellyn, a widow who owned an extensive farm near Aberystwyth. At this time he was about 24 years old, and in the full vigor of young manhood. Besides possessing a magnificent physique, being over six feet in height, with form well proportioned, he was, as described by Viscount Rossmore "handsome as Apollo," and, beloved by all who knew him for his excellent qualities of mind and heart. Mrs. Llewellyn loved her son with such a wealth of affection as even mothers are rarely possessed of, for although naturally energetic and ambitious, with great force of character, he was gentle and courteous toward every one, and particularly his mother.

Mrs. Llewellyn was a descendant of, and was named after, Gwenllian, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Rhys ap Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales, and wife of Ednyfed Vychan, chief counsellor of Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, the famous Prince of North Wales. Although free from the pride of ancestry that inclines many to look with contempt upon all who do not possess "blue blood," Mrs. Llewellyn would remark when the subject were mentioned "If royal blood has any virtue I must have been highly favored, for I can claim not only Rhys ap Gruffydd as my ancestor, but also his de-

scendant Owain Tudor, who married Catherine of France, the widow of King Henry the Fifth of England, and whose great-grandson Henry Tudor, defeated Richard the Third in the battle of Bosworth Field, and became King Henry the Seventh.

Lady Rossmore, as already remarked by her brother, was a beautiful and graceful blonde, whose hand had been sought for in marriage but in vain, by several prominent and worthy peers of England. Her mother having died at the birth of this, her only daughter, the care and education of Lady Rossmore had devolved upon a maiden aunt, her father's sister, who had performed the task nobly, whereby she had developed into a beautiful and accomplished young lady of 18, physically perfect, and well fitted by intellect, graces of character and deportment to adorn the home of the highest peer of the realm. But in obedience to the mysterious law that governs human nature she had willingly, aye gladly given to Rhys Llewellyn, an obscure young farmer, what she heretofore refused to many suitors of her own rank—her heart's fondest love. At the age of 21 she would inherit a vast estate as her mother's heiress, hence she was financially at least, well able to follow the dictates of her own heart in the selection of a husband.

As yet not one word had been uttered by either one on the subject, but each felt instinctively the unity of heart and soul that is absolutely

essential to a happy wedded life. One day, as they were walking past the ruins of the once formidable Aberystwyth Castle, Rhys stopped and remarked to his companion, "Lady Rossmore, there is one of the evidences of Welsh loyalty to the crown of England."

"How so," replied Lady Rossmore, "I have always understood that the Welsh people claim their country was never fully conquered, and that many of them are to this day restive under the yoke of England."

"Many unjust and oppressive laws" said Rhys, "have stirred up bitter opposition in the minds of hot heads from time to time, I will admit, but the masses have been intensely loyal to the kings and queens of England ever since the accession of a descendant of Welsh prince, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, to the throne of England, as Henry the Seventh, in 1485."

"So strong was the adherence of the Welsh to the crown of England that Oliver Cromwell's forces met with fierce opposition in Wales, and during that campaign this and many other castles were well nigh demolished."

"I have often heard, Mr. Llewellyn," remarked Lady Rossmore, "that the Welsh people possess a vast number of wonderful legends and traditions, dating back to a very remote period, but written in the Welsh language. If so, why have they not been translated into English and other languages?"

"It is true, replied Rhys, that our history, reaching back centuries before the Roman invasion of Britain, abounds in legends and traditions, some of which have been translated into English and other languages, but the largest proportion of them, however, especially the 'Triads,' are semi-poetical in character and so peculiarly constructed as to render a perfect and yet interesting translation extremely difficult."

"I hope, however, that the recently inaugurated study of the Welsh as a classical language, in some of our leading universities, and one or two on the continent, will create a greater interest in it, particularly as it compares favorably with Hebrew and Latin as a key to modern languages. An increased knowledge of the Welsh among other nations and consequent greater interest in Welsh literature and history will, I trust, result in the production of a Sir Walter Scott from our race, through whom the glorious character and achievements of our many heroes may be immortalized in the English language as Scott did those of Scotland."

During the foregoing conversation Rhys and Lady Rossmore had seated themselves in one of the turrets of the ruined castle facing the ocean, just as the setting sun surrounded by gorgeously tinted clouds was sinking on the western horizon, apparently into the ocean. As they gazed upon the beautiful and impressive scene Rhys exclaimed "There, to the West, I feel impelled to go,

and would have gone long ago, but for the duty an only son owes to a loving and widowed mother."

Impulsively seizing his hand, and gazing into his eyes with looks of ineffable tenderness his companion replied, "Surely you have no ties that attract you to America" blushing at the thought that he had read her heart's greatest secret.

"No," answered Rhys, appearing not to understand the import of her words and action, but rejoicing, however, at the involuntary confession of her love, "I have no relatives or intimate friends in that great and growing country, but I have studied geology and mineralogy assiduously from my boyhood, and particularly during the past two years in college."

"These Welsh mountains have furnished practical and valuable aid in my studies, especially the lead formations that abound in the vicinity of Plinlimmon. I feel impelled to go to Colorado, some time, believing that I can achieve a competence if not a fortune in that virgin and promising field for the prospector and miner."

"That reminds me of my father's lead mining interests in Dylife," said Lady Rossmore, "and his request that while here my brother should investigate their value, also the management of the mine. Could you accompany my brother on the trip?"

"I would esteem it a pleasure to be of service to your father and brother in the matter," replied Rhys,

"not in a professional capacity, for I do not deem myself qualified to perform such duties, however, if your brother will accept me a companion when he visits the mines I will gladly accompany him."

On their return to the hotel Viscount Rossmore and Rhys discussed the subject, and the latter was surprised to learn that unfavorable reports regarding the working prospects of the mines had been sent to Earl Rossmore by his manager, with a recommendation to sell the property at much less than its cost.

"I have acquired some knowledge of the mines owned by your father during my mineralogical studies in that district," said Rhys, "and I believe there is some mistake in the manager's report if not absolute misrepresentation."

At the urgent request of Viscount Rossmore Rhys accompanied him on the trip to Dylife, and after three days' thorough investigation of the mines by Rhys (who displayed marvelous knowledge of lead formations, for an amateur as he called himself) the Viscount decided not to employ an expert mineralogist in the matter but to depend wholly upon Rhys Llewellyn's judgment as to the value of the mines. "Lord Rossmore," said Rhys, "your father's property is worth three times the estimate reported by the manager. I have discovered, moreover, that he is interested in a scheme to purchase the mines for other capitalists, and that in order to decrease the

output of ore, the best veins have been abandoned, and only the poorest grade of ore taken out."

Subsequent events substantiated the report of Rhys in every particular, and the manager having been discharged he was offered the position, with absolute authority to operate the mines according to his own judgment. Rhys courteously but firmly declined the liberal offer for several reasons. First, he could not bear the humiliation of being an employe of one so closely related to the woman he hoped in the future to win as his wife, although he had not pressed his suit before she returned home from Aberystwyth; second, his mother had been a sufferer for years from that dread disease, consumption, and soon after her return home from Aberystwyth had been taken seriously ill, and was not likely to live many weeks; therefore he deemed it a sacred duty to remain with her to the last sad parting.

During the autumn months she rallied for a short time, but with the cold blasts of winter came the call of the "grim reaper," and Mrs. Llewellyn was laid to rest a week before Christmas. When Viscount Rossmore was informed of the death of Mrs. Llewellyn it grieved him deeply, for he loved Rhys as a brother, regardless of the difference in their positions, and Rhys reciprocated the affection with all his heart. It is needless to add that Lady Rossmore's sorrow was greater than her brother's, for it was the death of

Rhys's mother, the man she loved with her whole heart and soul, although not a word revealing their love for each other had, as yet, been uttered. Soon after his mother's death, Rhys received a tempting offer to go to Colorado on behalf of several English capitalists, who desired to obtain a reliable report concerning some lead and silver mining properties alleged to be fabulously rich. He was promised a liberal interest in the same if, in case they proved valuable, he would consent to remain there for at least two years to superintend the mines. After considering the matter carefully Rhys decided to accept the offer, and he was elated at the thought that he now had a prospect at least of acquiring sufficient wealth to enable him to ask Earl Rossmore for his daughter's hand in marriage.

Viscount and Lady Rossmore went to Liverpool to bid Rhys goodbye, and see him off on the steamer. The parting between Rhys and Lady Rossmore was sad but tinged with the silver lining that sometimes brightens the darkest cloud, for during the few hours they spend together the words of love and promises of undying affection for each other had been spoken at last, and was not Rhys going to win a fortune that would enable them to be united as husband and wife as they were already united in heart and soul?

* * * * *

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and "In the bright

lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail" proved to be good watch-words, for Rhys Llewellyn did succeed in amassing a fortune far exceeding his most sanguine expectations, within three years from the time he arrived in Colorado, and a reputation as mining engineer, withal, that placed him in the front rank of that profession. The death of Earl Rossmore, however, that occurred two years after Rhys' depar-

ture from England marred the glad welcome home, to some extent. Viscount Rossmore was well and still unmarried, and was the first one to greet him at the landing stage in Liverpool.

Rhys and his beloved bride spent their honeymoon amid the romantic scenery of the towns and hamlets that cluster around Cardigan Bay—where "the Welsh rustic" was first seen and loved "at first sight."



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"I hope his heart was as little touched as your own, for being free to marry his visit might result in mischief to more than the king of England."

"Let thy mind be at rest concerning him, for Rhuddlan castle contains no more beauty than he has often seen before, and he will depart stricken as little with female charms as when he came."

The heart's desire sometimes drives the mind to a conviction that is at variance with facts, and it was so in the case of Nest, for the king of Norway at that very moment, being favorably impressed with her charms, and thinking that an alliance with the daughter of so valiant a

king as Gryffydd would be advantageous to him, was meditating as to how he might successfully approach his host on the subject. There was scarcely any doubt in his mind as to the result. He was confident that Gryffydd would be glad to have him for a son-in-law, and that he could win the princess' consent. Many of Norway's fair daughters would have been only too glad to have the chance she was about to have.

With these thoughts uppermost in his mind Magnus not unnaturally assumed a more cheerful aspect, and astounded his followers with an unwonted flow of wit. Two days of engrossing preparations, however, prevented Gryffydd from giving him

the opportunity he so much desired, and his patience, which was as weak as his actions were brisk, was fast giving way to irritation when the Welsh king learning that he desired a private interview, readily granted it to him. Accompanied by only an interpreter, whom Magnus had sworn into absolute secrecy, the two kings retired to Gryffydd's chamber, which was nearly as devoid of ornament as the hall, and seated themselves on large cushions on the rush covered floor near a lattice-window. The reputation of the Norwegian king for being well-spoken was properly sustained both in the way in which he introduced his subject, and in the manner in which he supported his proposal after he had made it known. He alluded to the love with which the princess' comeliness had inspired him, the high honor which he could confer upon her, and the advantages to be derived from such a union as he proposed.

As might be expected, Magnus' proposal took Gryffydd by surprise, nothing being farther from his mind at the time than an alliance between his daughter and the king of Norway. As the royal suitor proceeded in his well-conducted suit, however, surprise gave way to pleasure, and by the time Magnus ceased speaking the Welsh king was greatly in favor of the proposal. He was not ignorant of his daughter's passion for Trahaiarn, nor did he expect that she would willingly consent to marry his royal guest; but since he had every reason to believe that the

prince would never return, and since a proposal of marriage from so great and bold a warrior as Magnus was by no means to be despised, he secretly vowed to do all he could to aid his suit. In his reply to the Norwegian king, however, he thought it wise to manifest less pleasure than he felt, and to inform him that he might not find the princess as responsive to his suit as he would wish, owing to the pre-occupied state of her affections. Then finding Magnus still anxious to press his suit he promised to arrange a meeting between him and Nest in the queen's hall in the near future, and the interview was brought to a close.

Meanwhile Nest, perfectly unconscious of what was transpiring in the king's chamber, sat in her room gazing out of the window with a far-away look in her eyes, while her maid sat busily knitting at her feet. The room was perfectly still, and with the exception of an occasional glance at her mistress the maid seemed as abstracted as the princess, who unconsciously toyed with a locket made sacred by the lock of black hair which it contained. At length, however, both were aroused from their abstraction by a knock at the door, and Nest glancing at the long tunic of pure white linen which graced her shapely figure to see if it was in proper order lifted her eyes in time to see the queen enter.

"You are certainly most fortunate, daughter," said Aldyth in a flutter of excitement, "for his majesty the king of Norway desires to make your

closer acquaintance. Nay, frown not, for you dare not ill-treat your father's royal guest without forfeiting your right to paternal favor forever."

"Why should he seek to converse with me," asked Nest petulantly, while an apprehensive look appeared on Enid's face. "I care not to see him, why should he care to see me?"

"Do not disgrace your father's court by your waywardness," said the queen, growing pale with displeasure. "Go, and I will remain here till your return."

Fearing to displease her father more than desiring to please her mother the princess now reluctantly left the room and entered the queen's apartment with beating heart and trembling limbs, realizing that it was one thing to hear stories about Norse kings, and quite another thing to have to entertain one. As yet it had not entered her mind that Magnus expected more than to be merely entertained.

As she entered the room Magnus received her in a manner in which a degree of lover's embarrassment mingled with kingly dignity, and when both were seated the king proceeded to say through his interpreter,

"However surprising and unexpected this visit may be to you, noble princess, it is to me a matter of unusual interest. He that has seen the sun wishes to see it again, and he that has seen the beauty and inhaled the fragrance of a rare flower is anxious to do so again. I flatter

myself with the hope that the lovely daughter of the royal Gryffydd has not wholly forgotten my former visit to this room, though it gave me far more pleasure than I could hope to give in return, so much pleasure indeed that I have looked forward with no little delight to the privilege of a second visit."

"The royal Magnus chooses to be very complimentary in his speech," said Nest, struggling with a lump in her throat, and with an apprehension that was fast becoming a conviction that the king's visit purposed to be a serious matter.

"Royalty must ever pay homage to beauty," continued the king, "and beauty is never more charming than when wedded to royalty. Sweet lady I love you, and want you to be mine. It has pleased the saints to make me the royal head both of Norway and Denmark. Hundreds of thousands obey my call, and my victories are not few. Vast possessions, countless treasures, and costly jewels are mine. I lack but your beauty and love to make my happiness complete and my court without a rival."

"Surely all this is a mistake," said Nest, much bewildered, and keeping the tears back with difficulty. "I am not in a position to listen to such words, even from the king of Norway. Has no one informed you—has not my father told you that I am already betrothed to another?"

"Your father, fair princess, has told me all," was the reply, "and I have both his sanction to my proposal, and his promise that you shall

be my bride. A beauty such as yours is ill-bestowed upon the dead, and your love needs other than the dust to feed upon. There is not a maiden in the whole of my dominion who would refuse the honor I deign to offer you. Then be my queen, sweet Nest."

"And you would have my father force me to marry you?" said the princess with extreme agitation and flashing eyes. "You would upbraid me for being loyal to the man whom dead or alive I love. Honor indeed! is it an honor to wear a crown without jewels! Much less to force marriage where mutual love is impossible."

"Everything is honorable in love and war," said Magnus with the air of a man who will have his own way at all costs. "Willing or unwilling thou shalt be mine."

"Never!" cried the princess springing to her feet. "If you are a king your dominion extends not to Cambria, least of all over my person. Do your worst I shall never be the wife of such a man as you."

"Thy father, proud maid, is of a different mind, and so am I," was the haughty and self-assuring reply.

Nest made no response, but sailed from the room with the air of an offended queen, leaving Magnus in a state of irritation mingled with admiration. Upon reaching her own room, however, her manner changed, and covering her flushed face with

her hands she threw herself on the divan in a flood of tears.

The queen having heard much of the conversation through the unlatched door, and being indignant at what she considered unbearable stubbornness and weakness in the princess made no effort to console her, but went immediately to her own apartment, slamming the door between the two apartments by way of emphasis to her displeasure. Enid, however, shedding sympathetic tears in spite of herself sought as usual to soothe the highly taxed nerves of her mistress. As yet she knew nothing of what had been said in the queen's hall, but the violent emotions of the princess confirmed certain apprehensions she had entertained, and she thought what a terrible thing it would be to have to marry even a king against one's will. Nest's mind also ran in the same channel, for she presently cried wringing her hands.

"Oh, why have I lived to see this day? Why am I not with my betrothed if indeed he be dead? Why should I be expected to become the wife of a man who, though a king, can never be to me what even the memory of poor Trahaiarn is? Ah, I shall never see another such as he."

Little by little the maid learned the gist of the conversation between the princess and the Norwegian king, but at first she could offer no suggestion satisfactory either to herself or her mistress.

(To be continued.)



FIELD OF LETTERS

"THE AT-ONE-MENT between God and Man," cloth 60c.; paper 25c., 500 pages. Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa., and all booksellers.

Pastor Russell is widely known as a writer on theological subjects, and this book is the fifth of a series called the "Millennial Dawn." His other books on various Christian subjects have had a world-wide sale, and the publishers are equally confident of the success of this volume on the At-one-ment. Apart from the direct discussion of the subject of this interesting volume, it also contains a comprehensive view of the theology of the Holy Scriptures. Pastor Russell treats the atonement from a purely Scriptural point of view, consequently he sheds valuable light on the other mysteries of Christian theology. The book contains a wonderful amount of information on things pertaining to Christian thought. It is a system of Christian theology in itself.

"Literary Digest" brings every week such a remarkable feast, and at the same time affords such a wonderful opportunity for studying the world, and knowing what is going on in all the world, in the way of thought and action, that every thoughtful person could have the use of it. It will be of great value in future years for reference, as it is to-day for study.

Two Calvinistic Methodist ministers in South Wales are arranging to publish new English works. The Rev. W. Evans, M. A., Pembroke Dock, will issue a "History of Welsh Theology," and the Rev. H. J. Hughes, Merthyr, a volume

of his own sermons. Both have edited English magazines for the "Corff." The Rev. W. Evans was at one time joint editor with the Rev. Joseph Evans of the "Treasury," and Mr. Hughes, after five years' faithful service, is on the point of handing over the "Monthly Treasury" to the Rev. J. Glyn Davies, Newport.

The contents of the "Drysorfa" for October are as follows: The Rev. James Donne, by the Rev. John Williams, Llangeferni; Religious Experience, by the Rev. T. R. Jones, Talsarnau; The late Robert Rowlands, by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Porthmadoc; Augustine, by the Rev. W. J. Williams, Hirwaun; God's Salvation an Atonement, by the Rev. Thomas Powell, Llantrisant; Monthly Notes; Reviews, Reports, &c., &c.

"The Orphan Maid," Welsh words by Dewi Glan Peryddon, paraphrased by S. R. Jones; music by J. W. Parson Price. Published by D. O. Evans, Youngstown, O. Price 60 cents.

That is the title and complexion of a fine descriptive semi-sacred song, an aria, preceded by an effective recit. Its melodies are numerous and various, but always beautifully united by a theme, "To her mansion of glory from the cold of the night," which is heard in the short introduction. The compass is one octave and a half—from B flat to E flat—with an optional F above, near the close. In the hands of good contraltos or baritones, this song will create an agreeable impression.

The clergymen of the Church of England entertains peculiar views of the

sanctity of the parish. Within the confines of the parish, the Rector or the Vicar is monarch of all he surveys; if he should happen to neglect any of his clerical duties, it is a matter between him and his superior; woe to an outsider, who dares intermeddle. A clergyman has no right to save souls outside his own territory; at least, he can't attempt to do it without especial permission. In the time of the Methodist revival, Howell Harries and Daniel Rowlands received many letters from clergymen prohibiting their coming within their parishes to preach the gospel. The same idea prevails to-day. Among the speakers at the great Protestant meeting held at Cardiff recently, was Canon Fleming; now, Canon Thomson, Vicar of the parish wherein the meeting was held, has sent the Canon a letter demanding his authority for such intrusion. Canon Thompson quotes an unwritten law, honored by clergymen, that one Vicar is not allowed to invade another Vicar's territory. According to this Church, etiquette over-rides the Christian law of preaching the gospel and saving souls. The sooner such an unwritten law is abolished, the better; it is certainly more honored in the breach than in the observance. In his reply Canon Fleming said that the matter he spoke on at Cardiff was not a parochial question but of national import, and that he had felt bound to take part in the discussion. It is the duty of a clergyman to save a soul wherever he is.—"Y Drysoria."

"Cwrs y Byd" inculcates some excellent lessons, and, especially, expresses some timely thoughts. For instance the following:

"The poor man has been reared under a system of oppression which teaches the lesson that the rich is his master, and this training creates in him the belief that it should be so; and the rich on his part also holds as a matter of

natural consequence that he is born to lord over his poor brethren. It is hard to say which is the greater obstacle in the way of the emancipation and elevation of man.

A correspondent writes also anent the National Eisteddfod, wherein he states that the institution is a kind of trough which carries all the money that is in it to the pockets of a few professional musical and bardic celebrities, and that as an educating means it is a sad failure. He asserts that there is not more patriotism in it than at a football match."

In the October number of the "Dysgedydd," we find the following articles, and a miscellany of religious matter: The Recollections of Youth; Reminiscences of the Revival of 1859; The Ritualism and the Sacerdotalism of the Age; The Congregational Union of 1899; Events of the Month; Reports, Obituaries, &c.

It is with sorrow we heard of the deluge which has destroyed the Welsh settlement in the Chuput Valley, Patagonia. It appears that heavy rains had fallen during May, June and July—their winter months there—which with snow had caused some anxiety. Many feared that a flood would happen, and they put up embankments to prevent the inundation. But soon the water rose and broke through July 22, rushing down the valley sweeping everything before it, hardly allowing the settlers time enough to save their lives. July 24 it flooded the town of Gaiman, whence the inhabitants fled into the hills. It was excited times; the people driving their availables and their cattle to places of safety. By the 26th, the valley appeared like a sea, the waters fast nearing the town of Trerawson, whose inhabitants the next day were compelled to flee for their lives. It seems that Trelew is the only place that escaped

the ravages of the waters, it being highly situated and protected by high embankments. A letter dated August 10, states that at night the fires of the homeless inhabitants on the hills remind one of a military camp. This is only a partial description of the destruction caused.—“Dysgedyddi.”

The “Cronici” sharply criticizes the church plans of collecting money by bazaars, etc. It mentions a church which in repairing the edifice incurred debts to the amount of \$800. The ladies decided to have a bazaar. When the excitement was over the minister decided that the expenditure had exceeded the income, taking into account every mishap, and drawback, colds, sickness and obligations as natural results of the undertaking.

Rev. Griffith John, of the Chinese mission at Hunan is confident and brimful of hope as to the conquest of China to Christianity. He quotes even the opinion of the viceroy of Chang Chih Tung, who admits that Buddhism and Taoism are dying, and that they cannot survive long, but must succumb to the religion of Christ and Western civilization. Buddhism is dead and Taoism is paralyzed. Even the viceroy commends that the temples of the effete Gods be converted to public schools to teach the people the lessons of modern civilization; and he suggests that the Emperor find positions and sinecures for the priests that such a revolution would deprive of their living.

The “Cerddor” for October in addition to a miscellany of reviews, notes, etc., contains entertaining sketches of the lives of Nicholas Bennett, Gwilym Gwent and Ben Davies. Nicholas Bennett was known as the compiler and publisher of “Lays of My Land.” For years he had been busy collecting from 700 to 800 Welsh lays, many of them

hardly known to-day. He died August 18 in his 76th year, and was interred at St. Michael's Churchyard, Trefeglwys, Montgomery. The sketch of the life of Ben Davies is pleasant reading. Mr. Davies was born at Pontardawe, and was raised at Cwmbwrla, S. W. Mr. Davies ranks among the best tenors of the age, and in addition to being a singer and an artist, is extremely popular among all classes, from her Majesty to the quarryman and coal digger. Although his success has been phenomenal, and his career wonderful, he has not lost his self-poise, nor has his head been turned a bit. He is the same invariable Ben, a very Dewey in the world of song. He is as pleasant as ever, and as devoid of pretense and nonsense (mor siriol a di-lol) as ever.

“Young Wales” for September is a superior number. “Our Ancient Political Institutions,” by R. Owen, Welshpool, deserves general reading; “Pat and his Four P's,” by Arthur Mee, Cardiff, is an article wherein the writer is showing how unfounded are the prejudice and suspicion existing in the Welsh mind regarding his fellow Celt, the Irishman. “The Peculiarities of the Welsh Nation,” by J. L. Morris, Llanfynach, is from the pen of a man who knows the Cymric characteristics. It gives considerable insight into the Welsh character. “The Daughter of the Mill” is continued, followed by a sketch of “Cenai, a Geological Saint,” by M. Robertson Spencer. The number closes with “Impressions of the Breton Eisteddfod at Vannes,” by Dr. J. Llewelyn Treharne, Cardiff.

Although as a people, strong logicians, fond of dialectics, and eminently amenable to reason, the Welsh are passionately attached to tradition, legend and fable, and a very great proportion of them still give implicit credence to the numerous legends and traditions

connected with King Arthur of the Round Table, Cantre'r Gwaelod, and the Mabinogion, and people are not wanting who coolly trace the children of Gomer right back to the Garden of Eden without turning a hair.

—Nothing shows the fondness of the Welsh for argument and debate more clearly than the occasion of a Sunday School being tested and questioned on a chapter of Scripture, when the periodical "holl pwnc" takes place, and when several individuals will sometimes engage in a most solemn and learned (?) argument on points of no importance, and often to the amusement of the questioning minister.

—In connection with preaching the Welsh people have a most striking peculiarity which belongs to them alone, and distinguishes them from all other nations, namely, that sing-song form of delivery which is termed "Hwyl." This never fails to strike a foreigner with wonder, especially when he has the pleasure of hearing it utilized with the best possible effect by a master, and observes the wonderful influence it has in arousing the feelings and emotions of a Welsh audience.—"Young Wales."

Much emphasis is laid by some writers on the fact that hardly any mention is made of Christianity by pagan authors. If the new religion had had such a wide and deep influence on the thought and literature of the age, how can it be accounted for that a philosopher like Marcus Aurelius discards the subject with one contemptuous remark? In some sense, this contempt of Christianity is inexplicable; but yet, there may be a reason for it. This silence regarding the new religion is not general, for Pliny, Phronto and Celsus published their views plainly enough; but it seems, nevertheless, to be the custom among pagan authors to ignore Christianity by refraining from making any mention of it. Even in the third century, we find

Dion Cassius discussing questions of his time, but he makes no reference to Christians. The same silence is noticeable in the fourth and fifth century when Christianity had destroyed the power of paganism in the Empire. As Dean Merivale says: Paganism made an effort to ignore the presence of Christianity. Among the literary remains of the age of Constantine, there is hardly any trace of a recognition of the Church and of Christian belief. Even the poet Claudian at the end of the century makes no mention of the new religion. —"Yr Haul."

In the past, the idea of going to the sea shore was scarcely known. People were as much used to remaining in the same place as are some of our English neighbors in some country districts. The women folk hardly left their homes during their life time. It is said of an old woman who had climbed a local hill for the first time in her life—"It's wonderful," she said, "how big this world is! But by this time, everyone does a little travelling. The trains, probably, will help to move people around, and thereby extend their life limit. I would like to live to see two things, viz., the people of Wales leaving their ugly homes in the villages and towns and rebuilding the old cottages in healthy and romantic locations. This would, certainly, check the havoc done by those two foes of man—consumption and insanity.

Every one ought to live in the open air as much as possible, among mountains, in the fields, not pent up in a house. To one who has been confined in his study, his office, etc., a holiday among the mountains is a blessing which invigorates his mind and doubles his strength. Among the mountains of Wales there are hundreds of old cottages in ruins—homes wherein many a family of rosy-cheeked boys and girls were raised in the past. Are there not families who would like to rebuild these for sojournment during their holidays in summer? It would be cheaper and pleasanter than overcrowd the watering places.—"Cymru."

SCIENTIFIC

IS THE UNIVERSE INFINITE?

Infinity is a word that has always bothered theologists, philosophers, astronomers, and mathematicians alike. Once they all gloried in speculating about it, but recently the immensity of the idea seems to have fatigued a good many of them, and they are trying to see whether we can not get along without it. Hence the suggestion that the universe may have boundaries beyond which there is but empty space, and even the hint that our three-dimensional space itself may possess curvature in a higher dimension, so that it may be of limited extent. M. A. Muller, who contributes to the "Revue Scientifique" (August 26) an article on "The Infinity of the Stellar World," does not go into these speculations, which belong to the shadowy domain between mathematics and metaphysics; but he presents some interesting consideration relating to the stellar universe. He lays stress on the fact that the matter concentrated in suns and planets may be only a fraction of that which we are accustomed to regard as "empty" interstellar space. The sun, if expanded so as to fill the limits within the farthest star whose distance we can accurately measure, would become infinitely less dense than the vacuum in a Crookes tube. Hence space, which seems from our observations to be "empty," may possibly contain matter having more gravitational power than the whole solar system. There is no reason why this tenuous matter, which may be matter in its primordial form, and may also be identical with the luminiferous ether, should be supposed limited in extent simply because matter in its concentrated form, as planets and suns, is so limited. A still more vast conception of infinity arises from the analogy between worlds and atoms

—between a system of planets and a system of atoms forming a compound molecule. How do we know that our solar system is not a single molecule of some higher world? How do we know, on the other hand, that the chemist's molecule is not a world by itself, of an infinitely smaller order?—"Literary Digest."

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DID MAN ONCE POSSESS A THIRD EYE?

This query heads the following statement in a recent number of a well known daily paper:

Deep researches as to the structure of the human body have recently furnished some startling facts regarding changes which man is at present undergoing physically.

It is believed that man was formerly endowed with more teeth than he possesses now. Abundant evidence exists that, ages and ages ago, human teeth were used as weapons of defense. Unintentionally, traces of such use are often revealed by a smeer. The teeth are sometimes bared, doglike ready, as it were, for action.

The practice of eating our food cooked and the disuse of teeth as weapons are said to be responsible for the degeneration that is going on. The wisdom teeth, in fact, are disappearing. Human jaws, found in reputed Palaeolithic deposits, have wisdom teeth with crowns as large as, if not larger than, the remaining molars.

In ancient times a short-sighted soldier or hunter was almost an impossibility; to-day a whole nation is afflicted with defective vision. It is almost certain that man once possessed a third eye, by means of which he was enabled to see above his head. The human eye formerly regarded the world from the

two sides of the head. They are even now gradually shifting to a more forward position.

In the dæm past the ear flap was of great service in ascertaining the direction of sounds, and operated largely in the play of the features. But the muscles of the ear have fallen into disuse, for the fear of surprise by enemies no longer exists.

Again, our sense of smell is markedly inferior to that of savages. That it is still decreasing is evidenced by observations of the olfactory organ. But the nose still indicates a tendency to become more prominent.

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LITHIUM MINERALS AND THEIR UTILIZATION.

Probably it is not generally known to manufacturing chemists in the United States that this country has vast resources in lithium mineral which have never been exploited. Lithium is classed as one of the rare elements, and is indeed rare in its metallic form, but its compounds are not rare in occurrence or in commerce. We do not know what their usefulness might be if their supply were large and cheap, but at present the use of lithian salts, especially the carbonate, is chiefly in the preparation of lithia water, which is used extensively for medicinal purposes in such diseases as rheumatism, due largely to an excess of uric acid in the system. There are some natural lithia waters, but a good deal of what is sold as such are artificial. The consumption of lithium carbonate for this purpose in the United States is variously estimated at from 40,000 to 200,000 pounds per annum, all of which is obtained from Germany. The average value of the salt at New York in 1898 was \$4.22 per pound. Consequently, it is evident that there is a good business in sight for some one who will undertake its manufacture in this country, although it should not be

expected that the price would keep up if the supply were increased largely.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

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At the Pasteur Institute in Paris, 1466 persons were treated in 1898, and all but three were cured. For the thirteen years from the foundation of the Institute to the end of the year 1898, 13,181 persons were treated in Paris, and out of this number only 99 died.

According to "The Engineer," an American firm is turning out a large quantity of paper tiles for roofing purposes. They are said to be hard and tough, and the glazing somewhat resembles Japanese lacquer. They are said to be cheap, and can be made in any color or shape to suit the purpose.

The London poor suffer terribly from overcrowding. According to "The Sanitary Record," 15,160 persons lived in 4057 tenements with one room in the parish of St. Mary's, Newington; 40,184 persons in 7,670 two-roomed tenements; and 13,742 persons in 1,752 three-roomed tenements.

The tides are now utilized for generating power at Pont l'Abbe, Finisterre, France, during fourteen hours a day. At flood tide the water flows through the canal two and one-half miles inland into a pond in the rear of the power house, and returns to the sea at ebb tide. The total fall is 7½ feet, and 80 horse power is generated by turbines.

The lighting of the Paris Exposition will call for 20,000 horse power. At the Paris Exposition of 1853, the motive power was only 350 horse power; in 1867, 626 horse power; in 1878, 2,500 horse power; in 1889, 5,500 horse power; in 1900 it is thought that 45,000 horse power may possibly be needed, but about one-half that will probably answer.

Young chickens are able to find their own food—knowing its position

and how distant it is—as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of objects. Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind and have to be fed.—Chambers' Journal.

"Dr. T. D. Crothers is of the opinion," says "Modern Medicine," "that many cases of inebriety are produced by dietetic errors, bad habits of eating, etc., the deranged digestion finding its relief in alcohol, and this in turn aggravating the conditions, and producing the drink habit. Many cases originate in dietetic delusions; in some of these a systemic starvation exists, due to the peculiar notions held in regard to food. The treatment of this form of inebriety consists essentially in the elimination of toxins and proper nutrition."

Dr. E. W. Scripture described before the American Association for the Advancement of Science the method of producing anaesthesia by the direct application of an electrical current without the application of drugs. An alternating current with equal positive and negative phases was made to traverse the nerve. At a proper frequency of about 5,000 complete periods in a second it can be made to cut off all sensory communication by this nerve. Needles can be run into the part of the body supplied by this nerve without any pain being felt.

God's system is not that of compulsory health to man—to the filthy just as much as to the clean, to the ignorant and the coward as much as to the enlightened and brave; but He gives this great blessing on conditions. As long as men and women observe nature's laws of health, all will go well with them. But if they do not strive to learn

those laws; or, if knowing them, they wilfully disobey them, they must suffer the consequences. If farmers will carelessly poison their wells with the worst kind of filth, if men will besot their brains with alcohol, if women will lead sedentary lives in close, unwholesome atmospheres, their lungs deprived of half their natural capacity by fashionable constriction of the waist, can they expect either nature or a just God to overlook such abuse of the laws of health?—"The New World."

Why are tears salt? Literally, our tears are distilled from the very springs of our inmost vitality, for they are separated by marvelous machinery and chemistry from the arterial blood freshly circulated from the heart; and as this contains about six or seven parts in one thousand of saline constituents, so tears contain one-third per cent of chloride of sodium, besides a very small proportion of other salts, ninety-eight per cent being water. The office of this alkaline fluid is to clear, clean and moisten the cornea, which, having no blood vessels, would, of course, wither and dry up without this moisture, and we should become blind.—"Scientific American."

An Irish lord has found it necessary to invoke the aid of the divining rod in order to obtain a water supply for his property. A Dublin professor has been investigating the phenomena connected with the rod, and has arrived at a conclusion which is favorable to divination. He believes that hidden water exerts an influence over the muscles of the person holding the rod, and the involuntary twitching gives the signal. There is so much water in Ireland, however, that there is nothing remarkable in discovering water in almost any part of the country. Divining rod frauds are rampant in the United States, and evidently they are not less frequent in Great Britain.



WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Madame Labori of Dreyfus fame, has near relatives in Haverfordwest in the members of the Fitzgerald family in that town.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that a big supply of the "Welsh" stockings sold comes from Stoke Newington. This is as good as obtaining real Carmarthen butter from Holland.

The Uitlanders are the "Hwntws" of the Transvaal. It should be added, however, that the "Hwntws" are not aliens, but natives, the name being a North Walian corruption of Gwentwys, or, in a modified form, Wentwys, the people of Gwent.

Experts say there is only enough coal in the Rhondda Valley to last about 2,000 years. This means that someone will have to suffer by-and-bye. For Lord Kelvin has just been telling us that the earth can last some 100,000,000 years more. How will they do without coal and coal strikes?

It is noteworthy that of the fourteen members who constitute the officers and council of the newly-formed London Drapers' Chamber of Trade no fewer than seven, including the president and treasurer, are Welshmen who have built up big businesses in the Metropolis.

The Welsh Congregational Union will, at its annual meetings next year at Portmadoc, take a new departure. Following the presidential address, instead of a formal paper and discussion on a theological subject, which has hitherto

always been the practice, there will be a general celebration of the Lord's Supper.

A correspondent writes:—"I note that the Welsh Catholic Prayer Book just issued has 'Sagrafen' for 'Sacrament,' which is philologically a correct Welshification, though I do not recollect having seen the form in any Welsh work of Catholic origin dating from the Middle Ages. As a set off against this bit of pedantry, 'indulgence' is often rendered 'indwlgens' in the new Prayer Book.

Referring to the intention attributed to the Rev. Thomas Stephens, B. A., of Wellingborough, to publish a series of Welsh handbooks on Higher Criticism, a writer in the "Goleuad" points out how slowly Higher Criticism makes progress in Wales. "If anyone," he adds, "is actuated by a deep missionary zeal, and ready to lose money, here is an ample field for him. I venture to assert that not a single book or a single sermon on this subject has yet paid its way in Wales."

In his lecture on "Odd People," Dr. Gurnos Jones used his arm to illustrate the chronology of the human race. Holding his left arm straight out, he pointed to the finger tips and said: "There you have Jacob." Pointing to the knuckles, he continued, "There is Abraham." "Here," he went on, touching his wrist, "here is Adam, and somewhere back here," he added, pointing somewhere near the shoulder, "somewhere back here is 'Morien!'"

The Welsh language is reputed to be

remarkably deficient in puns, but the following incident serves to show that Cymric punsters are not an entirely extinct race. At the recent farewell meeting of the Rev. Ben Evans, Lloyd Street, Llanelli, now of Barry, the chairman received the following telegram, and read it to the audience: "Amanford, Gresyn fod Ben yn ymadael; ond nid yw ar ben ar eglwys Lloyd Street. Mae Crist yn Ben yr Eglwys, ac mae efe yn aros.—Glasnamt."

Of the writing of books there is no end. A Welsh grammar for less advanced students than those who have been able to benefit by Professor Anwyl's scholarly twin volumes is shortly to be published by Mr. Southall, of Newport. The author is Mr. Samuel J. Evans, headmaster of the County School at Llangefnï, who is notable in this connection as being the only M. A. of London University who has so far qualified for that degree in Celtic literature.

There are in Anglesey ten schools with less than 50 scholars, twenty with less than 100, and only eight with over 150. Statistics show that the attendance in the Anglesey schools is about the worst in the country, but there is one small school in the island which has a better average attendance than the schools of Scotland, which head the list. That school is Brynsiencyn, which gave to Anglesey its present member of Parliament, and one of the most popular preachers, namely, the Rev. John Williams.

Poets are proverbially sympathetic, and a Welsh bard has sung as follows to the dietary at the Cardiff Starvation Barracks:—

Ar gawl dwr goleua dydd—ac eliwaith
Hi a'n gawl ganolddydd;
A chawl dwr yw'r swccwr sydd
Yn ddiodi diwedydd.

Yn y Ty'n 'swil ymbllliwr—am ymborth
Mae ambell weddiwr;
Warcheldwald! mae'r iachawdwr
Yn coello dyn y cawl dwr.

This is decidedly the age of iconoclasm—nothing by-and-bye will survive the knocks of the Thor's hammer of the critic. In the forties Thomas Stephen demolished the Madoc theory of the discovery of America by a Welshman. Two years ago Professor Morris Jones reduced the Gorsedd to the level of a clumsy literary fraud of the sixteenth century." Now, again, Mr. Jenkins, of Bedd Gelert, in a capital volume on Snowdonian folklore, has made mince-meat of the Gelert legend, which Spencer made the subject of one of the best ballads in the English language.

Wales has often been censured for its tardiness in putting up monuments to its distinguished sons, but no one seems to have noticed that there is no hesitation in erecting one after death if it can take the practical form of a tombstone. A South Walian, journeying north from Moat Lane to Llanbrynmair, records with pleasure that the obelisk to "Mynyddog" at the picturesque graveyard by the side of the line near Llanbrynmair is in excellent preservation, and a notable object as one passes by. Many a traveller would be glad of a halt there, but a few seconds are all that can be allowed in the haste to satisfy excursionists.

It is gratifying to learn that the short course in music given during the holidays at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, by Mr. D. Jenkins, Mrs. Bac, and others, has been attended with considerable success. The course, which terminated on Saturday, was attended by as many as 25 students. The experiment will be repeated next summer, when in all probability the course will be extended. A feature of the break-up proceedings on Saturday was the excellent address delivered by Principal Prys, of Trevecca, on the importance of cultivating a taste for high-class music.

The "Cleidheamh," the Celtic League weekly, published in Dublin, protests

against the invitation of the Welsh Gorsedd, and states that the Pan-Celts, who have given it, have no claim to speak as the "men of Ireland." It states that "The Gorsedd is to come to establish 'rules of barddas,' to plant a branch of their institution amongst us. We must strenuously protest against such a thing. We have been fighting against Anglicisation; we should fight as determinedly against unnative institutions unsuited to the conditions and temperament and the needs of the Irish people. We have the Oireachtas. We understand that the Gorsedd is coming in the belief and hope that it may aid the language movement. As a matter of fact, its coming will do harm—its ceremonies and regalia, &c., however impressive in Wales, will injure the Irish language movement, even though the Gaelic League stands aside. The force of the Irish movement comes from the people's seeing in it a national and economic weapon. Once let the movement get a vague, a fantastic, or an anti-quarian character and the edge is taken off our sword. We might have a reign of peace—there would be no more thunder from Trinity, and the reproach of being 'narrow' would be lifted from the Gaelic League—but good-bye to the hope of forming a solid base upon which to raise an Irish nation. The rank and file up and down the country would lose faith in a 'golden-age' and 'tenth-century-Irish' movement." It adds that of the six men who signed the invitation of the Gorsedd only three are Irishmen, and only one of the signatories is able to speak or write Irish.

It is a curious circumstance in connection with the appointment of Miss Vivian to be a Maid of Honor to the Queen that there are two sets of Vivian twins, one being the twin daughters of Lady Vivian, and the other the twin daughters of Lady Swansea. The first pair "came out" two years ago, and were greatly admired. The second pair will

not come out till the year after next. In each case the twins have a mother alive, but have lost their father. Lady Swansea's twins are god-daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their father was a cousin of Lord Vivian, who represents the elder branch of the Vivian family.

A South Wales bard writes:—"It is time somebody collected all the stray englynion which are floating about, and never have been reduced to writing. Here is one of them. It was composed in 1872, the subject being the face of the late 'Mynyddog.' The composer and that genius were sleeping together in the same bed at the Black Lion Hotel, New Quay, both having arrived the previous night for the Eisteddfod then held there. Before rising 'Mynyddog' was addressed as follows:

Yn loew deml i Awen—oludog
 Mae dy lydan dalcen;
 Dy farf sydd fel ffrwd felen,
 Neu raiadr aur hyd yr en.

Those who knew 'Mynyddog' will be able to see a glimpse of his countenance in the four-liner."

One North Wales bard at the Cardiff Eisteddfod asserted that the hardest rhyme in Welsh was "as," and that there were no "englynion" ending in it by reason of the paucity of "as" terminations. Welsh genius, however, like John Bull, does not know when it is beaten, and lately a South Wales bard sent the following proof of his ingenuity to his North Wales friend. The "Chinese puzzle" is supposed to be an englyn to the starry firmament:

Asur geinion—ser gwynias—hyd faesydd
 Y difesur gwmpas
 Daenwyd fel lampau dinas
 Rif y gwlith ar fwa glas.

Wales has no occasion to be afraid of any of the other nations, but she must not seek exclusiveness, and must rise above village patriotism, with all its

littleness and fear and its false-ideals. It is what the Welsh people do in the wider life of the world that will elevate the Principality in the eyes of the nations, and not how successfully they keep the small things at home entirely and exclusively in their own possession. The wiser sort of student will, we are sure, see the aim of Professor Hughes in his Inaugural Address at Aberystwyth, when deprecating the narrow spirit that would in any measure limit Wales to the Welsh, or hinder the spread of the English language, so as to prevent its being an efficient instrument in the hands of every man and woman in Wales. Wales has not yet learnt how to take healthy criticism, even from a Welshman like Professor Hughes, and the village patriot resents all adverse comment as insult and as the outcome of implacable hatred. We think that Professor Hughes rendered Wales good service by his lecture, and we hope to turn to other sides of it in future issues. —"Cambrian News."

"To anyone who recognises that the Welsh are in a lower state of civilization than the Irish and Scotch, and, therefore, have contributed far less to the greatness of the Empire, it will seem obvious that some part, at least, of such inferiority may be ascribed to want of a proper knowledge of English—the Imperial language—among the peasants of Wales." This is queer doctrine to declare of a people who had a literature when the English were barbarians, who gave them their best schoolmasters, who founded Oxford University, who gave them the idea of a trial by jury, and who even now from the ranks of their peasants supply England's pulpit with the best preachers. What English peasants, by means of their knowledge of the language, have contributed to the greatness of the Empire? Let Professor Mahaffy be anathema-maranatha. "Morien" and "Gwilym Cowlyd" should hurl all the stones of the Cardiff Gorsedd at his head.

ym Cowlyd" should hurl all the stones of the Cardiff Gorsedd at his head.

"Unsociable Aberystwyth!" The editor of the "Aberystwyth Observer" takes the inhabitants of that would-be Welsh Metropolis severely to task for their unsociability, and institutes a comparison between Llandrindod and "Aber," much to the disparagement of the latter. "At Aberystwyth," he observes, "the visitors have hitherto been obliged to take apartments, and in those apartments they have lived and moved, and had their being, knowing nothing of the other visitors in the adjoining rooms and houses. At Llandrindod it has always been otherwise. The houses there have as an invariable rule a large drawing-room and a large dining-room, and in a few hours a newcomer becomes acquainted with those around him, and next morning, at the wells, he is further introduced to other people, so that in 24 hours he feels quite at home."

Esglarnant, a Welsh Methodist Chapel situated about seven miles north of Llandilo, and founded principally through the labors of Mr. John Thomas, Cwmsidan, and Mr. Thomas Lewis, author of "Wrth gofio'i ruddfanau'n yr ardd," is at present undergoing extensive repairs. A strong feeling exists in some parts of the county that the present is the time to place something inside or outside the chapel to commemorate the labors of these two gifted old deacons. A quarter of a mile distant from Esglarnant lies the picturesque village of Talley or Tallyllychau, far famed for its Cistercian Abbey, the gaunt tower of which after the storms of many centuries stands proudly aloft in silent contemplation of the two beautiful lakes that lie near its walls. It is under the shade of the old abbey, some assert, that the mortal remains of Dafydd ap Gwilym lie buried.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

MR. RICHARD JONES, COLUMBUS,
OHIO.

To live eighty-nine years in a century of such magnificent achievements as the present one is a great privilege. And

He was one of the sturdy sons of Montgomeryshire, and came to Columbus sixty-five years ago, which was then a town of 4,000 people. In October, 1837, he married Miss Nancy Matilda Jones, the daughter of David Jones, Columbus;



Mr. Richard Jones.

to live them keeping abreast the times and grasping the opportunities of such a life-time is rare wisdom. This was done in a marked degree by the subject of this sketch, and one of the factors which kept him up with the times was "The Cambrian," of which he was an admiring subscriber from its first issue.

after a little over nine years she died, leaving four children—Mary, wife of Rev. Dr. A. C. Hirst, Chicago; David; Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. James Ohlen, deceased; Julia, wife of Capt. W. Felton, the latter three residing at Columbus. Six years later he married Miss Mary Jones, Utica, N. Y., of whom

was born Emma, also residing at Columbus. This happy union lasted nearly thirty-two years, for Mrs. Jones died May, 1884, and since then he was most tenderly cared for by his daughters. He died July 14th, and was buried on the 17th, aged 89.

He was a highly esteemed member of the Wesley (M. E.) Chapel, in whose welfare he took the keenest interest, and contributed liberally toward all its expenses. In the matter of liberality also he always responded heartily to every appeal for financial support which might come from his fellow countrymen. The Calvinistic Methodist Church remembers with gratitude the aid he extended on various occasions with characteristic readiness and enthusiasm. He was always pronounced in his Welsh pride, and in his admiration of the language and the people. His native temperament made it easy for him to assimilate the American spirit and aggressiveness, and he might well be considered a typical Welsh American; a lover of liberty doing his own thinking, industrious, energetic and thrifty, with just enough speculativeness to make a prosperous man of business. He furnished a striking example of self-reliance and independence, and at the same time of generosity and sympathy for those less fortunate than himself. Both literally and typically he filled the meaning of the epithet "Honest Richard," for he was thoroughly straightforward and transparently honest in all his business, social and moral transactions. That right is might, and that truth must stand were principles which were wrought into the very warp and woof of his character.

From these characteristics, it is not difficult to infer what kind of a "cref-yddwr" Mr. Jones would be. Men of his stamp do not hinder the church by their cant. I would almost say that he was too business-like even in his religion to masquerade piety. His conscience

would not allow him to be dishonest with his Master's spiritual talents any more than with his dollars and cents. True godliness embodies itself in whole-souled manliness, and our age demands not more men but more man, and in order to bless and beautify with more manliness, we must have more real and royal imitators of the man Christ Jesus. Mr. Richard Jones seemed to be such, therefore let his bereaved family cherish his memory so as to exemplify his virtues, intensifying his exemplary character, by living a life even more lofty and Christlike than that of their saintly and sainted father.—John Hammond.

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MRS. BESSIE EVANS STEPHENS.

Death never comes to any home or community without it is accompanied with more or less sadness, but never were there more tears of sympathy shed over any one who has departed this life than over that of the late Mrs. Rev. J. V. Stephens. Although she had been a resident of Radnor, O., but five years, still in that seemingly short space of time this beautiful character had so joined herself to a great host of friends by her many tender chords of love, that nothing but death could ever separate, and even death cannot remove the loving remembrance of Mrs. Stephens, who will always be remembered as one of the grandest and most Christian characters ever in Radnor. Indeed her life was as near perfection as can be found. Christ is our example, but for an example of this life, Mrs. Rev. Stephens was as good an example to follow after as any one could wish for. Kind, gentle and loving in all her duties, and always ready to lend a helping hand in every time of need.

As an aid and helper to a minister, none could be better, as she was always at her post of duty as a minis-

ter's wife, and gave her husband much help and strength as he himself will not know how great until later on in life he has to battle without her assistance.

Mrs. Bessie Evans Stephens was born at Long Creek, Ia., May 13, 1870, and was married to Rev. J. V. Stephens, of Radnor, O., June 19, 1894. She died at



Mrs. Bessie Evans-Stephens.

her home in Radnor, O., on Tuesday evening, September 12, 1899, leaving an aged father, two little baby girls, aged two and four, a very devout and loving husband, two sisters and one brother, besides the innumerable number of dear friends, to mourn her very great loss from our midst. In saying that Mr. Stephens has the sympathy of all Radnor would not do justice in expressing the tender sympathy and love of his many Radnor friends.

The funeral was held the following evening at the late residence, at 7:30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Snodgrass, of the Baptist Church, after which Rev.

Stephens left on the 10 o'clock train with the remains for Long Creek, Iowa, accompanied by his two little girls. When the swift railroad train moved off with its burden, Radnor people saw the last of a noble life, the passing of a true Christian, the memory of whose good deeds will always be cherished in their hearts.

The remains reached Long Creek, Sept. 14, and were laid to rest amidst the scenes of her youth and with general expressions of grief and mourning, the Revs. Lloyd Williams and J. T. Morris, Long Creek, and Abram Jones, Williamsburg, officiating.

Not dead, but raised, a sainted life,
Delivered from a fevered strife;
How sweet thy treasured memory
How sweet the hope thee yet to see!

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The following correspondence from Professor E. D. Morris, Columbus, Ohio, speaks for itself:

I have read "The Cambrian" with great interest, and am sure that the publication must be very profitable—especially to the generation of Welshmen born in this country, who are in some danger of forgetting the noble stock from which they sprang.

In reading the accounts of the *Elsteddffodau* in this country, and also in Wales, I have noticed two things which seems to me undesirable: first, the introduction of so much music and other matters to the exclusion of the bardic productions which were the main if not the sole feature of the older *Elsteddffodau*; and secondly and especially, the bringing into them of so much in music and literature that is English. I would rather see the Welsh language, Welsh poetry, Welsh music, supreme, if not alone, in their great national institution.

I have an old volume of poems by *Goronwy Owen* (*Goronwy Ddu o Fon*), and *Lewis Morys* (*Llewelyn Ddu o Fon*). I

sympathise heartily with the words of Morys in his Initiation Song:

"Cymraeg fyddi ein penillion,
Hen famiaith heb wehillion;
Ni chaffer neb, yn hyn o waith
Yn sisial iaith y Saeson."

Ceiriog's daughter was married on the 23rd of last month to Mr. Percy Cadle, of Cardiff.

There lives at Bangor, N. W., a little boy who was born at Johannesburg, on the very day that Dr. Jameson made his raid into the Transvaal. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Griffith, of the North-Western Hotel. He has been christened Doctor Jim Griffith.

Colonel Ivor Herbert, who is expected to have high command in South Africa, in the Boer war, is the oldest son of Mrs. Herbert, Llanarth, and grandson of the late Lady Llanover. Although he and his brothers are over six feet tall, the aged Lady Llanover always referred to them as "plant bach Llanarth" ("the little boys of Llanarth").

A happy literary idea has been conceived by the Rev. T. M. Evans, M. A., headmaster, St. David's College School, Lampeter. Feeling that the light side of Welsh literature may be developed, he intends next Christmas bringing out a volume of short stories descriptive of Welsh life and characteristics, and written by different authors.

Doctor Davies, the celebrated medico who received Queen Victoria into the world at her birth, was born and bred and spent several years of his life in a little house which is still standing near Llandyffelllog, Kidwelly. One day recently, it was the centre of attraction, for in it, in connection with special services held at a neighboring chapel,

there was a well-laden refreshment board for visitors from a distance.

The Rev. Owen S. Watkins, now of Malta, who has just been appointed Wesleyan Methodist acting chaplain to the forces going out to the Transvaal to be stationed at Natal, is a son of the Rev. Owen Watkins, who recently removed from Llandudno to Cardiff to be the superintendent of the first Wesleyan Methodist circuit in the Welsh Metropolis. Mr. Watkins, senior, was for many years a missionary laboring under the auspices of the Wesleyan Methodist Foreign Missionary Society in the Transvaal, and Mr. Watkins, Jun., was chaplain of the forces in the Battle of Omdurman.

Mr. O. M. Edwards, M. P., is not the only "don" of Lincoln College, Oxford, connected with Wales. Mr. Warde Fowler, one of the senior classical tutors, and appropriately enough the author of interesting works on birds, is the son of the Swansea Stipendiary. Another Fowler who at one time was fellow of Lincoln is the president of Corpus Christi College, who shared with Professor Jowett the distinction of being the stoutest champion of Nonconformists. Dr. Fowler, who is now vice-chancellor of the University, has been tutor to a number of famous Welshmen, including Professor Edwards, Bala, Bishop Edwards, St. Asaph, and the late Bishop Lloyd, Bangor.

Here is an interesting announcement from the Roman "Catholic New Era":—"The Rev. Augustus Lyne, of Westgate, a brother of 'Father Ignatius,' inherited a large sum of money a little time since, under the will of Mrs. Lyne Stephens. A legacy of £25,000 fell to 'Father' Ignatius, who intends to leave his money to the Benedictines' Anglican imitators of the monk of the west as well as the originals."



FAMOUS DONKEY NAMES.

"The donkey boys of the Nile deserve a book all to themselves," says Lillian Bell. "Such craft! Such flattery! Such a knowledge of human nature! With unerring sagacity they discover your nationality and give your donkey names famous in your own country. Never will an Englishman find himself astride 'Yankee Doodle' or 'Uncle Sam,' or an American upon 'John Bull.' 'What's the name of my donkey' asked my companion. 'Cleveland,' came the answer like a flash. We were enchanted. 'And what is the name of mine?' I asked. 'McKinley.' Then we shouted. You have no idea how funny it sounded to hear those two familiar names in such strange surroundings. We nearly tumbled off in our delight, and those clever little donkey boys are quick to watch your face and divine your mood."

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A STRANGE CONVERSION.

M. O. Waggoner, of Toledo, the atheist, who announced his intention of burning his valuable collection of books attacking Christianity, says his interest in religion was aroused in a peculiar way. He had been stirred by the remarks of an evangelist, and he could not sleep. Getting out of bed, he chose at random a disk of a gramophone with which he had been accustomed to amuse himself. When he started the machine it gave out the air of "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow," which was followed by "Rock of Ages." Mr. Waggoner was so impressed that he soon

after announced his conversion in a church service. He is a lawyer, and is said to rank high in his profession.

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THE WORD "ALE."

What would be more English than the word ale? It carries us back to the banquets of our dead ancestors in Wal-halla, and some of its compounds open up vistas into that old England which is fast disappearing, becoming a tale that is told, obsolete itself. Such are alebush, a tavern sign; ale conner, "an officer appointed in every court leet and sworn to look to the assize and goodness of bread, ale and beer." Alecost, the name of a kind of tansy used to flavor the rustic's home brewed, has a good old English look. Yet it bears witness to the mongrel nature of the speech of this mongrel nation, cost being from the Greek kostos, a savory herb of species unidentified. Alegar is eager or sour ale, used as vinegar.—Cornhill Magazine.

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A NEW LIGHTNING ROD.

The following story comes from a western State: A glib young man called at several farmhouses and offered for sale a new patent lightning rod, claiming it was the greatest invention ever brought to light. It consisted simply of a rod 20 feet in length, with two points. The rod was laid along the apex of the barn and both ends pointed straight up in the air. "But where does the lightning go after it strikes one o' them

points?" asked a farmer. "Why," answered the agent, "it just travels along the rod and gets shot up in the air again from the other point."

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WORK AND LEISURE SHOULD BE MATED.

Work is good. No one seriously doubts this truth. Adam may have doubted it when he first took spade in hand, and Eve when she scoured her first pots and kettles, but in the course of a few thousand years we have learned to know and value this honest, troublesome, faithful and extremely exacting friend. But work is not the only good thing in the world. It is not a fetch to be adorned; neither is it to be judged, like a sum in addition, by its outward and immediate results. The god of labor does not abide exclusively in the rolling mill, the law courts or the cornfield. He has a twin sister whose name is leisure, and in her society he lingers now and then to the lasting gain of both.—Scribner's.

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IS AN AMERICAN.

The commander-in-chief of the Boer army, Gen. Joubert, it may be interesting to know, is an American, having been born in Uniontown, Pa., in 1841. When 14 years of age he left this country and went to Holland. His taste for war was always keen, and when the rebellion broke out he came to this country and served in the navy under Admiral Dupont. Later he was captain of a colored company under Gen. Weitzel. After the war he returned to Holland, and later went to South Africa. When the rule of the English became intolerant to the Dutch at Cape Colony and Cape of Good Hope, and many of them went north to the Transvaal, Gen. Joubert went with them. He commanded the Boers at Majuba Hill, and is now

vice president of the South African republic. He stands next to Com Paul Kruger in the affections of the people.

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THE UMBRELLA CONSCIENCE.

"You may bank on a guilty conscience almost every time when an umbrella is in question," said a New Orleans drummer. "You see this one? Well, it came into my possession quite recently by what they call the 'right of conquest' in a protocol. I was caught out in the rain after lunch and wondering what the deuce I would do when I noticed a chap under an awning trying to raise an umbrella. It was clear he didn't understand the fastening, and as the umbrella itself was not new the circumstantial evidence against him was conclusive.

"So I walked up and said firmly, 'That's my umbrella, sir.' At the same time I took it out of his hand. He wilted at once, stammered something about a mistake and sneaked off, while I walked away proudly, sheltered from a very moist shower. That's what nerve will do. Wonder, by the way, whose it really is."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL.

Here is a thoroughly up-to-date marriage proposal attributed to a young Kansas politician: "My Dear Miss —, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for your hand, and I shall use all fair and honorable means to secure the nomination. I know there are many candidates in the field, and I hesitated long before entering the race, but now I'm in to stay. My views on love and matrimony have often been expressed in your hearing in an emphatic way. If you decide to confer upon me the honor I speak of, please fix a date for a caucus with your mother. I have no objection to her acting as temporary chair-

man, provided it is clearly understood that I am to be chairman of the permanent organization. Should the results of the caucus prove satisfactory, we can soon hold the primaries and select the date and place of convention. I never believed in long campaigns, so if you decide to honor me, I will ask you to make the convention date as early as possible. Devotedly yours, —" The following telegram answered: "Caucus unnecessary; nomination unanimous; come at once and fix the date of ratification."

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ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S APHORISMS.

No one has contributed more to the the aphoristic treasures of his country than Shakespeare. In at least one instance he has supplied a saying upon what, though noticed elsewhere, had never received due notice in English. The saying occurs in "Romeo and Juliet," where we are told that "He jests at scars who never felt a wound." This goes to the very foundation of human sympathy as described by Aristotle, showing that it is only those who have suffered who can really feel for the suffering of others. Our countrymen, as a race, have not been of sufficiently tender mood to trouble themselves over this question enough to make it into a proverb; it was left for gentle Shakespeare to find them a household word on sympathy and its true source.—Macmillan's Magazine.

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SUNDAY ON BOSTON COMMON.

One of the most striking things is the sight which is presented by Boston Common on Sunday afternoon. It is coming to be a grand rendezvous for cranks of all sorts. The Salvation Army hold its meetings here; there are lectures on the faith cure, on the single

tax, on astrology and on Socialism, with all varieties of orators who must speak or die of inward inflation. There is a mixture of hymns, of turgid eloquence, of wild declamation, of argument, which it would puzzle the editor of a prize conundrum column to make head or tail out of; the singing of psalm tunes and the thumping of holy tambourines and the waving of gospel banners, the smoke of vile tobacco and the sound of Strauss waltzes from the band stand. It is wonderfully orderly for such a motley gathering, but souls of the Puritans! what would the godly forefathers say could they but return with earthly eyes to behold the spectacle.—Chicago Tribune.

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A CHINESE IDEA.

"The Chinese beat us to death in labor-saving devices," said an amateur orientalist only recently. "I'm pretty well acquainted with an old laundryman here, and frequently drop into his place to have a chat. The other day I noticed a queer little pad of rice paper sheets put together like a calendar and hung directly above his bunk. Each sheet was inscribed with numerous hieroglyphics, and I asked my host what the thing meant. He replied that it was a prayer book and went on to explain, in pigeon English that he tore off half a leaf every night before going to bed so as to expose a fresh supplication for the ensuing day. Seeing, that I was shocked, he assured me that the prayers were first class in every particular, and were much better than he could compose himself. As nearly as I could gather, there is a sort of prayer trust in Pekin that turns out the lithographed pads at extremely reasonable figures. They are protected by a native copyright, and if any other prayer foundry puts up the same brand, the proprietors are clapped into jail. What d' y' think

of that for a unique monopoly?"—*Boston Herald*.

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A DIFFICULTY.

A somewhat peculiar phase of the language difficulty in Wales has cropped up at the St. Asaph Board of Guardians. Some members of that body, monoglot Englishmen, have taken umbrage at the fact that Welsh-speaking members have developed a tendency to address the board in their native tongue and the language of the district in which the meetings are held. They contend that the board should have an official interpreter, who could translate for their benefit the Welsh speeches delivered. The "*Liverpool Mercury*" suggests as a simpler and surely saner method that these gentlemen make themselves conversant with the spoken language of their adopted country, and adds: "Had they been residents, say, of France, they would not have dreamt of seeking election on any public body without being able to address it in French. Then, why not Welsh?" This, we fancy, is easier suggested than done.

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RELIGION IN REAL.

The "*Christian Advocate*" inveighs against some of the irreverences of the day:

Without reverence religion is a hollow form. The minister who, for the sake of a laugh, will dissipate that essential spirit, poisons the sincere milk of the word or taints its strong meat, and gross violations of taste may do the same. A slovenly method of administering the sacraments and the seeking of sensation by bizarre methods are alike pernicious and unnecessary, the resorts of imbecility or vanity. To parade the fact that water has been brought from the river Jordan to baptize a person, is an appeal to a sentiment which, com-

pared with reverence, is as superficial as the tears shed at the death of a canary bird compared with the soul anguish of a mother bereaved of her first born.

—O:O—

LAUGHTER IN THE BIBLE.

The Bible contains no cheerful exhortation to laughter. For the most part, indeed, it is referred to in the metaphorical sense of "scorning," as when it is written of Leviathan that "he laugheth at the shaking of a spear." But there are passages also where the ordinary meaning is evidently intended, and in almost every one of these it is eyed askance. Solomon is the great authority on the subject; let him speak for himself: "I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?" "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Again, "A fool lifted up his voice with laughter, but a wise man doth scarce smile a little." Not very encouraging, truly, to those of hilarious proclivities. It may be legitimate enough to compare the giggle of a fool to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," but it seems hard that there should be no word of approval for the milder merriment of the few who may be supposed not to belong to fooldom. Yes, by the way, there is one, and only one: "A time to laugh," but we may search the Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse without detecting any intimation as to when that time occurs. Probably Solomon meant the brief period of childhood, when ignorance is bliss, and we are merry without knowing or caring to know why. He could not consistently recommend any such frivolity to those of a larger growth after having so bitterly commented on the practice in previous chapters.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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❖ THE CAMBRIAN ❖

FOR 1900.



AT THE close of another year, we feel justified in presenting this address to our subscribers, thanking them for their patronage, and soliciting the continuance of their support and good will. We believe more than ever that

THE CAMBRIAN supplies a need among Welsh-Americans. There are thousands of Welsh families in the United States to whom the monthly visits of THE CAMBRIAN would be a treasure of education and culture.

DURING 1900

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Depends as much on the encouraging support of our people as upon our own efforts; because things cannot grow and flourish without the beneficent influence of public favor and assistance.

2



THE HOLY FAMILY.

From the famous painting by C. Müller.

❖ THE CAMBRIAN. ❖

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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No. 12.

LANGUAGE AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

By Professor D. J. Evans, Athens, O.

I was an interested visitor a few Sabbaths ago at a Welsh Sabbath School. In most of the classes the work was carried on in English. In two, or perhaps three, of the classes consisting of adults, it seemed that Welsh was used. But the general work was done in English. The announcements were made in English. The children were called together in English to say "Rhodd Mam." The pastor conducted the catechising. The questions of the book were asked and answered in Welsh, but all the explanations and exhortations were English. It was a new experience to me. When I was attending Welsh Sunday School years ago all was done in Welsh. When I left home and lived away from the Welsh, of course, all was English. never before had I seen a mixture of the two.

Ever since that Sunday when I listened to the older people using incorrect Welsh and the youth in the next class using quite good English, I have felt that it would be better for

the young to be by themselves to study the lesson and the catechisms in the language they use best. There cannot be a strong bond of union between the young and the old in a place like that. I know the older people will cling to the ways and the speech of their childhood, and it is proper; yet, as they are fewest, it seems that the school should be conducted in English, and then have a compartment for the old people. In that school the other Sunday, a number of bright little boys refused to gather with their classmates to recite "Rhodd Mam." They did not seem to be bad, and their refusal may have been mainly due to their inability to master the catechism in Welsh. Indeed most of the little folks that did recite seemed to be parrot-like.

This backwardness was also a hinderance to making the best of the singing. The song book used was a Welsh version of the songs published in the "C. E. song book," and the singing was characteristically

Welsh hymn singing. There is a good deal of the music in the little book mentioned that I do not admire, but there are ways of singing which makes some of this music very acceptable. There was a fine pipe-organ in this church, and also a small cabinet organ in the school room, but neither was used in the singing. The superintendent lined the first stanza and then repeated the first two lines, and an elderly man started the singing. His pitch was correct, and his voice was melodious, but the time which he observed was altogether inappropriate for the sentiment of the song, and it seemed to me that those bright and lively children, having heard, probably, those hymns sung in the day schools, could find no pleasure in the mournful tone and time that they heard in the Sabbath School.

The Welsh Sabbath School has certain features which I would like to see preserved, and for that reason it seems that everything should be done to attach the young people of Welsh parents to the best that is in the school.

I noticed that in the classes the teaching was good. The young people seemed to enjoy the lesson, but as soon as those exercises were begun which were carried on in Welsh, then the interest died, and the active minds became otherwise engaged. In a city in this country everything that a child looks up to is American and is associated with the English language in the child's mind. On the other hand the Welsh

speech is associated in their mind with what is foreign and humble, and as far as success here is concerned, the Welsh language is connected with the incompetent. A young boy could find no profitable employment if he knew only Welsh. The Welsh girl hopes to find something to do to earn money when she acquires English. Thus unconsciously, children associate respectability and success and capability with the language of this country and not with the Welsh language. Even if a child could be made to believe that the old language is the language of religion, yet that is unfortunate, for the child, as it uses English every day, will come to imagine that religion is for Sunday and Welsh Church and Sabbath School, but not something for every day and to talk about in English. It is a matter of history that a child will love its native land. When our parents came to America 60 odd years ago, they did not dream that their children would not love Wales as dearly as they. They were pained to find the children manifest not only indifference, but even contempt, for a country that could not offer better opportunities to its people than Wales offered. But it is the history of all nations. Even the Jews, though they were captives, yet only a small part went to Palestine. The greater part remained where they were born and reared. This is the history wrought in the United States. The children and grandchildren of immigrants lose all at-

tachment for the land of their ancestors, and invariably love the land of their mother's hearthstone and tombstone.

Thus in view of those facts it seems that parents especially in the cities should not endeavor to enlist the interest of their children in religious doings, rather they should endeavor to have the children's religious training be associated with the people and the language, the sentiments and the customs that they admire. To force religion upon a child through the medium of a speech and custom that it secretly dislikes, or, at least, does not admire, is to risk the future stand of the child in matters pertaining to its spiritual welfare. Whichever view

we may take it is unfortunate that parents and children cannot worship together, yet it cannot be helped as long as people migrate from one land to another. When the Welsh come here, they intend to remain, and hope to see their children enjoy advantages denied them in the old country, and the sooner parents realize that the children born and reared in a country will hold that country dear, the better it will be. This love is especially strong when, as it is in this country, their country offers the best opportunities; and parents should take advantage of this attachment to inculcate deep religious convictions by the most efficacious means.



MUSICAL NOTES.

By William Apmadoc, Chicago.

Among the many musical attractions of Chicago, and other cities, we notice a tendency to fall back upon the quaint and exquisite melodies of old nations. For the first time in Chicago, the renowned Geo. Henschel, will give "Servian Romances"—a program of Servian Folk songs. Who will graciously condescend to give a program of Cambrian Romances? Can any nation excel us in the matter of melodic beauty? Are our "Welsh solo-

ists," "Welsh Parties" and "Prize Singers" conscious of the melodic perfection, form-perfection, and historic value to art of most of our Welsh melodies? Judging from their programs while "sojourning in our midst," we must answer in the negative. True, we get an occasional reminder that they are Welsh boys and girls. These "reminders" have proven to be the best numbers in each and every program. Strangers to our language and literature

have invariably pronounced their Welsh songs and Welsh concerted pieces to be their best. A Welsh melody arranged for four voices, seldom fails to stir the souls of singers and listeners. We deeply regret the folly of a Welsh party, no matter how excellent their voices may be, in filling up their programs with English songs and quartets that have become quite stale, and almost obsolete in American communities. A most appreciated exception in this matter was the Song Recital given here a few years ago by Mr. Ben Davies. He gave to enthusiastic listeners an exemplification of artistic excellence in songs sung in English, German, Italian and Welsh—the latter being “Mentra Gwen,” “Y Fam a’i Baban,” and “Gwlad fy Ngenedigaethau.” “Ein Ben ni” excelled himself in that matinee, and honored his nation and himself. Will our coming Welsh parties and soloists from our beloved homeland, take the hint of the foregoing remarks? If they will, the result will be much satisfaction, and an impression remaining of which we shall be proud.

Apropos of our quotations from an English magazine, in the last number of “The Cambrian,” concerning the Cardiff Eisteddfod adjudications of Sir Frederick Bridge, the October number of the same, Novello, Ewer & Co.’s publication, gives an account of a paper read by Mr. Harry Evans (Cefn Coed), on “Music in Wales,” before a three-day convention of choirmasters and

music teachers held at Bristol, during September last, at which J. Spencer Curwen presided. The following quotation ought to set us all to think, and especially the musicians of Wales, including Eisteddfod promoters:

“Wales, he said, was called the land of song, but whether the people were really musical in the true sense was a debatable question. From a natural point of view they were a musical nation, but from an artistic standpoint he did not think they were. As to Welsh choral singing he thought every one would agree that they were superior in quality and equal to the best the world could produce. Then there was the Celtic enthusiasm, which was such a potent force in Welsh singing—sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. The natural enthusiasm was responsible for the vigor, brilliancy and warmth of feeling which were the characteristics of their choral singing. But what they sadly lacked was technique and finish, and the purely Welsh people were slow to believe this. The weak spot in their chorus was reading at sight. It was really amazing how they were able to produce such good singing with so few readers. The lack of readers was a serious matter to conductors, and was a barrier to the production of complete works. The learning by heart, which took a great deal of time, was responsible for the splendid attack noticeable in their choral competitions. He thought the remedy for the lack of readers was in

the teaching in elementary schools, where too little attention was paid to reading at sight. Something should also be done in elementary schools to prevent the ruin of so many boys' voices in Welsh schools.

* * * Months were spent in the preparation of a single chorus to be sung at a competition, but the same people could not be induced to attend the performances of an oratorio. Although there were numberless conductors, only a few were thoroughly equipped in the knowledge of the art.

* * * There was an abundance of natural vocal talent and amateur soloists, who would become great professional artists if they were better educated and were able to afford the training.

* * * The number of composers of any note was also small, due to the absence of training schools and competent teachers. He thought a good deal might be done by the Eisteddfod to encourage students to take up the theatrical side of the art. The competitions might be graded. But they were not without hope. Given the proper teaching advantages the Welsh would one day be found in the front rank of musical nations in every branch of the art."

Some of these strictures and suggestions are in keeping with the criticisms of Mr. David Jenkins, published lately in the "Drych."

Out of the common evening singing classes have come some of the best readers and vocalists that are to-day well-known and well-patron-

ized public singers. It would be sensible and highly profitable for all churches to organize singing classes for rudimentary and reading studies.

In the November "Ladies' Home Journal" it is stated that Mr. Ffrangcon Davies pronounces his first name Fran-shon. In the "Drych" Cerdd-Nodion, sometime ago, attention was called to the same as announced in "Music" by its editor, Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, whose authority was Mr. Davies himself. Following said nodiad, I received letters inquiring if Mr. Davies was a Frenchman? Readers of those remarks need not write similar letters. Mr. Davies can sing Cymraeg splendidly.

A writer in one of the magazines says that four great sciences divide the art and practice of music between them: Psychology, physiology, mechanics and acoustics. The writer refers especially to students of the piano, but he could, also, apply the same quartet to the students of vocal expression. He aptly asserts that art is the expression of the soul in terms of beauty, and that five-sixths of it is created in the soul itself, the other sixth being worked out in material objects and under the laws of matter, and even that being the expression of the will of the Creator.

Probably, at no time in the history of music has there been so much effort made by musico-literateurs to elevate the art-thought in music, as at the present time. Books ably written, and articles replete with

thought and inspiration on this line, are becoming numerous. No book has made so great an impression, in this matter, on the minds of musical thinkers as "Mezzotints in Modern Music" by Mr. James Huneker, recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and now in its third edition. Magazines have devoted elaborate articles to it. This is fortunate, and bespeaks volumes of the growth of the art-thought. James Huneker makes it clear that music depicts thought, "philosophical ideas in tone." The book is replete with literary allusions, which lead us to remark that he believes in the literary sisterhood of these muses. Poetic literature is the best interpreter of music. The literary scholar is the one that gets the most out of a symphonic poem. An able critic remarks that "music and literature are almost one in their motives, their themes, and in the nature of the appeal they make to man's complex intellectual and emotional being, just as historically they are

one in their origins." Mr. Huneker writes of a musician, as he writes of a poet, and why not? A melodic phrase is a thought in musical form. If the phrase is a good one, and has in it the true ring, form and feeling, it will last and be sung, as well as a true thought in poetic language. "Brahms' music throbs with humanity; with the rich red blood of mankind," he writes. Who is poetic enough, and enough of a master of linguistic expression to translate the musical treatment of high themes, the rounded periods of form-magnificence, the contrapuntal architecture, and the heart-throbs of a Bach, a Handel, a Beethoven, a Schubert, a Mendelssohn, a Wagner and a Brahms in their monumental symphonies, concertas, and musical dramas? For the "Mezzotints" of Mr. James Huneker, wherein, with the master-hand of a true poet, he lifts the veil upon landscapes of eternal musical beauty and wonder, let all be truly thankful.



STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Thou Star of Bethlehem so bright,
The fairest of the stars of night,
Which shinest far, and shinest near
In all our darkest hours to cheer.

Star of His love, so low and nigh
Whereon the sinner may rely;
Always so bright to draw the eyes
To hidden Glories in the skies.

Where'er we are, whate'er our woe
So near we see thy gladdening glow,
O'er the dark desert of this life
With all its sorrow and its strife.

Although we miss our friends, and stray
Oft from the weary trodden way,
Thee still we find, the same safe light
To guide us through our life's long night

Since from the east the Magi came
Attracted by thy humble flame,
Thy kindly light has thrown its ray
To many a pilgrim on his way.



THE EISTEDDFOD OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By D. D. Williams, Jackson, O.

The antiquity of the Eisteddfod is unquestioned, for it dates back to an early period in the history of the Celtic tribes. It was instituted by the Druids, the noblest and purest of the old world priesthods. It was originally purely political, an annual assembly, parliament and high court for the adjudication of all questions of public policy and private right. It thus became the cradle of liberty and equality, and the archetype of the deliberative assemblies of to-day. The first change in its character resulted from the encroachment of the knights upon the domain of the priests. Might triumphed over mystery, and knighthood usurped all the authority of the priesthood in temporal affairs. The Eisteddfod then became ecclesiastical in character, a religious assembly synod, council or conclave, as occasion required. Linus, a converted Druid who became the second bishop of Rome, and the founder of the Roman Catholic church, used the ecclesiastical Eisteddfod as his model. Many of its offices and forms survive in that church and its offshoots to this day. The second vital change in the character of the Eisteddfod followed the extirpation of the Druids by the Roman generals in the first century of the Christian era. It then ceased to be ecclesiastical, and

became purely literary. The literary feature had been an adjunct in a former period, but it was now cultivated more assiduously by the Welsh princes, because it served the double purpose of fanning the patriotic ardor of their people, and preserving their language and literature. For fifteen centuries the Eisteddfod was a bardic institution, and was the means of preserving the Welsh language until the printing press gave it a new lease of life. During the Dark Ages, a new feature, music, was gradually introduced. Giraldus Cambrensis writes that the Welsh excelled in part singing, as early as the Norman conquest, but music did not become an important feature until near the close of the eighteenth century. The modern Eisteddfod properly dates from 1771, which marks the beginning of the fourth period in Eisteddfodic history. With the decadence of Welsh literature music has been gaining the ascendancy, akin to the Saengerfest of the German. Such deterioration if it continues will result in its early extinction as a distinctively national institution, except in name. How can this result be averted is the problem that will confront the Eisteddfod lovers of the twentieth century. That this institution, which has sur-



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THE OFFICERS OF THE CINCINNATI EISTEDDFOD.

vived more than thirty centuries should be perpetuated as a memorial will be readily conceded, but it must be made more than a feast of song. Welsh patriots in the motherland across the seas have a national Eisteddfod, but it can never be more than a provisional affair. The Eisteddfod must seek an abiding home under the Stars and Stripes to secure that consideration which it deserves, and that field where its benign influence can be most effective. The time is propitious. A number of Ohio Welshmen have formed a provisional organization, and will hold an Eisteddfod at Cincinnati, January 1st, 1900. It promises to be a complete success. That success will be largely the result of their effort to make it more than a mere local meeting. Organizations from four or five states will take part in the musical competitions, and representatives will be present from nearly every state in the upper Mississippi valley. Their presence will give an oppor-

tunity to effect an Eisteddfodic organization national in character, and thus pave the way for the American National Eisteddfod. Such an association should be made permanent, and should be equipped with an endowment fund. It should hold annual meetings, rotating among the largest cities. Musical competitions should be made the advertising feature of each meeting, but the real work of the promoters should be to encourage the study of the Welsh language, literature, folklore and history, to assist in the establishment of a library of books, pamphlets, manuscripts and records of all kinds, relating to the Welsh and their history, to endow Welsh chair at some university of national importance, and to make the Eisteddfod a worthy memorial of a people comparatively unknown to the world, who have contributed more to the advancement of civilization, in proportion to their number, than any other.



A WINTER REVERIE.

Fast falls a fleecy shower; the downy flakes
 Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
 Softly alighting upon all objects. Earth receives
 Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
 And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast
 Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

—W. Cowper.

THE CYMRY BEFORE THEY CAME TO BRITAIN.

The Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips, M. A.

(Continued.)

The footprints of the Cymry in language, like their footprints in history, evidence their descent from the Cimbri, Cimmerii, Kimmerioi and Gomeri. The language of the Cimbri as far as preserved corresponds to the language of the Cymry, and proves their essential oneness. Their ethnic designation, Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cymri, Cymry, as said before, points to the same name and the same people, only in different languages and different ages. The Cymric designation of countries, as already explained, indicates the people who once inhabited them; as Cimeria, Cimmerian Bosphorus, Cimbric Chersonesus, Cambria, Cymry, Cumberland, Northumberland, Cambrai, Cambrilla, Coimbra; Gaul, Galatia, Gael, Gwalia, Wales; Llygwria, Liguria, Liger, Loir, Lloeger, Armorica, now Bretagne, or Brittany, comes from "ar," on and "mor," sea—a country on the sea. "Morini" comes from "mor" and the termination "ini," inhabitants of the sea coast. "Nantuates" comes from "nant," a valley, and the termination "uates," men of the valley, dalesmen. "Ambarri" comes from "amb," and "ar" the people about or on both

sides of the river Ar. "Baltic" comes from "Balt," belt, the sea of belts, or straits. Pen, Ben, Ven, signifies head; as Penarth, headland; Benlomond, beacon mountain. Bennevis (nevis, nev, heaven, clouds) cloud-capped mountain. Apennines, Cevennes, "According to Bonwick," Rev. Isaac Taylor, in "Words and Places," believes in the wide extension of the Celtic races at some unknown prehistoric period. He finds "hardly a single Celtic word meaning stream, current, brook, channel, ford, or flood, which does not enter largely into the river names of Europe." "While eighty per cent. of European streams are Celtic, Captain Burton, the great traveler, discovers no Celtic names of Asiatic waters." Had Captain Burton discovered the family relation between the Celtae and the Cimbri, the daughter and mother nations, he would have discovered Cimbric names of waters and of lands in Western Asia and Eastern Europe around the Black Sea as well as in Northern, Central and Southern Europe as far west as the British Islands; and he would have also discovered that these names of Cimbric, Celtic, Belgic and Aquitanic of land

and water were everywhere essentially similar or identically the same, and are essentially similar and identically the same with those now in use in Wales by the Cymry of to-day. But as it is not our purpose to compare the Cymric language with its dialects or its dialects with each other, either in Britain or on the continent; nor to compare it with the Greek and Latin or with the Gothic and Slavonic, but the ancient Cimbri with the modern Cymric, sufficient instances have been adduced to show their essential correspondence and identity. Yet as Togarmah was a son of Gomer and the founder of the Armenians we may compare the Armenian and the Cymric and if they correspond in some essential points we may naturally infer that the two languages and the two people were akin, and that the line of descent ran through the Gomeri, Cimmerii, Cimbri, Cymry. The basis of the following comparison is from Garnett according to Pritchard:

<i>Armenian.</i>	<i>English.</i>	<i>Cymric.</i>
Dsiern	Hand	Dourn, Dwrn
Khuir	Sister	Chwaer
Djwr	Water	Dwyr, Dwr
Ardj	Bear	Arth
Dzarr	Tree	Derw
Tun	House	Tin, Ty
Oskr	Bone	Asgwrn [glog
Gloukh	Head	Clog, as in Pen
Sir	Love	Serch
Amis	Month	Mis
Khoz	Sow	Hwch
Ter	Lord, Tyrant	Teyrn
Am	Time	Amser

This comparison, which might be extended much further, shows that the Cymric and the Armenian came

from the same source and were originally the same language, and the Cymry and the Armenians the same people—Gomeri. The more the Cymric will be compared with the Armenian, and the more the Cymry will be compared with the Armenians the more will their affinity and unity appear.” The Armenian language,” remarks Dr. Smith in his Bible dictionary, “presents many peculiarities which distinguish it from other branches of the other Indo-European families, but in spite of this, however, no hesitation is felt by philologists in placing it among the Indo-European.” “Gomer,” says the same author, “is generally recognized as the progenitor of the early Cimmerians, the later Cimbri, and the other branches of the Celtic family, and of the modern Gael and Cymry, the latter preserving with little variation the original name.” Wherever the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimerii, Cimbri, Cymry, or the mother nation under whatever name, age, or condition appear; and wherever its branch nations under whatever name, age, or condition appear from the Black Sea to the Baltic—throughout the whole of Europe, the British Islands, and Asia Minor, they left the impress of their existence on language in the nomenclature of different objects, whose names have been preserved to the present day by Greek and Latin authors, which we can readily decipher and intelligently read in the light and by the use of the language of the

modern Cymry-Cymraeg, which now is spoken in Wales. As the language of the Greeks and the language of the common people of Egypt were the key to unlock the hidden and bound up hieroglyphics, so the language of the Cymry is the key to open hidden and locked up history of the Cymric nations in Western Asia, the whole of Europe and the British Islands.

The footprints of the Cymry in temperament, like their footprints in history and language, evidence their descent from the Cimbri, Cimmerli and Gomeri. Their warmth of nature, love of liberty and energy of action are substantially the same always and everywhere. Natural impetuosity, absolute independence and reckless courage distinguish them among the nations. Mark their movement into Asia, into Greece, into Italy, into Spain, throughout Gaul, Britain, Scotland and Ireland; the advance of the Cimmerii under Lygdamis, of the Cimbri under Brennus, of the Cymry under Caractacus, of the French under Napoleon, and of the Scotch, Irish and Welsh under Wellington. The same ethnic characteristics distinguish the Gomeri in the war of Gog against Israel, the Cimmerii in their marches east and west from the Black Sea, the Cimbri in their invasions, east, south and across the channel, and the Britons in their resistance of the Roman arms. What did the walls between Scotland and England indicate? What did the castles that bedecked the principality

mean? And what did the independence of Scotland and Wales till the 13th century prove, but the love of liberty, impetuosity and valor of the inhabitants? Cæsar, who saw them fight from morning till night without once turning their backs, who saw them fight over the dead bodies of their fallen comrades, four deep, who saw them fight with naked bodies the armed soldiers of Rome, who saw them mow down his Roman legions like fields of wheat, had reason to acknowledge their independence, impetuosity and bravery; and so had the Roman governors of Britain and the Saxon kings that succeeded them. "As to their courage, their spirit, and the force and vivacity with which they made an impression," says Plutarch in a quotation already made, "we may compare them to a devouring flame. Nothing can resist their impetuosity; all that came in their way were trodden down or driven before them like cattle." "In the same quarter of Germany, "to repeat the words of Tacitus," adjacent to the ocean dwell the Cimbri; a small state at present, but great in renown. Of their past grandeur, extensive vestiges still remain, in the encampments and their lines from the compass of which the strength and numbers of the nation may still be computed, and credit derived to the account of so prodigious an army." The freedom, dash and courage which marked their military life marked also their civil life. Their thoughts and feelings, words and

deeds evidence heat, independence and energy. Fire, freedom, force, marked their line of march and mode of life.

The footprints of the Cymry in religion correspond with their footprints in history, language and temperament, and corroborates if they do not establish the testimony. Their system of religion and mode of worship were the same. The Druidism of Gaul and the Druidism of Britain were identical. It was evidently brought from the East, through Gaul into Britain; and when it had waned in the East and in Gaul, it spread from Britain through Gaul toward the East. Throughout British Islands and Western Europe, among the Cimbric nations everywhere, the worship of their deities was in the heart of the forest, within circular temples with canopy of heaven their only roof and dome; and the sacrifice of their vic-

tims, both of men and beasts, were under the oak, their national tree, on whose branches they happened to find the misletoe, the sacred plant of the order. From the clear, strong and convincing testimony of history, languages and temperament, corroborated by the presumptive testimony of religion, which we have patiently, thoroughly and candidly examined, we can but come to the natural, legitimate and only conclusion, that the Gomeri, Kimmerioi, Cimmerii, Cimbri and Cymry were one and same people, identically the same nations, which, under diverse names and different ages, through a period of forty centuries, and an area of thousands of miles, inhabited Western Asia, the most of Europe, the whole of the British Islands, and which still inhabit Western Europe and the British Islands, under diverse names and in different countries.



A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Max Norman.

Christmas from time immemorial has been a jolly season, and this seems strange when we think how long the night is and how cold the atmosphere. Providence appears to have concentrated especial efforts to make this gloomiest time of the year happy when the sun has reached the extreme south turning

point, and is gradually but unfailingly returning on its journey north. This great and comforting fact had much more significancy to our forefathers in ancient pagan times than to us of to-day. They had their Christmas although they knew naught of the Babe of Bethlehem. Their Christmas was the return of

the beautiful sun from the south. Through the fall the sun keeps straying further and further southward; the days get shorter and shorter; and the air gets colder and colder; the leaves have disappeared from the trees; the flowers have vanished from the meadows and gardens; nature seems in a state of consumption; and everything appears to be undergoing a natural death. In the primitive ages, the childhood of the world, anxiety would reign as to whether the beautiful eye of day would return! Suppose it would continue its journey southward, and leave the world to darkness and death! Was it in response to the prayers and religious rites of the people that he returned every Yule time?

However, it was, Yuletide has been a time of rejoicing and jollification, in pre-historic ages, for the simple reason of the gracious return of the fair sun (*fagrahvel*); and in Christian times on account of the birth of the Sun of Righteousness in the City of David. It is very much the same continuous worship, barring that our pagan fathers rejoiced at the coming of the light which symbolizes the spiritual Sun. They were gladdened naturally by the instinct of returning summer and replenishing harvest as we are by the dawn of the spiritual day, with its rich blessings upon the sons of men.

The old heathen Yuletide shows how the human heart instinctively, like Abraham's, enjoys the advent of things long before their time. It

was a beautiful and comforting belief of the Germans at Christmas that they could trace the personal movements and interferences on earth of their great deities, Odin, Berchta, &c., &c., and how foreseeing and prophetic this superstition seems of the night when in the fields around Bethlehem, the glad shepherds mixed with the heavenly host who praised God with the joyful words "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!" There never was such a simple song fraught with such depth of meaning; verily, they were (and are) "Good tidings of great joy." Even those far off pagans, during their Yuletide, felt the mysterious presence and activity of God's angels around them. They were the foreshadows of glorious events coming.

Around this Christmas thought cluster a wonderful number and variety of rites, ceremonies and customs, which are truly interesting and instructive, such as Santa Claus, Kris Kingle, manger songs, carols, waits, feasts, farces, adornments, trees, cakes, dumplings, and every kind of gifts, joys and congratulations. But our celebration of Christmas is only symbolic of the beautiful times to come when the angel anthem will be verified in practical peace and good will among men.

One Christmas eve, ages ago, the following incident took place. The weather had been extremely fine and bright until the dusk of Christ-

mas eve, when the sky began to darken with gloomy clouds, and the wind started to whistle through key-holes and shake the windows as if about to force an entrance with burglarious intents. There was a comfortable fire on every hearth, and the fun and frolic were confined to indoors. The snow began to fall in flakes thick and copious and the fitful gusts piled it up against fences and walls and half way up the door entrances. Everybody had hastened home, and neither a dog nor a cat could be seen anywhere in the avenue. A man foolhardy enough to have remained out in the interests of science observing the fantastic conduct of the wind, might have noticed a forlorn character passing along the sidepath almost blinded by the blizzard weather. Presently he stopped by a great house which had all the appearance of belonging to a rich man. Alongside it there was a carriage drive which terminated in a spacious building which served for a stable and a barn. The number of vehicles and carriages in the barn betokened that a considerable company was in the house, whose jollities could now be faintly heard from the outside. The strange character approached a back entrance and after a minute's suspense, he knocked with the modesty of a well-mannered beggar. He was dressed in an outlandish style, with furred headgear, something like a bearskin coat, and his feet wrapped up in heavy boots, having the striking appearance of a Santa Claus. A word,

also, as to the character and social status of Mr. Pomponius Pryde, the millionaire, would not be untimely.

Mr. Pryde had started life in very humble circumstances, but during an unfortunate war between his people and a neighboring nation, he had made considerable wealth by extensive contracts in supplies. Subsequently it leaked out that his bargains with the government had been gigantic swindles, but such is wealth that it makes little difference how it is gained the owner becomes great in the eye of society, and is greatly honored in spite of suspicions. He very soon became a man of great importance, and his palatial residence was the rendezvous of the upper crust of society in that part of the world. He was selfish, self-willed and self-important, peremptory in tone, imperious in way, with a well-rounded body, which he always cared to stuff with the richest viands and wines. With the poor he was rather harsh, although he would have fits of liberality—giving to the poor, though, rather to show off his own importance than out of a love of his fellows. Among his guests he was noticable as prominent by reason of his self-importance. From head to foot he was a self-worshipper, and although publicly honored and magnified, privately and secretly he was despised and even abominated. From the point of view of the Sermon on the Mount, he was a bad man and a great sinner.

After the almost inaudible knock which the stranger administered, the

door opened sharply, and a man servant appeared, all powdered and brushed. "What is the excitement?" asked he brusquely and authoritatively.

"I have been caught in this terrible storm," said the stranger, "and I am afraid if I continue my journey, I'll be snowed under, and, more than probably, perish. I would ask for shelter for the night."

The man retired with the message, and as sharply returned with his master's ultimatum, which was "that the storm was seemingly inevitable, could not be helped; that his residence was no public house, nor a home for unfortunates; and the door slammed with merciless rudeness.

On a diagonal line from Mr. Pomponius Pryde was an old homestead wherein resided an old couple who had descended from a long line of ancestors, who had declined to sell the little patch they lived on. This little humble home had been to Mr. Pryde an eyesore and many an unsuccessful attempt he had made to strike a bargain, but the old couple thought more of its possession than of its value in money. They loved the old home for its happy associations. Although neighbors of the rich man, they were in a Christian sense, antipodeans. They were citizens of another world. Their conversation was with things and morals dear to angels. Their house was humble, with a thatched roof covering white-washed walls, from which a

moderately tall man could pull the straw out of its projecting eaves. The gable end in which there was a small window faced the road, and a little gate led into the yard in front of the building. A low door led into the humble home and small windows with small diamond shaped lights let in the light. The inside was the pink of domestic comfort; and an ideal philosopher would have thought more of this simple home of humanity than of the loudly brilliant and pompous residence of the rich man.

After the stranger had left the rich man's door somewhat disappointed, but not depressed, and had reached the road, he saw the little light which shone through the small window in the end of the poor couple's home. He went straight for it, opened the little wicket gate which made its impression on the pile of snow back of it, and stealthily approaching the humble door he knocked on it with his muffled hand, and with the opening door a flash of welcoming light shot out far over the snow. Without asking questions, the old lady said "God o' mercy! Come in. The Lord save you!" The stranger stepped inside, and the old man, who sat at a table by the fire, raised his spectacled eyes out of a book and said "Good man, you are welcome. It is a shocking night. Step up to the fire. Make yourself comfortable in our humble home." The old lady stood there ready to take the stranger's furs and bear-

skin coat, and he was soon seated before a brightly burning log. The old lady resumed her seat on the other side of the "pentan" and picking up her half-finished stocking she started to ply her knitting needles with the rapidity of an expert. She would stop occasionally to recount the loops or meshes, or pick up a stray one, and again she would start off knitting and talking as if part and parcel of the same occupation. In the "crochan" hanging to a hook over the fire was the Christmas pudding boiling and babbling something like welcome to the stranger, and a Christmas goose had already been cooked beautifully ready for the morrow.

"You must be starving, friend," said the old gentleman, "but we have a remedy here for all such ailments. When will the pudding be ready, mother?"

"It is almost done, and the gentleman will be attended on, presently," said the old lady.

Lifting the cover of the crochan, she stuck a fork into the plum pudding, and said she "It is done beautifully!"

It took very little time for the old lady to prepare a hearty supper which the stranger enjoyed with great zest. After the substantial meal a couple of hours was spent by the old people around the comfortable fire telling their Christmas experiences of years ago, and comparing those romantic times with later unheroic days. Old people have pretty generally disparaging views

of the present as contrasted with the glorious past. In due time the stranger retired and the old couple wished him happy dreams.

In the dreamy hours of the morning the old pair woke to hear the most enchanting music, which crept over the senses like sweet reminiscences of days gone by. Now, it seemed as if the angels were passing in grand procession, celebrating the coming of the Babe among men, playing on all manner of celestial instruments and repeating the most charming passages out of Heaven's masterpieces! To what can it be likened? It pleased the sense as good news of a long-lost child; like the sweet visit of consoling thoughts, after periods of depression; like the joy of assurance after dark spells of despair; like a new hope after the shattered life had ebbed almost away; like a message from old friends or whisperings from loved ones who have gone before. After a while, the music seemed to pass away on a diminuendo like a gradual falling asleep.

Next morning the old man woke, and as his custom was, opened the door to greet the new day.

"Mother!" said he, in great surprise, "Are you awake? I am certainly a-dream!"

"What say you, boy?" replied mother.

"Come hither and see for yourself," said he; and there surely, a grand transformation act had taken place. Mr. Pomponius Pryde's mansion had shrunk to a shabby

hovel, while their little cottage had grown and expanded into a most magnificent palace! The old lady also had been changed into a princess, and the old man looked like a prince. When they visited the stranger's room the place was unoccupied, and the bed unused; and it struck them at once that they had entertained an angel unawares.



A PRAYER FOR THE RETURN OF THE MUSE.

By George Coronway.

Oh! Heavenly Muse—where hast thou gone?
 Thine absence deeply I deplore!
 Return, thou sweet, and lovely one;
 And, as in happy days of yore,
 Inspire my soul to sing again
 Some happy, tender, touching strain.
 When moved by thee, the poet can
 Add comfort to the heart of man—
 Alloy his pain, disperse his woe,
 And set his star of hope aglow.

Celestial Muse! Thou maid divine—
 My heart for thee doth truly yearn;
 I, in my loneliness, repine,
 And sadly long for thy return.
 Oh! could I feel thy pow'r once more,
 As oft in brighter days of yore:
 I know my soul, with joy extreme—
 While in some happy, mystic dream,
 Forgetful of its ev'ry pain,
 Would burst again with sweetest strain.

RANDOM NOTES.

By "Cambro."

Every true American believes that the amassing of great fortunes in this country by individuals and the vast combinations of wealth in trusts and gigantic railway corporations is a serious menace to republican institutions. "Human rights versus property rights," must be the watchword of all who believe in the glorious principles of the Declaration of Independence, and of all who desire to perpetuate those principles in the hearts of our children and their children for ages to come. Let it not be forgotten

"But greed for gold, the power of wealth,
 'Invades the hearts of men by stealth,
 "Creating discord, strife and woe
 "More dangerous than a foreign foe."

History repeats itself and our beloved republic like Greece, Carthage, Rome and others may be destroyed by internal corruption, the seeds of which are now being insidiously sown by many arrogant multi-millionaires and their minions, who unblushingly assert the right of large capitalists to dictate what legislative measures shall be adopted for the benefit of all.

* * * * *

What means this spirit of unrest among the Jews throughout the world and a growing desire to return to their (former) promised

land? The persecution of Jews in Russia, Austria, France and to some extent in other countries may partially account for this peculiar phenomenon, but there is evidently a deeper meaning to it, which only the inscrutable plans of Providence will, at the proper time, reveal. In reply to the question of one of his courtiers "what are the three greatest proofs of the truth of Holy Writ," Frederick the Great of Prussia, said, "The Jews," "The Jews." "The Jews." The truth of this terse reply is readily apparent to those who have carefully studied the prophecies of the Bible in their relation to the chosen people of God. For their idolatry and other sins they were sent into captivity and although restored to their country they were finally scattered to the ends of the earth for their rejection of Christ as the promised Messiah. What a sublime spectacle is presented in the preservation as a distinct race of this peculiar people—(a nation and yet not a nation) for nearly 2,000 years. It is an interesting study and from present indications in the world's movements supplemented by God's promises in Holy Writ, the time is not far distant when the Jews will return once more to the land of

promise, but believers in and participants of the gospel of Christ (the Messiah.)

* * *

The fable of "the wolf and the lamb," is doubtless, in the opinion of impartial observers, exemplified in the present controversy between Great Britain and the Transvaal. A continuous railway from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope, that will traverse British territory exclusively, has for many years been the ambition and purpose of many English statesmen and wealthy residents of the Cape settlements.

Joseph Chamberlain, the wily if no unscrupulous, British Secretary for the Colonies, has made the foregoing enterprise his special hobby. Cecil Rhodes, the multi-millionaire of South Africa, has on many occasions including the famous, or rather infamous, Jameson raid, abetted Chamberlain in his great scheme. In their opinion and that of many others whose inordinate ambition is to achieve British supremacy on the dark continent, the killing of a few thousand Boers and the sacrifice of as many English

lives is an insignificant matter compared with the important benefits to be derived therefrom. Cecil Rhodes has already completed the projected railway through Rhodesia to Umtali in Mashonaland, 1,800 miles from the Cape and is extending it through Nyassaland to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, 700 miles further north. That will still leave a gap of 4,000 miles. After leaving German territory, through which, presumably, it may be permitted to run on extremely binding conditions, the route traverses Uganda, afterward skirting the frontier of Abyssinia and forming a junction with the Anglo-Egyptian system on the Soudan frontier. It is estimated that in ten years' time the railway will be completed and in operation from Cairo to the Cape. When the fact is borne in mind that the main lines of feeders to this gigantic railway system terminate in the Transvaal, an independent republic, whose president is bitterly opposed to the enterprise, the object in forcing hostilities upon the Boers on some pretext or other is readily apparent.



THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

The thought of marrying Magnus under any circumstances was unbearable to Nest; but how was she to avoid it? An early visit from her father on the day after the Norwegian king's proposal, forced her into a promise she would not otherwise have given, and which when given she had no real intention of fulfilling. Gryffydd spoke mildly and persuasively at first, alluding to the unlikelihood that Trahaiarn would ever return, and mentioning the advantages to be gained by a matrimonial alliance with the royal house of Norway. But finding his daughter immovable he became angry, and resorted to upbraidings and threats.

"If thou marry not the king of Norway," said he, bringing his fist down upon his knee by way of emphasis, "thou art no daughter of mine, and I will shut thee up in the dungeon to be a prey for rats and the horrors of darkness!"

"Do give me more time to decide, dear father," said Nest, terrified by her father's awful threat.

"That cannot be," continued the irate king, "the preparations are nearly ready, and we must leave for England early to-morrow morning.

I must have thy promise now to marry him."

"Oh, not now, say not now," cried Nest in the agony of despair, throwing herself on her knees in front of the king.

Touched by his daughter's extreme agony Gryffydd relented so far as to intimate that a conditional promise might do for the present. Nest therefore seeing no alternative said,

"If it must be I promise to marry him at the close of the campaign if the prince come not to claim me in the meantime. But it will be a loveless match, for I can never love a man who would marry me against my will."

Convinced that Trahaiarn would never return, and that, therefore, there would be no obstacle in the way at the close of the campaign the king passed into the queen's hall, and after listening a moment to a tirade against his daughter, he rejoined Magnus to acquaint him with the result of the interview. This done the two kings and the earl spent the rest of the day in reviewing the troops, and next morning marched against England.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the Robber's Den.

"Were I not a beggar I would be a king; leastwise were I a king I might wish myself a beggar."

"Not if you had the promise of the hand of so lovely a princess as Nest in marriage."

"Or had such powerful allies as Gryffydd and Algar to aid you against your enemies."

Such were some of the remarks made by a small group of beggars, who, standing near the castle gate, watched the departure of the allied forces. The first speaker was a little above the average in height, and but for a pair of crutches and ragged and filthy appearance he seemed the equal of any in the Welsh army. He was but little known to the other beggars, having been seen but once or twice before in Rhuddlan, and being freer to talk about matters in general than about his own affairs. Lingerings with the others until the rear of the marching column was lost in a dense mist which had not yet allowed the morning sun to kiss the few scattered flowers which heralded the coming of spring, he presently left his beggarly companions on some pretense and slowly betook himself on his crutches in a southerly direction through the town, occasionally stopping to solicit alms of those he met. At length finding himself beyond the limits of the town he approached a gate in the hedge-row on the left, and veiled by the mist he threw his crutches into a wheat field and cleared the gate

at one leap. Then hiding both the crutches and his rags in the hedge he pursued a course parallel to the highway, perfectly sound in every limb and clad in the simple garb of a peasant. Screened by the hedge-row, in which an occasional cowslip nestled at the base of the green, neatly trimmed hawthorns, and an occasional robin or thrush lingered a moment in search of food or to indulge in song, he finally reached the spot where the public highway turns in the direction of St. Asaph, and feeling that there was no further need of concealment he now followed the road. A brisk walk brought him to the "Red Dragon," and after a good draught of cwrw he continued his course. Towards sunset he arrived at the robber's den, and saluting the sentinel pacing in front of the cavern, he passed into the interior. Then pushing aside the thick blanket which served as a curtain he found himself face to face with Hoel the robber chief, whose features were dimly discerned in the light of a fire, around which were sitting several men whose rough exterior was in perfect keeping with their grotesque surroundings.

Indifferent to everything around him Trahaiarn sat on the ground a short distance from the fire with his back against the side of the cavern and his head resting on his arms. In this dark and cheerless place he had no idea of time. The lack of appetite resulting from petty annoyances, inhuman threats, and con-

stant brooding over his hopeless condition, together with his cold and disagreeable surroundings had robbed him of much flesh and strength, and though he still longed to be with the idol of his heart he had given up trying to invent a way of escape. Sometimes he dreamed that he was with Nest once more, and saw her shedding tears of sympathy as she listened to his tales of suffering and woe; but such dreams were far from conducive to his peace of mind, for they always left him in deeper despair. It so happened that he was in one of his most unhappy moods on this occasion, and any ordinary conversation would have been unheeded by him. But the mention of names and places dear to him made him specially attentive to what the spy now began to relate, although he gave no indication of being interested.

"Like all true patriots," said the spy with a hypocritical grin, "ye will doubtless rejoice at the marriage of the comely daughter of the illustrious son of Llewelyn."

"Nest married! To whom?" cried a chorus of voices.

"She is married to a king!" was the reply. "Magnus, King of Norway, led to Gryffydd's court by his desire to secure timely assistance against England was captivated by the surpassing beauty of Princess Nest, and left the castle only after winning her for a bride."

"Methought the princess was too devoted to the memory of her former lover to marry even a king," said

Hoel, winking at his men and glancing in the direction of Trahaiarn.

"She did at first swear by heaven and earth that she would never love another," continued the spy; "but who has confidence in a woman's word? A lily bends before every passing breeze, and footprints on the sand vanish before the aspiring waves. The princess is not an exception to her sex that she should prefer a dead prince to a live king."

"What thou sayest is true no doubt," remarked Hoel, "but there are those who think a dead king better than life itself."

"True, for where the desire is father of the thought there is no accounting for the opinions or actions of men. At least some who have long sought Gryffydd's life will not rest until they see him dead, and in pursuance of their dominant desire they have again set a trap for him. If he returns alive to Rhuddlan from his present campaign it will be a miracle more wonderful than that performed by St. Beuno when he replaced St. Winifred's head upon her shoulders."

Trahaiarn scarcely knew how to regard what he now heard. He had been forced to listen to so many stories during his captivity that were plainly intended to add to his sufferings that he found it difficult to believe that what was now said was true. Yet he could not dismiss it from his thoughts. It might well be true that the dastardly Caradoc would again try to assassinate King Gryffydd, he thought, and it was not

impossible that the King of Norway should seek the aid of one whom he knew to be no friend to England. But would Nest look with favor upon his advances should he wish to make her his queen? Would it be possible for her to forget her betrothed so soon? So soon! Why it was several months since she saw him last, and doubtless had every reason to think him dead! Why should she longer hope for his return, or throw away an opportunity to marry a king if he sought her hand? Would not Gryffydd himself be likely to encourage an alliance so favorable to all concerned? Trahaiarn's heart sickened at these thoughts, the more so because he had no means of knowing how much was true or false in what he had heard, or whether it had any foundation in truth or not. Yet he would die rather than give his tormentors any reason to believe that he was affected by their cruel thrusts. This, however, made it only the more difficult for him to endure a suspense to which there seemed no end, and the sting of jealousies and suspicions that would obtrude upon his thoughts.

Hoel and his men were somewhat disappointed at the seeming indifference of the prince to a bit of news that might reasonably be supposed to concern him not a little. They continued to torment him in various ways, however, going so far one day as to relate in his hearing that Gryffydd had been assassinated and that Magnus had grown tired

of the princess and had abandoned her and that she was now in Harold's power. To make matters worse also the hermit gave color to the false report by paying him a visit of consolation.

"My heart bleeds for thee, my son," said he, seating himself on the ground beside the captive, and simulating the expression and tone of a spiritual comforter. "The hand of affliction has been heavy upon you of late, and thy sorrows have been rapidly multiplying."

"Hold thy peace, thou base hypocrite," said the prince, giving the hermit a vigorous push, which afforded the listening robbers much inward amusement. "I will have none of thy empty cant. Had I my sword I would do for thee what justice has long neglected to do."

"It will avail thee nothing to kick against the pricks, my son," continued the wily Einion, "or for me to become angry at thy ill-tempered words. It is my duty to offer thee the consolations of religion whether thou wilt hear or forbear, and the saints forfend that I should ever neglect my duty even in the face of insults. Thou art beginning to realize that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, or that man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. Pax vobiscum!" Trahaiarn perceiving that the easiest way to get rid of the canting hermit was to pay as little attention as possible to him remained silent during the remainder of his obtrusive service; and at length his

patience was rewarded by Einion's departure.

It seemed as if all the powers of darkness had conspired against the prince for soon after the hermit's departure Caradoc entered the cave and after a brief interview with Hoel turned his attention to Trahaiarn. It was now four weeks since the spy had returned from the castle; therefore Caradoc's appearance at this time involved no contradiction of the new plot implied in the spy's false report. As a matter of fact, however, Caradoc was weaving a plot which demanded his presence in the south while the allies were invading England. But he readily fell in with the cruel farce that Hoel and the hermit had been acting, and startling the prince from a state of semi-unconsciousness he said with a malignant smile.

"The prosperity of the wicked is of short duration, the day of vengeance has come at last. The proud exalted himself, but the hand of the mighty overthrew him. He wooed and another has taken his betrothed. He stood in defense of tyranny against the stroke of justice, but his spear was broken in pieces and his shield wrenched from his hand."

He paused thinking that the prince would add to his pleasure by resenting his words; but Trahaiarn resting his head on his shackled limbs uttered not a word. For once he succeeded in controlling his temper.

"Has the vain boaster lost his tongue?" continued the vindictive

lord, irritated by the prince's silence, or is he playing a part which belongs only to the meek? I will give thee a true reason for silence thou base dissembler. I will pluck thy tongue from the roots and fling it into yonder fire."

Again there was silence. Trahaiarn moved not a muscle. The robbers looked on with the immovability of statues. Caradoc alone made any movement and it was to unshield his sword; but before he had time to carry out his intention Hoel grasped his arm. A brief struggle followed, during which Trahaiarn sprang to his feet trembling with a passion he could no longer restrain.

"Let the damnable coward strike," said he. "If there is a hell it is infinitely preferable to this intolerable place."

"He shall strike," said Hoel, "but not yet. Thou shalt make the acquaintance of Gwyn ap Nudd only after thy cup of bitterness is full on earth."

"Thou art right, Hoel," said Caradoc, recovering his self-control. "I was too hasty. To-morrow is the anniversary of my father's death, and I shall celebrate it in a manner becoming the occasion. Until then relax not your vigilance over our victim."

Among those who witnessed this exciting episode was one whose sympathy with one of the actors was such that he exercised self-restraint with the greatest difficulty. In appearance there was no striking

difference between him and the rest of Hoel's men. He had belonged to the band about three months and had gradually ingratiated himself into favor with the robber chief. He was glad that the by-play of passion that he had just witnessed had ended so favorably, but there was a greater joy awaiting him. He had long wished to be detailed as one of the prince's guards in the absence of the rest of the band, and his longing was never so strong as when he saw Trahaiarn resuming his former position with a look that betokened intense hatred and misery combined, and watched Caradoc after a moment's whispered talk with Hoel leaving the cave. He was wise enough not to betray his feelings, however, by any outward tokens of anxiety. From certain remarks that Hoel had made during the day he knew that a raid was to be made on the estate of a chief in the vicinity of Mold; but it was not until evening that he learned that he and the man who had played the part of a beggar near the castle were to be left to guard the prince. Soon after to his great inward delight the raiding party was gone, and he was in possession of the opportunity which he had so long desired.

"I had much rather be on the way to Mold than to be assigned to this duty," said he in a voice that sounded strangely familiar to the prince, though he wisely showed no sign of recognition.

"Hadst thou belonged to the band as long as I have," was the re-

ply, "thou wouldst be glad to have rest even at the cost of increased responsibility. Besides, thou shouldst be thankful for this evidence of the chief's favor, for there are few he would trust with this important charge."

"My master has never had any reason to doubt my fidelity, and I expect to use this opportunity to serve him to the advantage of all concerned."

The already alert ear of the prince missed not a single word of the conversation, and the last sentence conveyed a meaning to him of which one of the guards at least had no suspicion. Though he simply shifted his position and cast a careless glance at the fire, on the opposite side of which the two guards sat on a log with their swords resting on their knees and his heart beat fast with renewed hope, and a wink from one of the men assured him that he had not misunderstood the hint couched in the words he had just heard. Every fiber of his being was thrilled with anticipation, and his mind was flooded with thoughts that he had not dared to entertain for a month.

"The fire needs replenishing; be kind enough to throw a stick or two on, Owen, seeing that thou art near the wood."

So said one of the guards, and while the other leaned over to pick up a stick he knocked him senseless with the hilt of his sword. Then with wonderful agility he sprang to the prince's side, and while he re-

moved his fetters Trahaiarn whispered excitedly.

"God bless thee Cadwallader; this is more than I ever dared to hope. Thou shalt be richly rewarded for this."

"There you are free," said the faithful squire, "follow me, and let your step be lighter than your heart. Thanks will keep. This is a time for action."

Glancing at the senseless form near the fire the two moved stealthily towards the curtain which concealed the interior of the cave, and pushing it aside Cadwallader saw the dim outlines of the sentinel only a few paces from him and sending an arrow through his heart he and the prince hastened by the expiring man in a direction different from that usually taken by the robbers. Cadwallader showed that he was perfectly familiar with the locality, and soon conducted Trahaiarn in a round about way to the road that led northward, the starlight enabling them to proceed with comparative ease. As they hurried along the squire said:

"Methinks I did the world a great kindness in ridding it of that accursed sentinel, for he was the most murderous of the whole of that ungodly brood. I would have dispatched the other also had I had my wits about me."

"Thou hast nothing to regret, Cadwallader, for am I not a free man once more, thanks to thy skill and forethought? Thou shalt tell

me presently how thou camest to be with the robbers, but now for heaven's sake tell me what thou knowest of the princess?"

"Hark!" said the squire. "I hear voices. Let us hide behind this thornbush."

They did so, and soon their ears caught these words:

"Ay, the King of Norway returned with his prospective father-in-law last night, and the wedding was to take place at the castle to-night or early to-morrow morning."

"I cannot see why it should be to-night, seeing that it is the custom of our people to have weddings in the morning."

"They say it was Magnus' wish to have it to-night at an early hour, and if he had his desire they have been married long ere this."

"Ha, ha, were it not for the fact that my father's slayer is still living it would be a capital way to punish our captive to release him in time to see his betrothed the wife of another."

"Ay, but since Gryffydd is not we must add to the miseries of the prince and send him where he can do no more mischief. To-morrow will.—"

The speaker, who was none other than the hermit, did not finish the sentence, for an arrow from the hand of Trahaiarn brought him to the ground and Caradoc, his companion, would have shared his fate had he not taken to his heels in the direction of the cavern. Having heard enough to make him extremely desirous to reach the castle, which he knew to be more than twenty miles away, the prince did not stop to see whether the hermit was dead or not, but hastened away with his squire.

(To be continued.)



CELLULAR COSMOGONY OR THE EARTH A CONCAVE SPHERE (illustrated): Guiding Star Publishing House, 314 W. 63d. St., Chicago, Ill. Price 25c.

We cannot do better to enlighten our readers as to the nature and aims of the above volume than by quoting the words of the author in his Introduction, "This scientific volume, largely devoted to details of the execution of the practical demonstration of the earth's concavity, is but preliminary to the most stupendous and comprehensive exposition ever projected and consummated by human intellect." The following chapters will serve to show how interesting the book is, whatever we may think of its conclusions: Proof that we live inside the Globe; Easily Susceptible to Decision; Koreshan Science and Theology; Reverse of Popular Theories; How Eclipses Occur; Planets not populated; Hollow Globe and the Bible. This interesting theory of creation is certainly startling. This theory, it is claimed, will affect the popular theology. If it can be proved that the universe is a great shell containing all there is of life from the lowest domain of existence to the highest realm of being, even God, as well as the stars, planets, sun and moon, it will, certainly, make this world more comfortable, homelike and neighborly than those theories who teach the infinity of the universe.

"Allen Raine," the prolific author of "A Welsh Singer" and "Torn Sails," is about to publish another novel descriptive of Welsh rural life. It is a story of a Welsh farmer in Cardiganshire who

educates one son for the Church, and of the bitterness and hearthburning which ensue. So popular has "A Welsh Singer" proved that it has long since run to a sixth edition.

M. Jaffrennou, the Breton patriot, who will be remembered for his visit to the Cardiff National Eisteddfod, is about to publish another volume of his poems under the title of "An Delen Dir" (Y Delyn Ddur). The new volume is to be profusely illustrated with sketches from the pen of John Edwards (Pwyntll Meirion), the young artist from Pwysti Meirion, who is now pursuing his studies at Paris

There are a number of interesting articles in the "Drysorfa" for November, among which may be mentioned the following: "Following Jesus," "The Association Meeting at Abergwaun," "Anselm," "George Bancroft," "Religion in Glamorgan," "Monthly Notes" by the Editor; Sunday School lessons, etc.

The "Dysgedydd" is wholly devoted to questions of theology and religion. The number opens with a sermon by the late Rev. Ambrose of Porthmadoc. Then follows "Reminiscences" by the Rev. Ivor Jones, Chester; "The Revival of 1859" Article X) by W. J. Parry, Bethesda; "Our Perils and Safety," by the Rev. O. Jones, Mountain Ash; "Events of the Month," by the Editor; Reviews, Obituaries, Reports and news of the Denomination. In "Events of the Month" the Editor gives a short sketch of the proceedings of the Church Congress held at the Albert Hall, London. Every party in the Church was largely

represented. The Hall seating from 8,000 to 10,000 was during several of the meetings crowded; the sessions being presided over by the Bishop of London. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, his remarks being a "Call to Unite." Lord Halifax read a paper on "The Principles of Ritualism," and the Rev. W. Webb-Peploe on the same subject from an opposing standpoint. The paper read by Professor Wace created a profound interest, it being a sketch of the growth of Nonconformity during the last century and a half.

The earliest recorded book printed at Carmarthen is dated 1723. The library of Trevecca College contains a little volume "Cyffes Ffydd," a statement of the faith of the Baptists, which was printed at Carmarthen in 1721. The history of the printing press in Wales (writes Mr. John Ballinger, of the Cardiff Free Library) has yet to be written. It is a work which is badly wanted, but involving extensive research and careful verification of facts. If some of the money so thoughtlessly wasted each year on the National Eisteddfod could be used for encouraging the production of a careful and accurate history of printing in Wales the work might be done.

In November "Cerdior" A. G. E. discusses the question "Is Music a Product of Nature?" "If we take music in the sense of harmony," says he, "we have no objection to admitting that it grew gradually but we could not for a moment accept the theory that music as well as language was evolved originally from nature." "It seems to us," he continues, "quite irrational, and a blasphemy against God to think that he created Adam and Eve and placed them in the Garden of Eden without a language as means of society." It is a fact that every man and woman that comes into the

world since, comes without a language, except as a potentiality which the increased needs of the child and his association with the world evolves. There is nothing disparaging in believing that music and language are derived from nature, nor is it blasphemy to state it as long as we hold that God also created nature. Nature is not a territory outside His kingdom.

The November "Traethodydd" has a number of readable articles, such as the following: "Catholicity," by Evan Jones, Carnarvon; "The Pleasures of Reading," by James Evans, Pontardulais; "The New Methodist Hymnal," by Prof. J. Puleston Jones, M. A.; "Welsh Intermediate Schools," by Prof. E. Anwyl, Aberystwyth; "The Transvaal," by R. G. Davies; "The Apostolic Fathers;" and "The Temperance Problem," by D. Rowlands, M. A., Bangor. The article on the Transvaal gives a fairly good sketch of the causes that led up to the present crisis, but now and again it shows an acerbity of feeling against the Britons, and a partiality towards the Boer side which discloses the author's bias. He is evidently, an Anglophobe. He falsely states that the Boer system of government is better than that of the British!

The November "Ceninen" is rich in articles on subjects of interest to the Welsh reader. The number opens with the old time-honored subject "Eu hiaith a gadwant," by the Rev. Charles Davies, wherein are arranged the reasons for preserving the Welsh language. Some of these are plausible and passable, but the preservation of the language depends on the fact as to whether the Welsh people themselves are prepared to give it their practical support. There are unmistakable signs that it is degenerating as a spoken and written language. "The Valley of Teify," by the Rev. D. Stanley Jones; "The Musical Adjudications of the National Eisteddfod"

fod," by D. Emlyn Evans; "Oliver Cromwell," by Hartwell Jones, M. A.; "The Mission of Wesleyism in Wales" by Llangystwyth; "The National Chair," by G. Vaughan and Eilir Evans; "Studies in Hiraethog's 'Emanuel,'" by Rev. D. Adams, B. A.; "John Elias," "Thomas Gouge," "The Bishop of Bangor," "Michael D. Jones," and other Welsh departed celebrities; "The Other Comforter," an unsuccessful poem at the National Eisteddfod; with a great and varied collection of short poems and englynion by writers of note.

As D. Emlyn Evans states in his article on "Adjudications," detailed critical decisions at the Eisteddfodic gatherings are out of the question and impractical. Of what use is it to detain and tire an uncritical audience with long winded dissertations, discussing questions that the majority of the hearers know hardly anything of? Especially is it impractical to immense audiences at the National Eisteddfod wherein the greater portion of the remarks would be inaudible. However, the chief merits or demerits of the renderings should be stated, and should be given out in English as well as Welsh, for the general benefit of all concerned.

A movement has been started in the "Haul" to have rectors, vicars and curates in their respective parishes in Wales to write their history, an undertaking which would furnish Welsh literature with very interesting reading material. There is a considerable amount of history in Wales which has never appeared in book form; and tales and romances which are worth preserving for ages to come.

It is no reason that a language should survive simply because it is old; that it is so closely related to our history as a people; that it is worthy in itself; the survival of the Welsh language will de-

pend entirely on the survival of the Welsh nation as a live people, and as separate and independent. In the States it is fast and inevitably disappearing, and increased intercourse with the English, with English civilization and culture, will also cripple its use. It certainly should be used as long as there are Welsh who don't understand English; but once the English will have become universal, the use of the Welsh language will fall into desuetude.

"Yr Haul" for November is a number of interest and information. Several of the articles are pleasant reading and raises the "Haul" in the estimation of the reader. Such articles as "The Status and Privileges of Laymen in the Church" and "The Primitive Church and Paganism" are truly valuable. The tone of the other papers is elevating. Readers of a religious turn of mind will find in the "Haul" much to interest them. The other articles are "Acknowledging the Most High;" "The Church and the Reformation;" "Parochial Histories;" "Religious Instruction;" "Masters in Music;" "Abstracts from an address by the Bishop of St. David," &c., &c.

"Cymru" for November is largely devoted to historical sketches of localities and biographical reminiscences of notable and eccentric characters. The following are among the contents: "Namhoron," by the Rev. H. Hughes; "Pencerdd Ceredigion," by D. Samuel, M. A.; "William Jones, Maescaled," by Gutyn Ebrill; "The Farm Houses of Llangyfelach," by G. H. Thomas; "The Wern Schoolhouse," by E. Williams, Llanfrothen; "William Prichard, Clwchdernog," by Asledydd; "Old Cwmystwyth Characters," by T. Jenkins; "Vivisection," by Glan Menai; "Llanfaelog Church," by J. W. Huws, etc., etc. The illustrations are: The Craped Chair; Edward Edwards; John Mathews, Aberystwyth; Literary Society of Penygroes;

Rhos y Meirch Chapel; and the Prichard monument at Clwchderuog.

The Editor, O. M. Edwards, compliments Morien and congratulates him on having produced another book, this time explaining and revealing all the mysteries pertaining to the Bardic Gorsedd, although denying his premises. According to Morien the Bardic Gorsedd is the centre of creation, and the standard of all weights and measures under the canopy of the heaven as well as beyond. God never did anything except with regard to this Gorsedd, and the Darwinian theory of evolution is merely a scientific treatment of the philosophy of the Gorsedd. The Solar system is merely an expansion of the Gorsedd, and the Archdruid is the authentic Vicar of God.

"Cwrs y Byd" under the caption "Britain's Glory" attacks the honor of England with considerable bad feeling. A short sketch of the Brito-Transvaal trouble is given, and forthwith the Boers are painted as third-heaven angels, while the Britons are triple-coated devils. The writer, probably, makes the mistake of measuring the Boers by their best samples, and the British by their worst. Some of his comparisons are ludicrously trivial; such as where he contrasts the tea and tobacco taxes in Britain with the dynamite monopoly in the Transvaal. The writer is also led away by the old fallacy that the outlanders are the outcasts of society, what he calls the offals of the upper class, outlaws, etc., etc. Even if it be so, the Transvaal needs an equated system of government; and especially, where the outlanders own nine tenths of the wealth of the country, they should have some political and civil privileges. He also ignores the fact that the franchise was an impossibility in the Transvaal until the British government brought

pressure to bear on the Boers. The Boer promises, also, would never be fulfilled. At the close, he suggests that no other country can show a blacker record than Britain's, which statement, we believe, is that of a bigoted and a seriously contorted brain.

The contents of "Young Wales" for November are as follows: "Education in Wales;" "A Review," by Prof. T. Lewis, M. A., B. D.; "The Development of the Agricultural Resources of Wales," by Tom Parry, Aberystwyth; "Admiral Rodney's Welsh Memorial," by H. G. A.; "Impressions of the Highland Mod," by E. E. Fournier; "Scenes from Welsh History," by Professor Edward Edwards, M. A.; "Ceirlog," by Ellir Evans; "Charles Ashton—the Welsh Literary Policeman;" "The Daughter of the Mill (A Welsh Idyll)" its conclusion, by Annie Pierce.

The remarkable change which has come over the Principality during the last quarter of the century—perhaps I should say since the establishment of the University College at Aberystwyth—is one of which any nation might reasonably be proud. Wales has been transformed. Yet we have really only planted the machinery. We have hardly commenced active work. About 30 years ago Wales, from an educational point of view, was in a deplorable condition. There was a number of Voluntary Schools, National or British, but wholly inadequate to meet the wants of the people. Foster's Act of 1870 set elementary on a satisfactory basis and, the foundation once laid, the educational structure has advanced with astonishing rapidity. We have succeeded in establishing a system of education which will compare favorably with that of any nation.—"Young Wales."

SCIENTIFIC

A natural soap mine and a paint mine have been discovered in British Columbia. Several soda lakes recently found in the foothills near Ashcroft, we are told by "Feilden's Magazine," have bottoms and shores encrusted with natural washing compound containing borax and soda, and equal to ordinary washing powders for cleansing purposes. About 275 tons of the compound have been cut and taken out of one lake, being handled exactly like ice. One lake alone contains 20,000 tons.

The French government is considering the advisability of discontinuing the use of the guillotine and contemplates the adoption in its stead of electrical execution. The head of the criminal is inclosed in a helmet somewhat similar to that used by a diver. When the executioner turns on the current two needles leap from their sockets, penetrate the temples and enter the brain. A powerful alternating current ruptures and destroys the brain cells so quickly that it is believed that death will be instantaneous. This seems like a clumsy method of execution, but there is no question that it will be efficacious.

There is a large bird found in the Philippine Islands which has a peculiar way of protecting not only its little one, but the mother bird as well. The mother bird hatches out only one baby at a time, instead of having a nestful, as most birds do. When it is time to lay the egg the father bird selects a hollow tree, into which the mother bird goes. The father bird then seals up the opening of the tree with mud, leaving only a small hole through which he supplies her with food until the young bird is hatched and large enough to care for it-

self. The reason for this strange sort of care, which seems more like imprisonment, is that there are a great many snakes in the forests of these islands, which could get into the hollow tree and destroy both the mother bird and her baby.—Forward.

"It may not be generally known that the by-products of fruit stones are of considerable value," says "The Scientific American." "The pits of peaches, apricots, nectarines, plums, and prunes which have heretofore been thrown away or used for fuel have a market value. This is specially true of the peach and apricot pits. There is now a strong demand for them at \$8 to \$10 a ton, delivered in San Francisco. The kernel is, of course, what is sought. From the kernel of the apricot Turkish 'nut candy' is made which has almost displaced the almond. The same substance is used for the adulteration of cinnamon, allspice, and nutmeg. Prussic acid and essence and oil of almonds are made from the peach and prune pits, and these flavors are used in many ways. The pits are cracked in San Francisco, and the kernels are then sent East."

NEW USES FOR THE AUTOMOBILE.

The principle of the horseless carriage is being constantly extended. The latest development, we are told by "The Electrical Review," is in the form of an invalid's chair. "A Toronto electrician is said to have designed an electromobile for this purpose, carrying a 4 horse power motor and sufficient battery capacity for a 15-mile run at 4½ miles per hour." The same journal reports that an automobile ambulance is being made for St. Vincent's Hospital, New York City. "It will be propelled by electric-

ity, and will be a model of its kind. Electric power is more advantageous for propelling a vehicle where it is essential to have a very steady motion. The large pneumatic tires, it is expected, will also contribute in no small degree to the comfort of the patient."

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WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

"Sir William H. Preece has recently been carrying on some interesting experiments on wireless telephony, so called, says "The Scientific American" (October 7): "Four of the poles have been erected near Carnarvon on a sand bank at the southern end of Menai Straits. Half a mile off four similar poles were erected, and half a mile further on is a high pole supporting a coil of wire, one end being anchored in deep water. Between these points he has succeeded in transmitting the sound of a succession of taps. These taps were made with the view of sending messages by the Morse mode. They were heard at the receiving-station by placing a special telephone to the ear. The system is more rapid than that of Marconi, but the sounds are not as distinct as they might be. As a matter of fact, it is not telephony at all, but a system of telegraphy in which a telephone is used as a receiver."

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A NEW INSTRUMENT.

A new instrument has been designed by Mr. Cowper-Coles, of London, for readily locating the direction of sound, and for projecting sound long distances. It consists of a reflector mounted on an arm which can be readily turned on its center and depressed or elevated by the operator. When it is desired to ascertain the exact direction from which a sound emanated the apparatus is turned on its axis, and as soon as the reflector is opposite the source of the sound it is heard much more intensified in the re-

ceiver. Two instruments are used to carry on the conversation between two distant points or ships. The sound waves are thrown from one reflector to the other, the sound being focused in one instrument in the receiver when the operator speaks into the flexible tube, while the operator working the other instrument places the tube attachment to the receiver to his ear.

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GOLF AND THE NERVES.

A paper on "Golf from a Neurological Point of View," has recently been read before the Neurological Association by Dr. Irving C. Rosse of Washington. "There is a great deal to be said in favor of golf," says "The Medical Record," "for those suffering from heart lesions, arterial calcification, or certain hysterical conditions, and undoubtedly as a medical adjunct it is not to be despised. Dr. Rosse, while enjoining moderation, alleges that benefit has been derived in some cases of cough, nervous asthma, and in affections of bladder and prostate, but it is pre-eminently in functional nervous disease that our great Anglo-Saxon game is to be recommended both as a prophylactic and curative. As to its being a remedy for insomnia, there may be some doubt, as we have met within the last few days a golfer who, despite his golf exercise, suffered from insomnia. A great deal might be said in favor of golf as a mental and nervous tonic, but not to the exclusion of other sports which have many of the same advantages."

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SMOKELESS COAL.

A "smokeless coal" of recent invention has just been tested in England. In the course of the experiments, which are described in "La Nature" (July 22), the new combustible "was burned in ordinary grates and also in braziers placed in the middle of the room, and it was

found that it gave off only traces of smoke, which were hardly perceptible even when fresh coal was added to the fire. The fire resembled an extraordinary brilliant coke fire, and had long white and blue flames. The heat given off is intense, and as to the production of steam, one pound of coal evaporates fourteen pounds of water. The residues (ashes, etc.) do not exceed three per cent. For industrial use, the combustible is molded into perforated bricks weighing about ten pounds a piece, but for domestic use it takes the form of cakes or lumps of lenticular form, of which 140 weigh 100 pounds. At present the bricks can be bought in London at retail for 21s. (\$5.25) a ton. We are told that the new combustible is composed of 93 per cent. of coal-dust and of 7 per cent. of a mixture of pine and caustic lime. These three substances are mixed and run into molds, where they harden to such a degree that they do not separate in burning."—Translation made for *The Literary Digest*.

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INDIVIDUAL THINKING.

So long as the idea prevails that it is dangerous for brethren to differ from each other in opinion there is no encouragement to individual thinking, for the exercise of our individual judgments, in an honest effort to know the truth for ourselves on every subject that comes before us, is certain to result in differences of opinion. It soon comes to be, therefore, that thinking for oneself is regarded as a dangerous experiment, and we begin to look around for the most commonly accepted view, and we take that second-hand. There are, of course, many things that most of us are compelled to accept second-hand, because only a few specialists have entered these fields of investigation, and are competent to express an opinion upon them. But as soon as the facts they furnish us come within our possession we are to

exercise our individual judgment as to the bearing upon the particular question in hand, and he who does not do this is doing injustice to his own moral and intellectual nature. In the Roman Catholic church all questions are settled by the hierarchy, and the people are saved the trouble of thinking for themselves, but the result of it we all know. The chief distinction between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism has been and is the greater freedom of thought which the latter inculcates; but all Protestants do not act consistently with this distinction.

We have long been of the opinion that there is more intellectual than physical laziness. There is a constitutional indisposition to mental exertion as well as an inherent reluctance in expending physical energy, and it, perhaps, is more widespread than the latter.—*Christian Evangelist*.

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THE NEW RELIGION.

The Christian church and a Y. M. C. A. are of course very different institutions, and the latter is free from any traditions of austere dignity, but one is not surprised to find that the church has also been touched with the social spirit and is also doing her best to make religion entertaining. One enters what is called a place of worship and imagines that he is in a drawing-room. The floor has a thick carpet, there are rows of theater-chairs, a huge organ fills the eye, a large bouquet of flowers marks the minister's place; people come in with a jaunty air and salute one another cheerily; hardly one bends his head in prayer; there is a hum of gossip through the building.

A man disentangles himself from a conversation and bustles up to the platform without clerical garb of any kind, as likely as not in layman's dress. A quartet advances, and, facing the audience, sings an anthem to the congrega-

tion, which does not rise, and later they sing another anthem, also to the congregation. There is one prayer, and one reading from Holy Scripture, and a sermon which is brief and bright. Among other intimations the minister urges attendance at the Easter supper, when, as is mentioned in a paper in the pews, there will be oysters and meat—turkey, I think—and ice-cream. This meal is to be served in the "church parlor."

No sooner has the benediction been pronounced, which has some original feature introduced, than the congregation hurries to the door, but although no one can explain how it is managed, the minister is already there shaking hands, introducing people, "getting off good things," and generally making things "hum." One person congratulates him on his "talk"—new name for a sermon—and another says it was "fine."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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WHAT CONSTITUTES A HEALTHY MAN.

One of our medical contemporaries, the Texas "Medical News," thus sums up the qualities which constitute a perfectly healthy man. He should have a strong, healthy heart; one not weak from disuse or the excessive use of tobacco, alcohol or other causes; lungs well developed, and that expand rhythmically with ample breathing space for health and a surplus for work or disease; muscles well rounded and elastic, made hard and strong by use and carrying, like the camel's hump, reserve energy for trying journeys; nerves, nature's electric wires, properly insulated and connected, bringing all the various organs of the body into one perfect system, and all under the control of a brain of just proportions, well balanced and convoluted, not soft from disuse or destroyed for the need of rest; educated for the high duties it was intended to perform, not only to stand guard over and protect the health and life of the individual, but at the same time to furnish feeling and

thought and pleasure for the human being. All of these organs, when properly constructed and adjusted and perfect in every detail, go to make up a healthy individual and one possessing within himself a power of resistance not easily overcome by disease-producing organisms.—"Scientific American."

CANNIBALISM PRODUCED MANKIND.

It has often been a matter of speculation among scientific men who accept the Darwinian theory of human origin how an ape ever managed to pass into a man. If the writer, Mr. Morley Roberts, of a paper in "The Humanitarian" is to be believed, it was by learning to eat his brother monkeys. "Cannibalism," we read, "was the thought of a genius among the apes, who then commenced rapidly advancing by its aid to man's estate." War at once became in the true sense of the term, "self supporting." The commissariat of a simian army was found in the ranks of the enemies it had conquered and when the enemy could not be got at it fell back for its meat supply on its own camp followers. This was a great convenience. It gave apes a supply of "concentrated, highly oxygenated food," taught them to combine together in order to become more efficient cannibals, and thus gradually improved their physical vigor and expanded their brains. And it is thus a mistake to talk of the man eating tribes that still exist as degraded. They have simply not advanced, but prefer to keep up a custom that other human beings have long abandoned. Cannibals, in fact, are good conservatives, and we may be thankful to the author of this pleasing theory that he has not carried the argument one step further and tried to prove that all conservatives are necessarily cannibals.

WELSH NEWS & NOTES

Mr. Albert Spicer, M. P., intends during the next Parliamentary session to introduce a bill for the purpose of securing Sunday closing for Monmouthshire.

Some of the Carabineers who will do active service in South Africa were stationed at Pontypridd during the strike, and won the esteem of the townspeople for the practical sympathy shown by them with the distressed women and children.

The people of Southern Pembrokeshire—the descendants of the Flemings—are closely related to the Hollanders we are now fighting in South Africa. This gives point to Sir Charles Philipps' complaint the other day, that in some things Pembrokeshire is two hundred years behind the rest of Wales.

It is stated that the application of the executive of the Powys Provincial Eisteddfod that the Druids, bards, and ovates might wear their official robes at that Eisteddfod has been rejected by the Gorsedd Committee, on the ground that the robes can only be worn at the National Eisteddfod, and its proclamation.

The following placard appears in the shop window of one of Briton Ferry's shoemakers' windows: "War! War! War! War declared by the Renowned Boot King against brown paper shoe taps. Note my desperate onslaught on

high prices and use of stationery in footgear impedimenta."

A lawyer can sometimes say the truth—and Mr. Bryn Roberts succeeded in doing so by a slip of the tongue in his "peace" address at Carnarvon recently. Referring to the Transvaal burghers, he described them as "President Kruger's burglars." The audience saw the point and appositeness of the description and laughed uproariously, while poor Mr. Roberts stood dumbfounded, at having inadvertently let the Boer cat out of the peace bag.

Numerous as were the visitors at Llandrindod and Llanwrtyd Wells last summer, we have not heard that any patrons of these favorite spas have been placed in such a dilemma as has overtaken visitors to several of the Welsh seaside resorts. Aberystwyth, for instance, was so crowded on some occasions during the summer that visitors were obliged to sleep at the railway station and, in the schools, and in some instances even bathing machines on the beach had to serve as sleeping apartments.

On March 17, 1689, Henry Lord Herbert, authorized by William III., raised a regiment of infantry in Wales, and some adjacent counties, and this was the origin of the "Gallant 23rd," which was one of the twelve regiments formed to oppose the adherents of James II., and whose departure to the Transvaal from Pembroke dock recently was

witnessed with so much enthusiasm. The old colors of the regiment, tattered and torn, are now lodged in St. Peter's Church, Carmarthen, having been presented to the churchwardens, with military honors, on November 19, 1849.

A curious pair of dog tongs, Gefall Gwm, is preserved in the interesting Parish Church of Llanellian, on the north coast of Anglesey. According to the "Reliquary," which gives an illustration, they were used for removing intruding dogs from the church, the "business end" of the implement being furnished with four projecting iron teeth, which gave the beadle a good grip of the neck of the offending animal. Besides Llanellian, dog tongs also exist at Penmynydd (Anglesey), Bangor, Clynmog Fawr, and Llanleystyn (Carnarvon), Gyffylliog and Llanynys (Denbigh, and Clodock (Hereford).

A Welshman felt compelled to write his will in English and this is the result:—"Janry 31th 1896. I, John Williams of Eldsvold, Deue Wish the Folling Pepel to get my money after my Death, and this is to be Put in my Will: Mr. W. Comming, £150; to the Eldsvold Hospital, £100; to T. Eldmons, £100; to T. J. Gillhesphy, £100 to Mrs. McCulla, servant, £50. My House, Stock, and Furnter, and money to Created (? credit) in the Savings Bank to be Divided Between the Churches after all my Dets are Paid." The Brisbane Supreme Court had the document translated into decent English and then granted probate. John Williams was a publican at Eldsvold, Queensland.

Two memorial chapels are to be erected shortly to perpetuate the memory of two of the great preachers of Wales. At the village of Llansamman a Hiraethog Memorial Chapel is to be

built in memory of the late Rev. Dr. William Rees (Gwilym Hiraethog), who commenced preaching in the old-fashioned chapel, where the congregation of Independents at present worship in the village, and at Rhosyllen, near Wrexham, a "Williams o'r Wern" Memorial Chapel is to be erected in memory of one of the "three princes of the Welsh pulpit."

Canton Church is in some respects the most interesting in Cardiff. It was here that the famous John Griffith, rector of Merthyr, preached an annual sermon, which attracted crowds to hear his always remarkable utterances on things generally, and more particularly bishops and bazaars, for neither of which he had the smallest sympathy or respect. "I don't care," he once said, "if right rev. prelates are listening to me now in this church. More bishops, indeed! If I had my way I would hang the whole lot of them—and not by their necks, either, but by their feet, so that all the money could fall out of their pockets," adding, facetiously, "What a scramble there would be among the church wardens!" It was a common occurrence for the congregation to give way to audible laughter.

Another Welsh tradition demolished! According to the Rev. E. D. Jenkins, of Portmadoc, in his book on Beddgelert, the story of Llewelyn and his dog was imparted to Beddgelert from South Wales by David Pritchard, who at one time kept an hotel at the village of Beddgelert. Mr. Jenkins supposes that Pritchard must have known the story localised by Iolo Morganwg in South Wales, and that he upon his removal to Beddgelert began to touch it up with local color. It is more than probable that Spencer got the materials for his ballad from Pritchard and a local writer

is quoted to prove that the stone denoting what is known as Gelert's grave was placed there by Pritchard and others. The story, however, has been the making of Beddgelert.

At the little village of Llandderfel, near Corwen, a memorial to the late Dewi Hafesp was recently unveiled by Lady Robertson, of Pale. Dewi Hafesp, who was a native of Llandderfel, was one of the best englynwyr produced by Wales, some of his stanzas being real gems, such as the following, "to a little girl":--

Ha, fe alwyd nefollon

I hollti aur yn walit i hon.

In another direction the following englyn to the "donkey" is characteristic of Dewi's productions:--

Ara' deg er gore dawn--ydyw'r mul,

Cefnder Malwen ddiddawn;

Ond mae'r od anghymodlawn

Wedi 'i wneyd i nadu'n iawn.

A Welsh author in the middle of the present century, commenting on the pretty name of Gwladys (the Latin Claudia), says: "It should be pronounced Gladdis, as none but a pedantic Welshman would think of calling it Goo-la-dis." He adds the following: "An English commercial traveler in North Wales, noticing a cheerful-looking child of that name, observed, 'Aye, a very proper name for you, my dear, is Glad-eyes, for you have as pleasant a pair of peepers as ever were cased in a pretty face. Here's a penny for you, Glad-eyes. Good bye, Glad-eyes! Well, if I ever have a little girl of my own I should like to have her christened Glad-eyes. Good! bye, Glad-eyes,' and off he ambled, leaving the poor girl amazed, but understanding his present better than his compliment."

The union of the Theological College of Wales, of which Principal Rowlands, the Memorial College, Brecon, is pres-

ident, and Professor Young Evans, Trefecca, secretary, will not take steps this year to appeal to the court of the University of Wales, against the rejection by the Theological Board of the proposal to include theology in the faculty of arts, as provided by the charter. A proposal to modify the present syllabus for the degree of B. D. still remains from the last meeting on the agenda of the Theological Board, and will be discussed when the Board meets in May. In the meantime the agitation in favor of making degrees in theology more accessible to Welsh students is proceeding.

Do Welshmen of note avoid the holiday resorts of Wales? The Rev. Pedr Williams thinks they do. "There was a time," he writes in his "Outlook Across the Border," in the pages of "Young Wales," when nearly all the sons and daughters of the principality who had reached distinction in the realms of music, politics, journalism, and the pulpit were to be found in August either at Aberystwyth or, in still larger numbers, at Llandrindod. This year men missed their compatriots in the crowds of English visitors who inundated both places. This is less true of Llandrindod than of Aberystwyth. Yet even at the Wells it was felt that the place had become even less than ever the meeting place of notable Cymry."

"Instead of the ordinary dictation," said a Swansea school teacher to his class, "I want each boy to write an account of what he knows about South Africa and the present war." The following, (says the "Post") is one of young hopeful's production:—"Mr. Kruger is the President of the South African Republic, and is noted for shaving off his upper lip. He wears other whiskers on his chin, and is very fond of drinking coffee, and is allowed £300

per year from the government for it. He has a companion named Oom Paul, who is very fond of smoking tobacco. The Boers themselves are very good shots, and can hit almost anything at 20 to 30 yards. There is a lady there called Lady Smith, who is very good to the soldiers. The Boers carried off Majuba Hill one time, but the English are going to make them put it back again. Sir Rivers Buller will arrive in a few days, and will give the Boers beans."

Incidental to an excursion from South Wales to Glasgow recently, whereby a crowd of Welsh folk journeyed to the Scotch city, "Cassell's Saturday Journal" tells a good story. It is pretty well known (says the paper) that in one thing at least "Taffy" excels, and that is in the art that has charms with which to soothe the savage breast. A large party of the excursionists visited the cathedral, and upheld the Cymric musical reputation by giving a magnificent rendition of the Welsh national anthem, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" ("Land of My Fathers" in the close. The singing attracted a large crowd of other excursionists and Glaswegians. "Wha's that they're skirlin'?" asked a Gordon Highlander on furlough, of a Welshman. "That's 'Hen Wlad fy Nhadau,' proudly replied the 'Taffy.' 'Hoot, mon! 'The hen laddie naddy,' indeed!" retorted the Gordon scornfully. "Ye should hear 'The Cock'o the North!'"

What was probably the first Elsteddfod ever held in Cardiff was that of Cymreigyddion Caerdydd, in 1833—66 years ago, and the records are interesting as showing the great advance made both by Cardiff and the Elsteddfod since that day of small things. The Cymreigyddion, we find, met in the afternoon at the house of a Mr. Thomas, at the Cross Keys, whence, each having

been decorated with a strip of blue ribbon around the arm, they marched in procession to the Tabernacle Baptist Church to hear a sermon by the Rev. L. Roberts, Congregational minister of Watford. Then came a dinner at the Cross Keys, and the Elsteddfod was held in the evening in the school room, presumably that of the Tabernacle. The report of the proceedings from which we quote is signed L. J. Little, and states:—"Such a meeting as this has not been held in this town for centuries, but we hope this shall not be the last, but that friends will continue to meet unflinchingly to maintain the language and the rights of Wales." L. J. Little, despite his name, was clearly a patriotic and enthusiastic Cymro.

Dr. Zimmer, professor of the Sanscrit and Celtic languages in the University of Griefswald, has been staying at Llandysul. He spent a large part of his vacation in North Wales, learning the North Wallian dialect in personal contact with the inhabitants of Snowdonia. Dr. Zimmer means to spend the interval before the opening of his classes at Griefswald on the banks of the Teify, as the best centre to cultivate an acquaintance with the dialect that best represents the classical dictum of the "Mabinogion." Dr. Zimmer is said to be one of the best Irish scholars living, and possesses an almost unequalled knowledge of Mediaeval Welsh. What phenomena these German savants are, to be sure! We have the programme of studies at Griefswald during the coming session before us, and we find that Dr. Zimmer is engaged to lecture in the historical grammar of the Breton language, also on old Irish texts, and, mirabile dictu, he will give an exposition on "Enklarymy der Cyfreithiau Hywel Dda." Is there any university in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland that does similar work?

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE REV. H. P. HOWELL, D.
D., COLUMBUS, O.

The Rev. H. P. Howell, D. D., after a long illness, departed this life Tuesday morning, November 28. About two

this country when a mere lad, having had very little schooling, and settled for a time at Cassville, N. Y. Thence he moved to Racine, Wis., where his brother resided. He subsequently removed to Paddy's Run, O., where he attended



Rev. H. P. Howell, D. D.

years ago, he suffered a paralytic stroke, from the effects of which he never recovered. He was widely known among Cambro-Americans as a popular preacher, editor and writer.

He was born at Cemmes, Montgomery, N. W., in 1836, and was the son of Edward and Mary Howell. He came to

school for two years and where he also began preaching. August, 1863, he returned to Wales and studied four years at the Bala College, N. W., and recrossed over to this country in 1867 when he accepted a call at Milwaukee.

He remained there until 1884, when he moved to Columbus, O., where he re-

remained until his death. In 1886 the Rev. W. Roberts, D. D., resigned as editor of the "Cyfaill," and Mr. Howell was chosen to undertake the work. He ranked among the best Welsh preachers in this country; his delivery being characterized by the style and enthusiasm of Old Wales. He was a fine-looking man, and a pleasing speaker.

Mr. Howell was twice married, and leaves one son by his first wife, and two sons and two daughters by his second.

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The late Mr. William Spurrell, father of the mayor-elect of Carmarthen, was for some time engaged as a compositor on the original MSS. of Dickens' most popular works.

Mr. G. Hay Morgan, B.Sc., the young Welshman who is about giving up the pastorate of a London Baptist church in order to practice as a barrister-at-law, is also the adopted Liberal candidate for Edmonton Division at the next general election

If the Robertses predominate in North Wales the Lewises are able to make a good show in the South. At the recent Glamorgan Licensing Sessions, Mr. Arthur Lewis, on behalf of Mr. Lewis Lewis, and instructed by Mr. J. W. Lewis, applied for a license for a new hotel at Trelewis.

Lady White, the wife of Sir George White, is a Welsh woman. She is the daughter of the late Stephen Lewis, of London, who was born at Tycoed Farm, in Llanfyrnach Parish, Pembrokeshire. Years ago, says a correspondent of the "Pembrokeshire County Guardian," the general paid many visits to the neighborhood as the guest of the late John Owen, of Glogue.

"Gwilym Cowlyd," of Llanrwst, the "Chief Bard Positive of the Christian Bardism of Wales," has sent a protest

to the secretary of next year's National Eisteddfod of Wales, to be held at Liverpool, in which he states that the Eisteddfod of 1900 is a "rebellious and idolatrous gathering." He "warns the committees," and quotes the Scriptures to support (?) his assertions.

The Rev. A. Ll. Jenkins, the Welsh missionary of Brittany, is at present engaged in translating the Book of Psalms into the Breton language. Owing to trouble in the mission under his supervision arising out of clerical opposition, Mr. Jenkins has been unable to do much of the translation recently. He hopes, however, to give the work his undivided attention, and bring it to a completion before the end of the year.

It will be good news to Welshmen to learn that Owen Edwards will not contest Merionethshire at the next election. Mr. Edwards finds he has too much to do at Oxford to attend Parliament. Mr. Edwards is too useful a figure in the Welsh literary world to be spared to do indifferent work in politics, and his return to his natural field of labor will be hailed with approval. Mr. John Morley crossed over years ago, and the movement was a loss to literature and no gain to politics.

Who says the Welsh language is not elastic? Dr. Llugwy Owen, Ph. D., in his new Welsh work on the "Philosophy of the Greeks" makes even the ancient philosophers of that land speak in the language of the Cymry, but the modern Welsh reader, it must be confessed, will be slightly puzzled when he will find such words as *enfodolion*, *erfodolion*, *eideau*, *eldosau*, *bodolion*, *wsaidd*, and *bodolion anwsaidd* staring him in the face from the pages of the new book.

Lord Lisburne, though he was well known about London as Lord Vaughan in his bachelor days, had since his mar-

riage lived almost exclusively at his home in Wales, which he rebuilt and did a great deal to beautify. It is situated close to Aberystwyth and he entertained a large party there when the Prince of Wales opened the Aberystwyth University. Lord Lisburne, whose title is an Irish one, married Miss Probyn, sister of his father's second wife—that is to say, two sisters married father and son. The earlier Lady Lisburne is now Lady Amherst, the wife of Earl Amherst.

With the object of furthering the national testimonial to Miss Sarah Jane Rees ("Cranogwen"), a meeting of her admirers was held at Peniel Chapel, Pontypridd, lately. William Jones, J. P., Cardigan, presided. Letters supporting the movement were read from Messrs. O. M. Edwards, M. P., Oxford; "Mabon," M. P., "Gwenyth Vaughan," the Rector of Llangranog, Mrs. Davies, Plasdinam; Miss Marsh, Carno, &c. A large and influential committee was formed to further the movement, and Mr. E. H. Davies, J. P., Pentre was elected chairman; Messrs. John Griffiths, Aberdare, and Daniel Davies, Ton Pentre, joint secretaries, and Wm. Jones, Cardigan, treasurer.

English religious weeklies continue to pay increasing attention to Wales. Thus in a recent number of the "Christian Age" the front page is occupied by an admirable portrait of the new chairman of the Welsh Baptist Union, the Rev. W. Morris, F.R.G.S., Treorky, and the accompanying letterpress depicts the reverend gentleman's ascent "from the workshop to the president's chair." As illustrative of his boundless energy the writer shows how Mr. Morris and a congregation of working men, chiefly colliers, were daring enough to erect an edifice at a cost of £6,000. This was the Noddfa Baptist Chapel, Treorky, with its seating accommodation for 1,500 per-

sons, which is one of the finest in the principality. During the building of this large structure Mr. Morris's medical adviser rebuked the energetic pastor in a somewhat expressive manner, saying, "You are building your coffin." The enterprise, however, was more than justified, and the pastor remarks good-humouredly in his reminiscences, that he has survived the kind physician.

Dr. T. Witton Davies, M. A., professor of the Semitic language at the North Wales College, Bangor, is the only Welshman among the contributors to "The Encyclopaedia Biblica," the dictionary of the Bible projected by the late Professor W. Robertson Smith, and which is now being carried out under the joint editorship of Professor T. K. Cheyne, D. D., of Oxford, and Dr. J. Sutherland Black, assistant editor of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Dr. Witton Davies, who is also among the writers to the great Bible dictionary brought out by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, will write on "Divination" to the first volume of the "Encyclopaedia Biblica."

Friday has been a noted day in the history of many persons. Of the late Vicar of Llantrisant, the Rev. J. Powell Jones, it is said that nearly all the important events in his life took place on Friday. He was born on Friday; entered St. David's College, Lampeter, on Friday; he became curate of Loughor, on Friday; he received a letter from the Lord Chancellor, offering him the living on a Friday; the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester offered him the important living of Llantrisant on Friday; the late Bishop of Llandaff wrote to him of his intention to appoint him canon on Friday; he died on Friday, and was buried in the churchyard of Llangyfelach, December 28th, 1883.

THE LATE REV. DAVID PROBERT,
YOUNGSTOWN, O.

Rev. David Probert, one of Youngstown's worthiest pioneers and most honored citizens, died at his late residence, 1830 West Federal Street, Thursday morning, October 26, at 1 o'clock.

December 25, 1814, Rev. Mr. Probert first saw the light of day, in Llangenderid, Breconshire, South Wales, being the son of John and Margaret Probert. While a boy, his father died, and in 1832, accompanied by his mother and two brothers, he steered his course to America, locating at Pottsville, Pa. He remained there but a short time, then going to Pittsburg, where he remained for a year or two, then removing to Parisville, Portage Country. There it was he met, wooed and married Eleanor Davies, who for 62 years was his faithful companion, and who preceded him to the other world by only nine months. Their marriage was solemnized October 2, 1836, and the 60th anniversary of the same was fittingly recognized October 2, 1896, in Youngstown. Shortly after their wedding, they went to Pittsburg, and then to Brady's Bend, where Rev. Probert organized a church of 100 members, having been received into the ministry in that place, July 10, 1841. In 1846, they located in Youngstown, taking up their residence on the site on which the Excelsior Block now stands. Some little time was passed there, and then they removed to Brier Hill, where they spent the remainder of their lives. Since the death of his wife, Rev. Probert has lived with his eldest son, John D. Probert.

In May, 1846, he organized what is now the Walnut Street Baptist Church, with a membership of eight persons, includ-

ing with him and his estimable wife, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. David Jones, Ann Phillips, Thomas Probert and John Edwards, all of whom are now dead. In 1847 they erected a small frame church building just east of Worthington Street, and the congregation being then unable to support a pastor, Rev. Probert worked in the mines operated by the late Governor Tod. In 1866 they decided to move nearer the city in order to accommodate the majority of the members, who lived here. A site on North Walnut Street, on which the Walnut Street Baptist Church now stands, was purchased and a structure erected. For 43 years this worthy man ministered to the wants of the thriving congregation, and was ever the ideal pastor and friend. No inconvenience or trouble or sacrifice on his part was considered, providing it meant the furthering of some one's happiness, or the lessening of the sorrow and affliction of any one whom "The hand of the Lord hath touched," in bereavement. On account of his advanced age he resigned from the pastorate of the church a few years ago. Surely no greater tribute could be paid to him than that frequently offered by the children or grandchildren of old-time parishioners when, after his retirement, they would request the venerable gentleman to bless a nuptial union, or perform the last sad offices for a dear departed one.

His loyal helpmeet, with six children were called to the eternal home prior to his summons, and four sons still remain, John David Probert and Frederick Redmond Probert, of Youngstown; Rev. Evan Morgan Probert, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Tiffin, and Rev. Thomas Crosby Probert, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Petersburg, Ind.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

An affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the Seventy-fifth regiment in order to be near his brother, who was corporal in the Seventy-sixth.

While a Cardiganshire clergyman was officiating at one of his churches the other Sunday, his little grandson, feeling tired, called out. "Digon 'nawr, tadcu; dewch tua thre." ("That's enough now, grandpa; come home").

Queen Victoria was greatly interested with Lord Kitchener when he was in England and asked him in the course of a private interview if what she had heard of him was true, that he did not care for any woman. He replied that it was true with one exception. The queen asked for the name of the exception, and was much amused when the sirdar replied "Your Majesty."

A country exchange wants the formation of a society for the prevention of cruelty to vegetation. Just think of digging the eyes out of potatoes, pulling the ears off from the corn; cutting the head off a cabbage; pulling the beard out of rye; cutting the heart of a tree; spilling the blood of the beet; tearing the skin from a peach and breaking the neck of a squash and other outrages.

A good story is going the round of ecclesiastical circles about a well-known bishop—not a Welsh one, we believe. His grace was at a garden party, and was being bored by the small talk of a lady, who was famous for the extent of her family, and her taste for

conversing with bishops. "By the way, my dear bishop," she said, "I don't think you've seen my last baby yet." "No, madam," replied the bishop, wishing to indicate that he does not care much about babies, "and I don't suppose I ever shall."

An "Old Transvaaler" writes: A visit to his honor, the present ruler of the Transvaal, prior to the friction that has arisen between him and the Suzerain Power, was an experience decidedly out of the ordinary intercourse with high dignitaries. To begin with, it is not every potentate that receives his guests at 5 A. M., for you must be ready to go out with the morning milk if you aspire to the honor of being received by the president of the South African republic.

The effect of the President, clad in a green silk scarf over a greasy frock-coat, taking his pipe out of his mouth and rising to address his faithful but sometimes turbulent burghers requires to be seen to be fully appreciated, continues the writer. He is not easy to follow, unless you are very conversant with the "Taal," as in loud guttural Dutch, accentuated by the frequent smacking of his hands, he hammers in his ideas willy-nilly and brooks no opposition.

Three game cocks were brought back from Porto Rico by Admiral Sampson for his boys and placed at the Sampson home at Glen Ridge, N. J. They had records as fighters, and some care was taken to keep them from attacking and

hurting a little American bantam which strutted around the place. These precautions failed, however, and the bantam killed two of the Spanish chickens one after the other, and the third roosted so high that it took the admiral's field glass to find him.

The story of Professor Jowett, the learned and late lamented Greek scholar of Oxford, recently given a new start in the papers, is more than a bright bon mot; it is a new theology in a nutshell, the living issue in religion in an epigram. The pupil said: "I want to know, professor, what you think of God." "I am more concerned, sir, to know what God thinks of me." Theories of the divine have but little influence upon our lives, but the effort to adjust ourselves into the divine necessities and realities has profound significance.

A sine qua non with "Oom Paul" is that you speak Dutch; English he will not understand. Provided you can only talk the "Taal" you are on a different footing. He will unbend enough to order coffee for you, for which coffee he gets a special allowance of £300 per annum voted by his faithful Raad. This in addition to the trifle of £7,000 per annum he draws as salary, but which, it is said, Mrs. Kruger (the "Mrs. Kruger" immortalised by Mr. Chamberlain) makes it her proud boast she is able to save entirely, and run the house on the coffee-money alone.

A number of Scotch reservists before leaving for the Cape were entertained at a farewell supper the other evening by their fellow workers in Dundee. "Now, boys," said the chairman, after an appropriate speech, "treat what is on the table as you would the Boers." As the feast ended one of the reservists was observed by the chairman stowing away a bottle of whisky in his pocket.

"What's that ye're daein', Tam?" shouted the chairman, good humoredly.

"Oh," replied Tam, to the great amusement of all, "I'm only obeyin' orders. Ye tellt us to treat the supper as we would the Boers, and, ye ken, what we dinna kill we tak' prisoners."

Preparations are now being made for the Passion Play, which will be held at Oberammergau in 1900. The last Passion Play was given in 1890, and was a success financially and artistically. Singers have been selected, and some of the actors who are to take important parts. Anton Lang will probably take the part of Christ. The committee has decided to erect new buildings, and the auditorium is to be covered with an iron roof. This was very essential, as many of those who visited the play nine years ago found their pleasure in it greatly marred by the fierce rays of the sun beating down upon them.

An exchange prints the following marriage ceremony, which was said by a Tennessee squire a short time ago: "Wilt thou take her for thy pard; for better or for worse; to have, to hold, to fondly guard until hauled off in a hearse? Wilt thou let her have her way, consult her many wishes; make the fire every day and help her wash the dishes? Wilt thou comfort and support her father and mother, Aunt Jemima and Uncle John, three sisters and a brother? And his face grew pale and blank; it was too late to jilt; as through the floor he sank he said: "I wilt,"

Pat Maloney was nailing a box containing articles which he intended sending by rail. From the nature of the contents a friend knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted during the passage. He ventured to suggest to Pat to write conspicuously on the case: "This side up with care." A few days afterward, seeing

Pat again, he asked: "Heard any more about your goods? Did they get there safely?"

"Every one of them broke," said Pat.

"The whole lot? Did you label it 'This side up,' as I told you?"

"Yes, I did. And for fear they shouldn't see it on the cover, I put it on the bottom, too."

One of the Kansas volunteers who on account of wounds returned from one Philippines in advance of his regiment, was tendered a reception on his arrival at his home town. In one of his letters he had said he would give four years of his life for one of those apple pies such as mother used to make. So at the reception he was presented with a huge pie. It was in square form, measuring two feet one way by five the other. In it were two and one-half bushels of apples, ten pounds of flour, ten pounds of sugar, six pounds of lard, two pounds of butter and a commensurate amount of the other ingredients which go in this kind of pastry.

THE QUAKER'S ANSWER.

A young man travelling in a stage coach to London attempted to ridicule the Scriptures. Among other things he made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman—a Quaker. "Indeed, friend," was the reply, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

HE DIDN'T MENTION THAT.

There is one Welshman who will never again buy a birthday book. De-

lighting to hear the girl's silvery laugh, he bought her a copy of "The Mark Twain Birthday Book," with a space under each date for writing a name, and on the opposite page a quotation from the Yankee humorist. "A thousand thanks, darling!" she said; "you must write your own dear name first. When were you born?" "October 21," he said; and he wrote his name, in his beautiful, bold handwriting; and then they read, with icy horror, the quotation on the opposite page:—"He didn't mention that he was a lineal descendant of Baalam's ass, but everybody knew that without his telling it!"

RATHER FRESH.

Fresh from a holiday at Llandrindod Wells, and with the thought of a fair maiden's promise to be his bride filling and exciting his mind, a young South Wales traveller started on his rounds bent on making his fortune early. He determined to break new ground. He called upon an old acquaintance not on his regular list with the object of getting an order. "That's my firm, old chap," he said, with confidence, handing over his business card. "And a very good firm, too," said his shopkeeper with a most kindly smile, "one that I think you will get on well with, and I hope you will soon be admitted to a partnership." Then he handed back the "business card," which the young commercial was horrified to find was a photo of his beloved!

A SELF-MADE JACOBITE.

One of the most crazy of the Jacobite leaguers in Scotland, says the Chicago "Record," is Theodore Napier. Curiously enough, he does not happen to be a highlander, and was not even born in Scotland, hailing from one of the Australian colonies, but summer and winter he wears a full highland dress of the Montrose period. When he marches

along the streets of Edinburgh with his Jacobite nose in the air, everybody turns to look at him, which he regards as a great compliment. Though in private he is the most mild-mannered and gentle of elderly gentlemen, when he is on the Jacobite war path he makes speeches of a fiery nature, which are intended to strike terror to the heart of the present "usurping Hanoverian dynasty."

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THE BOER NATURE.

In her recently published book, "An English South African's View of the Situation," Olive Schreiner has this to say about the Boers: "They are a brave, free, fearless folk, with the blood of the old sea kings in their veins. They are a people most nearly akin to the English of all Europeans, in language, form and feature resembling them, and in a certain dogged persistence, and an inalienable, indestructible air of personal freedom. When you try to coerce them they are hard as steel encased in iron, but with a large and generous response to affection and sympathy, which perhaps no other European folk gives. They may easily be deceived once, but never twice. Under the roughest exterior of the up-country Boer lies a nature strangely sensitive and conscious of personal dignity—a people who never forget a kindness and do not easily forget a wrong."

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A GREAT UNDERTAKING.

A story is now going the rounds to the effect that the Chinese government will soon make a contract for tearing down the Great Wall, which is 1,300 miles long. It is very unlikely that any at-

tempt to do this will be made; because the expense of taking down such a wall, even with the cheapest labor, would amount to an almost impossible figure. The reservoir at Forty Second Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City, may be compared to the wall of China in certain ways. It is estimated that it will cost over \$100,000 to remove the reservoir, and when its very small size is considered, it will be seen that to pull down 1,300 miles of wall would cost a billion or more dollars. It is probable that the wall may, however, be utilized as a quarry for those in search of building materials.

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CATS WITH KNOTTED TAILS.

The following is from the narrative of a voyager in the Indian Ocean:

"The steward is again pillowed on his beloved salt fish, and our only companion is a Malacca cat, which has also an attachment for the steward's pillow. Puss is a tame little creature and comes rubbing herself mildly against our shoes, looking up into our faces and mewing her thoughts. Doubtless she is surprised that you have been so long looking at her without noticing the peculiarity of her tail, which so much distinguishes her from her mates in other quarters of the globe. Take her up in your lap and see for yourself. Did you ever observe such a singular knot? So regular, too, in its formation, and she has outlived both the pain and inconvenience. But here comes her kitten, all full of gambols and fun, and we find that her tail is in precisely the same condition. So, then, this is a remarkable feature among the whole race of Malayan cats, but no one seems able to give a satisfactory explanation of it."

ENDORSED BY MILITARY AUTHORITY!

— ALSO BY A —

Noted Writer of "The New York World." --- A Tale Told Many Times.

BRIGHT'S KIDNEY BEANS "A SURE CURE."

THIS is the age of specialists. The human body is too complex and too wonderfully made for any one man in the brief span of a single life to become expert in his knowledge of all the ailments of all the body. That is why the leading physicians of the world are to-day confining their attention to one branch of study and practice, such as kidney, ear, eye, nervous diseases, etc., and they become known to fame as specialists in their chosen branch.

We early recognized the truth of this undeniable fact and selected as our life work the study of that highly important branch commonly known as "Kidney troubles."

These diseases exist to a much greater extent than is commonly supposed. They are to be found everywhere and in all grades of society—statistics proving that the number of cases average nearly one to every grown person. The fact that we are making thousands of permanent cures is proven by the letters received every day from our patients in all parts of the United States.

General Elias M. Greene, who is known throughout the United States, is one of the many endorsers of this remedy. Before the war he was of the firm of Gardner, Greene & Co., and N. W. Burtis & Greene, of New York. During the Civil War he was Chief Quartermaster of the Third and Twenty-second Army Corps, and Chief of the Department of Washington. He was the originator of the Freedman's Village and Government Farms. Since the war he has been extensively known as Vice-President and General Manager of the Echo Telephone Co.; of the Magnet Electric Mfg. Co., and Vice-President of the Columbian Railway Co. Here is the story of how Bright's Kidney Beans benefited him:

GENERAL GREENE says:

COLONNADE HOTEL, NEW YORK, May 17th, 1899.
For years I have been troubled with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder. Sometimes it was exceedingly painful. I was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but they seemed to afford me but temporary relief at the most. A friend suggested Bright's Kidney Beans, and while I had no faith in them, like a drowning man gasping after straws, tried one box and the result was most gratifying. I now use them whenever occasion requires. I consider them a very valuable remedy.

GENERAL ELIAS M. GREENE.

Here is one that comes from **Mr. Sam E. Whitmire**, known as one of the foremost advertising men of the United States. He is known as advertising manager for Ehrichs Bros., New York; Joseph H. Bauland, Brooklyn; L. S. Plant & Co., Newark, N. J., and a regular writer for the "New York World," "Printer's Ink," "Fame," "Brains," and other publications. His headquarters are in the World Building, New York, where he can be addressed as to the effects of our remedy upon his troubles.

MR. WHITMIRE CURED.

Room 144, WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK, April 26, 1899.

BRIGHT'S CHEMICAL CO., Little Falls, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find express order for \$2.00 for four packages of your Kidney Beans. I wish them for a friend, Mr. S. W. Floyd, who has the same symptoms that I had six months ago, when I began taking your medicine. As to my own case, I am entirely cured. I began to feel better after using the first box. Now I have no more palpitation of the heart; no more constipation; no more dull, heavy headache; no more coated tongue; no tired feeling on arising; no biliousness; no intense thirst; no pain in the back; no shooting pains in the region of kidneys, etc. In fact, I feel like a "two-year-old," and I shall recommend your Kidney Beans most highly to everyone who has any symptoms of kidney troubles.

Yours very truly,

SAM E. WHITMIRE.

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.

Bright's Kidney Beans come 24 in a Metal Box.

They are to be taken one or two before meals. The first box will do you good, as this remedy is a proven success.

For a limited time we will send a trial package free, also a valuable booklet, together with a brief history of the Spanish-American war. Address,

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